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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

AN

Illustrated American Monthly

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Vol. XVII. Oct., 1902—March, 1903

BOSTON, MASS.

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"THE NATIONAL" PRESS, 41 WEST FIRST STREET.

47756
Ref.

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ASULKAN GLACIER, FROM MT ABBOTT, ON THE LINE OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Photograph by Notman, Montreal

MISS ELSIE MACOMBER OF DES MOINES, IOWA

Miss Macomber was chosen by Governor Cummins to christen the United States cruiser Des Moines, at West Quincy, Mass., on September 20. Miss Macomber is regarded by her friends the most beautiful girl in her city and her complexion has won her the name, "The Wild Rose of Iowa." One of her friends says of Miss Macomber: "She is thoroughly unconventional, sincere, frank; bubbling over with life and high spirits; greatly beloved by older people and children, rich and poor alike."

LAWRENCE Public Library, Lawrence, Mass.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XVII. OCTOBER, 1902 No. 1

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

JOHN R. PROCTOR, president of the United States civil service commission, grew reminiscent the other day. "If I wasn't the original civil service reformer in the south, I was pretty near it," he said. "I was practicing reform priniciples as state geologist of Kentucky in 1880, whereas the present national reform law wasn't passed until 1883. Indeed, it was this fact that later led to my becoming a member of the commission.

"One day, years and years ago, the chairman of the geological committee of the legislature came into my office, made himself comfortable, and observed:

"'John, I'm afraid we're going to have trouble getting the appropriation for your work through this winter.'

"'How's that?' I asked.

"'Well, the boys all say you've got too many Republicans in your office and think the Democrats ought to have the places.'

"'Well,' said I. 'The boys might as well understand that I'm running this office on business principles. I'm employing the best men I can get without asking them their politics and without caring to know them.'

"We had a little more talk and finally he asked me when I was going to make some surveys down in his county. I told him that I would begin in a few weeks and asked whom he wanted me to send to do the work.

"'Why,' said he, 'I want you to send C——.'

"'C——!' I exclaimed, 'You can't mean it. C—— is the blackest Republican in the office.'

"'Well, send D——.'

"'D——!' said I, 'Why, he's only a shade less black than C——. I can send F——, if you like. He's a Democrat.'

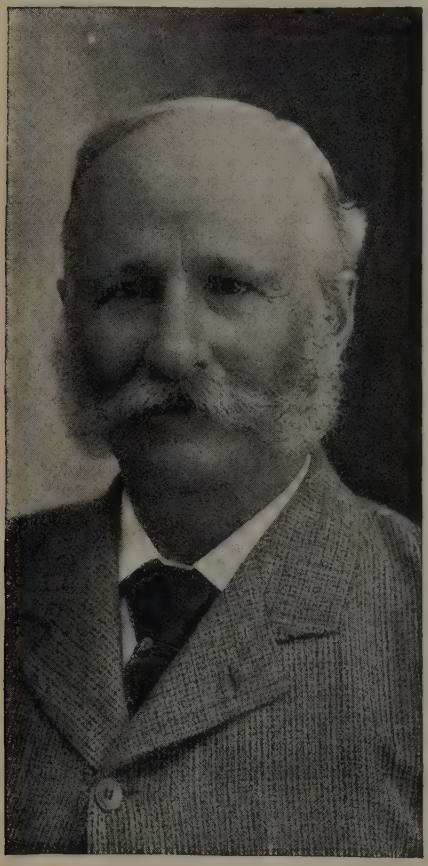
"'Yes,' said he, 'but I don't quite trust his knowledge. Look here, John, you send us a good man and I'll tell the boys to attend to their business and you'll attend to yours.'

"Mr. Roosevelt was visiting in Kentucky a few years after that, and he heard this and other stories about me. Some years later, when the commission was reorganized by President Cleveland, Roosevelt went to him and told him that there was a hot Democrat and an ex-Confederate down in Kentucky who had more Republicans in his office than he had Democrats. On that hint, Mr. Cleveland telegraphed offering me the place. I had never thought of it until I got his message."

IN black draped rooms Attorney General Knox probes away on the knotty points of federal law. System, system, it is system everywhere in government work, as a rule, and an official who dares

CONGRESSMAN ROSWELL P. BISHOP OF MICHIGAN

Mr. Bishop was a New York farmer boy. Later he lost an arm fighting for his country in the Civil war. Thereafter he got an education in New York academies, taking law at the University of Michigan. He located at Ludington, where he has since resided, and by way of preparation for congress served terms as prosecuting attorney and member of the state legislature. He is serving his fourth term in the lower house of congress.



to break a precedent is looked at aghast by some of the old clerks who regard with a sweet reverence the way and manner in which matters official have been transacted in the past. The present administration has not taken kindly to precedent in all things. No two people are likely to have the same impulse on like occasions, consequently the official precedential lines are sometimes crossed, with an occasional trolley slipped. The attorney general goes about his business in much the same way he would if retained by any corporation, and you bet he puts in the full time. In the midst of a knotty case, he may take his son and his secretary, Mr. Long, for a trip to Mount Vernon and unravel the question as he sails down the Potomac.

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THE trivial incidents of every day life reflect the character of our great men. And it is indeed gratifying to realize that public life at Washintgon never held more men of high character and sterling integrity than at this time. Not long since a venerable and distinguished looking gentleman entered the office of a general passenger agent, and inquired in a kindly, drawling and deliberate voice: "Is the general passenger agent in?"

The office boy woke up and started to find out and returned with the pert information, "He is out, will any one else do?" which sounded like a new phrase in telephone phonography, as a relief from "The line is busy; please ring off."

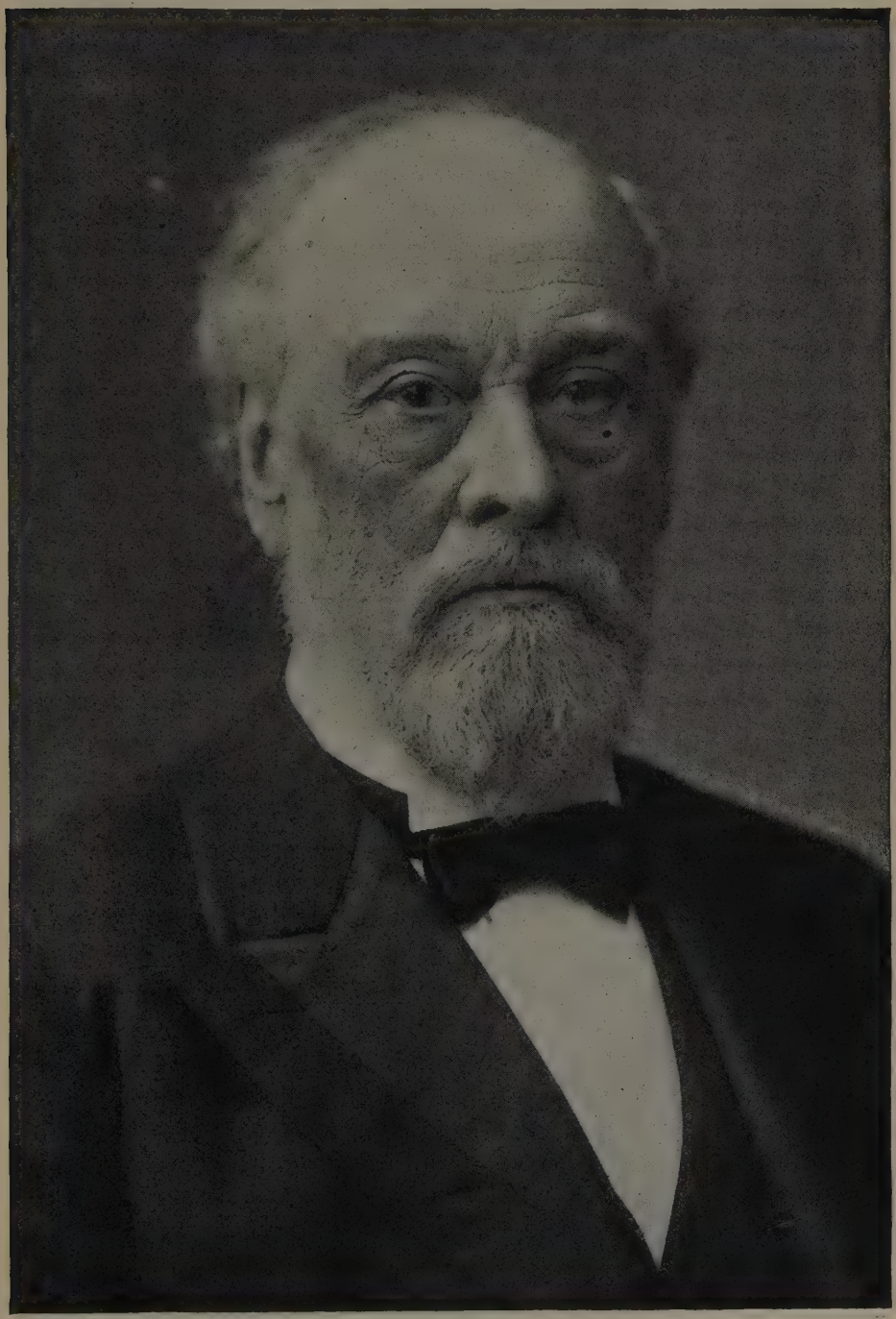
"That is unfortunate," continued the distinguished looking man, wiping his brow. "Perhaps you could direct me to the proper source of information," he continued with stately New England preciseness. "No'p; no one gives passes 'cept the boss," volunteered the young oracle, going on with his Jack the Ripper novel.

Just then one of the clerks recognized in the courtly stranger a striking resemblance to a famous United States senator and stepped forward inquiring if there was any word to leave.

"Well, I desired to ascertain who is responsible for the dining car collection. Inadvertently I left the train at Worces-

UNITED STATES SENATOR ORVILLE HITCHCOCK PLATT OF CONNECTICUT

One of the great republican leaders of congress. Author of the Platt amendments to the measure granting independence to Cuba. A strong, quiet man, powerfully influencing the course of all first class legislation. He got an academic education, studied law and has since been practicing at Litchfield. His third term in the senate will expire in 1903.



ter without paying my bill. Now, some one had to pay it, and I want to reimburse the right party or the company. It is one dollar for a regular meal, I believe."

Down into both side pockets he dove for the facts.

"I have the date, time and place of the train, where and when the meal was partaken, could you—"

"Isn't this Senator Hoar? I think it is all right," broke in a chief clerk.

"No, it is not all right; I must pay that dollar to whoever paid for that meal."

There was a diligent search among the records in various departments, and

THE LATE UNITED STATES SENATOR JAMES McMILLAN OF MICHIGAN, WITH ONE OF THE LADIES OF HIS FAMILY, RIDING ON THE BEACH AT ORCHARD, FLORIDA

Senator McMillan was at the time of his death one of the richest members of the senate and one of the most powerful leaders of the republican party. He was a native of Hamilton, Canada,—one of the many strong men the Dominion has given us. His wealth was accumulated in manufacturing, commercial, transportation and banking interests in his adopted state. He was serving his fourth term in the senate, having been reelected three times by the unanimous vote of the republican legislators.

JUSTUS S. STEARNS OF MICHICAN

Mr. Stearns is a wealthy lumberman and saw mill owner and is prominently mentioned as a fitting successor to the late James McMillan in the United States Senate. Mr. Stearns was a strong candidate for the republican nomination for governor in the latest state convention and is a favorite with his party. He is genuine senatorial timber.

Senator Hoar spent the time searching the railroad records and finally discovered the man who had paid for the meal and reimbursed him, with the consciousness of having performed a duty as important as a million dollar appropriation.

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"HOUSEKEEPING at the Capitol" would make an interesting sketch by Mr. Woods, the supervising architect at Washington. Some time ago he was chasing about the corridors with an exposed gelatine plate, looking for bacteria. He desired to determine exactly what species of microbes to look out for from time to time. He caught a school of tetanus or lock-jaw bacteria recently and hastened to disinfect. This was entirely too dangerous a specimen to have broadcast in the Capitol with congress in session. If there is anything he has not found out about the Capitol it is not for lack of tireless energy and intelligent inspection; he recently traced typhoid germs left in the Capitol twenty years ago, which were boxed up when improvements were made. He has X-rays and a complete scientific apparatus in his laboratory at the Capitol. Although not technically a graduate architect, the members and senators felt that if there was any one who knew what was needed at the Capitol, it was "Billy" Woods, who has made the great building a life study and knows it thoroughly.

THE ARMORY, NASHUA, N. H.

MASONIC TEMPLE LACONIA, N. H.

WHEN I talked with Mr. Madden, the third assistant postmaster general, recently, there was an impression of conversing with a determined man, but I did not know he was a great grand-nephew of Lord Nelson, the hero of Trafalgar. Mr. Madden was born in Canada in 1855, but came to Detroit with his parents in 1861. The thirteen years he served as a locomotive engineer proved him a man of courage and determination. He is progressive and keen, and since entering the postal service at Detroit, has introduced many important improvements in the service. One was providing a system by which registration of letters can be secured of carriers at the door of your home; another provided booklets containing postage stamps, which have become a great source of revenue to the department. Mr. Madden is the author of a bill before congress providing that under certain conditions parcels may be transmitted through the mails, charges to be collected on delivery, the same as in the express service, enabling merchants to save the prepaid postage sent out to solicit orders.

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EX-PRESIDENT Cleveland is now the sole representative of that peculiarly American product, a chief magistrate out of office, and he must there remain in a class by himself for at least two years more. When Mr. Lincoln became president in 1861, there were five living ex-presidents, Buchanan, Pierce, Fillmore, Tyler and Van Buren, the largest number on record, and all keen critics of the acts of their successor at that critical period in the nation's history. At Princeton President Cleveland is enjoying the life of leisure. In his library are the rocking horses and playthings of the children and evidences of a pleasant domestic life. He sits at his big desk, and gazes at the papers and work before him in much the same solid way as at the executive mansion. He has aged but little since his residence in Washington, and on his desk are evidences that his pen does not long lie idle, as many of his letters are answered in his own handwriting. It is not difficult to conclude that Grover Cleveland at Princeton is a more serenely contented man than was Grover Cleveland in the White House.

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THE colored woman who takes care of the office of the secretary of the treasury has not made the Iowa man any more hero than a valet might. She was very earnestly discussing the matter with a companion in the corridors of the treasury building. "I reckon that new secretary must be a mighty stupid man. Here I is every night, ready at four o'clock to cl'ar up his room, and he just keeps right on workin' till six, and I'm right tired of it. He gets here early, but it takes him till six and seven to finish his work. Other secretaries get through at the christian hour of four. I 'clar he puts me out of temper, and I think he must be a mighty slow man."

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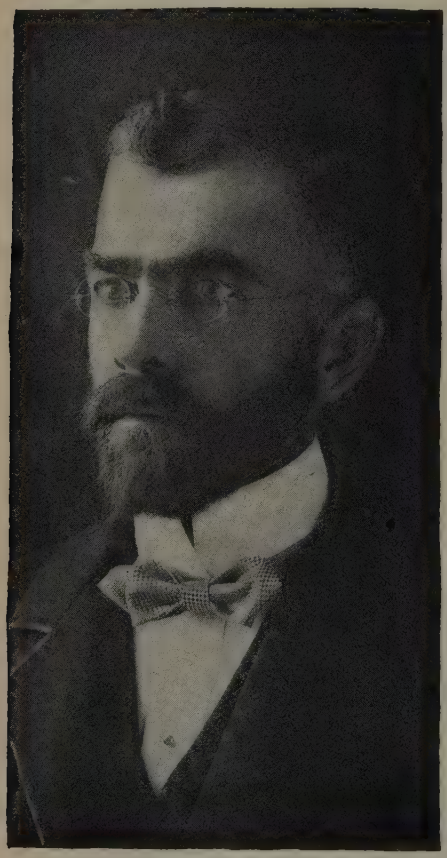
IN the handsome old Scott house at No. 22 Jackson Square, within a stone's throw of the White House, the President has occupied temporary Washington quarters while repairs are being made at the executive mansion. The main waiting room is walled in a deep red, and the spacious dining room, draped in a rich olive, is divided with a green curtain; the front part is utilized as the cabinet room, and in the rear of the curtain the President spreads those lunches that have become historic. The secretary's office at the right is fringed with chairs for visitors in waiting. The folding doors are closed and before a small side entrance stands the familiar figure of the President's door keeper, Captain Loeffler. The rooms upstairs are used for the stenographers. The day I was there senators and congressmen passed in

line to say farewell to the President. The scene suggests the adaptability of American nature to circumstances under all conditions. The handsome old house, which in the years past has been the scene of gaiety, is now the seat of official authority. The high, spacious walls will perhaps have a varied story to

DR. JAMES BALL NAYLOR OF MALTA, OHIO, NOVELIST AND POET OF GROWING FAME



tell when the time comes that they must be torn aside to make room for the new home of the department of state. I doubt whether there will be the picturesque and democratic air of official life when the President is ensconced in the handsome marble halls of the new building which is to be utilized for the business of the chief executive.

AMONG the relics at the temporary White House, in Jackson Place, Washington, is the huge oak table made from the timbers of one of the ships which England captured from us in the War of 1812 and later presented to President Buchanan. It is now used by newspaper men as their writing table. It is the same table upon which Horace Greeley wrote in the days of Lincoln, and that accounts in part, perhaps, for the inspiration of the splendid paragraphs that are turned out under the pressure of the clicking telegraph instruments and the daily paper hustle at Washington. The old Scott house with its dainty candelabra, and its fireplace of onyx, makes a picture which recalls the bonny days of the '70s—and there will be some interesting conferences in this domicile when President Roosevelt returns to Washington in the early autumn and takes up, with his recuperated vigor, the tremendously important work of the year.

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THERE are many amusing incidents that occur in life which have an influence on determining the career of a public man. One of the best known officials in Washington won a reputation in a court trial in his home town in the West that led, subsequently, to an appointment in Washington. The attorney on the opposite side of the case was a Montana type and he proceeded to make things pretty lively for the opposing counsel during the trial.

While the case was being tried, a characteristic bit of verse inspired by the lawyer's personality appeared in one of the local newspapers, and the opening lines have given the author a state wide reputation. The verse read as follows:

"I'm a pacer from the Rockies;
Watch me go!
I'm a zephyr from the mountains;
Hear me blow!
I'm a gentleman from Butte:
I'm a cowboy on a toot:
I'm an owl from old Montana;
Hear me hoot!"

CONGRESSMAN CHARLES DICK OF AKRON, OHIO

Mr. Dick's experiences include a period of service as a bank teller, as grain merchant, officer of the Ohio National guard, in which he has risen to the rank of major general, as a lawyer, and in many and always larger offices as a political leader. He gained national reputation as secretary of the Republican National Committee during the first McKinley campaign and has since then been an active and trusted associate of Senator Hanna in the management of state and national politics.

The author of these thrilling lines now occupies a prominent position in the department of justice, and strange to say, no one was more gratified with this rough and ready sarcasm and humor than the gentleman from Montana, who pasted the bit of verse in his hat, and declared that he had won immortality by being embalmed in a real live poem.

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FOR some reason which has never been made public the inscription on the Lafayette monument in Lafayette Square, Washington, has never been cut until within a short time. For over a quarter of a century it has stood the stress of storm and sunshine and the gaze of curious visitors without an inscription, which fact lent the statue the piquant interest of a tombstone without an epitaph. The name of the square has given some clew as to what the towering piece of bronze represents, but now the gray and weather beaten statue bears an inscription. The Rochambeau statue on the opposite corner is one of the most attractive at the national capital. The figure of Victory has a power and grace that are inspiring — a most eloquent tribute to the great Republic of the West.

THE word "whip" has a lashing, forbidding sound, but applied to afeature of congressional work it is quite innocent. It is the duty of the whip to see that any absent member is properly paired when a party vote is taken. If two members of different political views are to be absent at the same time they make a pair, which holds in effect until both return; but, if a member leaves and knows of no member of the opposition party who is also absent, it is the duty of the whip or pair clerk to secure a live pair. "A live pair" is not a poker term, but signifies that a member who is absent is paired with a member of the opposition party who is present at the time the vote is taken. This member votes "present" in order to protect the absentee. By this arrangement the party to which the absentee belongs does not lose his vote. The two pair clerks of the house are keen-eyed men. George F. Evers of Davenport, Iowa, is a native of that city and came to Washington as a protege of Hon. George M. Curtis during the fifty-fourth congress. Mr. Evers is popular with the members of the Republican majority, and is well liked by members of the minority. James F.

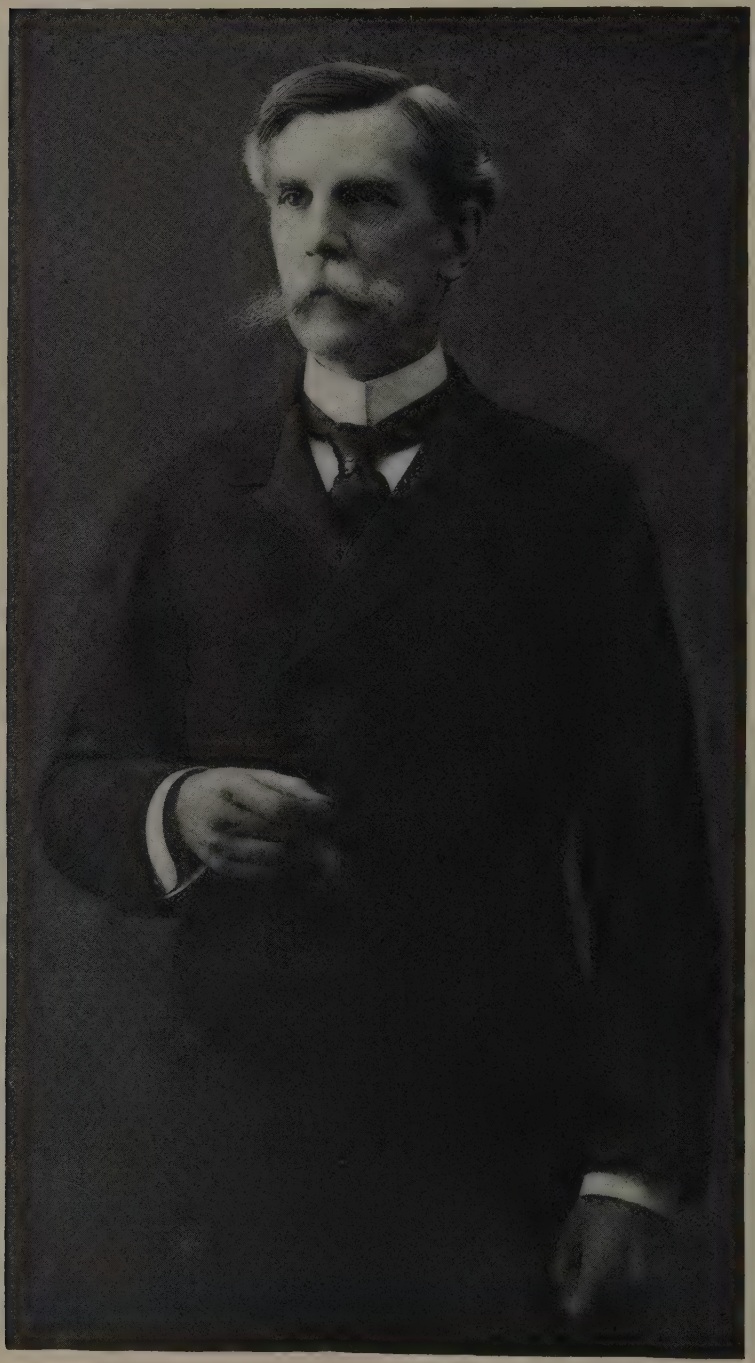
HIGHLAND SPRING SANITARIUM, LACONIA, N. H.

CONGRESSMAN JOEL PRESCOTT HEATWOLE, OF MINNESOTA

Minnesota is winning a leadership in the House hardly less than that of Iowa, and by the same method, i. e. electing strong men and keeping them in office until they grow into important positions. Mr. Heatwole is serving his fourth term, and will come back as long as he wishes to. His people appreciate good service. The congressman is a native of Indiana, a printer by trade, an editor, and a good judge of the real merits of men and measures.

ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

The distinguished son of the best beloved American man of letters. A Harvard man, (of course), three years a soldier in the Civil War and twice wounded in that service. A practicing lawyer and editor of the American Law Review, professor of law in the Harvard law school, associate justice and finally chief justice of the supreme court of Massachusetts. Now fitly honored by elevation to membership in the highest court of the nation.



English of San Francisco was born in Alabama, Alameda county, California, and was appointed a page in the House of Representatives at the instance of the late General William S. Rosecrans and former Governor James H. Budd. He has served continuously as page, chief page, special employe and democratic pair clerk. Owing to his knowledge of political affairs, he was recently selected as the member for California on the democratic congressional committee and is now talked of as a candidate for congress from the San Francisco district.

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THERE was something fascinating about that Scipio group brought from the island of Cyprus and now in the Metropolitan museum in New York City. I noticed that nearly every one stopped, and while the cynical observers may not have approved, there was a pleasant look when they glanced at that group. I stopped for some time, trying to analyze it. Finally an explanation came to me that quite satisfied my observations. The members of the group were looking up. There was a moral in this well worth cultivating; looking up is too rare a thing in art as well as in life, and there is something fascinating in a pleased upward glance. It is uplifting and inspiring. However, in an effort to practice my theory, in leaving the hall, I tripped on the threshold, and the stern attendant in uniform thundered, "Better look down at your feet and see where you are going." So much for the theoretical and the practical. You can take your choice.

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WHO has not felt a thrill of admiration for the mighty iron horse that hauls the great inland traffic of continents? No piece of machinery ever seemed to me so like a human being as a locomotive; to see one climbing a mountain, skirting a river, or dashing across the prairie, with quickening pant, and singing the song of the exhaust, is as near a conception of life as machinery can come, because in the very forward movement the pace of artery and muscle is outstripped. The small boy in America finds his first awakened ambition in life in a desire to hold the throttle; the very grime and dust of it are marks of honor which replace that which former ages have bestowed upon the grim visaged and battle scarred warrior. Small boys court the dust that blackens their faces, like that of the silent man at the cab window. The hissing steam cocks, exploding safety valves and steady measured and accelerating exhaust — these are, after all, the real symphony of American commercial growth and development. In the wake of the clouds from the funnel stack has followed the tread of trade, settlement and civilization. American history of the last half century circles distinctly about the American locomotive.

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SENATOR DRYDEN of New Jersey saved the pen which he used when he was sworn in, and presented it to his son. Then he went at the public's work with the same force and energy which has resulted in building up the great industrial life insurance company, The Prudential, which has made such a happy adaptation of the Rock of Gibraltar in its advertising. Senator Dryden has a seat on the Democratic side near where Senator Depew began his senatorial career. He gave his desk a business like glance, and was soon immersed in a mass of accumulated correspondence. The United States government is becoming more and more a business institution, and business methods have supplanted many of the old-time notions of indolent and inspirational statesmanship. Nearly every question discussed on the floor or in the committee room is viewed first and last from a business standpoint.

THE PALACES OF ST. LOUIS

With Engravings from Photographs by George Stark

By EDMUND S. HOCH,

The National's Resident Representative in the World's Fair City.

INSULARITY is a grievous word; it describes a grievous sin. Communities, nations, individuals, resent its application. Egotism, ignorance, final stagnation are a few of the attributes it suggests; naturally all peoples and places oppose such invidious classification.

Yet, it is a fact that insularity is more common than we think; and it is more common in our own new country than we may care to admit. We readily accredit the colossal iron keys, eventide candles and latchless houses of Paris to insularity, as well as the dull newspapers,

A MARBLE PALACE IN FOREST PARK TERRACE, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. C. S. HILLS.

ugly houses and the grinding busses of London and the elaborate but awfully inadequate hotels of Latin Europe: but we rarely bring the word back with us across the water. It has a place here, however. We can use it quite readily and pertinently, as may be demonstrated without extended investigation.

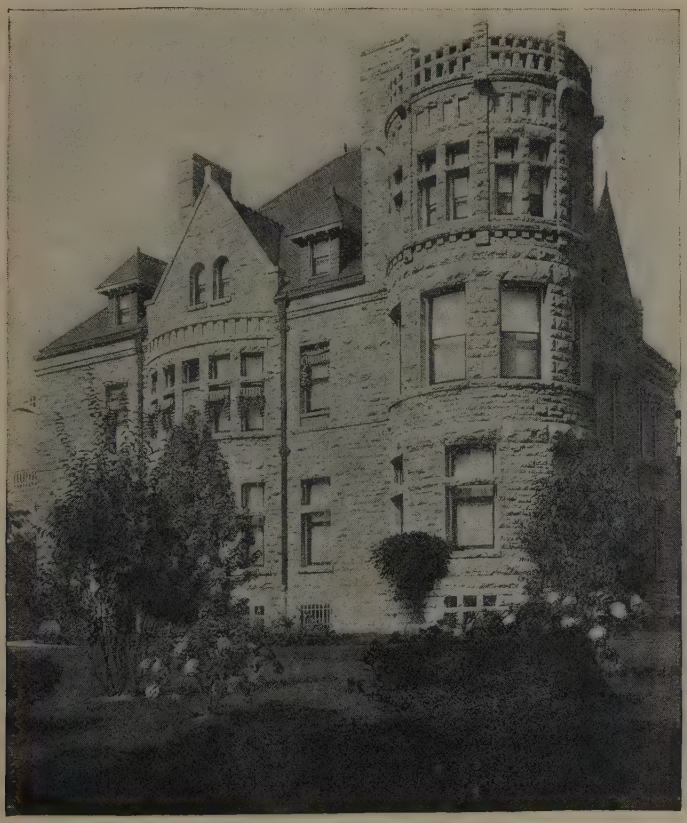
"The palaces of St. Louis." "What palaces?" is asked. "Palaces—where? What St. Louis? St. Louis in France? Is there such a place? Certainly it cannot be that St. Louis—our St. Louis, in Missouri, is meant. There are no palaces there!"

Yet St. Louis, in Missouri, is meant, and the palaces of St. Louis, Missouri, are referred to by the title of this article. St. Louis, Missouri, has palaces. Indeed, a great number of charming, most beautiful palaces—a greater number, in fact, than any other city in the world.

Remarkable statement. And it is greeted with surprise — astonishment, unbelief, perhaps. The condition of ignorance which suggests this unbelief is, however, not the fault of St. Louis. Insularity produces it — not individual insularity, but what may be termed community insularity, especially superinduced by the chronic insularity of the nationally distributed periodical and illustrated press.

The incredibly little information which the cities of this country possess of each other, and the loss in progress, comfort and enjoyment to each, and therefore to the country, resulting therefrom, is a subject sufficient for a special and pertinent treatise of itself; but we have no room for such discussion here. The loss to the country as a result of its ignorance concerning St. Louis and conditions that exist in that remarkable western city is, however, most marked. I say loss to the country and not to St. Louis, and I repeat it, because the statement reports the facts. St. Louis has what the rest of the country and the world need and have not and what it would benefit them much to adopt.

A RHINE SUGGESTION ON LINDELL BOULEVARD, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. WILLIAM F NOLKER



And St. Louis has, as stated, palaces—of a kind that would enrich and beautify

the world—as the photographs accompanying this text graphically testify—palaces with palace grounds and palace surroundings — the like of which, in number and beauty and richness of setting, the country outside of St. Louis has little idea of.

St. Louis' palaces are the homes of St. Louis, as already may have been inferred. And St. Louis homes are palaces—at least scores of them are—veritable palaces, in every particular of richness, appointment and setting—even in size. It is a fact that may be easily proved that St. Louis has more beautiful homes than any city in the world; I will say, further, and the fact may also be proved, that St. Louis has more beautiful homes than any two cities in the world; indeed, any three cities might be selected and introduced into the comparison and St. Louis would, I believe, meet and surpass them all in the contest.

The populations of New York and Chicago have, and can have, no conception of the richness and beauty of the Missouri metropolis' homes, for they have nothing at hand with which to make a comparison. There are homes in New York, and possibly a few in Chicago, that cost as much or more than the finest homes of St. Louis. But there is none in either city that is anything like as beautiful. The splendid home of Mrs. Potter Palmer, in Chicago, will be provisionally cited as an exception to this statement—but only provisionally. Individually and in its immediate setting, the

AN ITALIAN PALACE, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. J. C. VAN BLARCOM, 1 WESTMORELAND PLACE.

Palmer home ranks with many of the richer St. Louis homes, but not in locality. It suffers from bad surroundings. Extraordinary relation this, when it is remembered that the Palmer home is located on the famous Lake Shore drive of Chicago. But the statement is more than true. The beautiful possibilities of the Lake Shore Drive have been marred by the greed of land speculation, resulting in the crowding of buildings. There are blocks on the Lake Shore Drive built absolutely solid, like on Fifth Avenue in New York—with not a blade of grass between the houses, but in spots these blocks show blank, crass walls enclosing desolate lots—awaiting the insertion of other houses to hide them—that would positively rasp the eye of a St. Louisian and which utterly ruin the residence beauty of the neighborhood. In St. Louis, for blocks and blocks, the eye is met with splendid mansions set in splendid grounds—each a complete and satisfying entity—each surrounded by stretching green lawns, fresh and sparkling under the industrious hose, diversified and enriched by luxuriant shrubs, flowers and trees. The continuation of such a neighborhood for miles creates an atmosphere, a setting for a mansion—for each mansion in such a section—that cannot possibly attach to an isolated house and grounds, found set between a vacant, desolate block, joined by a solid row of frowning houses on one end, and a crowded block of irregularly placed houses on the other. St. Louis has planned for its homes—especially its palace homes — planned

A COLONIAL SOUTHERN PALACE, IN MARYLAND AVENUE

This splendid home will entertain many distinguished visitors to the World's Fair in 1904. It is the residence of the Honorable David R. Francis, president of the Exposition company. The photograph gives no adequate idea of the splendid grounds that enclose it.

with an effect that is marvelous—that is inconceivable by those who live away from that city. To the stranger who comes within St. Louis' gates, St. Louis' homes and home sections and home places are and will ever be a revelation. Fancy seems to have been let run riot in devising fairyland plans and fairyland surroundings for the enhancing and beautifying of these establishments. Especially is this true of the St. Louis home "Places," of which there are so many in the city—the rarest residence spots that the imagination can devise or skill execute, so far are they beyond comparison with anything that exists elsewhere. These home places are, I believe, original with St. Louis. I have never seen them elsewhere, not in such number, elaboration and perfection, at least, in Europe or in America. They are constituted of specially selected residence sections, located in the richest portions of the residence districts, and enclosed within splendid portals, like a private park. They consist, generally, of an elaborate double thoroughfare about half a mile long, which embraces between its two branches a rich stretch of lawn, shrubbery, flowers and trees—a delightful park strip—the whole being lined on either side by splendid mansions, each set in the richest grounds. The portals to these residential parks are of ornate design and are generally built of marble, granite, elaborate terra cotta, or ornamental iron. The gates remain open to all who care to drive or walk within, on tours of pleasure or inspection. A glimpse of one of these splendid places accompanies the text, which, however, offers no adequate idea

A RICH PALACE AFTER THE RENASSAINCE,
The home of Mr. Corwin H. Spencer, vice president of the Exposition company, in Washington Terrace

of the charm and magnificence of the whole. If a Chicagoan, or New Yorker, or Parisian—to say nothing of an inhabitant of London or Berlin—were to go to sleep at home and wake up in, say Portland Place or Westmoreland Place, or or Vandeventer Place, in St. Louis, he would, I sincerely believe, hesitate before he decided that he was not in Paradise. The extraordinary suggestion of this statement only properly intimates the indescribable beauty, ineffable charm of these home places of St. Louis. There is one such place, in the center of the residence section of the city—Fullerton Place — a half mile double stretch of charming mansions, lawns, trees and shrubbery, facing a central avenue, enclosed with gates, as a private park, that is nothing less than an Elysium. A more ideal spot in which to have a home, quality of surroundings and neighboring houses considered, can hardly be imagined as being possible on this earth. The succession of these luxurious home places is most remarkable—all about the same size and almost equally rich and charming. There are Westmoreland Place, Portland Place, Vandeventer Place, Fullerton Place, Cabanne Place, Westminster Place, Hortense Place, West Cabanne Place, Windermere Place, Nicholson Place, Benton Place, Waverly Place, Preston Place, Whittemore Place, Wagner Place, Raymond Place, Forest Park Terrace, Washington Terrace, Chamberlain Park, Compton Heights.

To these add the boulevards—almost as beautiful as the places, in splendid mansions and wide spreading lawns and grounds, and many of them miles long: Lindell boulevard, Washington boulevard, Delmar boulevard, Pine boulevard, Westminster boulevard, Forest Park

ROUGH STONE MANSION IN WESTMORELAND PLACE, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. A. G. COCHRAN

boulevard, Longfellow boulevard, Hawthorne boulevard, Flora boulevard—to say nothing of the less important residence streets, any one of a score of which would ornament any city—and try to imagine what a residence section these places and avenues present. It will exercise your imagination well.

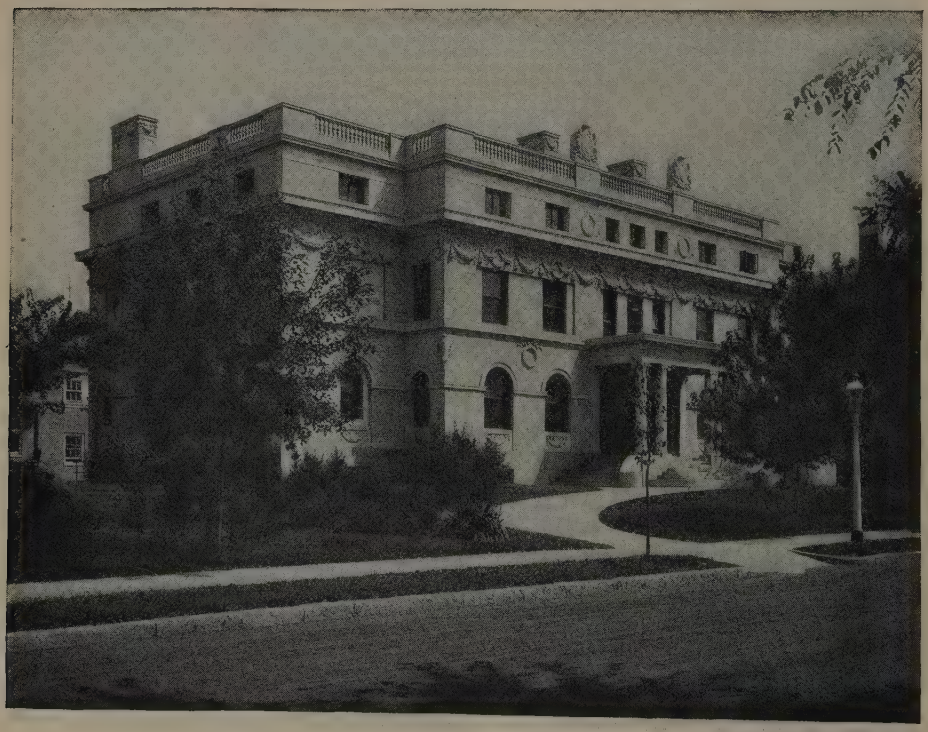
Washington is ordinarily considered a city of beautiful residences. It is better known, too, possibly, than any other American city, except New York, which has no beautiful homes, in the proper sense. It will undoubtedly surprise many to read the statement of the fact that St. Louis is giving up a residence section—literally abandoning it—that is equal if not superior in extent and richness of homes and thoroughfares to the whole residence section of Washington—giving it up to occupy its newer, richer quarters. Indeed, not one of the places or boulevards mentioned above as being notably attractive is included in this older, handsome section.

Paris is not in the comparison with St. Louis in this connection of beautiful homes, home places and thoroughfares. I recall an incident which nicely describes the situation as between the two cities in this respect. While driving up the Champs Elysees one day some summers ago, approaching the Place L'Etoile, my cab drew near to a carriage filled with handsome young women.

"So this is the Champs Elysees," I accidently overheard one of them exclaim, her eyes investigating the wastes of gravel and white, bleached apartment houses on either side of the splendid thoroughfare. "Well, please give me Washington boulevard in St. Louis."

The remark shocked me then. But since I have seen Washington boulevard

WHITE LIMESTONE CHATEAU, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. WILLIAM McMILLAN, IN PORTLAND PLACE



I must say that I am almost ready to agree with the young lady. Paris—its immediate environment, rather — furnishes one striking instance of suggestion of what may be seen all over the residence portions of St. Louis. That is the little, white chateau in the Bois de Boulogne, just off the Avenue des Acacias, opposite the Cafe Chinoir. Who, on turning the broad curve at the cascade in the park, on the way to Longchamps or Suresne, has not been thrilled with delight as this pretty little white palace came suddenly into veiw, stretched so charmingly out on the grass, under the trees at the right of the drive. The sight of this little gem of an individual house is a positive refreshment after the monotony of apartment house, lawnless Paris. The Petit Trianon in the park at Versailles, also the Grand Trainon there —but not its partial imitation, the walled-in home of the Castellanes on the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne—are other suggestions. These are individual instances taken out of Paris and its environs—Paris the recognized beauty capital of the world—as against scores of charming specimens within the confines of St. Louis.

It is said (and truly) that to see a really beautiful woman (meaning woman, grace and gown) you must go to Paris. It may be just as truly said that, to see a beautiful home—house, grounds and environment—you must go to St. Louis.

And what, may the public think, do such homes mean to St. Louis? What does the sociologist say is and must be the result of such a situation — the presence of such a succession of splendid homes in a great city? Does it not

WHITE STONE PALACE, THE RESIDENCE OF MR BYRON NUGENT, 29 WESTMORELAND PLACE

mean much for happiness, for refinement of tastes and impulses—much for morals, for the true enjoyment and promotion of life? The answer to this is, Yes. The fact is witnessed in St. Louis every day. St. Louis people enjoy life in the very highest sense of its possibilities. Their beautiful homes and neighborhoods insure, compel this. Each of these charming abodes is a palace of wholesome delight, in winter and summer, as may be seen from the wayside. Fresh, pretty, happy, gaily dressed young women and handsome young men are visible about them all the time, on all sides—on lawns, on spreading verandas, in the splendid corridors—rich, satisfying, enjoying healthy life shows itself everywhere. What else can such environment produce? These handsome homes inspire and nourish the desire for home and wholesome domestic happiness. And not only do they provide, or effect, this for their inmates, their fortunate possessors and inhabitants, but—and note the significance of this well—they do the same for the humbler dwellers of the city who see these beautiful homes. The love of a beautiful home, the desire for one, is a positive passion in St. Louis, a passion that is becoming more deeply rooted and more universal, every day. Sociologists may note this and ponder what such a fact means, in activity, ambition, stability and morals, in a community. In Chicago and New York and Paris no such desire for a home exists. Poll the population of each city and ninety per cent will return the verdict that to hope to own an attractive home in either community is futile, and that, even if it were not so, investment of accumulated earnings in such manner would be imprudent, in consideration of the exigencies and uncertainties of metropolitan life. The popu-

A RED GRANITE CHATEAU, WESTMORELAND PLACE, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. JOHN T. DAVIS

lations of these cities are confirmed converts to the flat—that social cancer which is gnawing at the very core of society. *They have no hope for anything but a transient abiding place.*

In St. Louis, the poorer and middle classes make regular and repeated pilgrimages through the finer residence sections of the community. Indeed, such trips are a source of never ending delight to them, affording the double satisfaction of the gratification of a taste for the beautiful, especially the beautiful in homes, which has been deeply cultivated in the community, and the contemplation of pleasing possibilities in the shape of handsome future abodes of their own.

Again, these handsome boulevards and splendid residence places of St. Louis form an adjunct and a most delightful, interesting and effective adjunct to the city's system of parks. They offer all of the fresh air and green beauty of the parks, in addition to rare architectural and artistic beauty, and that personality which atttaches to each home — that human interest which is at the bottom of all interest and zest in life. The builders of these homes and the creators of these rare home "places" yield, therefore, all these things considered, a direct and material as well as an indirect and moral service to the community. They are entitled for such service — these representative citizens of St. Louis—to credit before the world—credit for doing a great—a really great and beneficial work.

As a reward for their splendid work, for their splendid service to the community and the world, I predict that when the denizens of the various parts

A VANDEVENTER PLACE PALACE, THE HOME OF MR. H. C. PIERCE

The picture does not properly present its grace of proportions and shows nothing of the luxury of its surroundings.

of the world come to St. Louis in 1904, they will go away with one of two well defined conclusions, viz: either to make their own environment like unto that of St. Louis or to endeavor to arrange their affairs so that they may make their habitation in a city where such splendid things exist and transpire.

Recently, I read the plea of a so-called cosmopolite, published in one of the magazines, deploring the open treatment of American homes and home premises and recommending and predicting the introduction of the ugly wall of Europe, shutting all residence grounds in from the street. St. Louis stands, and its home builders stand an emphatic and everlasting protest against this selfish custom of Europe. If the example of this southwestern metropolis does nothing more than prevent the possibility of this corroding innovation, which it will effectually do, I believe, as a result of the lessons of real home beauty it will teach to the visiting multitude during 1904, it will deserve, and its citizens will deserve everlasting gratitude.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In view of the coming Universal Exposition the city of St. Louis will be much in the eye of the public during the next two years. In consideration of this fact the National Magazine has arranged with Mr. Hoch for the preparation of a series of articles on that city and the Exposition. Mr. Hoch's training particularly fits him for work of this nature. He is not only a journalist of cosmopolitan experience, but is also a sociologist, and is especially a student of large cities, having spent the last ten years in residence in and investigation of the principal municipal centers of America and Europe. He was an attache of the United States Commission to the Paris Exposition of 1900, and upon returning to this country contributed largely to the preparation of the excellent and extensive report made to congress of that Exposition. Mr. Hoch is an old contributer to the National and his name and work are familiar to our readers.

A GLIMPSE OF PORTLAND PLACE

This stretch extends for half a mile and is paralleled by another on the opposite side of the park plot in the center. The whole is enclosed within splendid portals, forming a most elaborate and beautiful private residence park. These residence centers, of which St. Louis has many, are the most ideal residential creations of their kind in the world.

IN THE LONESOME, SILENT SOUTH.

By EVA HAMPTON PRATHER

"HOL' on! Hol' on! What's up?"

"Man killed."

"Who?"

"Don' know."

The man was running down the sunny village street between the bee-sweet, purpling china berry trees on a dewy April morning, and he kept on without stopping as his questioner joined him.

"Hol' on! Hol' on! What's up?"

"Man dead."

"Where 'bouts?"

"Brick school 'ouse."

The two men ran on and the third man joined in the race. Presently they came in sight of a square brick building coped with granite, in front of which several hundred men and boys were assembled. Out of the door of this building two men were carrying a third, whose figure stretched limp between them. As they descended the steps the crowd gave way and advancing into the middle of the cleared space, they put their burden down and stood up, looking with morbid interest at the blue pale face and painful contortions of the body.

Beyond the silent circle immediately surrounding the man, the crowd was wildly gesticulating, questioning, surmising.

"Who killed him?" said one.

"Nobody seems to know."

"Who is he?"

"Dunno."

"How did he get into the house?"

"Unaccountable!"

"Why doesn't somebody get the doctor?"

"Why don't you?"

"I b'lieve he's comin' to," said one of the men on the inner circle.

"Isn't he dead yet?" answered an outsider vainly endeavoring to push the speaker aside and to get into his place.

"Whutscher wanter see 'im for? He's nothin' but a bugglar!" returned the inside man, holding his own with difficulty.

"For the same reason as you wanter see 'im," retorted the outsider.

The man whom we first saw running now wormed himself into the center of the crowd and said, "Where was this person found?"

The authority of the voice arrested attention and a sudden silence fell upon the crowd. The man on the inside spoke again.

"The janitor," said he, "went to open up the school house; when he came to Miss Percival's room he saw this man a-lyin' on the floor with his head split open. Then he looks around and sees a satchel o' bugglar's tools and over in a corner a pistol a-lyin' with one chamber empty. As you see, the man isn't dead, but we think the sense is all knocked outer him. Who he is or what he was doin' there, we can't find out from him.

S'posen he was a bugglar, his pal might a had a quarrel with 'im and knocked him over the head, and he might a-shot at him with 'is pistol, and his pal might a-got skeert and run off."

During this speech the-man-from-the-outside continued to worm himself into the circle as he listened, and now stood just behind the speaker and looked down on the wounded man. At this moment the dying burglar opened his large dark eyes dim with pain and turned them toward the speaker. As he did so the-man-from-the-outside started violently.

"I think," said he, "that a physician should see this poor fellow at once, and I will go for Doctor Hall if no one else has summoned him." At this proposition a way was opened and the-man-from-the-outside passed out.

For some minutes longer the crowd continued to chatter, then a few of the bystanders began to return to their work, cautioning those who remained to call them if anything turned up.

At this juncture a woman was seen approaching. She was of a tall, spare figure, of the type called "swell." Her garments were dark in tone but cut in the extreme of fashion. Her short skirt had the correct flare, her bull-nose kid boots bore the finest polish, her shirt waist was of the latest Roman madras, in shaded stripes of black, gray and violet; she wore on her head the Knox hat of the season. She walked with the confident, well groomed, superior gait peculiar to a certain type of masculine femininity. Miss Percival, for it was she, possessed abundant red hair, richly arranged, a smooth skin, an unsuccessful complexion, delicate thin features, blue eyes with a light lash and a faint red rim. As she neared the group, the young men looked at each other with a significant shrug, and the older men gazed at her with interest. Several boys whistled. One of the workmen said to his neighbor, "There's that 'bomnible old maid a-comin' where she isn't wanted!" A young lawyer laughed and whispered to his friend, "Look out now for Miss Percival!"

Seemingly quite unconscious of the effect she was producing, Miss Percival came straight on. When she reached the door she stopped, and, as no one addressed her, she spoke herself in her clear, metallic voice to the gentleman standing nearest her:

"What is the matter here, Mr. Foreacre?"

"Miss Percival," answered the person addressed, "I regret to say that a man has just been killed in your school room—a man supposed to be a burglar—and I think it would be better—" The lady flushed with evident anger. "At least—if you will permit me—it will give me pleasure to see you home."

"A man killed in my school room?" answered the lady testily. "What right had any man in my school room? There was nothing there to steal!"

The person on the ground turned uneasily at the sound of her voice, said something to those about him, and suddenly a broad pathway opened straight up to the irate lady.

"Miss Percival," answered the gentleman whom she deigned to address, "the man wishes to speak to you; will you see him a moment?"

Flushed with annoyance, yet unwilling to refuse a dying man's request, the lady walked through the pathway opened to her and approached the wounded man with indifference. The word "abominable" just trembled on her lips as she looked down at him—looked down at the dying face and dim eyes, the clotted blood on the dark hair.

A curious, swift change passed over her; a gray pallor seemed to seize on her thin features. She made a pitiful attempt to speak, gave a large eyed look of misery to the crowd, and, suddenly, stiffly, awkwardly, like a woman unaccustomed to

the attitude of prayer, sank down on trembling knees.

There was a moment of tense silence.

"I wanted to see you," said the man on the ground. After a second's look he closed his eyes.

Presently he opened them again, looked at her intently and smiled. "I wanted," he continued slowly speaking, "to put it in your desk, where you would find it, and understand."

He reached his hand unsteadily down to his pocket, felt in it, and drew out a brown leather wallet, which he held out to her. She took it.

The man smiled again and shut his eyes. After a longer pause he spoke, but very faintly. She bent down her head to hear.

"There was another man in the room when I—" He closed his eyes, sighed deeply, and lay perfectly still.

During this colloquy, unintelligible to every man in the crowd, Dr. Hall had been waiting just back of Miss Percival. He reached over now and felt the man's pulse, nodded significantly to the men nearest him and said gently:

"Miss Percival, the man is dead. Let us be going."

You have heard, perhaps, at some time of your life, the voice of a hard woman soften with emotion; if so you know the indescribable pathos of the tone in which Miss Percival answered.

"Doctor," she said, holding out her hand, "I—I am not strong enough." The sensitive proud acknowledgement went to the heart. The physician put his arm around her and raised her to her feet. As he did so the brown wallet fell to the ground. The man who had summoned him sprang toward it, but some one else in the crowd, too quick for him, picked it up and handed it to the lady.

"Perhaps," said the physician, "the dead man mistook Miss Percival for some one else? If so, I can relieve her of this packet."

"It is mine," answered Miss Percival. Then, with her old proud look, she faced the crowd and, in her old ringing voice, she said:

"I once knew this poor—" she hesitated before going on, "this poor gentleman well. I do not know what message he brought to me, but whatever it is, it is wholly mine."

The men stared back at her speechless, and after a second's awkward silence, she turned away from them, and began to cross the sunny street, still leaning on the physician's arm. Their eyes followed her erect departing figure until she rounded a corner and disappeared from view, then suddenly they looked at each other and drew a deep breath.

"Well," said the first man who spoke, "don't that beat?"

And his companion replied:

"Yes, it do beat!"

Whereupon the-man-from-the-outside delivered himself of a sigh and added:

"I'd give a cool thousand to see the inside of that brown wallet."

"Would yuh?" said his neighbor. "Well, in my humble 'pinion yuh won't never see the outside of it agin', leave alone the inside. Miss Percival's got it, man; and she never do turn nothin' a-loose after she's onct took holt on it."

And despite the solemnity of the occasion, several hitherto silent bystanders responded with an amused "Huh! Huh!"

"That's so," continued the speaker, "and she just 'lieve p'int a pistol at the fust man who axed her for it, and march him 'fore the constable and 'cuse him of the murder."

The-man-from-the-outside shivered.

"Yes, she would," continued the speaker, "Miss Percival's been in this here town goin' on ten years, and she done made herself a rep!"

"But," said the man-from-the-outside, "will not this case be tried in the county courts and will not Miss Percival be

forced to give up the purse, or, at least, to reveal its contents?"

"You may know whut you re talkin' about," replied the speaker, "but I don't b'leeve you do. Whut's to prevent Miss Percival's burnin' up that thing as soon as she gits home? Whut's to prevent her from hidin' it whar nobody'd think a-lookin'? Leastways, I wager my big brass button, *you* don't never see the outside of that wallut agin ez long ez your live."

"Good!" said the-man-from-the-outside. "Hand over the brass button, for I mean to see the *in*side of it, even at the point of Miss Percival's pistol." And, so saying, he joined the circle about the dead man whose pockets were being turned inside out.

In the meanwhile, the Doctor and his silent charge neared Miss Percival's house. It was a two story cottage with a narrow veranda in front, running on the northern end around one of those five windowed bays so often seen in villages. The stone base was covered thickly with evergreen smilax and the supports of the veranda held each its running rose. The east end had a recess shut in by awnings and supplied with hammock, seats and jardinieres of palms and flowering plants. The garden on the east side gave out a delicious clove pink fragrance mingled with the perfume of the rose leaves which empurpled the ground.

The Doctor opened the gate, and mounting the steps with Miss Percival, entered the passage and conducted her to a seat in the little parlor. Without stopping for orders, he went back to the dining room, poured out half a glass of water, dropped a dark liquid into the glass, and handed it to the lady. Then, as she drank it without speaking, he said:

"There will be no school today, Miss Percival. Better rest. I'll call Mary and be going."

But as he turned, Miss Percival essayed to speak.

"Doctor," she said, "the—the—"

"Yes," nodded the physician, "the poor man—I think you said he was a gentleman? Yes, I will see that he is decently buried."

She thanked him dumbly, and two large tears filled the wild, pathetic blue of her helpless, wide open eyes, trembled there a moment, and then ran down over her pale cheeks and quivering mouth.

"There, there!" said the physician, turning half away, "I'll leave you now. It's good for you to cry."

And, so saying, he went back to the kitchen, interviewed the cook, and in a moment was out of the house and off down the road whence he had come.

Left alone, Miss Percival lay back and closed her eyes. Long afterward she became conscious of the growing darkness. No one had disturbed her, she thought with relief, and she rose after a while and lighted her lamp. When the lamp was lighted, she sat again, leaned back and dreamed, unconscious of the passing hours. At length she began to listen to a mocking bird singing in a locust-tree some fifty yards away. Everything was wrapped in silence. The window opposite her had its blinds wide open, and she began to notice, after some time, that the light from her lamp fell in a broad band across her veranda and out into the street beyond. Then she followed the intricacies of the bird's song mechanically, note by note, and on them she gradually reasoned herself back into the world of facts. That song, the nesting song, is only heard at night. Times out of number she had waked to hear it at one or two o'clock in the morning, after a restless day. Yes, it must be very late. She drew out her watch to note the time, and, as she did so, struck against the corner of the brown wallet which she had thrust into her bosom when the Doctor left her alone. The morning rushed over her, and she came back to her weary self and all that its presence

there implied.

Holding the wallet in her hand, she moved her chair nearer to the table. In time with her movement she was distinctly conscious of three swift and cautious footsteps which were not her own.

Miss Percival was a woman without imagination, and knew herself to be without it; therefore, she was fearless. The footsteps were real footsteps, and she awaited the entrance of the intruder. As no one came in by the open door, she went to it, looked up and down the passage and came back to her table, after reflecting that the step might have been on the upper floor, where several school girls were sleeping.

The wallet which she now held to the light was of the narrow, oblong type used by men to carry bills unfolded, and was fastened by two ribbons which ran round it, feminine fashion, and tied in bows rather dainty for a man.

As Miss Percival looked at it her mouth relaxed into a smile, a tender flush came into her pale cheeks, and in the soft red glow of her lamp, the singular, weird beauty of her delicate face cut itself like an exquisite clear cameo against the rosy atmosphere of her room. So looking at it, smiling out of tender eyes, and thinking of the past it brought back to her, she first felt and then heard, above the beating of her heart, a person other than herself breathing near at hand.

The color dropped out of her cheeks. Putting down the wallet in the light of her lamp, she walked to a large embroidered screen so placed as to hide the door of the room immediately in the rear of the one in which she sat. Pushing aside the screen and not finding the intruder behind it, she opened the door and entered the room beyond. As she did so, a window in the room she had just left suddenly raised itself, and Miss Percival, hastening back, came face to face with a man in the act of stepping into her parlor from the wide open window looking without.

So intent was this man on reaching the brown wallet, which lay half open on the table, that he was unconscious of Miss Percival's return, until she passed between him and the lamp, and reaching behind her, closed her strong, long fingered hand firmly upon the object of his search. Then their eyes met.

The man involuntarily shrank.

Was this hatchet face, with its cruel, cynical blue eyes, indifferent, fearless, observant, contemptuous, the face that he had seen but a moment before flushed, tender, clear and beautiful, as he looked at it from without? Terrible eyes that mirrored his miserable, thieving soul.

The man shivered. Eyes with the look of a trap in them, horrible, accusing, watched him; but the woman did not move.

The man strove to speak. He could not utter a sound. His throat and tongue were paralyzed. He could think of nothing. Even the brown wallet faded from his mental vision. Only the eyes of the woman clung there.

The man struggled to close his lids. Across his remembrance came a chilling dread of some hypnotic story of his past. The dread grew momentarily into a great, cold, freezing fear.

The man writhed to wring movement from his unresponsive limbs. His feet clung heavily to the floor. Horror, the horror of a poor, dumb, imprisoned beast, filled all his shrinking soul. Who shall say what picture of terrible pain and punishment looked at him from those unfeeling eyes?

A century in moments rolled over him before, by a great effort of his will, he closed his eyes. Then, lifting one heavy limb, he placed it stumblingly behind him. With a little less effort, another step of retrogression was made, and another, and another.

And so, staggering, stumbling, not daring to lift his terrified eyes, the man withdrew across the strip of light into the dun shadows and semi-darkness of the struggling dawn.

Then, as if pursued by seven devils, he turned and fled, heedlessly, noisily, wildly down the village streets. Ran, ran, ran, panting, panting, striking heavily with awkward feet, until the echo of his fleeing grew faint and fainter and finally lost itself on that one listening ear and strained mental vision.

The wide open window faced Miss Percival and the night wind entering sighed.

She, too, sighed. Hot tears came to her burning lids. She felt so poor. Who was this man who would take from her this one little thing of value in her world? She raised the cold hand that held it and pressed it to her heart.

The gray morning pallor swept over her sharpened face, and she began the sobbing cry of the hopelessly bereaved. But no one came to comfort her, and, finally, moving like an old woman, she drew down the sash and fastened it and covered the window with its accustomed draperies. Then she retied the ribbon that bound the brown wallet together, and, without looking within, as if she were sure that it was a message in itself, and not a messenger, she restored it to her bosom. Slowly she turned down her lamp and moved toward the door.

But once there, as if stirred by an active thought, she came back, relighted her lamp, sat down, drew a sheet of paper toward her, sharpened a pencil briskly, and began to draw. Few women drew so well. The large, strong, long fingered hand held the pencil with a masculine grip. The lines came out clean, black, incisive. Her face took on a look of keen interest as she progressed. Frequently she raised her drawing and held it at a little distance, smiling a small, cruel smile, or making a little cooing whistle of satisfaction.

After an hour so spent, she said, "How like!" walked to the window through which the man had fled, pinned her drawing to the curtain, withdrew a pace or two and looked at it critically.

It was the figure of a man with hat drawn over his forehead, rather a handsome man, with a prominent Napoleon nose and a clean shaven face. But his whole attitude expressed abject terror. One would have said he died of fear, so drawn was all his face, so nerveless his bent figure. Most women would have cried out in fright. Miss Percival laughed, but with a mirthless, unmusical, triumphant laugh as if she had just struck down an enemy. Then with a swift impulsive movement she turned her back and left it there, extinguished her lamp for the second time, passed out of the door, moved swiftly across the passage and entered her chamber, closed the door after her, but did not lock it, undressed without making a light, and as she was about to get into her daintily draped bed, noticed a faint violet dawn tinting the upper edge of the curtains that cloaked her eastern window.

Five minutes thereafter she was fast asleep, breathing deeply like a tired but contented youngster who has successfully accomplished all the mischief apportioned to its lot.

When Doctor Hall rang Miss Percival's bell at nine o'clock the next morning, he thought he should find that lady recovered from the opiate he had administered and ready to discuss the situation with him. He had said as much at the coroner's inquest on the previous day when the jury came to a verdict of "killed by the hand of an unknown party." "I think," he said, "it would be unwise to demand the wallet from Miss Percival at present. I have administered an opiate and it is probable that she is still asleep. When she wakes I will endeavor by argument to convince her of the advisability of stating all she

knows of the dead man, if she really knows anything at all, and will secure from her the wallet, which she has neither destroyed nor will destroy, I am sure."

This morning, then, he inquired of the servant who met him at the door, of Miss Percival's present occupation. She still slept. Would the maid awaken her, and say the Doctor waited? He entered the little parlor, and the servant went to do his bidding.

As fate would have it, the physician sat down in the chair Miss Percival had occupied the evening before and opposite the draped window which had faced her. The morning light, the house faced east, you remember, poured into the room through the lace and silk hangings, and he was conscious of a darker square which broke the sunny stream at about the level of a standing man's eye. After a moment or two of visual annoyance, he rose and walked toward the obstruction, observed that it was a drawing pinned to the curtain, and removed it with the intention of putting it down on the table as he returned to his seat; but as he glanced at it carelessly something arrested his attention, and moving with unaccustomed alacrity toward the northern window, he raised the shade, lifted the sash, pushed open the blind and held the drawing up in the clear, morning light.

A varied stream of emotions played over his face as he looked at it. Admiration, wonder, perplexity were there and finally a curious mixture of amusement and shrewd analysis.

"Man proposes and God disposes," he said aloud, and turned to meet the eyes of the negro maid fastened upon him with a gaze quite new in his experience.

"Miss Percival is fas' asleep yit," she said, and without waiting an answer, beat a hasty retreat from the room.

With the drawing still in his hand, the physician crossed the passage, opened Miss Percival's door, and entered her chamber.

The perfect order and beauty of arrangement in this chamber might have attracted him, but that he had seen the room before and knew Miss Percival's personal habits. What he looked at was the woman fast asleep on the bed. Miss Percival seemed dressed for the occasion. Between the white muslin bolster and her head was a little pillow of pink silk. Even in her sleep she recognized the fact that the white lawn would not tone with the unfortunate tans of her complexion. Her delicate profile seemed cut in ivory against the warm rose of the silk. Over the shoulder of her gown the braid of her heavy red hair was drawn and stretched downward on an eider down quilt of tan colored silk, a narrow rim of the rose lining of which was turned backward where it met the fold of the sheet. Though Doctor Hall had seen Miss Percival posed for her physician numbers of times in the past, he smiled now at the perfect color effect she had produced.

"By Jove!" he ejaculated under his breath. "Give me a thin woman and a plain for a pose!"

"Miss Percival!" he exclaimed aloud in his deepest and most commanding voice. "Miss Percival!"

The lady breathed deeply and slept on. The lashes lay motionless against her faintly colored brown cheek, the long, shining braid rose regularly where it fell over her bosom, and stretched undisturbed down the whole length of the tall, thin form. Her hands remained as before, hidden under the cover.

The physician looked at her meditatively some seconds before speaking again. Then approaching the head of the bed, he leaned over her, shook her gently by the shoulders, calling near her ear:

"Miss Percival, my dear lady, wake up! Wake up!"

Only her eyelids quivered faintly, and when he released her she continued to breathe evenly as before. He turned down the cover slightly to test her pulse, and the faint cedary odor of Le Grand's *Violet de Parme* rose from the handkerchief she held in her hand. Her pulse was normal.

"Question of utter physical exhaustion," was his dictum, "not the result of the antalgic administered yesterday."

"Wonderful!" he said aloud, and after a moment more of contemplation he turned to go. Then the drawing which he had left on the foot of the bed, recalled his former course of reasoning. He picked it up, smiled, walked to the south window as he had formerly walked to the north, and held it again to the light.

As he stood there half turned from the bed, Miss Percival opened her eyes and looked at him. It was a full glance, clear and determined, and after she had taken him in she closed her eyes and continued to sleep as before.

The Doctor looked at the picture. A quiet observer with all his faculties alert would have seen that he recognized the face represented, but that the attitude was new to him; would have seen in his occasional quizzical glance toward Miss Percival that he would have liked to put the question as to the probability of its being an imaginary attitude suitable for the real man; and would at last have observed that he had deduced his conclusion, namely, that attitude and man were both real and that Miss Percival had made her drawing from life.

When the physician reached his conclusion he said, "Good!" stood irresolute a moment, swept his eyes over bureau, table and mantel, as if looking for something he did not expect to find; and then walked deliberately back to his sleeping patient, ran his hand promptly under the bolster, drew out the brown wallet quite as a matter of course, turned back his coat and slipped it into his inside pocket, then moving briskly to the door he passed from it into the passage.

As he turned his back, Miss Percival opened her eyes as before and quietly followed his retreating figure as it disappeared from her room.

And now his careful hand was on the knob. He turned it softly, drew the door together with a steady, muscular action, and then released it. The bolt slipped noiselessly into place and simultaneously Miss Percival sat upright. She immediately lay down again with her ear against the solid wood work of her bed, the more readily to catch the vibrations of voices now heard in the passage. What she heard was of the most ordinary character; Doctor Hall merely directed Mary to come for him should Miss Percival awake.

A moment later the negro girl entered the room and at sight of the change in her mistress started visibly. A deep rose burned in Miss Percival's cheeks and her two triumphant eyes glowed like dark sapphires above them; her mouth, suddenly grown crimson, stood parted as if breathing were difficult.

"Mary," she said in her vibrant tone, "I wish to stay asleep all day. Send away everybody who comes here. Now go and tell Jane to prepare for me the very best of breakfasts."

The negro departed grinning.

"Jane," she chuckled to the cook," hit done wuk lak a charm. De doctor done gone off, an' she done sent me tuh git her breakfuss. You sen' her de bess you got, she say."

"He, he, he!" returned Jane, "You bet on Miss Percival to git um into trub. She gwine to fix up dat cote to suit hersef. Watch out whut I tell you 'bout dat, honey. It a mighty freezin' day when dey gits up head uh dat 'ooman. She hatter be clean fruz out, lack uh ole red headed fox, dat she do! He, he,

he!" With which eloquent reflection brought by past experience on her own account, Jane set on the waiter the daintiest breakfast in her repertoire, and Mary returned with it to her mistress.

Miss Percival was still sitting up in bed. When the waiter was placed on her knees and a wrap about her shoulders, instead of dismissing the girl as usual, she said:

"Mary, did you notice anything missing from the parlor, after the Doctor left?"

"Nome," replied the round eyed Mary.

"Well, go and see if you find a drawing of mine pinned to the curtain of the east window," continued her mistress.

Mary went. Somehow she knew by Miss Percival's tone that Miss Percival knew that the drawing was no longer there; but she did not know that Miss Percival also knew that Mary also knew it. She presently returned, shaking her head.

"Well!" said her mistress with a circumflex accent, "I made a drawing at about two o'clock this morning and pinned it there."

She paused and sipped her tea in silence. Presently she spoke again.

"It was a very good likeness of a man who entered that window last night—and then backed out of it, because I frightened him." She uttered the word frightened with a second circumflex and drank up her tea before speaking again.

In the meantime Mary discovered that her feet were cold in her shoes, and changed her position uneasily.

"Doctor Hall," said Miss Percival speaking with deliberate intonation, "doubtless noticed the picture and removed it;" (she looked at Mary, but blacks cannot blush and Mary did not reply, though Miss Percival waited) "for a purpose," she added.

For several minutes thereafter she munched her buttered toast without speaking. Finally, when Mary's credulity had had time to work an effect, Miss Percival continued:

"Doctor Hall's coachman is, I believe, called Jim? A friend of yours?" Mary giggled.

"I thought as much," said Miss Percival. "Very capable man, is he not?" Mary grinned.

"I would like to have Jim find out for me, today, while I am asleep, what goes on in town. If there is a preliminary hearing,—if any one is accused of the crime. Moreover, what part Doctor Hall takes in the matter and what he does in general today. Now you may take my breakfast away, and have Jane make me a sanga in the large pitcher; bring me that on a tray with some raspberries and cakes. When you have brought them and put them near me, you may leave the room."

Mary went out at once. Stumbling into the kitchen and setting down the things with a clatter she observed to the astonished cook:

"Miss Percival 'pears to be pow'ful anxious 'bout dat doctor."

"Lor, chile," returned Jane, "you plum skert me comin' in lack dat, you sho' did."

"Whut sot me tuh studyin'," continued Mary, "is dat she sho does seem pow'ful kuyus about 'im. She want to diskiver ebry thing whut he do tuh day. She say to me, 'you g'long an' fin' out whut he am about, while I am asleep.' I bet she jess wanter 'cuse him so she can git outen it herself. I 'low she know summat about it herse'f."

"Lor, chile, is dat all de sense you's got?" retorted the astute Jane. "She de bess of frien's wid dat Doctor Hall. She 'pen's 'pon him to git her outen dis here bizness. She proud es lucingfer, an' she doan wanter go down tuh dat cote house wid de niggers en de po' white trash. So she made up her min' not to wake up twell de fuss done ober. He,

he, he! She precisely lack de ole red fox, she am."

"Dare's somethin' else whut mak me oneasy, Jane," continued the maid, unabashed by the cook's incredulity. "Dis morning, when I went in de front room, I seed a pictur' ub Mr. Ned pinned tuh de cuttin ob de front winder. It war dat kuyus it make me git cole in mer shoes. When de doctor done come I ax him in dat room while I done fix up Miss Percival. When I come back dat pictur' war gone fum its place an' Doctor Hall war a-studin' it so hard dat he nuveh knowed I war dar twell I git right up on 'im."

"Well, pon my wud," put in Jane, "you air chicken livered!"

Too much absorbed in her own reflections to retort, Mary continued:

"He walk off den to Miss Percival's room wid dat picture' in his han', and when he come outen dar, he had it yit. He rolt it up tight when he war tellin' me tuh sen' fur him, an' tuck it outen de house in his han'."

"Lor, chile," retorted Jane with increasing curiosity but feigned contempt, "Cose he gwine to sen' it back when he done look at it good."

"Well, but," continued Mary, "when I war waitin' on Miss Percival she say to me, 'Go see whut dat man done stole outen my front room,' an' I went an' look an' come back an' say, ' 'Pears lack tuh me he done lef' ebry thing in place.' An' den she say:" (Mary sank her voice to a lugubrious whisper) 'Las' night while I war a-settin' in dat chur a man come in tru de front winder. When he saw me he got skert an' runned outen de house. Den I made a likeness of him an' I pinned it to de cuttin'. Go see ef de Doctor done tuck it away.' "

"It war a pictur' ob Ned Fairman?" said Jane.

"A bery good pictur' uh him, but he 'peared lack he war skert outen his min'," answered Mary.

"I wunner," mused Jane, "I wunner whut dat fool war a-doin' in dis house. 'Pears lack he gwine tuh git a gif' fer stealin' fum his gran'dad. Lemme tell you, Mary," she continued after a pause of some length, "You go ober to Calline's an' call Jim up ober de 'phone, an' tell him tuh come roun' tuh de back gate an' bring you anythin' kuyus he kin' fine tuh day."

Then as Mary ran out of the back gate she ran after her calling, for the benefit of the neighbors, "Hole on, gal, doan tell Jim anythin' kuyus 'bout me!"

"Jane mos' as good as Miss Percival, when it come tuh gitten up a mystryfication," mused Mary as she shuffled along in the sun.

The short southern twilight hung in the air when Jim appeared at Miss Percival's back gate and held a consultation with his dusky mate, transfered his "summat kuyus" to Mary's keeping, and returned through the gloaming to his master's house. Then Mary made her way to her mistress' chamber and lighted the evening lamp.

That done she dusted ostentatiously, as one who has important matters to mind. Next she cleared the table and brought fresh water, waiting for Miss Percival to speak.

Finally that lady, who had been watching her with serious eyes but a smiling heart, said:

"Well?"

And Mary turned about with unfeigned delight that her probation was over and began breathlessly to relate:

"Jim done fine out a lot. Jim de bestest man I ebber seed. Jim am de smartest nigger in dis eend ub de hull worl'."

Miss Percival turned on her pillow and fixed on the girl one of those blue glances full of light that at times transformed her face.

"Jim am cute," continued the girl. "Jim bin a-watchin' out fur all dat's kuyus fur de las' two days. In fac' Jim

know ebrythin' whut done happen sense the killin'."

Miss Percival closed her eyes and the color left her cheeks. She did not move again, but Mary was too full of her story to note the effect of the single murderous word.

"Dey done 'rested Mr. Ned Fairman. You knows Mr. Ned whut come home fum de college two year ago, an' won't do no wuk, jes' spen' his time a-loafin' an' a-puttin' on ahs. En dey had 'im up at de co't'ouse 'fo' dinner tuh day. En Mr. Ned he say he doan know nuthin' 'bout it nuther. En den dey fin' out fum ole Miss Fairman's ole cullud 'ooman, dat Mr. Ned done git all dem tools whut wus in dat barskit outen de back clawsot at the house de evenin' buffo', an den dey done fin' out fum ole Mars Claus, dat Mr. Ned war seed by hisse'f a-standin' in de road on Sund'y evenin' late a-talkin' to a man whut Mars Claus nebber seed buffo'. En den dey done fin' out dat dat pistol whut dey done fin' in yo schoolrum war Mr. Ned's own new pistol whut he done fotched home de las' time he come back. En den Jim say, dey done axed de Doctor whut he thinks about it, an' de Doctor done git up en say, he had sebbral weighty reasons fur his 'pinion, an' dat he'd ruther not prujerdice de co't, but dat he know'd fur a fac' dat Mr. Ned Fairman done been in dis house de night buffo'. An' den he ups an' unrolt dat pictur' whut he tuk outen dis house dis mornin' en he spread it out on de table, en he say: 'Now, gemmen, jes' look a-thar, an' when you hab look yo fill, jes' look at de prizner.' An' dey did. En den de Doctor ups en tells um all how he come by dat pictur' dis mornin', an' how ez you wus yit asleepin' fum de op'yit. He say he dunno whut you done wid de pus—"

"Mary?" said her mistress in a startled tone, "Mary?"

"Yessum," continued the girl, "yessum, he done said he dunno whut you done done wid de pus, but he sposen you kin tell whut buccome uv it jes' es soon's you done wuk up. En den he sot down. En dey say: 'De present ev'dence is suffishint fur de harrers.' En den dey lock up Mr. Ned twell you done wuk up an' tell all you knows 'bout dat pictur' en dat pus. An', an'—"

Miss Percival looked at Mary steadily. The look was one that had brought her fame and place. Before it guilty school girls were wont to tremble and confess; before it negroes and petty thieves were abashed. Before that look green grocers, water men, agents, paper hangers, boarding house keepers and even the board of trustees and the president of the faculty had gone down. Yet, in spite of the terror that it caused, the universal consternation that it invariably wrought, I doubt if Miss Percival knew what brought these things about. It was the look of mind minus matter; the glance of reason freed from affection and desire, fearless understanding unmixed with emotion of any kind.

"An', an'—" said Mary, "an', an', I clare fo' Gawd, Miss Percival, dat's all I knows."

There was a long pause. Miss Percival had almost made up her mind to let her tired eyelids drop, with the bottom fact unelicited, when Mary suddenly threw her apron over her head and cried out:

"Jim tole me nuvuh tuh tell you fur lessin' a five dollar bill — but I's er bleeged tuh tell de truf!"

"Mary," said her mistress, in a tone of tender regret, "how wicked you must think me not to tell me that at once. Have I ever refused you money, Mary, when you asked it of me or needed it for anything?"

The voice went to the heart, so full was it of the pain that truth must find in falsehood, as if the speaker wept for all the sins of the world.

"Jim tole me tuh gib you dis," and the girl held toward her mistress a crumpled sheet of thin white paper which until this moment she had crushed in her dingy hand. Her mistress took the paper, looked at it with some hesitation, smiled at the frightened servant and said:

"Hand me the bank book there on the table, and a pen. See, I am going to draw you a cheque at once. Jim McRae, is it? Yes? Well, here it is."

The cheque loosened Mary's tongue and she continued with something of her former glibness:

"Jim done druv the Doctor home dis mornin' fum here, en when dey gits home, de Doctor say tuh Jim, 'I wanter be in my study a ha'f 'our alone.' An' Jim done thought dat war mighty kuyus, in de fus place. An' den de Doctor go in his libr'y an' shet de winder an' make hit dark an' light de lamp. An' he say, 'Ef anybody come fur me, you come knock on de do. I'm a-gwine tuh take uh leetle nap.' An' Jim thought dat mighty kuyus. So he lef' an' make ez like he done gone off. Jes' den I wus at Calline's, en I call Jim up ober de 'phone. So when Jim heard dat bell, he say, 'Now's my chanct,' an' he bust into de do, and say, ' 'Scuse me, sah, somebody want yer at de 'phone!' Wid dat de Doctor jump up, (he war settin' by de lamp wid de pus in his han') an' he put de pus in his inside pocket, en de money he put in his hip pocket, an' he move right outen de rum. Dis piece a paper whut I done gib you, den fell on de flo, an' Jim done brung it tuh me. When de Doctor come tuh de 'phone I sez, as previous we has agreed, 'Dis am Calline. Miss Harris has a headache. Kin yer come roun' tuh de back gate dis evenin'?' An' de Doctor say, 'Here, Jim, you rascal, dese am yo' wimmin folks here!' "

But Miss Percival heard no more. She had suddenly spread out the crushed paper on her knee. At the top of the sheet her own name looked back at her in a hand she had known and loved some twenty years ago. Her own hand closed over it.

"Mary," she said in a tense tone, "walk over to Doctor Hall's and tell him I would be pleased to see after tea."

(*Concluded in the November National.*)

THE VALLEY OF THE OHIO

Unto the old security of the wood
Echoed the tremors of a titan thrill;
Green trees that cloaked the shoulders of the hill
Melted to homes and temples where they stood,
While arks that paddled where Adventure's mood
Dared and directed scoop and dredge and drill
Anchored and slept, and came and went at will
With cargoes of converting men and food;
Till sterile rock and sandy solitude,
Where swallows teased the basking water-dog
And grackles fired the fen with wings of red,
Rang with the boomer's lusty interlude,
And out of furnace fire and wheel and cog
A lurid city raised her nimbus head!

Aloysius Coll

WHAT OUR SISTERS ARE DOING

Work of the Woman's National Socialist Union

By WENONAH STEVENS ABBOTT

IN no country are there more earnest men and women seeking to alleviate the sufferings of others than in our own, yet in no country does the result of the hackneyed methods seem more hopeless.

If we study the social evil, we come upon hundreds of Fantines, slaves bought of misery, loneliness, cold and hunger: souls sold for bread Yet society has tacitly sactioned this bargain and conditions almost enforce it. Is it the liquor traffic, whose evils no finite mind can grasp? How stamp it out, try as we will, while profits are obtainable in that business! Robbery? Four fifths of it is actuated by hunger. And so we may go through the list of vices and crimes.

Realizing the hopelessness of fighting weeds by cutting off their tops, instead of uprooting them, many women have ceased fighting vice where it is strongest and they weakest. They have gone back to the Biblical statement: "The love of money is the root of all evil," and have determined to study capitalism; to find out why it is necessary for workers to be reduced to beggary, not because of exhaustion of Nature's resources but because they produce too much; for women to starve, because there is too much food waiting to be eaten; for children to go naked, because too much cloth has been manufactured; for families to freeze because too much fuel has been mined.

(A plain statement, is it not, of what our politicians term over production, which shuts down work and allows the laborer to go without?)

Very little thoughtful study was required to convince these women that our economic system is wrongly adjusted somewhere and that it is their duty—as mothers actual or prospective — to unravel this mystery; to understand conditions as they are, good and bad, with a view to eliminating the bad and perpetuating the good. Right then the Woman's National Socialist Union was born, and all who are interested in this line of research — whether they are scientific, socialistic or utopians—are invited to join, with a view to broadening the knowledge of each by the experience of all.

This organization provides a common meeting ground for those who seek the truth regarding actual and ideal industrial conditions. It is a federation of woman's clubs with the grandest of purposes; one in which a member who shuns publicity may read, exchange ideas and fit herself to keep mental pace with her husband and sons.

The time is not far distant when women will be removed from the category of 'insane, imbecile, infants and tribal Indians.' The ballot will be placed in her hand, whether she desires it or not, and it will be her duty to cast it. For the sake of her own children, and the thousands of child slaves who now labor hopelessly, she must know how to cast her vote intelligently.

Believing that the only sure way to improve the welfare of the race is by the slow road of enlightening the masses as to what they need in measures for their benefit, the members of the union not only prepared to train themselves, but took steps to educate others in the principles of economics and the administration of affairs. Being women, they naturally began with mothers and children.

Though the most democratic methods prevail, each local union being absolutely free to pursue its own choice of work, whether literary, social or otherwise, certain lines seem attractive to all. Most of the women are pursuing courses in parliamentary law, economics and history as it has affected the workers. At the same time they are quietly investigating our present industrial conditions, especially as these affect women and children, and conducting classes for young folk. In these classes, the lessons are similar to those studied by the women, but adapted to the ages of the students. Very young children are being taught, by song and story, that brotherhood is nature's law and that true harmony of life comes by working with, not against, the law of the universe.

Many of the local unions are collecting books for traveling libraries, to be sent to small, out of the way places, where the pulsations of progressive thought rarely reach. Other plans will be inaugurated at an early date, but those above mentioned (with the conduct of a department in one of the best known socialist papers) fairly outlines that which they have tried and proved useful. Not a bad showing, when we consider that scarcely more than a half year has elapsed since they ratified the constitution submitted by the provisional committee, thereby pledging themselves to teach the principles of the higher industrial system called the cooperative commonwealth; to enlist women in the advancement of these principles in every practical way that may present itself; to educate the young in these truths; to form a better public sentiment; and to do all in their power, individually and collectively, to bring about that universal cooperation founded upon the Golden Rule of Love and Justice, which shall take the place of competitive strife and discord.

In all their work, very little time and energy are being spent with those who are tied down by prejudice and fixed habits of belief. The generation that is now maturing must be trained to think —for an honest thinker is a benefit to the world, even if he thinks that which is false. Heretofore, children have been ignored until they have formed one sided political opinions, when it is often too late to undo the force of habit: the boy is a republican, not because of any knowledge of protective tariffs, but because father votes that ticket; a democrat, because some member of the family endorses that platform; or a prohibitionist, because mother is a white ribboner. Yet the young man who votes from such causes is not an element of strength to any party. He has not been so grounded in economics that his belief is as unshakable as is that reliance which he places on the multiplication table, or the problem in Euclid which he has successfully demonstrated. He not only has no reason for the 'faith within', but he has no real faith.

We need thoughtful men, and only a race of thoughtful mothers can bear and rear them.

TERRY AHERN'S WOOING

By NORMAN H. CROWELL

NOW when dark eyed Mollie McCann, of the McCanns of Kildare, reached her seventeenth birthday, there was no fairer maid in all the country about. What with the red bloom of her cheek and the black eye of her, she was every inch a queen amid the blue eyed damsels of County Kildare, and as for temper and disposition, the temper and disposition of Mollie McCann was like that of a high strung colt.

Now in County Kildare there was never lack of smart lads, and Terrence Ahern was easily head and shoulders smarter than all the rest put together, so said Bridget Ahern, his mother. But Terry, bad luck to him, was given to perversity—not that bold Patrick, his father, was any the less constant in the use of the strap, but from the pure boyishness of the lad. It was in the raw blood of him.

To the hedge master he was the very "divil an' a' " and would much quicker be found at the lake side shying stones at the swans than turning the dull pages of a book under the master's watchful eye. And Patrick, unbeknownst to Bridget, grew secretly proud of his son's prowess when he listened, from a secure place behind the hedge, how big Shamus McConough was put to ignominious flight by a blackthorn shillelha in the fists of the pugnacious Terry.

" 'Tis a bowld lad ye air," says Patrick, the night as he dipped into the p'raties.

"Shame on yez," says Bridget, his mother, covering the gleam in her eye with her apron. Terry said naught but gnawed heartily at the hind leg of a rabbit he had snared in the preserve.

And it was shortly that the squire's pig turned up missing and, when the hunt began, was found tied fast by the leg to a stake in a cave by the lake bank. The squire's hired man, Thomas, shouldered the pig and made off for home without so much as thanking Terry for his thoughtfulness in tying up the creature to keep him from the lake. Bold Patrick took a stiff pull at the cruiskin after supper the night and chuckled softly to himself. Then he laughed and laughed again till he bent double with hiccoughs and Bridget made him drink nine swallows of water three times, never caring the whit for the wry face he put up at the treatment.

"Now what med ye laf, Pat?" says she, as she held the cup menacingly in front of the poor man's nose.

"Oh, ho!" says Pat, "It was that bye, sure, he—"

"Yis, he stole th' pig, ef ye mane thot, bad cess to th' loikes o' th' thievin' crathure. Oh, if iver Bridget O'Shaughnessy ud known she'd be th' mither o' sech likes—oh—oh!" says she.

And she then and there gave the two of them such a tongue lashing that Patrick was only too glad to leave off his pipe and grasp the offending Terry by

the scruff of the coat and shuffle him out to the open air. Inside the shanty Patrick's long arms could not swing for danger to the chimney.

"Ho, stale th' squire's pig, will yez?" roared Patrick, so loud that Bridget must hear every word, "I'll hov yez know ye're a thievin', dishonest, night hawkin' scallywag," and then, in a lower tone, "an' I'm proud o' ye," and then louder, "Yez hear me? Now pick up yer heels an' don't ye let them down agin till ye go down to th' squire's an' begs 'is pardon—an' if ye don't git it never come back, ye spalpeen ye," and then, much lower, "till bedtime, yez moind." Patrick ended with an uncomfortably long swing of his leg which, however, missed its mark as young Terry went flying out through the hedge and down the road toward the squire's house. Patrick went in to face Bridget, who said:

"Faith, Pat, ye c'rected th' bye hard. Poor Terry," says she.

"Not at all. Oi'll l'arn th' rascal to stale," says Pat.

Terry was footing along at his best pace, working his brains into a sweat over the words he should say to the squire regarding the pig, when suddenly it came to him that running so fast would bring him to the squire's house so out of breath he would not be able to say the words anyway, so he slowed up. "But sure, if I walk," says Terry to himself, "I'll forget the words before I get there," and he was for running again when he remembered that he had not thought up the words yet.

So he was walking along with his head down, thinking mightily on the perplexing question, when all at once, as he turned a corner in the hedge, who should he bump against but Mollie McCann. The lass had a pail of fresh milk on her head and the shock of the meeting was so great that she let spill a great wave of the milk and it went plump down the lad's collar.

"Oh, oh," cried the frightened Mollie. "Whativer is it, I wonder?"

"It's me," says Terry, as he felt the warm milk trickle down his bare flesh.

"Oh, you, Shamus,—oh, oh," cries Mollie.

"No, it's me, Terrence Ahern," answers the lad.

"Ho, Terrence Ahern is it? Ye're a pig stealer an' ye needn't bump into me—I—I hoped it was Shamus."

"Yis, so ye did; an' I'll mek th' ugly face o' yer pet Shamus uglier when next we meet," says Terry, mightily put out by her words.

"It's a huge joker ye air an' I mus' be goin'. I hope th' milk be not wasted," says the girl.

"Not a drap o' it missed," replied Terry, as he watched her disappear around the corner.

A minute later and the lad strode bravely up the path to the squire's door and knocked softly. His heart nearly failed him as the squire's big steel rimmed glasses suddenly loomed up in front of him as the door opened, and he would have stammered an apology then and there, where he could cut and run. But the squire was too quick for him and he shot out a long, sinewy arm and clutched the lad's shoulder.

"Come in, lad," says the squire, "an' air ye th' pilferin' lad who stole me daughter's pet pig? An' d'ye come fer anither?"

Terry glanced apprehensively at the squire and shuffled his feet awkwardly, meanwhile revolving his cap in his two hands.

"N—no, sir, I would hov fetched 'im back after thrainin' 'im—I—I wouldn't hov et 'im, no sir."

"Thrainin' 'im!" roared the squire.

"Yis, to stan' on 'is hind fate. Pigs kin do that ef they be thrained to it," says Terry.

At this the squire clapped his hands to his sides and roared with laughter.

Then he sat down in the first chair he saw and called to his daughter, and a rosy faced girl came skipping into the room.

"Aileen, there ye spy th' rascal who stole yer pig; what pinalty shall be put upon 'im?"

The lad's eyes met those of the girl's for one sober moment—then she laughed.

"Sure, father, it's best to forgive 'im an' warn 'im never to do it again—don't you think so?"

The squire sobered up, nodded his head and said:

"Ye're right, girl. Lad, ye're forgiven, providin' ye don't repate th' offinse."

"Thanks, sir, I will not, sir. They's more pigs." Terry backed slowly out of the room and presently found himself in the lane bound homeward. Now it was with a light heart the lad went on his way, for what with the memory of big Shamus' heels flying from fear of his club, and the thought of the admiring listeners awaiting the tale at the school next day, the same as for a week past, the lad could scarce keep back the bubbling spirits beneath his jacket.

And besides, just then he spied Mollie McCann coming down the lane on her way home with the empty pail. Terry watched the graceful figure swinging along and he stopped still.

"My eye!" says Terry to himself, "what a foine girl. I'll break Shamus' back ef he *kills* me. Hi, see th' colleen jump th' hidge—ho, Mollie, Mollie!" he called.

The girl had vaulted the hedge and was flitting along under the trees toward fields of the McCanns, but at the lad's call she paused and swung the pail hesitatingly—then slowly came back to the hedge.

"What do th' loikes o' ye want wi' me?" she inquired, with her sparkling black eyes bent on him just above a tall sprout in the hedge.

"Miss Mack—" began Terry, lamely.

"Shut up! Call me Mollie or I'll be off," she says.

"Mollie, thin," says Terry, "I was fer tellin' ye that I hate t' see Shamus McConough makin' up to th' loikes o' ye—he's not yer aquel."

"Hump, what's that to a pig stealer?" says Mollie, stamping her foot on the turf.

"Nothin', on'y he ain't yer aquel," repeats Terry.

"Well, he don't steal pigs," Mollie says, dryly.

"N—no, he don't," replies Terry, as he picks up a stone at his foot and shies it at the fat body of an owl in a tree close by. Then plunk went the rock against the bird's body and Terry scrambles after it. The lad returned presently with the fluttering bird safe under his arm.

"An' he don't throw stones at birds," says Mollie.

"N—no, he don't," stammered Terry, as he held the owl's beak shut with his thumb and finger.

"An' he never fights."

"No, he never does, sure," says the lad.

"He's a good lad, Terrence Ahern."

"Yis, yer right, Mollie—I med a mistake—he's better than I thought he was. Well, I mus' be goin'—don't hol' it agin me, what I said, will ye, Mollie?"

"I'll try not," says Mollie, as she sped away through the dark.

Now it so happened that the Murtogagh boys were for having a barbecue at the full of the moon after planting time, and at the barbecue the strong lads of the clan were pitted against the lads of visiting neighborhoods in feats of strength and skill. Terry had attended many a one and had seen the Limerick tug-of-war team carry off the cruiskin of strong whiskey every time. He had also beheld swift Paddy Conner outstrip all who cared to race him, and at the last barbecue Terry had even handled the poles of

the vaulters and lifted the weights of the throwers.

And now that he was grown a big strong lad of nigh twenty with a breadth of shoulder and depth of chest that was the pride of old Patrick, he heard the news of the Murtogagh barbecue with more than usual interest.

"Sure," said the lad, as he felt himself all over, "I'm hard as a nut an' I kin run down a hare—I'll take part in th' spoort, so I will," and he went into training. For lack of cinder paths to test his speed upon, Terry sprinted up and down the lane after dark. Having no weights to practice with, the lad filled two sacks with potatoes and lugged them to the squire's line and back three times daily. In lieu of a vaulting pole he used the hedge itself. The appetite the lad took on proved noticeable to Bridget and the many sarcastic remarks she let fly at old Patrick in Terry's hearing would have disheartened any but he, for the lad could already feel himself gain in speed and strength. But Patrick laughed and patted the boy's shoulder, thinking Terry had merely forsworn his evil ways and was making an honest effort to be a true son to a worthy parent.

One day, as Patrick was lighting his dhudeen, Terry asked him if he was for going to the barbecue.

"Whisht, son, which wan is that?" asked Patrick, surprised.

"Why, sure, th' one at th' Murtogagh place a week come Thoorsdah," says Terry.

"Ah-hoo!" says Patrick, puffing mightily at the pipe, "An' do I ken th' manin' o' this runnin' an joompin' an' sack luggin'?" he says.

Terry blushed crimson but nodded his head—then passed up his plate for a final helping. Patrick Ahern gazed soberly a moment at his son's sturdy figure—then he turned to his wife and said:

"Bridget, me girl, fade im good. I belave 'e kin do it."

Then Patrick got up and went round the table to where Terry was and he felt of the lad's arms and shoulders with his hands.

"My whiskers, Bridget, av coorse 'e kin. Lad, think ye ye kin down that Buck Murtogagh in a fair wrassle?"

"I'd try, father," says Terry.

"An' a thrue son ye air ivry inch o' ye."

"Shure," put in Bridget just then.

"Now mark ye—if ye down that bye ye're daddy will git wan hunderd pun from ol' Tigh Murtogagh—it's on a bit."

"A bet?" says Terry, pausing in his eating.

"Yis, an' a safe wan, I'm thinkin'. It's this way, lad. Wanct whin ye was on'y a kid too young to even smoke yit, yer daddy was a sort o' spoort. Th' Murtogagh lads give a barbecue, same as now, an' Buck's father, that's ol' Tigh, he dares th' hull crowd to wrassel. An' who ups an' takes 'im but yer own daddy, me bye."

"Yis, an' who waips th' 'arth up wi' 'ol Tigh Murtogagh but yer daddy too, moind thot!" put in Bridget, with a proud gleam to her eye.

"Tut, Bridgit, I nar'ly 'scaped bein' downed meself thot time, but 'twas thin th' bit was med. He bet me he hed a kid, m'anin' Buck, who was yer own age thin, who c'u'd wallop my lad any day after they reached their nineteenth birthday. But I mus' guv a week's notice, an' I'll do it th' day, lad. Moind ye down Buck, down 'im, lad."

"I'll do me best," says Terry.

It was but a day after old Patrick gave notice to Tigh Murtogagh that the news became known. And the wiry Buck laughed loud and long when he came to hear of the bet. He said he never set eyes on a thing quite as funny as that.

"Ho, who's Terry Ahern—he's naught but a runt. I'll tek anither hunderd pun on my side ef ye like," and the assembled crowd cheered him to the echo. And so it came about that the match between

the two lads promised to draw big crowds to the Murtogagh's barbecue.

Terry spent his time in the stables, where Patrick drilled him in the fine points of catch-as-catch-can wrestling.

"Ketch 'im low, lad, an' niver let 'is fate tech th' groun' long at a time. Yer short an' scrubby an' ye just kape 'im rollin'," explained Patrick.

'Twas a fine day, and from far and near the people came to the barbecue. The Kilkenny lads were there, the Limerick team was there and the runner from Titlow was there. Terry saw pretty Mollie McCann whirl up at the side of Shamus McConough and he ground his teeth at the sight.

Old Patrick sought out Tigh Murtogagh and the two went into the grain sheds near by to talk over the match. The games were many and sped merrily along under the urgent admonitions of Buck and Mike Murtogagh. It was a mighty race, that between Paddy Conner and the Titlow man, and Paddy only beat him by a hair's breadth. Terry saw Paddy walking on his toes past the rows of blue eyed damsels and his heart swelled within him.

In the tug-of-war the surprise was that the Murtogagh lads won from the heavy Limerick men, and the shouts that greeted the mighty Buck as he dug his heels in the turf and heaved on the rope put a fierce resolve into Terry's breast. It was because of this that he entered the broad jumping contest, although Patrick advised him to keep away. Bud O'Doyle led off with a fine sweeping leap of sixteen feet. Next came Mickey Dunn, Phaidrig Clancey and Jimmy Byrns, only one of whom equalled Bud's jump. Then Jerry Dunn, with a superior smile at his younger brother Mickey, crouched for his run. Whish, he shot over the mark. Eighteen feet six inches was the announced distance. The crowd still cheered as Terry took his place for the run. He drew his belt tighter and bent his sinewy body slightly forward. His mind was all in a whirl, but he saw Mollie McCann watching him and he gritted his teeth for a master effort. He knew he had to shove off as hard as possible, stick his feet out as far as he could and not light till he couldn't stay in the air any longer.

A moment and he sprang down the path. He saw the white mark, put his left foot upon it and shot up and out. It was a mighty bound and the cheer that went up when Mike Murtogagh called nineteen feet might have been heard half way to Dublin. The other lads now tried to tie Terry's mark, but all failed and the boy's bosom swelled as he pocketed the knit cap made by the Murtogagh girls for the prize.

And now came several smaller contests, among which was the throwing of the weight, which a big lad from Kilkenny won easily.

"Whoop, lads, the match!" yelled old Tigh, as he came from the grain sheds for the third time.

"Whisht, lad, see ye down 'im," admonished Patrick to his son.

A big circle was marked out in the turf and the crowd pressed around.

Buck and Terry stripped to the waist and it was then the crowd marveled at the lumpiness of Terrence Ahern's arms and shoulders.

"Where got ye th' arms?" asked a voice in the circle.

"Luggin' p'raties," says Terry smiling.

Just before the signal the lad caught sight of Mollie McCann's black eyes as she stood tiptoe in Shamus McConough's buggy. Then he clapped his arms around Buck's waist and set his muscular body like a great steel bow.

"Hi, th' lad's a grip on 'im," shouted Orrin, a brother of Buck's.

And he had, for scarce were the words spoken, when Terry dropped his arms down and his back rippled into little bunches of knotted muscle. Then he

straightened up like a flash and big Buck Murtogagh came sailing and sliding over Terry Ahern's shoulder and fell heavily to the turf. Quick as a cat the lad whirled and flung himself upon Buck and it was only a moment till the fall was acknowledged.

"Sure, Pat, 'twas flukish. Let thim at it wanst more," said Tigh. And old Patrick was none the less willing, seeing the ease with which Terry handled himself, so he patted Terry's dusty shoulder and whispered in his ear.

The lad smiled and nodded. And they went at it the second time. The bout was the greatest ever seen at a Murtogagh barbecue. The lads plunged and rolled about locked tight in each other's arms. But Terry was gifted with lungs and muscles the like of which was seldom found in even County Kildare, and he finally forced the panting Buck to cry enough.

Bold Patrick went home jingling the hundred pounds in his pocket. Terry said very little as he pitched into the steaming potatoes, for he felt his father's eyes regarding him from time to time.

That night Patrick nearly threw Bridget out on the floor in his sleep and it took two full hours for him to explain it was only a dream.

On the evening of the next day Terry was scurrying across the lane in the wake of a red fox when he met Mollie McCann. He started on.

"Ho, Terry!" she cried, "will ye wait but a minute to me?"

The lad stopped and waited, glancing up uneasily at her approach.

"Ye did yerself proud in th' wrassle, Terry," she says.

"Ye think so?" asked the lad.

"Sure, I saw ye do it," she says.

"I'm chasin' a fox—an' ye're in a hurry, I see," says Terry.

"Not at all," says the girl, "I just wanted to tell ye it wasn't so bad to take pigs as I thought."

"Ho! Ho!" says Terry, wide eyed.

"Yes, an' I think it was fine th' way ye med that big coward run wi' yer stick."

"Who, Shamus?" asked the lad.

"Yes, him."

"Ho! Ho!" remarked the boy, perplexed.

"An' he couldn't jump th' hedge I just saw somebody else jump, either," she says.

Terry looked at the hedge he had leaped—it was shoulder high.

"Hump — hedge jumpin' — that's naught. Ye're laughin' at me, I see."

"Laughin' at ye, Terry? Never at all. I—I like to—I like to see a lad that kin jump like ye, that's all," and Mollie backed away slowly.

"Ah, ho!" remarked Terry, as his eyes opened wider yet.

"But—but, it seems like whin they're so strong they're so dumb they niver kin see things, sure," she says.

"Hi," says the lad, and with that he made a jump and he caught the fair Mollie around the waist and squeezed her for all the world like she was Buck Murtogagh and he was wrestling with him. And after she had let him kiss her hard on her red lips she boxed his ears with her free hand; but Terry's head was no pumpkin, and he little cared.

'Tis said that the hundred pounds paid for the shanty and the piece of ground belonging to young Terrence Ahern, but everyone knows that it was the pure, strong heart of the lad that won the black eyed girl who waits his coming from the fields each day.

THE MAID WITH THE HOE

Let Markham go on with his railings for the man who tilleth the soil;
Perhaps there was cause for complaint o'er that gloomy-browed victim of toil;
But a "man with a hoe" is too common to merit a measure from me,
After gazing upon the sweet picture which down in yon cornfield I see;
There's a theme fit for poet and painter, the fairest and dearest I know;
So I shall devote song and story to Alice, the Maid With The Hoe. — LOU LAWRENCE.

MEN AND AFFAIRS OF MODERN MEXICO

I. The King of all the Cattle Kings

By S. GLEN ANDRUS

With Engravings from Photographs by Dr. C. Hawley.

"KING of all cattle kings of the world, the largest single land owner on the American continent, and the most modest, simple hearted millionaire in Christendom."

This is what one of the best known bankers in the Republic of Mexico said to me when I asked him to present me to Don Luis Terrazas, of the city of Chihuahua. The statement, I learned later, came very near being literally true. A man who owns in fee simple 8,000,000 acres of the finest grazing land in Mexico and whose brand marks more than 1,000,000 head of cattle, half as many sheep and several hundred thousand horses, can be called the king of cattle kings without stretching a point. When this same man can read his title clear to between 20,000,000 and 30,000,000 acres of land all told, his right to the distinction of being the largest individual land owner on the American continent is not in danger of being seriously questioned. Furthermore, when he resides in a home so severely plain and unassuming that the passer by would not dignify it by a second glance, and shuns society and pomp and show and notoriety as eagerly as many American millionaires seek them, you will agree that he is possibly the most modest and simple hearted millionaire in all Christendom.

Facts and accurate figures regarding Don Luis Terrazas and his interests are difficult to obtain. It has been the policy of the Terrazas family for generations not to talk of their affairs with a view to publicity. A still more cogent reason is to be found in the taxes imposed by the Mexican government upon the products of land. On all his vast land holdings this cattle king does not pay one penny of revenue to the government. Upon every product of his land he pays hearty tribute. The tax upon cattle is two per cent of their valuation. Add to this thirty per cent of the two per cent which is imposed for revenue stamps, and the burden falls somewhat heavily. As a rule, Mexicans think it no offense against morals or good breeding to conceal facts from the tax gatherers, and in this they are no whit better nor worse than the American tax dodger. Accordingly, it is an impossible task in Mexico to obtain anything like exact figures regarding the possessions of men of wealth. This accounts for the widely diverging stories which have been told about the wealth of the Terrazas family. One member of the family assured me that the entire land holding amounted to no more than 1,000 stitios or about 15,000 acres and evidently believed that I believed it. Good authorities assured me that the amount was fully 28,000,000 acres, while the best informed said: "No man outside the Terrazas family knows."

There is one fact, however, that is

DON LUIS TERRAZAS

QUINTA CAROLINA, DON LUIS TERRAZAS' SUMMER HOME

patent and gives some idea of the almost limitless extent of the Terrazas land holdings. The traveler has no more than left a Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific car at El Paso, on the border, and taken a seat in a Mexican Central train, before he is on the estate of Don Louis Terrazas and the largest cattle ranch in the world. All day he rides at express speed and still it is Terrazas' lands which meet his gaze from the Pullman car window and Terrazas' cattle and sheep and horses that are fattening on the rich para grass. No one has taken the trouble to ascertain the exact area of this the largest single ranch in the world. You ride through it on the train for a distance of 150 miles, and it varies from 100 to 200 miles east and west. Estimates of its size vary from 2,000,000 to 8,000,000 acres, and I am inclined to believe that the first figure is the nearer correct. The vastness of Terrazas' land holdings inspires the average man with awe. It is almost incomprehensible.

In various parts of the state of Chihuahua, Terrazas has ten mammoth ranches upon which are constantly employed fully 10,000 men. These ranches cover large portions of the districts of Iturbide, Galeana, Bravos and Guerreo. Fully 100,000 acres of his estate are under cultivation.

Every twelve months there is marketed from these ranches between 100,000 and 150,000 head of cattle, which average in price between $20 and $40 per head, and fully half as many sheep and horses.

The value of the Terrazas estate is estimated all the way between $200,000,000 and $300,000,000, Mexican money; Don Luis is undoubtedly the richest man in the state of Chihuahua and among the richest of the republic. One would think that such interests as these would be sufficient to absorb the attention of one man. Not so, for his ranches, his cattle, his sheep and his horses are but a part of the great financial interests which Don Luis Terrazas possesses. He is the heaviest stock holder in the Banco Minero of Chihuahua; in the Agricultural and Mortgage Bank, City of Mexico; in the Banco Central Mexicano, the Anglo-Mexican Banking Company of the same city and of the Mercantile Bank of Monterey. He holds a controlling interest in the Chihuahua woolen mills, flour factory, clothing factory, street car system and brewery and is one of the largest owners of the Chihuahua & Pacific Railway, which is the best built railroad in the republic.

In short, Don Luis Terrazas is one of the most influential men in Mexico, a close friend of President Diaz and a power financially and politically. To

an American it is almost inconceivable that such a man is very little known even in his own country. Outside of the state of Chihuaha, Don Luis Terrazas has comparatively small renown, despite the fact that he has been a history maker for his nation and was in the thick of public affairs for more than a quarter of a century when no man of prominence in Mexico knew whether his head would rest on his shoulders the following day.

Millionaires in Mexico have a vastly different existence than in the United States, when it comes to the matter of publicity. There are many men in the republic whose wealth passes the $50,000,000 mark and still they are almost unknown outside the state where they reside. This is largely accounted for by the fact that the press of Mexico does not chronicle the doings of millionaires as they are chronicled in the press of the United States. When a man becomes the possessor of many millions his name is not made a by-word from end to end of the country. If one-tenth of what is written about the prominent millionaires of this country were to be written of the millionaires of Mexico, the prisons would be filled with newspaper and magazine editors and publishers. Libel laws in the southern republic are not things to be trifled with; and it is the easiest country in the world in which to break into jail and one of the hardest in which to get out. Once in jail in Mexico, and the victim must prove that he ought to be out. His accuser is not expected to prove that he ought to be in.

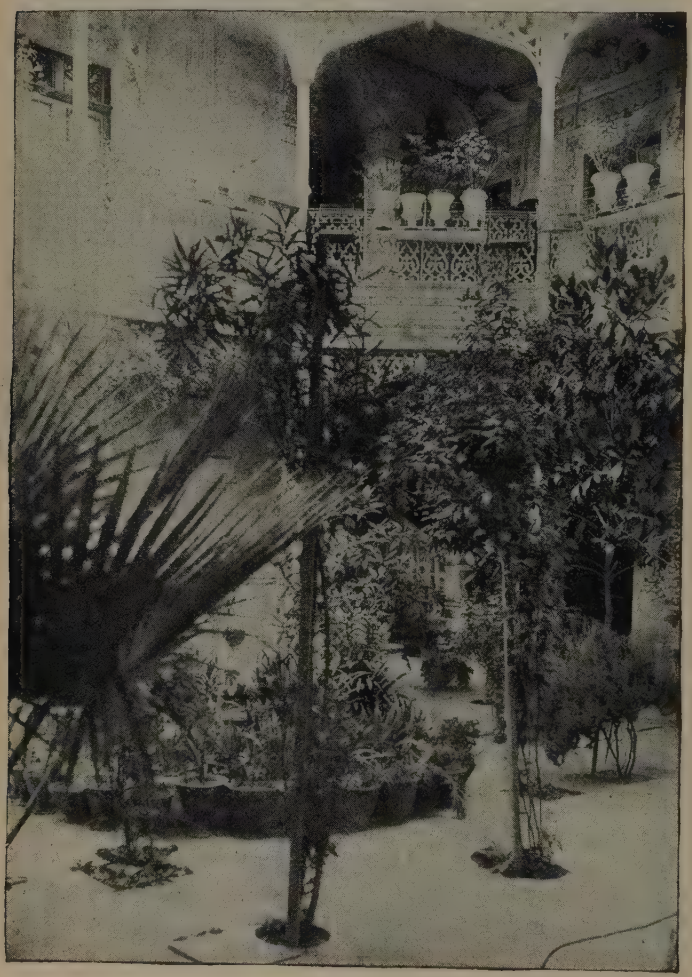
In all Mexico there are about 50,000,000 acres of rich grazing land. Not more than one-fifth of it is in use. Ten years ago very little of it was in use and five years ago not more than one-twentieth had herds roaming over it. Ten years from now, with the present percentage of increase in the cattle industry, every acre of it will be teeming with fattening herds and grazing land will be at a premium. This may appear somewhat optimistic, but the industry is increasing at the rate of between twenty and twenty-five per cent yearly and such powerful advocates as Don Luis Terrazas are showing the government and the people what Mexico's grazing lands mean to Mexico. Cattle men of our southwest see in Mexico a serious menace to their industry. At present about seven per cent of the Mexican cattle are sent to the United States, and exportation is being greatly facilitated through the efforts of the officials of the Rock Island and Mexican Central railroads, which are making extremely favorable rates. The percentage of cattle exports is rapidly increasing.

ENTRANCE TO QUINTA CAROLINA

No man in the republic has done so much as Senor Terrazas to foster and promote the cattle industry. He induced the government to remove the tax on blooded cattle and has since been importing blooded bulls from the states by the car load. In this way the grade of his stock has been steadily improving until his ranches are filled with as fine cattle as any ranch in the great southwest of our own country. Another dream which Don Luis expects to realize is to teach Mexico the value of dressed meats. Mexicans are the greatest meat eaters on earth, but they kill their beef one hour and eat it the next. Don Louis has begun his campaign by erecting in Chihauhua a large modern packing house, the first and only one in the republic. Soon he will have another in the city of Mexico.

The Chihuahua packing house has a capacity of 1,000 cattle, sheep and hogs daily; it is conducted by American foreman and American workmen and has all the conveniences of a modern institution of the kind in the United States. Canned goods are manufactured there and put in cans made in the establishment. From the packing industry Don Luis expects much in the next decade.

PATIO OR OPEN SQUARE IN TERRAZAS' CITY HOME



Not far from the site of the packing house and but eight miles from the city of Chihuahua stands Quinta Carolina, the summer home of the Terrazas family and, next to Chepultepec, the most famous castle in the republic. It cost nearly $2,000,000 and is built of exquisitely beautiful marble brought from far off Italy. Inside and out, the castle, which is of Swiss architecture, is of marble. The inside presents richness and beauty rarely met with even in homes of millionaires. Workmen from Europe were brought over to decorate the walls and ceilings, and the marts of

Europe were ransacked to provide the furnishings. The garden upon which the castle fronts is one of the most beautiful in the republic, which is a republic of flowers and flower gardens. The castle was built by Don Luis for the son who will succeed him as the head of the family and, although he goes there to live at the beginning of the rainy season, the home is not so dear to him as his modest city dwelling.

Don Luis Terrazas is essentially a home man. His time is spent either with his family or on his ranches. This sturdy man of millions is seventy-three years of age, but he still retains

TERRAZAS' PACKING HOUSE. THE ONLY ONE IN MEXICO

entire general supervision of his vast interests. The day after I reached Chihauhua he started on a trip of personal inspection which was to cover every mile of his vast landed possessions. He has an magazine capacity for detail and knows to a penny what is expended monthly upon every ranch and what revenue each brings. Just now he is intent upon problems of irrigation. Recently he has constructed four reservoirs at a cost of nearly $300,000 and expects to equip his entire lands with them where they are needed. In dry seasons thousands upon thousands of Don Luis' cattle and sheep die of starvation. Soon this will be impossible; and, more than this, countless thousands of acres of land which are not now available for grazing purposes will be redeemed.

In his habits Terrazas is as simple as most millionaires are the reverse. He has few joys apart from his own family. He rarely goes out to entertainments, is fond of books, especially fond of history, and is a consummate horseman. He is charitable, has built several churches and is the idol of the poor in the state of Chihuahua. His family consists of twelve children, eight of whom are men. Luis Terrazas will be his successor and is now in nominal charge of the ranch interests. Frederico Terrazas, another son, lives with him and has charge of his banking interests. The family is truly a remarkable one. Early in the present year there was a family reunion and there sat at the table or were carried in arms exactly one hundred children and grandchildren of Don Luis and Senora Terrazas. Before the dinner was over Don Luis received word that another grand-child had been presented to him. This remarkable millionaire believes in Americanism and in the beneficial effects of the "American invasion" of Mexico. It is one of his keenest regrets that he does not speak English, and he has taken care that his sons shall not feel

VIEW ON THE LARGEST RANCH IN THE WORLD, TAKEN FROM THE TOP OF THE ONLY PACKING HOUSE IN MEXICO

the same regret. Every one of the Terrazas boys and some of the girls received their education in the United States. Some attended Notre Dame, others a college in St. Louis.

In the future of the Mexican republic Don Luis has implicit faith. With a government of wisdom and broad mindedness such as the Mexicans have had for a quarter of a century, he assured me, the republic is destined to take her place among the world powers.

A WOMAN'S HEART

A butterfly with radiant wings
She flash'd among the throng,
As gay as any April bird
Whose only speech is song;
Her blood was warm with youth and hope,
And quick with hidden fire,
Her heart the home of nesting loves,
And stirrings of young desire;
And oh! that song the red lips sang—
Hush! I can hear it yet!
"Oh, joy and I shall never part,
For love and I have met!"

A butterfly with wounded wings
She flutters through the throng,
Her laugh has kept its gayety,
Her heart has lost its song;
Her heart! the home of frozen hopes,
The grave of dead desire,
A hearth whose ashes lie so deep
They cover all the fire!—
Her eyes seem saying even while
Her lips are white and set,
"How easy for a boy to love,
How easy to forget!"

Frederic Lawrence Knowles

PHASES OF AMERICAN AFFAIRS

STREET RAILWAYS AND THE PUBLIC

By MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM A. BANCROFT

President of the Boston Elevated Railway Company

CORPORATIONS are proverbially supposed to be souless; perhaps the idea is even more general that a street railway corporation is the most souless of all. At least those of us who are connected with the management of street car companies find ourselves, much more than we could possibly wish, exhibited in the light of oppressors of the public. The average man in the street, in other words, seems to believe that a street railway company must always be wrong, and that everybody else must be right, in every discussion which arises between the public on the one hand and the representatives of the street car service on the other. Any connection which the street railway company may have with public affairs is moreover suspected to be at least under-handed even if it is not actually criminal—in spite of the fact that freedom to present one's arguments before legislative committee or municipal council is, as it should be, the indisputable privilege of everybody. One example of this general, and quite mistaken, feeling on the part of communities is the freedom with which juries deliver their verdicts for damages —very big damages, often—with such persistency in favor of the plaintiff and so seldom in favor of the defendant street railway company.

Perhaps a part of this general animus —as one is sometimes tempted to call it —comes from the fact that street railway companies are supposed to be owned by a few wealthy individuals. Yet I believe that it is a fact that there are few classes of investment where ownership is so generally distributed as street railways. If one turns to the last report of the Boston Elevated Railway Company, for example, one finds that the number of stock holders on record at the close of the transfer books on December 23, 1901 — the last available date — was 2,150. These stock holders were distributed through twenty-two states, with a scattering dozen through the provinces. This roster of states is especially interesting, again, from the fact that the average Boston citizen has somehow absorbed the idea that his local Boston railway is held by a group of capitalists who live outside of the commonweatlh. Even if it were true that the majority were not Massachusetts men, the argument would still be valid that however grasping, however distant the capitalists—however little interested, in other words, from a personal point of view, in the develop-

ment of the city in which his investment was located—the very fact that he had his investment would lead him to urge, from purely selfish motives, the best possible service on the part of the road; for only the best possible service could bring him the largest possible dividend. But as a matter of fact, it is not the truth that any serious proportion of the stock of the Boston Elevated Company is owned by citizens of other places. There are 1,817 Massachusetts stock holders, owning 78,564 shares; and only 321 stock holders in all the rest of the country, owning 19,821 shares. The Elevated Railway Company leases from the West End Street Railway Company nearly all the surface street railway track in the city, and about ninety per cent of the stock of the West End road—which has between 8,000 and 9,000 stock holders —is owned in Massachusetts. Many of the new Western and Southern roads, where capital is furnished necessarily by the East, are of course owned in the East, but I imagine that the condition of ownership of street railway systems in the older portions of the country is much the same as in Boston—that at most the so called "foreign" ownership, in a word, is more or less an insubstantial myth.

But as I have just hinted, even if every share of the stock of the Boston Elevated Railway Company was owned in Paris or in Amsterdam, in China or Peru, the conditions of efficient, careful, and courteous service would not be materially altered. Competition in this as in all business grows sharper year by year, and the race goes more and more regularly to the swift and sure—that is, to those who give the most for the money which they receive, in this case to the street railway company which gives the biggest and best ride, with the greatest convenience and the least friction, in exchange for a nickle fare.

There is hardly any business which is expanding more rapidly, or being improved more steadily, than that of street railway transportation. If the man in the street will pause to consider the difference between the methods of ten years ago and the methods of today, in nine cases out of ten, if he is a fair minded man, he will abate a large part of his criticism against the service which is now being furnished. Probably there are not now a hundred miles of horse car railway in this country outside of New York city, where certain local conditions have retarded the complete introduction of electricity as a motive power. And electricity is not only more economical to the company using it, but is safer, quicker, less troublesome, and more powerful; so that the company employing it can give a longer ride for the money, and a speedier one; and is able to spread out more rapidly to meet the growing suburb, or the country village, or even the scattered farm houses which were supposed a few years ago to be practically inaccessible to the street car; not only half way but often, with the expectation of the future profits coming from intelligent and far sighted liberality of initiative, even more than half way. In eastern Massachusetts—or for that matter all through the state—the possibilities of electric street transportation are something enormous, and quite beyond the dreams of even the most progressive electrical engineers of a decade ago. No where else in the world, probably, are the facilities of this variety of local traffic so great. The city dweller may go into the country, or the country dweller may come into the city, with a freedom of inter-communication which bids fair to do away almost completely with those two great problems of population, the congested civic center and the abandoned rural district. It is almost possible to go by electric roads, even now, from Boston to New York; in a few years more one may probably not only

make the journey without difficulty, but have a choice of a variety of routes. And what is possible in eastern Massachusetts will become possible, in the regular course of events, in other parts of the country as density of the population increases; the electric road being introduced into center after center of

MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM A. BANCROFT, FORMERLY A FAMOUS HARVARD OARSMAN, NOW PRESIDENT OF THE BOSTON ELEVATED RAILWAY COMPANY

population, and then being used to connect two centers until a perfect network of cheap, regular, and convenient transportation is built up.

What this ease of connection means to the wealth, prosperity and recreation of the modern community can hardly be over estimated. Next to the United States mail, by which, for two cents, a man in Tampa may send a letter to his friend in Seattle, the growth of the street railway promises greater benefits, perhaps, than that of any other method of communication. Our country is so big and so diversified, and our principles of government so largely tend to home rule, and therefore, to a certain extent, to the isolation of community from community, and state from state, that this question of transportation is essentially a vital one. I do not suggest that any one, except from a spirit of adventure, will ever habitually take a street car in Boston to go to San Francisco, or even to Chicago. But within smaller areas than are represented by these long distances —areas which in their aggregate, moreover, finally represent the area of the country as a whole—the possibility of movement to and fro for the inhabitants means greater intelligence and greater sympathy and the removal of a hundred evils arising from the comparative stagnation of population which without the omnipresent street car would so largely prevail. The street car is the vehicle of the poor man, as has so often been said; and one need not have more than a moderate income nowadays to enjoy even such luxuries as a house in the country —even an ancestral homestead—at the same time that one continues to earn one's living among the varied activities of the city. All around Boston, for example, little farms are being bought or rented by the city dweller of comparatively small means for a summer residence of two, three, four, or even five and six months, where a few years ago the regular two or three weeks of vacation would have been thought the practical limit of expectation. And all this great increment of pleasure and health has been made possible by the electric road, either continuously or as subsidiary to the steam railroad.

The improvements in the condition of permanent city residence, due to the extension and improvement of local transportation systems, is almost as marked as in the case of summer residents. Although the congestion of the business districts of a city has been only relieved—not essentially modified — by the construction of elevated roads or the building of subways and tunnels, the congestion of residence districts seems to be in a fair way to be done away with altogether by the fact that it is being made so cheap and convenient to use the electric lines extending out, further and further every year, into the suburbs. Perhaps, indeed, there will always be over crowded tenement house districts in every large city; but even here the benefit of the great extension of the recreation business, as I may call it, of the local street railways has done much to improve conditions. In Boston, for instance, the approach of the summer sees each year a larger and larger number of lines established and extended with the special purpose, not so much of increasing service between home and office, as of affording the dweller in the hot and dusty streets of the central portion of the city with an opportunity to get out into the country on holidays and Sundays or on week day evenings. One of the chief duties of every traffic manager is to devise routes for this special purpose, so that some day it would be an interesting study to tabulate the figures of these two divisions of regular or routine business and recreation business. There is a good deal of reason to believe that the results would show that the latter is growing propor-

tionately more rapidly—in summer at all events—than the former.

I have mentioned hastily these points of benefit—among so many which could be named—to show how street railway transportation today is not the result of "capitalistic greed," as the phrase is, but part of the organic life and growth of the community itself, though the actual management be entrusted to private enterprises, in accordance with our national belief in the greater efficiency of individual as opposed to socialistic enterprise. No street railway company of any standing has ever suggested that this private enterprise should not be controlled by the community which it serves. A street railway corporation is a public service corporation, and no one realizes this better than its stock holders and directors, if they are intelligent men. As a public service corporation it cannot be concerned only with itself; it meets the public too frequently and too vitally to make it anything else than arrogance to claim that since it owns its rails, its rolling stock, and its power houses, it may be permitted to assume a position of irresponsibility toward the public from which it receives franchises and to which it daily must render an equivalent for the privileges it enjoys.

Too many people fail to comprehend, however, the mutual relations existing between the street railway and the community. The community, of course, may prefer to build and operate its own street car lines, as is the case in a number of cities in England and on the continent of Europe, but our American theory is that, after establishing a certain amount of control, according to the special circumstances of the case, the community will get the cheapest and best service by leaving matters of direct organization and management in the hands of private owners. I believe that with our American temperament and in our American conditions of life the wisdom of this theory must be apparent, at all events until the work of initiation and organization is fully completed; and this can hardly be acomplished even in a district so comparatively settled as New England, for many years to come. Too often the community lacks the special financial point of view, for one thing, which gives the manufacturer, for instance, the courage, if occasion arises, practically to wreck his entire plant by discarding his old machinery in favor of new, because the new will in a term of years give him that slight percentage of advantage which makes for greater returns and larger final profit. If the introduction of electricity as a substitute for horses in the street railway business had been left to public rather than to private action, it may very well be said that the transformation would have required twice as long a time as it has under present conditions. If I am wrong in this general belief—namely, that in a period of initiation and growth private enterprise wisely controlled by public law is more efficient than actual public operation—I am wrong, I believe, in accordance with principles which so far have been potent in making our country foremost in mechanical enterprise and progress in the world.

Public control, of the kind which I have advocated, is by no means an empty phrase—at least in Boston and the surrounding towns, in which the Boston Elevated road operates. Last year, for example, the gross receipts of the company were about $11,000,000 and the total payment in cash to the various cities in which our tracks were laid was approximately $1,100,000, or ten per cent of the whole; while our dividends were less than six per cent. That is, the public received nearly twice as much as the owners of the road as the result of the operation of the road for a single year. This sum, moreover, is exclusive of

about $400,000 more expended in street repairs, and in removing snow during the winter.

Moreover, little account is taken of the risk which a street railway runs in its enormous investment in equipment. Writers in the public press speak of short leases of subways as though it were a matter of no consequence that millions upon millions are invested in cars and tracks, car houses, power stations, and the like, which would be rendered almost valueless if a given public work could not be used. The injustice, not to say iniquity, of some propositions that are made concerning transactions which involve enormous expenditures on the company's part are striking when the question is approached from the point of view of right and wrong. Disappointed men and misanthropic men are able, by working upon the prejudices of the community, sometimes to get unjust measures adopted, especially when they appear in the guise of public spirited citizens, although they are really actuated by motives of self seeking or of revenge. Such people, who, in their private affairs do not hesitate to extort large sums from the public, have to be dealt with by street railway managers who are not always in a position to point out the real character of their critics and opponents. It is fortunate that the representatives of the public in official situations are generally people of intelligence, otherwise the community would be unconsciously launched upon municipal enterprises, the alternatives of private ownership, which would sooner or later result in oppressive burdens, the like of which are not now appreciated.

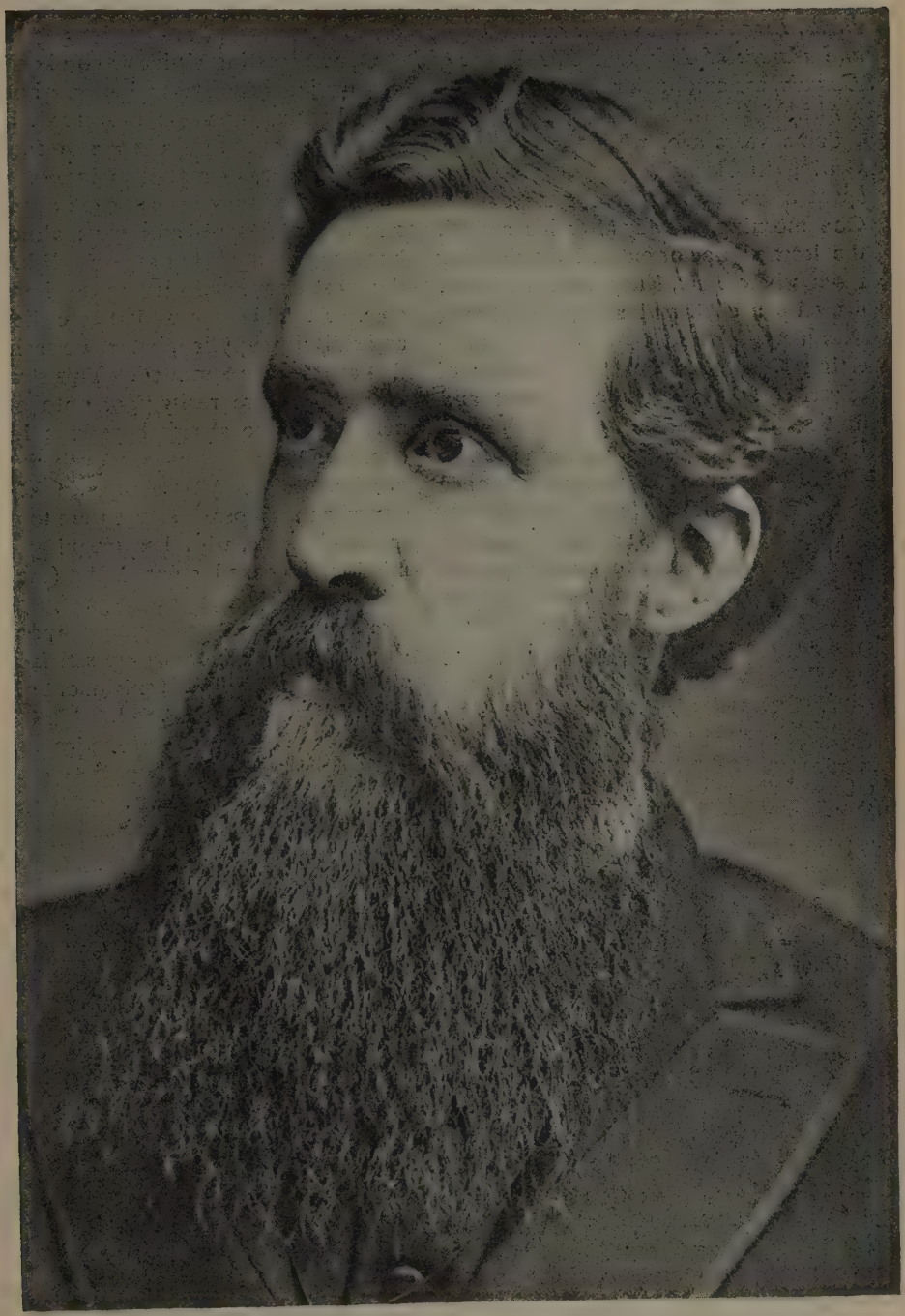
The new industrial development of the South is progressing with tremendous strides. A generation of young men has arisen in the southern states who decline to be satisfied with the old order.

A REMINISCENCE OF ELLIOT COUES

By MARY E. WOODHULL

THE Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, which met in April, 1901, in the "City of Brotherly Love," brought to mind the memory of Dr. Elliott Coues, a once earnest disciple of theosophy. Elliott Coues was born in Portsmouth, N. H., September 9, 1842, and died December 25, 1899. He was a graduate of Columbia university, Washington, D. C., and entered the United States army as a medical cadet in 1862. He was made assistant surgeon in 1864, which rank he held until he resigned in 1881. He received the brevet of captain for services rendered to his country in the Civil war. In 1869 he accepted a position as professor of zoology and anatomy at Norwich university, Virginia. In 1869 he accepted a position as professor of zoology and anatomy at Norwich University, Virginia. From 1873 to 1876, he was surgeon and naturalist to the United States boundary commission. In 1876 he also became collaborator at the Smithsonian Institution. From that date until 1880 he was secretary and naturalist to the United States geological and geographical survey of the territories. In 1877 Dr. Coues became professor of anatomy in the National Medical college. In 1883 he was appointed professor of biology in the Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College. He was also a member of many scientific societies, both at home and abroad, among others the National Academy of Sciences. He was identified with the theosophist movement, and a member of the American board of control of the Theosophical Society in India. For many years he was editor, or associate editor, of the Bulletin of the United States Geological Survey. Professor Coues was also the author of

THE LATE PROFESSOR ELLIOTT COUES



hundreds of papers on scientific subjects. His *Monographs of North American Rodentia, New Key to North American Birds, Biogen, a Speculation on the Origin and Nature of Life,* and *The Demon of Darwin,* are among his most important works.

Some years ago, while the writer was visiting in Boston, Dr. Elliott Coues spent a few days under the same roof. One morning, the day after his arrival, the learned doctor entered the drawing room where I sat, fancy work in hand, drew up a chair and began conversing with me. We discussed the ever interesting "Hub," the beautiful suburbs of the city, and our charming host and hostess; and then, to my astonishment, Dr. Coues said in slow, measured tones:

"Do you want to know what you once were in a pre-existent state, Miss W ?"

I looked up, expecting to catch a smile, or at the least to meet a pair of mischievous eyes, but there was no smallest sign of either, for only a steady, studied gaze responded to my laughing eyes.

"Yes, do tell me, it will be so interesting," was my answer.

"You were a little love bird once upon a time in remote ages of the past," he said gravely.

"Dear me! why a love bird? They don't sing and they are such stupid little things," said I, laughing at the idea. "Why could I not have been a robin?"

Dr. Coues shook his leonine head. "Because you were not!" was the laconic answer.

"Very well, then, let's pretend that I *was* in far distant ages, what else?"

"Your *aura* is of a most beautiful amethystine tint, and is most remarkably distinct."

"How lovely!" was my rapturous exclamation; "If I could only see it!" Then my hardly repressed laughter overflowed, after which I proceeded to ask the learned doctor so many questions that his breath almost failed him. "Can you believe such things? What good does it do to accept such trifling beliefs?" etc., etc.

Our fascinating séance was broken into at this juncture by the butler, who announced that luncheon was served. This butler, by the way, was a soft footed, "spooky," basilisk-eyed Hindoo, who conversed as fluently in French as in his native Hindustani, and who, although knowing but a few words of English, was the most marvelous mind reader imaginable. At table our wants were silently and skilfully supplied, before we realized that anything was wanted. This strange foreign creature really "got onto one's nerves," as the slangy boys say; I, for one, owned to being very much in awe of him. So much so, indeed, that one day when my hostess and I were to dine in lonely state, with her laughing permission, I coaxed colored Jim (the excellent Jim, the best cook that Virginia ever sent to the North), to wait upon us, which he did, greatly to my satisfaction and doubtless to the astonishment of the Hindoo, with cat like tread.

That was a household unique; the religious beliefs under the one roof being Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Baptist, Roman Catholic, Theosophistic and Hinduistic. Dr. Elliott Coues proved a great addition to our little company. His conversation was sparkling, striking, unusual, while his humor was delicious; although he impressed one as being somewhat erratic. It was his usual custom to be the first one downstairs those lovely summer mornings, when he would peruse the morning paper before the rest of us appeared upon the scene. Every morning, it was his custom to gather three rosebuds and place one beside our hostess' plate and mine, while the third always adorned the lapel of his coat. This he did invariably, with the exception of one stormy Sunday morning. It was this same stormy morning

that Professor Coues and I lingered in the cozy breakfast room, where a cheerful fire glowed upon the grate.

It was late June, but Boston's haunting, pervasive east wind was rampant, and hapless mortals shivered. Gradually our conversation drifted into a serious channel. We talked on and on, our subjects being theosophy, spiritualism, so called, unitarianism, and other bewildering "isms." Sometimes the argument waxed hot. Back of my feeble self were generations of Huguenot and Presbyterian ancestors, and I the possessor of a staunch belief in the eternal truths of the scriptures. I know not what heritage of faith fell to his share, but Dr. Coues was a keen thinker, a profound student of theosophistic lore, and argued gloriously. So far as my own strength was concerned, I felt helpless and powerless enough, yet determined to combat his strange, mystical theories as best I could, and give the reason for the faith which glowed upon the altar of my quick beating heart. It was no easy task. We talked for nearly two hours, then finding that we were arguing in a circle, and mentally worn with the conflict, I decided to give it up once for all.

"I can say no more; of course, it is impossible for my feeble powers to convince you, Dr. Coues," I said; "but this much I do know, the eye of reason, though wonderfully clear, can never penetrate into the far depths the eye of faith so easily fathoms."

There was silence for a moment, then through a door leading to the servants' quarters, which stood slightly ajar, I heard a familiar voice. Jim, the cook, an earnest Christian, was holding a Sunday morning service. Acting upon a sudden impulse, I quickly crossed the room and opened the door still wider. "Listen, Dr. Coues; Jim, the cook, is reading the morning psalm." Distinct and clear the sacred words of the psalmist were wafted down the dark corridor into the fire lit, rose scented breakfast room where we sat.

"*Who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies.*" On and on read the voice from afar: "*Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him, for He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust.*"

Sweetly, triumphantly, the words fell upon our ears, and to one at least it came as a message from Heaven. When the psalm ended, no word was spoken for a moment, then my companion said gently:

"I think you have had' the best of it this morning."

"It was only because of Jim's faithfulness," was my reply.

I never met Dr. Coues after that summer; some time before his death, I understand, he abjured spiritualism and theosophy. At the time I met him he was not, I think, a satisfied man, with all his wisdom. Perhaps he attained that blessed consummation by heeding the Master's words:" *Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.*"

THE LATEST PHASE OF THE TRUST PROBLEM

By JOHN BATES CLARK

Professor of Political Economy, Columbia University

FOR some months we have been watching a strike in which workmen the country over have cheered on their fellow laborers notwithstanding the fact that success must mean large coal bills for everybody. It is a conspicuous illustration of the fact that in economic dealings the consumer is usually the forgotten man. In this case he may not be wholly forgotten, for to a workman, and particularly to a workman's wife, the size of the coal bill is never a matter of indiffer-

ence. It will certainly attract attention and elicit vigorous comments when the cold weather comes on, for not many things can cause greater hardship among the poor than very dear fuel; and yet for the moment and in the excitement of trying to win a stragetic advantage over capital this effect of the strike is nearly disregarded.

The real lesson to be learned is something not quite as obvious as the disposition to over rate direct gains and to under estimate indirect injuries. The important fact is the new and serious character that strikes are taking on in consequence of the existence of trusts.

When recently the strike of steel workers was so easily defeated most persons drew the hasty conclusion that great corporations are beginning to have laborers at their mercy and that a strike, against such a mass of capital as that represented by the steel company, must be an impotent and melancholy effort. Many persons even thought that the period of frequent strikes was about over. It looks rather as though the strike were coming to be a nearly constant phenomena.

In three particulars the situation as regards strikes is now: First, a motive for averting strikes is removed; second, the amount of gain that a successful strike can possibly procure is increased; third, the public has a new and powerful reason for preventing the stoppage of work. On the first point it is clear that where there are a hundred independent owners of mills, a strike against one of them usually plays into the hands of his rivals, and this fact is apt to bring him to terms. The customers' orders which would naturally come to him go elsewhere; and that means that the good will of the business is in danger of going with them. The custom which is lost must be lured back by discounts or other costly concessions. Rather than have such an inroad made on his business, a man often concedes to his workmen all that he can without manufacturing goods at a loss.

Again, the amount of the concession that an employer can make is very much greater than it was. More than a prevailing rate of wages an independent employer cannot pay; but a trust can pay more than the rate that prevails in the general market, since it can charge the extra outlay to the public. It can mark up the prices of its goods, and though that may mean selling rather less of them, and therefore shutting up a mill or two, the profits of the whole great combination may not suffer; they may even be increased. A certain readiness to make large concessions to labor goes with the power to make them at the cost of the consumers. The trust has to confront a hostile public in any case and it may not want to have such a fire in the rear as a battle with its workmen would mean. The typical trust usually is inclined to placate its own men, and by so doing to win the moral approval of organized laborers generally, even though it does this at the cost of the public and *even though those very organized laborers are a part of the public and pay their share of the bill.*

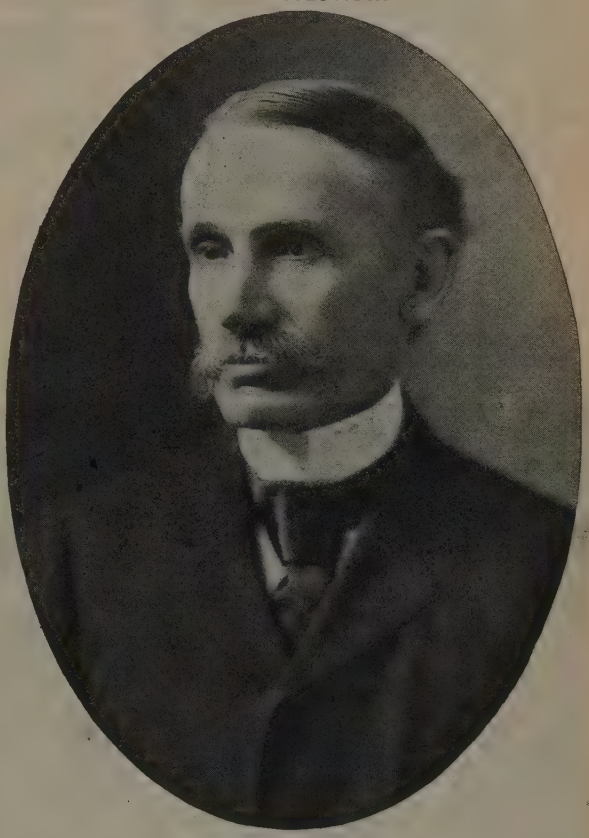
The third point is involved in the first and the second. The people of the country have acquired a new interest in labor disputes and they will soon feel that they have more to do than to think of them with regret, and to look on that one of the contracting parties whom they judge in the wrong with moral disapproval. The people are vitally interested in maintaining continuity of work. In the pending case they have a right to demand that coal be continuously mined in order that poor familes may be able to keep warm in winter and that all families may be able to keep warm without paying an extortionate amount for it. Under present circumstances there is not much that can be done about it. We

cannot say to the coal companies, "Give your men what they demand, and induce them to go on working the mines," since we have no authoritative assurance that what is demanded is just. On the other hand we cannot say to them, "Operate your mines with new men or with deserters from the ranks of the old force," since we have every reason to believe that that would invite a literal and bloody warfare, and we are not ready to use force enough to prevent this. We are tacitly allowing the strikers to fight off men who do anything more than pump water out of mines, and we are accepting a partial coal famine as the consequence of this.

There are those who will say that the only escape from a very bad condition must come through the operating of the plants by the state. Socialism has made many converts in consequence of the formation of trusts, and it will make more as it becomes plainer and plainer that strikes and lockouts can now be carried through at the cost of the public. But would the people have cheap coal if the state were mining it? Let a government buy or confiscate mines and rival political parties will soon bid against each other for that large part of the labor vote which miners and their sympathizers represent, and the result will be that the pay will run up and the amount of work done by men in the mines will run down till the only way to sell coal cheaply is to sell it at a loss and take the deficit out of the tax payers. Whatever the operation of mines by the state would do, it would not make the mining of coal economical and the natural price of it cheap.

A better alternative is the compulsory arbitration which is working successfully in New Zealand. There is much to be said in favor of this plan even in a country in which trusts are not highly developed, but there is far more in our own where they are so. Americans are justified in importing institutions from the antipodes with some caution; but it is beginning to be clear that America has more to lose by labor troubles and therefore more to gain by anything that will avert them than has a country like New Zealand. The argument in favor of compulsory arbitration has gained great force through the action of trusts. Our

JOHN BATES CLARK OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY



people may shrink from making over the power to adjust wages to any tribunal, even though it be one composed of employers and employed, the very parties in interest in labor disputes; but it will require only a very few disastrous strikes to convert the more disinterested part of the public to that system. If, then, the laborers become convinced that what they can now force the trusts to yield to them is a poor offset for the cost of getting it—if they rightly value continuous employment and pay that is large when counted by the year—they will exert influence enough on the side of the new system of arbitration to ensure the adoption of it. In the fierce rivalries of the nations, no one of them can afford to be at war with itself when its competitors are at peace; and if there is a way that leads to peace we should lose no time in following it.

A NESTFUL OF YOUNG GOLDEN EAGLES

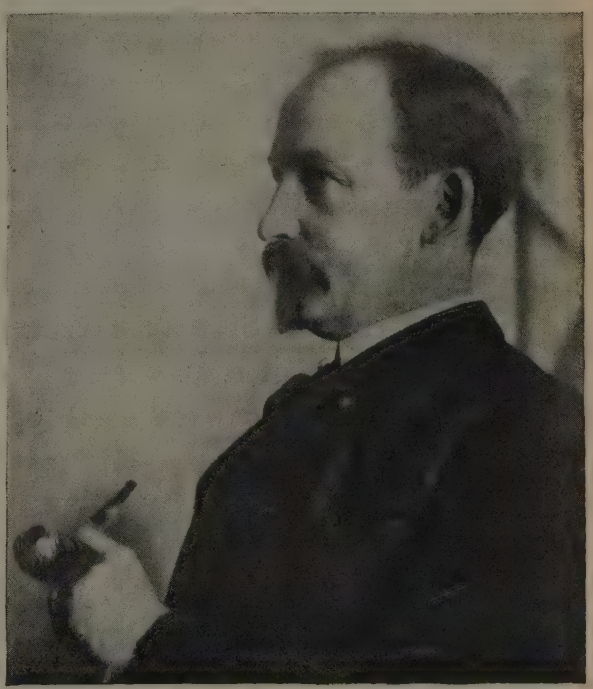
Photographed by Mr. Lewis P. Muirhead, for the National Magazine, in the Atlin gold fields of British Columbia. Mr. Muirhead had extreme difficulty in obtaining the snap shot from which our engraving was made. He was successful only after repeated efforts and many long and arduous tramps in the mountains.

Note and Comment

By FRANK PUTNAM

HARRY CLEVELAND has been trying to prove that Chicago has produced a new and distinct type of feminine beauty. By way of proving his theory, Mr. Cleveland, who is a camera expert as well as a distinguished journalist, submits photographs of several young women of Chicago, which are published herewith. There was a time when I thought, as did Prince Henry later, that Milwaukee had the fairest, most bewitching daughters under the sun; but that was before I had visited Boston. Chicago, I knew, had a bewildering array of types—but had it one type peculiarly its own? If you grant—or claim—that your own city, say New York, or New Orleans, or San Francisco, or Boston, has its own especial type of feminine loveliness, you will the more readily grant that the younger city, Chicago, if it has not already produced such a type, certainly will do so in time. Deeming discretion, in this case, to be by far the larger part of valor, I leave it to the National's readers to determine whether Mr. Cleveland's photographic presentation of feminine comeliness substantiates his claim for a new and distinct "Chicago" type of beauty.

H. I. CLEVELAND, OF CHICAGO



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Mr. Arthur McIlroy, who recently visited Chicago, tells me of an odd adventure which he had while there. It appears that, having occasion to remain over night in the Lake City, he was put up by a young friend who has apartments in what was formerly one of the

A GIRL OF CHICAGO Photograph by the C. & C. Company, Masonic Temple, Chicago

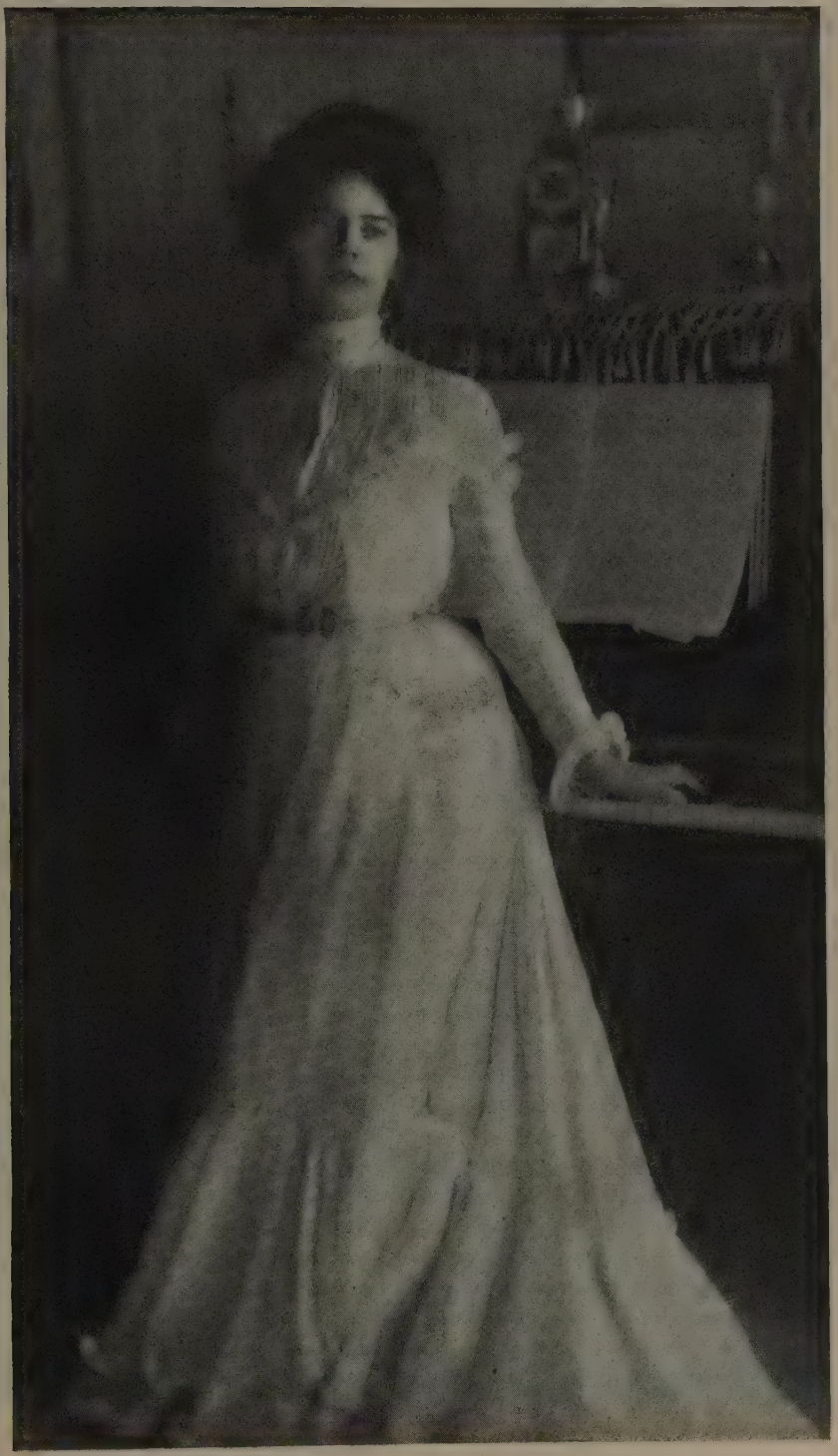
great residences of the place—now fallen into commoner uses. When Mr. McIlroy announced his readiness to retire for the night, he was shown into a huge, high ceiled apartment, whose walls were lined with glass doors, curtained. In the center of the room was a low bed. Beside the bed, a tiny table. On the table, a book. Above the table, suspended from the lofty, dusky ceiling, an elaborately wrought chandelier—a relic of departed grandeur.

"Er, this room," said Mr. McIlroy, "is—"

"Was the library," his friend replied. "You are to sleep here."

The friend bade him good night, and went out. Mr. McIlroy, who has a fancy for odd situations, and a happy fortune of falling into them more frequently than most persons, seated himself in a chair beside the table, turned the gas to a brighter glow, took up the book (more from the force of habit and

A GIRL OF CHICAGO Photograph by the C. & C. Company



for the friendly feeling that he, in common with all bookish men, derives from this contact than with intent to read), and let his gaze wander around the chamber. This, he perceived, was in size fully thirty by twenty feet. Its sides were quite filled with book cases set into the walls. He rose, walked over to one of these cases, opened its red-curtained, glass door, and found only dust and vacancy. A fancy seized him to open all the glass doors. He did so, and

A GIRL OF CHICAGO Photograph by the C. & C. Company

A GIRL OF CHICAGO

Photograph by the C. & C. Company

returned to his chair. Then he took up, with a new curiousity, the single book that lay on the little table. What manner of book was this which alone remained in this once rich library? A compilation of verse and epigram—symbol of the ultimate fate of all writings,—the pure gold gleaned from many wordy pages. If a great library must be reduced to contain but one book, he thought, that book should, in the very fitness of things, be of just this kind.

Mr. McIlroy is a great smoker. I have known him to sigh at midnight, as he reluctantly put aside pipe and book, extinguished the gas, and set about taking the few hours of sleep which he grudgingly grants himself. And (believe it

SIGNORA ELEANORA DUSE, THE FAMOUS ITALIAN ACTRESS WHO IS SHORTLY TO PLAY A SEASON IN THIS COUNTRY, IN "FRANCESCA DA RIMINI"

THE HONORABLE JABEZ BUNTING SNOWBALL, LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR OF THE PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA

or not, but it is true), I have then known him, on the very next morning, to wake with the dawn, send for coffee—extraordinarily black coffee—relight his pipe, and renew his reading where he quit it on the previous midnight. His friends have warned him of the inevitable result of such indiscretions, but without avail. He *will* smoke, in his bed chamber even, and so he did on this night in the Deserted Library. Letting the little book drop from his grasp, he puffed meditatively, his eyes assuming the dreamy expression of one whose thoughts fly far from the present. So, sprawling in a characteristic fashion in the depths of the chair, half awake and half dreaming, he lost consciousness. That is to say, I hold that he lost consciousness, and dreamed what followed. He insists that he was fully conscious, and saw with wakeful eyes a tall, stooping figure of a man, in long dressing gown and skull cap, enter the library from an adjoining room, advance to the nearest book case, and pause with a look of bewilderment before its open doors and empty shelves. With accelerated step the old gentleman passed from one empty case to another, his surprise at their forlorn condition apparently deepening as he gazed into each in turn. Finally, he shook his head mournfully, sighed, and with slow, uneven tread departed as he came.

This was the story as Mr. McIlroy told it to me. I inquired, not unnaturally, I think, if he had learned the history of the house. "No," he said, he preferred rather to construct for the mansion such a history as he might derive from his adventure in the Deserted Library. He had no wish to hear a commonplace recital of fallen fortunes — perhaps of some merchant of whom the outer world had little actual knowledge. "I feel," said Mr. McIlroy, "that I know the former master of that mansion far better than his neighbors; better, perhaps, than even his family. Doubtless they think of him—if they any longer think of him at all except as the giver of their name and the founder of their fortunes—as a soul in paradise waiting to be reunited to them in a happier existence. I saw his spirit returned to its old haunts, and I saw him seek his old idols—his books. I saw his mild countenance reflect mingled astonishment and pain, as of one who receives a revelation of ingratitude and loss, when he perceived the absence of his precious volumes. I saw him pause, alert, expectant, as if he hoped the spirits of his old friends, the poets and philosophers, might step forth from the surrounding shades to greet him and grasp his hands. I know upon what friends, what ties, his thoughts dwell most lovingly in the spirit land. He must have been a rare old chap; I wish I could have known him in the flesh."

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In this number of the National Mr. John Bates Clark, professor of political economy in Columbia University, offers timely suggestions on the latest phase of the trust problem, *i. e.*, its readjustment of the relations of labor and capital. The socialists will say that Mr. Clark does not go far enough—does not recognize the final result of the new condition, meaning, of course, government ownership of the coal mines. It is quite possible, however, that Mr. Clark, in urging the adoption of a system of compulsory arbitration modeled on the New Zealand plan, has pointed out that most important of steps in any progressive movement—the *next* step. It is doubtful, no matter what the dreams and hopes of our socialistic friends, if this country is ready for the nationalization of the coal fields. I do not doubt that this step will finally be taken, but not yet. Man is slow to change, as witness the British people crowning a hereditary monarch in this dawn of the democratic twentieth century.

The Laddie Abiding With Me

By JAMES BALL NAYLOR

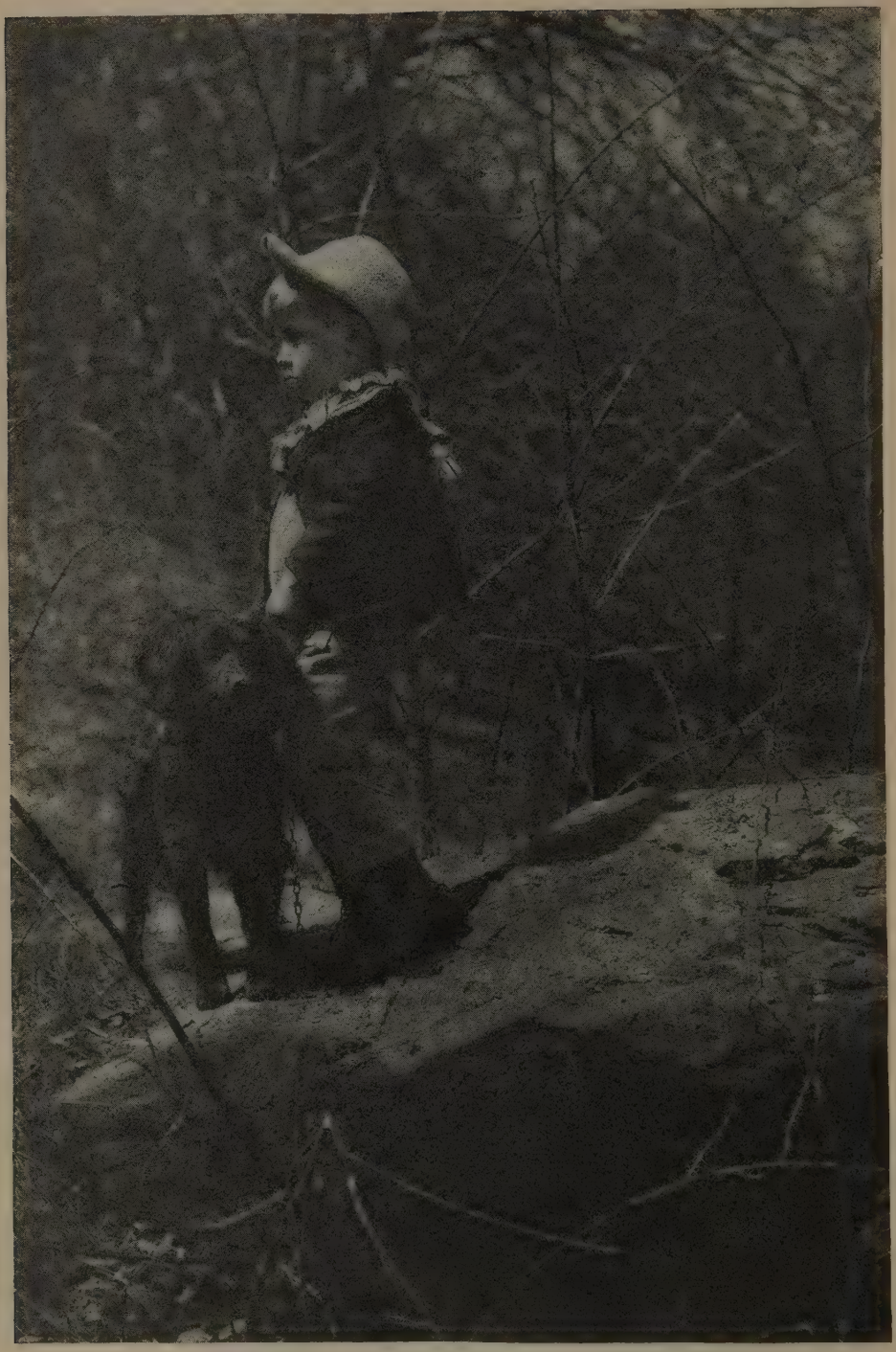
The laddie abiding with me —
A rollicksome rascal is he!
With the earliest peep of the mid-summer day,
He awakens from sleep—and is ready for play;
And the flow'rs, half adream in the roseate dawn,
Know the twinkle and gleam of his feet on the lawn.
With the birds he is up, with the bees he is out—
And the hollyhock's cup turns ablush at his shout;
For he's known and beloved by each flower and bee—
Is the rollicksome rascal abiding with me.

The laddie abiding with me—
A riotous rascal is he!
What at dawn was aright, is at noon all awry—
The most pitiful sight 'neath the pitiless sky!
What was tidy and white at the coming of morn,
At the coming of night is a scarecrow forlorn!
There's a rent in the knee of his trousers—and fear
Prompts belief there may be a twin rent in the rear!
Not a whit for appearance, however, cares he—
The riotous rascal abiding with me!

The laddie abiding with me—
A roisterous rascal is he!
He is bad when he's best, and he's best when he's bad—
And the pet and the pest of his doting old dad!
And he whistles and sings in an infinite glee,
As he recklessly swings in the top of yon tree,
All unmindful, I know—or not caring to note—
That his mother's below, with her heart in her throat!
But it's night; and aweary of frolic and glee,
And asleep—is the laddie abiding with me!

The laddie abiding with me—
A dear little fellow is he!
As he lies in my arms, I can readily trace,
In the manifold charms of his berry-brown face,
A resemblance to one I was happy to know—
Who was up with the sun, in the dead long-ago!
Through the blur of my tears, I discern a wee elf—
And he straightway appears as my urchinhood self!
With a start, I arouse from a swift reverie—
And rejoice that my laddie's abiding with me!

"THE LADDIE ABIDING WITH ME" Photograph by "His Doting Old Dad"



THE HANDSOMEST LADY

By MARY CLARKE HUNTINGTON

UNDER the strong winds the mud was drying so that pedestrians no longer lost rubbers in a Slough of Despond as they crossed the streets, and teams passed at a trot instead of plodding wearily with frequent rests, and black ooze dripping from every spoke. A hint of budding life was in the air, and upon the topmost branch of a bare maple two robins caroled a jocund tho broken duet, as if yet not quite tuned to spring melody—the late afternoon sunlight making the brick color of their song swelled breasts as red as blood.

The windows of the little white painted town hall were open, and in the doorway stood a man holding a broom and gazing after a boy, still young enough to be in knee trousers, who was going from house to house with a bunch of handbills. The houses at the Center stood on either side of the Green, and quite near together. A tall, fresh complexioned young fellow, who gave the impression of vigor and cleanliness, crossed the Green, and called to the man.

"Got swept out, Joe?"

The man nodded—still looking after the boy, whose black stockinged legs silhouetted themselves in brisk motion against the brown sward. "Going to be anything?"

"Well, I *guess!* There's two men, an' a woman, an' a little boy, an' a pile of fixin's."

The bills held by careless boy fingers, fluttered wildly in the March wind, and one, loosening, sailed like a large yellow butterfly across the Green—falling at the young fellow's feet. He picked it up and read aloud:

POPULAR SOCIAL ENTERTAINMENT

TONIGHT

THE GLASS BLOWERS
NOW IN FULL BLAST.

AN ELEGANT PREMIUM FOR THE
HANDSOMEST LADY
IN THE HALL.

ALSO PREMIUM
FOR THE HOMELIEST MAN AND
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BABY.

ORCHESTRAL CONCERT AT 7:30.
CLASS BLOWERS' LEVEE AT 7:45.
DANCING AT 9:30.

DON'T FORGET TO VOTE.
ADMISSION, 15 CENTS.

"Cheap enough," commented the reader.

"Yes. Anybody can bring his best girl without gettin' broke."

But Harry Prentiss did not smile in return. He threw the crumpled bill on the ground, and walked away whistling as a fellow whistles only when something is amiss. He intended asking Retta Hollister to come with him to the entertainment—but it was not of Retta's tall slim prettiness, her inviting smiles, and "stay-where-you-are" glances she was

thinking now; it was of Hazel Duncan, to whom he had spoken scarce half a dozen times because of a certain aloofness which shut her away from the neighborhood young men. He felt that she might "give him a show," instead of hedging herself about with a reserve that baffled while it pleased him, for he was something of a squire among the girls, and it disquieted his vanity as well as his heart that this one girl of them all should hold herself unapproachable. He fancied himself boldly stepping up to ask her acceptance of a courtesy—but under her slightly smiling greeting he shrank with hot cheeks from his own desire, and it was always another who rode beside him in his shining top buggy or let him take her to suppers and such entertainments as the little town offered, while Hazel watched him from afar with what he felt was a half amused, understanding scrutiny. He chafed under this scrutiny, although his glance sought for it with a sense of loss when her back was his way, or when she talked with some one else—her piquant face alive and smiling as it never was when turned to him. He did not know that the intensity of his desire for her consideration revealed itself in look and manner which embarrassed and so put her the further from him, the while she liked him none the less for his longing.

As he passed the small saddler's shop, which, innocent of paint and weather beaten to the grayness of a hornet's nest, stood upon the Green close to the street, the door shut quickly and some one ran down the steps.

"Hullo, Harry!"

"Hullo, Jack!"

While they gave greeting each turned eyes from the other toward the post office piazza, where a girl stood talking with a stout, bearded man. Both recognized the minister—but the recognition did not bring that unconscious adjusting of facial muscles which followed their recognition of the girl. Jack Leonard glanced at his companion with a swift darkening of expression. He was older than Harry Prentiss, though not so tall, and his bronze moustache curled with the habit of several years growth. He twisted it uneasily now as he walked, and disagreeable curves settled about his mouth.

"Goin' to th' show tonight?" he asked.

"Guess so," answered Harry, as one remotely interested.

As the two young men reached the post office steps Hazel came down and toward them, bowing as she passed, and meeting squarely the eager intensity of the one pair of eyes, the sullen complaining of the other. Harry's hat was in his hand as he returned her greeting, his smooth, boyish face smiling before her, but Jack Leonard thrust his hands deeper into his coat pockets with a churlish determination not to bare his head to a girl who might prefer another fellow to himself. Hazel, reading, as a woman can at times, the mental attitude of love untold save by signs and tokens, felt a little amusement toward the one, a little drawing toward the other, yet she walked on with that chin lift which seemed to put her beyond approach, and which made both turn to look after her as she went, a small, erect figure, with wind swayed skirts and hair blown into tendrils about her ears. Jack turned from watching her to watch the face beside him—the face of one unconscious that any other man in all the world had the same right as himself to think of Hazel Duncan.

"Seems good to have th' mud drying," he said.

"Yes."

The robins twain upon bare maple top were still caroling, and their jocund duet sang itself in Harry's ears to the refrain of "We two—we two—we two!" He threw back his shoulders with a joyous gesture. "Yes, spring's come."

Spring of the heart as well as spring of the earth! Those others with whom he had walked and talked and driven and flirted backgrounded into a past against which one girl was set in piquant bas-relief. Jack, with the disagreeable curves deepening about his mouth, went into the office leaving Harry to look after the girl figure, which turned even as he stood, and the backward glance spoiled Retta Hollister's chance of his escort that evening. He would go alone to the entertainment . . . and of course Hazel Duncan would be there . . . and perhaps—. Still the robins were singing: "We two—we two—we two!" the duet seeming to thrill all the ruddiness of the sunset, until color and sound fused to an indescribable effect of which a girl's receding figure was the focus.

When the town hall windows sent a brightness from every separate pane the man who some hours previous had swept and garnished the place of entertainment stood rubicund, smiling, beside the door to receive admission fees, the jokes which he handed back with the change urging a snicker from more than one swain, who, with sleek hair and well brushed Sunday suit, paid for another than himself, proudly positive that the privilege of escorting such as let finger tips rest upon his arm was "dog cheap" at fifteen cents, and would not he vote for her as "the handsomest lady?" The infants, dandled in their mothers' arms, and swayed and trotted to placidity, stared with round eyed wonder at the increasing crowd, all unconscious that to one of them that same crowd should, by popular opinion, award the credit of being "the most beautiful baby;" and about the door lingered a masculine group, jostling one another with rustic mirthfulness, and trying to hide each behind his fellow at chuckling references to the homeliest man. The "Popular Social Entertainment" had drawn as well as it had been billed, for a glass blowers' exhibition was unique in the annals of the town, and the offered prizes had aroused emulation and amusement.

Harry Prentiss entered the hall as the orchestral concert was beginning. The two men, the woman and the little boy who composed the glass blowers troupe also composed the orchestra, and the hall resounded with violin, flute, tambourine and castanets—which rattled and tinkled, shrilled and swayed to the liveliest air that ever put people in jolly humor and made them feel that they were getting their money's worth. Harry, tall and conspicuous in his black suit, immaculate linen and white tie, looked very well gotten up for his surroundings, and made the less carefully dressed men more rough by contrast. As he stood among the group at the door with light felt hat in hand and eyes traveling over the crowd, Retta Hollister's tall slim prettiness obtruded itself upon him—the center of an admiring circle—but he did not even wonder how she had come; he was saying with sudden heart sinking that *somebody* was not there, when he met a straight-in-the-face gaze from under a trim turban, and his heart was up again and beating to tune as gay as that of the orchestra itself. As for the turban—it turned immediately in the opposite direction, but Hazel had been appreciatively noting the white tie and thinking that not another fellow in the hall wore one.

With cessation of orchestral exertions "the glass blowers' levee" began. Upon the small platform flowers and birds and butterflies, cups and rings and pipes grew beneath the fingers of the two men workers, while the people looked on with pleased curiosity or talked in undertones as the woman member of the troupe tinkled her tambourine and gave little catchy songs—some merry, some plaintive.

Harry watched Hazel as the rather shrill voice sang:

"She's my sweetheart,
I'll not tell her name;
It may be Sue, it may be Bess—
To you it's all the same!"

and Jack Leonard watched Hazel and the watcher as well. He himself was carefully dressed, with arbutus in his buttonhole, and the odor of it came sweet to Hazel. Had she condescended, one glance might have brought it to her hand, but she delighted more in keeping would-be suitors at a distance than in accepting courtesies, and so remained seemingly intent upon the glass blowing. Harry, pushing his way to her near neighborhood, waited with awkward patience for recognition, then none being vouchsafed, he turned away, shoulders well back and chin up, to join the circle about Retta Hollister, who smiled radiantly at his approach. He soon had the center of the circle to himself—it being generally understood that there was "something" between the two, and the canons of rustic etiquette forbidding a third around with "a fellow and his girl."

Hazel, seeing everything out of the tail of her eye, as only a woman can see, was amused at the flattered archness with which Retta met Harry's manner of marked devotion, but Jack Leonard was not amused. "I sh'd think Retta Hollister 'd be sick," he said sourly to his next to hand neighbor, a quiet faced fellow with a bright red silk scarf knotted under his chin.

"She looks pretty tol'able healthy," drawled the other, who had eyes of his own and an idea as to what Jack Leonard would do if he could.

"I guess 't won't make Retta sick to have Harry talkin' to her with his head so close. She's used to it. An' she's had too much attention not to find out pretty soon when a feller's jest puttin' on fur some other girl to see. I noticed him kinder aidgin' the Duncan girl's way a while ago. Why don't you make up to Hazel, an' see haow he likes it."

Jack pulled at his moustache without reply, for while a woman might repay such a thrust with interest, men meet the world so differently that they often turn a callous seeming to speech that rankles.

Hazel heard her name whispered behind her.

"I guess she'd like attention well enough if she c'd get it, but she's so kind o' top lofty, as if she was th' Queen o' Sheby, that th' fellows don't fancy her none."

"That sort o' girl always makes an old maid," was the reply. "I wonder who'll get th' prize as th' handsomest lady."

"I wonder what th' baby prize is," said the first whisperer. She looked down at the pink gowned, pink bonneted cherub sleeping in her lap and smiled a fond, maternal smile that betrayed her anticipations.

The other woman smiled also—but it was a smile edged with scorn. How conceited of Susan Brown to think that homely boy would get the most votes, when her own sweet little Miriam was present! She trotted the white bundle lying across her lap with finger in its mouth.

"There now — there now! Mama's precious 'ittle ootsy pet. Is she a dood dirl? So she is. Harry Prentiss an' that Hollister girl'll make a match of it, won't they? He seems kinder sweet on her."

"That's his way,' said the mother of the pink baby. "He's been with a good many girls sence he'n Alice North got through. They was engaged. He's only flirtin' with Retta Hollister. But I don't believe she'd have him anyway."

"She'd jump at th' chance," affirmed the mother of the white baby. "Say—do you 'pose th' baby prize 'll be some o' those blowed things?"

The other woman nodded, putting an end to the conversation. How more than ridiculous of Maria Kent to think that puling little creature would be voted

upon! As if anyone could fail to see the difference between such a child and her own healthy Tommy. Bless his heart! He was mother's little mannie — so he was.

Hazel looked up and met Jack Leonard's sullen scrutiny from across the room. So she wanted attention, but couldn't get it! She smiled, and it was no Queen of Sheba smile; it was the smile of a girl who knew she could be winning, and whose pride was pricked to showing her power. Presently Jack was at her side, and she was glancing up at him as she talked, while his listening face betrayed how much he felt the compliment of her notice. The mothers of the two babies behind her were mute as the sleeping babies themselves. It *did* look as if Hazel Duncan might have a beau! She enjoyed what she knew must be their inward discomfiture, but her triumph would have tasted better had Harry Prentiss seen Jack bending to catch her words. He continued talking with Retta Hollister, his tall figure leaning toward her prettiness with a rustic courtliness that became him, for while keenly conscious of the girl he had turned his back upon he was not dreamin of a rival. Hazel, with distaste of Jack's willing attitude and fearful of precipitating something which she did not care to meet, suddenly chilled, and he, nonplused, mortified, went away pulling his moustache and regretting the bunch of arbutus in her lap.

The women behind her began talking again:

"Harry didn't bring Retta tonight. She rode over with her Pa and Ma. So you see there ain't nothin' to his attentions or he'd a-fetched her."

The mother of the white baby pursed her lips tentatively. She remembered that when they were courting, Susan had appeared at places without Peter Brown's escort, and more than once, too

"Mebbe Harry couldn't get th' chores done in time to hitch up an' go after her. Retta lives 'way over in th' woods, you know."

But the mother of the pink baby shook her head. "A fellow gets through with th' chores in time to hitch up if he's a mind to. Harry's fancyin' some other girl by this time, I'll bet a cookey. Wonder who 't is. How spruce Jack Leonard looks. But I sh'd think a high an' mighty sort o' girl like Hazel 'd want a more dignified man. He *is* so full o' capers, always untyin' th' girls' apron strings to church suppers an' pullin' off their hair ribbons. There's Kitty Ames an' her husband an' little girl. Kitty married pretty well, didn't she? 'Sol Ames is real likely. I call him ruther nice lookin', too; so neat an' dignified, but dretful solemn, so when he laughs you're kinder s'prised. He reminds me of his Aunt Becky. Put a false hair front on him an' he'd look jest like her. Do you think their little girl pretty? Yes? So do I, an' she's so cute. There — the blowin' things is through with an' th' votin' is beginnin'."

The votes were counted, and one of the traveling troupe announced:

"Mr. Jack Leonard—a fine glass pipe for being the homeliest man!"

Amid a roar of masculine laughter, Jack was pushed to the front, crimsoning to his white forehead but accepting, with apparent grace, the joke which his fellows had put upon him, although little pleased that Hazel Duncan should be witnessing his sudden leap to fame. However, she smiled at him—a kindly, understanding smile only touched with amusement, for he was by no means an ill looking fellow, who never looked better than now in his confusion, and she was smiling still when the name of the next prize winner was called.

"Miss Retta Hollister -- an elegant crystal table set, for being the handsomest lady."

What was it that drove the smile from

Hazel's lips? Had her own name been called she would have rejected with calm disdain both the publicity and the present. There was not a fellow in the room who would have dared vote for Hazel Duncan had he wished to do so, as she was exultantly aware, yet she felt left out of everything when Harry Prentiss advanced, bowing, to meet the fair prize winner, who, with crystal set in hand, was coming back down the aisle from the platform, blushing and simpering very prettily. A sudden nervous blur shut from her hearing the name of the most beautiful baby, "who," the prize bestower proclaimed, "is to receive this choice collection of life-like glass flowers in a glass case. All these presents, ladies and gentlemen, is the handiwork of the glass blowers, ladies and gentlemen, and each present valued at many dollars." Spirited whispering began behind her.

"Many dollars, indeed — I wouldn't give many cents for it," declared the mother of the pink baby. "To think of Flossy Ames gettin' a baby prize, an' she four years old if she's a day! Your cunnin' little Miriam 'd better had it."

When there is no possibility of such a bonus being made, how easy to give another what one wishes for one's self, yet cannot obtain. Her generosity was matched by the mother of the white baby.

"Your Tommy ought to a-had it—dear little fellow. I never could abide that Ames child; pert an' spoiled as she can be."

"Ain't she?" argued the mother of the pink baby. "An' not one mite pretty. Look at her mouth. That's enough to kill any child's looks. Do watch Sol an' Kitty a-perkin' over them glass flowers. La! who wants 'em. I wouldn't thank nobody for givin' my child a prize like that. How proud they are to think she's got it. Do see Kitty laff. She thinks there never's been sech a young one sence th' flood. I should hate to be so set up over my own flesh an' blood, shouldn't you? S'posin' we go home, Mis' Kent."

"S'posin' we do, Mis' Brown."

The pink baby and the white baby were borne away in disappointed maternal arms—two sleepy bundles, happily unconscious of how fortune had passed them by.

The settees were pushed back, and the center of the room cleared for dancing. Hazel, sitting somewhat by herself on a side bench, saw that Harry Prentiss was turning toward Retta Hollister as if for a partner and with never a glance in her own direction; saw also that Jack Leonard was making his best bow to a dumpy girl in red, grimly intent upon forgetting Hazel Duncan. She smiled faintly at his resolute expression; then, as Harry Prentiss walked down the room with Retta Hollister's hand on his arm, the odor of the flaring kerosene lamps suddenly sickened her. She felt a wild longing to get away from the warm, dingy hall, away from the music, the laughing chat, away from every one, and with a choke in her throat which took all aloofness from her face she slipped through the door so quickly that her exit was unnoticed save by two people, one of whom looked after her with a light in his eyes while the other watched him sullenly.

When she was a little distance from the hall Hazel stopped. The strains of Money Musk came clearly to her ears, and the figures of dancers passed and repassed the lighted windows. She fancied that she could tell Harry Prentiss among the bowing crowd, and while she stood so fancying, a drooping little figure in the white moonlight, some one spoke at her elbow. She turned, starting guiltily, as if her thoughts could be read by the object of them.

"Why—you've left—your partner—"

"I had no partner. Miss Hollister is dancing with somebody else. It's pretty

late for you to go back by yourself, I guess."

Had he asked if he might escort her home an inexplicable pride might have led her to forbid him, but as, with a new courage born of understanding, he coolly pulled her hand under his arm, the unapproachable deity of his dreams was unapproachable no longer—instead a meek and unresisting maiden, who let him keep step with her as they loitered through the chill spring night.

There were two who must have thought the longest way around the shortest way home, for they had but reached her gate when the dancers drove by an hour later. Standing in shadow they watched the line of returning revelers, each team a blot along the moonlit whiteness of the winding road. A girl's voice took up the refrain of the song which the woman of the glass blowers' troupe had sung to her tambourine:

"'*She's my sweetheart,*
I'll not tell her name;
It may be Sue, it may be Bess—
To you it's all the same.'"

The tall figure at the gate leaned toward the shorter one.

"How cold your cheek is!"

She laughed, and the happiness of the laugh echoed in his heart.

"Hark! She is singing. It is 'the handsomest lady.'"

THE PROGNOSTICATOR

SAID the barnyard cock,
To his list'ning flock—
With a squint at the weather-vane,
And his larboard eye
On the cloudless sky:
"We are in for a spell of rain."
So he plumed and stalked—
And he bragged and talked
To his harem of speckled hens;
And he flapped and flew,
And he clapped and crew
To the clack of their shrill "amens."

And the wind blew east—
But never the least
Indication of coming rain;
And the wind blew west—
'Twas a juggling jest,
To the jiggling weather vane.

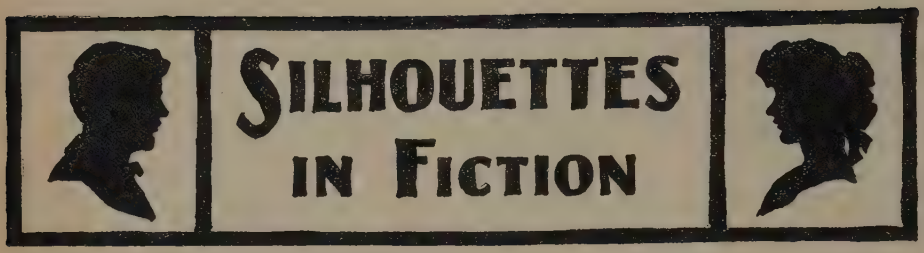
Then the wind blew south—
But the dusty drouth
It made no sign of flight;
And the wind blew north,
As the last and fourth—
It had circled the compass, quite.

Squawked the barnyard flock,
To the weather-cock:
"Is our prophecy like to fail?"
But that sage old bird
Said never a word,
As he veered with the shifting gale.
Then the farmer cried:
"Surely *some one's* lied—
And that *rooster's* the very *one!*"
Just a gurgling note,
In that fool fowl's throat—
And his reckless race was run!

Moral

Learn a lesson plain,
From the weather-vane:
If you'd have your opinions please,
And be *always* right,
Keep your mouth shut tight—
And veer with the vagrant breeze!

James Ball Naylor



COPY HOOK CHIVALRY

SHE came straight from the country to the city room of the Travesty. Therefore, they called her Daisy. Her real name was Miss Athena Judson, but nobody in the Travesty office cared.

She had not led the newspaper life long enough to know which men to trust and which not to trust. Hence, the girl who shared Daisy's joys and troubles and, incidentally, her rooms, was not surprised to see the poor, disheveled white Daisy enter long past the regular hour one night and weeping in a way which Smarty, the girl, knew not how to assuage.

"I want to die! That's all I'm fit for!"

Smarty took her in her strong arms and crooned to her like a mother.

"I want to die!" the miserable girl moaned out.

"No you don't," Smarty replied with quite unnecessary emphasis. Smarty had loved this frail little country girl from the start, and she meant to comfort her in some way. "You're just beginning to show us all what you can do, and how much better it is than the stuff we turn out, and, if you want to die, it's sinful!"

"They'll never want me back there—I've got to starve—I want to die!"

Smarty grasped Daisy's arm roughly. "Look here, girl, do you think I'm going to tell?" Her voice was hoarse as she asked the question.

Daisy put her arms around her friend's neck, hugging her close.

"No, no, not you, dear old Smarty! Best old girl, best old girl!"

"Well, and nobody else can tell because nobody else knows."

"But Goggles finds out everything, and then he'll fire me. Oh, Smarty, did you ever do anything—terrible—like this—no, no, Smarty, I know you didn't!"

Smarty almost wished for a moment that she had, and she could only slowly shake her ruddy head, saying:

"There, Daisy, don't fret. Goggles may be a wise city editor, but he doesn't find out everything."

Goggles was a very young city editor who had taken the place of an old and properly feared king of the city room.

He had graduated from the reporters' ranks, and Smarty, as well as the other girls and boys, had not yet learned to give him the respect he fully expected. But they respected his cleverness to a certain degree. His suddenly achieved greatness they preferred to ignore.

The next day Smarty was not only compelled to conceal the truth, but also to tell a falsehood to save her friend. Daisy was desperately ill, and delirious. Smarty stationed a trained nurse at the bed side, then she went to receive her assignment and Daisy's. She walked to the young city editor's desk in an almost swaggering way, reporting Daisy's absence thus:

"Good morning, Mr. Higgins. Daisy ran a needle through her foot last night, and she couldn't come down this morning. It's very painful, and it'll be some days till she can come down to her assignments. But, if you don't mind, I'd like to go on her assignments, and she'll write them up. I'll bring the copy in time for the early morning edition."

Mr. Higgins studied her handsome face narrowly. It was seemingly free from guile. Her clear, blue-green eyes were smiling as if out of very love for the mere privilege of existence.

"Yes, Miss Trotway, you may do that —it is very kind of you to wish to help Miss Judson."

Then, with the usual perversity of human nature, he gave her the most tedious assignment on the woman's list, and the next worst, he jotted down for Daisy. Smarty made a face at his placid back as she swept out of the room. The other reporters were already cobwebbing the big city with their alert feet and brains. Smarty had no time to lose, especially with such a heavy double task before her.

When Smarty reached her room that evening Daisy was again tearful. Daisy would not hear of Smarty's plan. Smarty was worn out with the day's tramping and fretting, but she tried to reason with Daisy.

"Here, little girl, are all your notes, and all you have to do is to write them out—not very long—I heard Goggles say that the elections would crowd out a lot of good copy. Hurry now, for Goggles isn't good on waiting."

"I can't—I can't! I couldn't write a decent paragraph to save my life. All the writing is gone out of me with my self respect. I want to die, I want to die!" she wailed, hiding her pretty face in her trembling hands. Without another word, Smarty put down her stub fountain pen, and took up a well sharpened pencil that Daisy always used. Hungry and tired as she was, Smarty wrote out the article in a few moments. She made use of Daisy's favorite adjectives and adverbs, imitating Daisy's fine, girlish handwriting as well as she could. When the work was finished, even Daisy would have been deceived. But she did not show it to Daisy, who had sobbed herself to sleep. Daisy's present mood was the reckless one of confessing her wrong doing, getting discharged, and throwing her life away entirely—a thing which the strong minded Smarty did not intend she should do.

Week after week passed, during which time Smarty answered many questions concerning Daisy's afflicted foot, and triumphantly put Daisy's salary in the bank across the street from the Travesty offices.

The white Daisy was slowly regaining her self respect, under Smarty's incomparable handling.

"Tell Goggles that I'll be down tomorrow morning," she told Smarty one fine, inspiring day.

Smarty turned to the lounge in sheer ecstasy. Daisy looked up from the pillows and smiled at the tall goddess standing over her.

"You are glad, dear old Smarty! I owe it all to you, whatever I am from this day on. Smarty, won't you bend down and let me kiss you?"

Smarty did as she was bid, and then hurried from the place to hide her emotion. When she reached the editor's desk another surprise was in store for her.

Mr. Higgins had evidently been waiting for her. He had secured Daisy's copy from the press rooms. It was all scratched and inked, but she quickly recognized it as the "fake" copy she had been turning in all the month. She quaked before this accuser of her guilt, and, for the first time, she was afraid of Mr. Higgins, once the comrade Goggles.

With the true newspaper instinct, he

plunged into the most interesting part of the story.

"Smarty—" he began. She gave a start. He had not used the nickname since his accession. It must be something dreadful, she thought.

"Smarty, I know all about Miss Judson's escapade."

"Escapade?" She sniffed indignantly. "It was a cowardly young fellow's escapade, not hers. Besides, it would have done you more credit not to mention it." Her impertinence seemed not to amaze him. He was very gentle with her.

"I have known it all along—don't you think it was good of me to let you think I was being fooled?"

She could not help laughing at this. She nodded.

"When you brought in this forged copy, it was very hard to be silent."

"Goggles, it was splendid!" she burst out, and then suddenly realized that it was the city editor she addressed thus.

But, for once, he did not seem to care.

"Not as splendid as the fight you made for that girl week in and week out."

"It wasn't a fight. It was—it was nothing, Goggles. She is my friend. She seemed so happy today. She wants me to tell you that she intends coming down tomorrow. Please put her on an easy assignment for the start."

Mr. Higgins watched her smilingly. Her animated face looked positively beautiful. Her crinkly hair was in the sunlight. It seemed to flash fire. So did her glorious eyes.

"On what assignment shall I put you?" he asked gayly.

She gazed at him in surprise. It was not the custom to consult the reporters' tastes in the Travesty office.

"Why," she answered with a broad smile, as if quite prepared for any joke, "I'll go on any assignment that the Travesty wants me to go. Have you anything special for me?"

"Yes, very special, Smarty."

In a moment she was alert. The word "special" was her trumpet sound.

"Is it in this district?"

"No, indeed. Quite out of this district."

Still he smiled and she wondered.

"You might object to it," he said. Then she looked at him sharply to see if he was sane.

"It is my duty to go wherever the Travesty sends me," she replied, to remind him of his duty as editor.

"True; but this is not for the Travesty, Smarty."

"Is it for you?" she asked quickly.

"Yes, Smarty."

"Well?" She stood as if waiting for orders. Again he smiled inscrutably.

"Do you know where I live, Smarty?"

"Of course! Across the way from Fairland Park, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Shall I go there for you, Goggles?"

"Yes."

"And what must I do when I get there?"

"Just stay there."

"Very well. And how long must I stay there?"

"Forever, Smarty!"

"Oh!"

"Do you understand, Smarty? I want you to be my wife. Will you—will you?"

"I don't know," she murmured very softly.

Just then a boy came in for copy.

When he had gone, Goggles said:

"Do you know now?"

Smarty lifted her glance to his. And he was clever enough to need no other answer. *Anna Cosulich*

BEFORE THE MIRROR

KRUGER was just about to pass. Her face was in the shadow, and he was not quite sure. And yet—

"I beg your pardon—" he said, lifting

his hat hesitatingly. She turned quickly at the sound of his voice.

"Bob!" she cried.

So it *is* you," said Kruger, advancing with out-stretched hand.

She placed her fingers in his mechanically and looked up at him in a wondering sort of way. Then you didn't—didn't—it wasn't true—" she began, as if at a loss.

"No, I didn't perish," he answered, cherrily, reassuring her of his flesh and blood qualities by a pressure of the hand. "I wasn't born to be drowned, I guess. We were picked up by a New York liner on the third day. Just got in and have been dodging reporters ever since. But how came you here? I thought you were in Honolulu."

"We are visiting the States," she replied, "I came on ahead from Chicago. I am staying at the Van Girths'. Harold is to be here with the child next week," she continued, flushing slightly.

"Ah, yes; the child," said Kruger, dropping the hand. "I had forgotten how long it has been since we met before. How old is it?"

"Seven," she responded, "just seven. Come to see me tomorrow and we will have a chat about old times."

"Delighted," said Kruger abstractedly as they parted. At the corner he turned to watch her retreating figure. "She doesn't look a day older," he soliloquized, lighting a cigarette. "I wonder what the husband is like."

As Kruger strolled down Fifth avenue in the direction of the Van Girths' next day his mind was filled with memories. They had been mad, Nina and he, eight years ago. Yes, *mad*, that was the word, in that first unreasoning love of both their lives. It had been a passion of untrained youth—ever dangerous, and ending suddenly, as such things do. And now it was forgotten. Had she not said they would chat of old times and was not that a certain indication that she had ceased to remember—well, the indiscretion of it? Anyhow, nobody knew. She had married almost immediately after the break, and he had gone abroad.

If Kruger cherished any further doubts, Nina's manner put him at his ease. The Van Girths were old friends and charmingly hospitable. Nina was vivacious as ever but, the intervening years had added a certain dignity, and foreign peregrinations had tempered Kruger's boyish ardour into polished self restraint. As it was they thoroughly enjoyed each other's companionship and no specters rose out of the past. Kruger found himself a frequent caller at the Van Girth home.

It was probably ten days after the meeting with Nina that he saw the child. Kruger's heart went out to the little one at once. He cared little for children as a rule, but there was some subtle fascination about this one which he did not understand.

"Eunice is quite in love with you," said Nina one day. "She talks of you continually and is always asking when you will come again."

The child, who was playing with her doll, and arranging its hair before a tall cheval glass, looked up bashfully. Kruger drew his arm chair before the mirror and lifted Eunice up beside him.

"Let me help you, little one," he said.

And thus, with his head bent close to her's, they arranged Miss Dolly's coiffure. The mother, momentarily forgotten, watched them with varying emotions.

Of a sudden she arose and walked unsteadily to the window. She raised the blind and threw a flood of light upon the mirror and the faces reflected in it.

Kruger looked up, startled from his absorbtion. And then he saw it too—the child's face, close to his, *and the resemblance.* Yes, there was the same mold of the cheek; the same set of the lip; the same eyes wider apart and

deeper set than the others. The child's face was yet undeveloped. These things might not be noticed for years and years, unless—

Mixed with the sudden, overpowering horror of the revelation came a great surge of tenderness for this little one in his arms. He bent and kissed her, then put her gently down and turned to face the mother. A look of the eyes was all that passed between them, but in it there was understanding and resolution and heartbreak, all in one. "Goodbye," he said, quite steadily, after a moment. She gave him her hand in silence and he went out, groping his way as though it were dark. The child gazed after him in big eyed surprise. "When is he coming back, mamma?" she asked wistfully. "Never," said the woman, and the child burst into tears. *Louis J. Stellman*

IN THE LOWER LEVEL

THE boss of the night shift and the man who hates him are descending the working shaft of the mine—together.

Darkness is all about them, so palpable, so dense that it strangles the breath on the lips of one unused to the darkness of the lower level. And the two are alone.

No premonition comes to the man in charge that a murderer in thought and intent is standing at his side; but had he been thus warned, he would not have betrayed the knowledge by so much as the quiver of an eyelash, for he knows not the meaning of the word fear.

The feeble, flickering light of the candles, that seems only to intensify the gloom, does not reveal the passion distorted face of the other to the man who stands at ease, carelessly humming a bar of a waltz he had heard somewhere—just where he does not remember. But the other remembers. Will he ever forget it?—Anita, his sweetheart, in the *Americano's* arms, and the music playing on, and on, and on—

He will strangle the object of his hate, there in the blackness of the lower level. But no! when the bucket is half way up he will catch him off guard and pitch him out, to be crushed like an egg shell on the timbering of the shaft. Meanwhile, to the task at hand.

It is the work of a moment to put in the three shots of giant powder, ready for firing.

The snuffs under the fuses are lighted, and the men spring into the bucket and give the signal to hoist.

The bucket ascends, stops with a jerk, and begins to settle slowly to the bottom. Signal after signal goes up, and still the bucket sags toward the blast.

Fifty seconds have not elapsed since the lighting of the snuffs, but in another second the powder in the fuse will ignite!

The man with murder in his heart smiles grimly, for he, too, knows not the meaning of the word fear.

They will go together, then! It is well. Life without *her* would not be life, and— What is it that *el Americano* is saying?

"Somethin' wrong with th' engines. God help my wife an' th' little uns!" With a bound the other leaps to the bottom of the dump, and makes a run for the nearest fuse that is spitting a warning at him. He reaches it, and dashes out the snuff with his cap. Two more shots remain, set close together.

As he stumbles toward them he falls, and his candle is extinguished. With only the sputtering fire of the fuse to guide him he gropes his way toward the holes, and drawing his knife, severs the fuses close to the face of the rock. And so they find him, lying face downward in the bottom of the shaft, the knife still clinched in a rigid grasp.

But he remembers nothing of this—he only knows that Anita's kisses win him back to life. *J. Torrey Connor*

STUDIES OF BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

NORTON'S DANTE

WHAT a joy it is to handle—and handle as one's own—a well bred book; one that's plain of cover, that opens graciously, that meets you frankly with clear, honest type and generous margins! Times are tawdrier now than back in past days, perhaps, but they are franker, too. All that is simple and of good taste in modern book making has entered into the making of these three volumes of Norton's Dante. I must confess to more than a moment's joy in simply feeling such books as these, merely opening them.

And how Nortonesque they are! As if they had just left the old professor's quiet library. And so they have, bringing with them some of that quiet, that reverence and religiousness which is the atmosphere, the only atmosphere breathed by a ripe scholar and man of letters. For ten years past Professor Norton has been brooding over the great Tuscan's world poem, and this is the result. Ten years ago he published the best prose translation that had ever been made. Ten years of further study into the deep, dark things of the original, years of weighing of words and sifting of notes, has given us not only a new edition, revised, but a prose translation of Dante as nearly perfect as a translator will ever make it. Norton's Dante is destined to become the classic translation in English.

This is one of the few great books needed in every household library. "Not how many, but how good books," is the motto for the private library. I once heard Professor Norton, in a quiet talk to a graduate club at Harvard, say that the books of the world that one needed to know were very few—only the great classics: Homer, Virgil, Dante, Milton, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Job, Isaiah and half a dozen others. To know these (and how mighty few modern readers do!) is equal to a college course; is a liberal education.

The Divine Comedy in Italian is a closed book to most of us. We must have it in English. Shall we own one of the many translations in verse or this best one in prose?

We think of Dante as among the divinest of poets and we can scarcely bring ourselves to read him in prose. The loss is so great that the reading seems hardly worth while, it becomes a task, and we naturally turn to some of our English poets for a version of the great poem. We shall be disappointed. A translation at best is but a warming over, and such is the nature of great poetry that in turning it into poetry in a different tongue, the better the turning the less like the original it is. Pope's "Iliad" is but one instance of this. "The coalescence of the music and the meaning of the verse, in the perfection of which the life of poetry consists, cannot be transferred from one tongue to another. A new harmony may be substituted, but the difference is fatal. The translation may have a life of its own, but it is not the

life of the original," says Professor Norton in his preface.

But some of the great world poems are great aside from their purely poetical qualities. We read some for their thought as well as for their music. *The Divine Comedy* is first among the deeply intellectual and emotional poems of the world. Our interest is often all in the soul of this man whom we find "midway in the journey of life," rather than in the lights and shadows of his way. It is the thought, the soul of the poem we get at in Professor Norton's translation—but that soul clothed in the simplest, purest, most classical English.

If we needed fresh proof of the supreme interest in the meaning of *The Divine Comedy* we have it in the fact that Mr. C. A. Dinsmore's *The Teachings of Dante* has run into the third edition in less than a year. This remarkable study was reviewed in the National hardly more than six months ago.

In Professor Norton's perfect text and Mr. Dinsmore's new religious interpretation, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have done as much for the study of Dante as any publishing house will do, perhaps, in the coming century.

Dallas Lore Sharp

THE DIVINE COMEDY OF DANTE, translated by Charles Eliot Norton. (Revised edition) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1902.

THE NOVEL AS AN EDUCATOR

I WONDER how many of the readers of the National have been privileged to see an essay by Burne-Jones with Thackery's *Newcomes* for its theme, written when the artist was a student at Cambridge and reprinted by Mr. Mosher in his Bibelot series a year or so ago? It contains the most naive explanation of the *raison d'etre* of the novel that I have come upon anywhere. I haven't the little book by me and therefore cannot quote, but I shall always remember, like a discovery, the writer's explanation how, when the human heart became surcharged and over burdened with its troubles, it found a natural and sane relief in seeing them recounted by the sympathetic hand of genius, — vent for its sorrows in considering the picture of them. And that is the reason of the novel.

It is indeed the true reason of all art. But it is the novel that I am considering just at present. And I would not wish to be suspected, even momentarily, of pessimism in endeavoring to extend the moral to fit the situation of the moment. For it is novels that we are reading now almost wholly. We appear to be mad over fiction. It has come upon us with a rush, like a flood, within the past half decade; we are quite overwhelmed by it. For the first time in the history of letters, it has come to be, and at once, not in the least a question of authors, or of plots, or scenario. We accept everything, anything, so long as the story pleases. The tale's the thing!

Twenty years ago, and even less, we insisted solemnly upon the moral purpose in fiction. Now we ask only for genius in story stelling. Fiction seems to have become, in an intimate sense, the toy of civilization. But it is much more than that, if we look a little deeper. And is not all this just exactly as Burne-Jones explained it? It is true human nature never changes, but men and manners do; and we can scarcely hope to find an intimate picture of our sorrows and emotions in the fortunes of Dorothy Vernon or of Audrey. We have gotten at a bound beyond that first fine stage and we read anyhow, avidly, carelessly, rapturously: but read we must. The immediate underlying motive in the present instance is the conditions of our daily life. It is an era of sordid achievement that forces us to the theatre, the

music room, the printed page for a breathing space. And of all means of entertainment the book is the readiest. So the publisher looks only to the novels for his reward; the critical journals, with their tables of best selling books, are wholly given up to it; and it has come to pass, when we speak of books nowadays, that we refer inevitably to the latest fiction.

Here is, perhaps, the most hopeful general sign of the times. Better that the whole world should read novels—and there is a surprisingly large number of clever ones — than that it should not read at all. For books have been, since the beginning of them, rather the possession of the few than the resource of the many. And the world is yet an infant, and it is learning as a whole world to read, for it appears now to have, for the first time, in the broadest sense, the opportunity to gratify its desire. And as natural as mother's milk in this situation is the novel. So we may very well accept the flood of fiction that is now upon us as the first sign of a genuine general enlightenment in the history of the human race. *Joseph Lewis French*

KIPLING, BODY SNATCHER

THE alienists of a future age will proclaim Mr. Rudyard Kipling to have been the most distinguished criminal of our own. True, it is not said he has committed any act now legally a crime; but, as men progress morally, the category of crimes is added to: a deed tolerable yesterday is a crime today. Mr. Kipling's crimes are of the sort not yet legally designated as such, though already so recognized by the best intelligence of the age and abhorrent to the spirit of the cultivated minority.

The character of Mr. Kipling's crimes will become apparent to the reader of his written works—or, to be quite exact, will become apparent to some readers of some of his written works. For the popularity of many of his written works —savage, vulgar, un-Christian,—can be explained by no other hypothesis than that the majority of his readers are not yet sufficiently civilized to recognize his crimes as crimes. And in a few—a very few of his works, the criminal tendency does not appear.

Turning for a time from lesser offences, Mr. Kipling has made his debut as a body snatcher—a defamer of dead men. His victim in this instance is the poet John Keats. In a short story, *Wireless*, published in the August number of Scribner's Magazine, Mr. Kipling has exploited, for his own pocket profit, the forgotten frailties of the earlier poet. This exploit is aptly characterized by Henry B. Fuller, novelist and critic, in the *Chicago Evening Post.* Thus:

"When Rudyard Kipling laid his unmannerly hand on John Keats he made a mistake. His recent magazine story, "Wireless," which jumbles the poetry and personality of Keats into a sort of pseudo-scientific fantasy, makes flagrant inroads on good taste and right feeling. Kipling himself is an incarnation of the rowdyism of rampant democracy, but here he has pushed his coarse grained modernity too far and has ridden to a fall.

"It is not Keats that he has hurt; it is the feelings of every sensitive reader. He seems to have thought that Keats was a mere person, and that, as such, he might unceremoniously be made into copy. But Keats long ago passed beyond that stage. He lives now not as an individual, but rather as a type, and as such should remain free from degrading assault and from vulgar contamination. He is the symbol of the all-gifted and unfortunate and unappreciated young poet, dead in his flower. To prejudice the integrity of such a type as this is as bad as to clip a coin or to falsify the stamp that strikes it. Symbols are the very food of the race. He who attacks one cuts away life's staff from beneath our hand.

"Man, in the last analysis, as the German thinkers say, is an idealist—profoundly, incorrigibly, inevitably so. And

time is his great ally. The silver mists of the years do for us what we, left to ourselves, might not be able to accomplish. Almost a century has intervened between us and Keats. Another century will consolidate the good work. Mr. Kipling puts his hand to a vain task, after all, when he tries to drag back an established poetical ideal into the crude and garish light of day—his day.

"Mr. Kipling's story is worse than tasteless, feelingless; he has done every 'gentle reader' of English a dis-service of the most barbarous nature."

Keats is forever, Kipling for a day.

Frank Putnam

TABLOID CLASSICS

SLOWLY but surely the shadows of oblivion creep up to obscure the works of even our greatest men. The very pressure of new talents, interpreting a new era, and demanding recognition, crowds old talents, interpreting other eras, into the darkness at the nether marge of time. Little by little the works of the great dead become obsolete and are forgotten. The anthology contains the names and surviving poetic fragments of hundreds of singers who filled impressive volumes in their own days. Only the curious and industrious scholar, compiling long lists of dead volumes and obscure dates, finally recalls to an indifferent world the prodigies performed by his hero of yesterday. The average reader wants only the best of any man or group of men. Even Shakespeare and the Bible have fallen into this category: we have shrewd critics naming in a list of the world's best writings, not the Bible as a whole, but the Book of Isaiah, or the Book of Job, or the Songs of Solomon, or the Psalms of David. The shrewd publisher, recognizing this drift of the time,—this natural result of the multiplication of duties and pleasures that beset us,—resorts to compilations of "the best" of this author and of the other, not merely introducing us, but giving us in brief compass the loftiest thought, the purest style of the writer in question.

Thus, L. C. Page & Co., of Boston, have begun a new series. The first volume is *The Best of Balzac*, and includes seven selections from his novels and stories. The second volume, just out, is *The Best of Stevenson*, which embodies selected essays, stories and poems. Each volume contains also a complete list of the author's writings, a critical survey of his work and a portrait. Most of us, having so much to see and to do, in a life so short, desire no more of any man than this. *Arthur McIlroy*

JEWISH ENCYCLOPEDIA

THE second of the dozen volumes which are to constitute *The Jewish Encyclopedia* embraces 1,600 articles and carries its wonderful story of Jewry's deeds and dreams, its men and its institutions, some distance into the second letter of the alphabet. No other work of equal scope or historical importance has been undertaken in our time. This work, the joint product of 400 celebrated scholars cooperating under the leadership of Dr. Funk and having at command all the physical and financial resources of the house of Funk, Wagnalls & Co., maintains in its second volume the lofty spirit and style that characterized the first. It becomes more than ever apparent that this is to be a product lacking which no student's library can be complete. This fact alone would not entitle it to be classed as true literature; but, such is the quality of much of its contents, that it does in fact attain this ultimate and enduring distinction. In a period when criticism is perforce extraordinarily busy with fiction, this *Encyclopedia* has received unstinted praise in every center of civilization throughout the world. *Martin Murray*

The Monarch of 400,000,000

By HENRY DAVIES, Ph. D.,

Yale University

AMID the blare of silver trumpets, the booming of cannon, the splendors of courtdom and officialdom, and the pageantry conferred by titles and gold lace, the coronation of King Edward VII has at last passed into history. He is now the crowned monarch of 400,000,000 souls and of an empire which extends "where'er the winds of God are blown."

The weather was dull and lowering throughout the hour or so of the ceremony; but long before the time set for the function a patient, orderly, and expectant crowd watched and waited for a glimpse of this historic spectacle. Even officials who, by reason of their position, were invited to seats within the Abbey, had to be in their places hours before the commencement of the procession.

It was not a *people's* celebration; for they were kept as far off as possible, by barricades and other devices, from the persons of the participants. It was a spectacle of the official side of the British Empire; and its greatest defect as such was the omission of the democratic or modern feeling. In spirit and effect it was quite mediæval and out of touch with the central inspirations of our times.

The scanty and tawdry character of the house decorations showed that the people were in no mood to lay our more money on this show. Though enthusiasm ran high, the throng was not gay or hopeful; for so many fortunes were lost in the failure of the June preparations that they had no heart to spend money even on a king's enthronement, even if they had wished.

Then the king's grave illness—the last of which has not yet been heard from—was another damper. We may respectfully suppose that after such an experience he was much sobered by his partial recovery and inwardly attuned to the religious as well as the historical significance of the ritual, the recital of which made him "King of England, Emperor of India and of Britain beyond the Seas." He looked well, however, and went through the ceremonial without serious fatigue.

What more appropriate place could have been chosen for the memorable event than Westminster Abbey, where we may imagine, as one poet has expressed it:

"While the organ rolls his tone
Down the aisles of mossy stone,
Pouring thro' the hallowed fane
Throbbing chord and pealing strain—
See, about the throne
Stand the hosts who went before us
Wakened by the nation's chorus;
Spirits beautiful and tender
When the rose was in the bud;
Strenuous souls who built to splendor
Tho' the stones were splashed with blood."

Certainly the last resource was exhausted to make the scene harmonious with its past illustrious examples.

As the king rode on in his majesty, however, certain thoughts came to my mind, all of them centering in the ques-

KING EDWARD AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN THEIR CORONATION ROBES

tion: What does all this mean to Anglo-Saxons, and to the world? Here is a crowd shouting itself hoarse and rivalling the pealing bells in fervor of good wishes. In churches in the provinces thousands are gathered to pray for their king, that he may meet his momentary obligations without mishap and have a prosperous reign. To Anglo-Saxons such a spectacle is not without its message.

In the first place, the coronation should be connected with the history of similar functions in the past of our race. England—modern England, at least—is wedded to the monarchy; which seems more firmly entrenched in the affections of the people than ever; a fact to be accounted for, not, as some suppose, because there is an extraordinary enthusiasm for the present king, but because the institution of the monarchy has taken root in the soil of English life, and, like the church, is a necessary adjunct of the imagination of the people. To the beholder actuated to form impartial and dispassionate judgments, as I have pointed out, the reflection was forced upon the mind that these ancient customs, while preserving the continuity of the monarchy, did not represent the most recent and vital form of social evolution—democracy. We may admit that the monarchy tends to social stability, and the eclectic repetition of the best of the ancient rituals of the coronation is a splendid tribute to the permanence of custom which monarchism undoubtedly fosters. This is doubly true, too, when the institution is limited by constitutional and quasi-democratical rights, and is exercised with tact and unselfishness, as is the case with the present king. Pure democracy, on the other hand, tends to social unrest; and, though social unrest and discontent are as unsectarian as tonsilitis, there are degrees of the plague, and it is worse in democracies.

That monarchism fosters colonial expansion is also fully borne out by its history. The interest of England's "far-flung" colonies in the coronation is proof of the fact that under present conditions it is possible to combine social progress with precedent, and the ties of kinship may be, and often are, quite as strong under monarchism as under republicanism.

For Americans, of course, the significance of the coronation cannot be in the pageant itself, nor in the institution of monarchy; for we have no real interest in either; but rather in this suggestion of social stability and imperial unity. It is a most instructive political fact that despite successive attacks from hostile foes, first in our own war of independence, and several times since by European, and recently by the Boer nations, the English influence is still, if not paramount, easily the most important which we have to reckon with. Splendidly neutral, this neutrality is backed up by a people united, proverbially indifferent to foes, determined and on the whole successful, though blundering. Among such a people, which comprehends men of all colors, languages and customs, what could so well express unity as the monarchy, such a monarchy as England's, where the death of the monarch produces no more influence on the government and social order than a downfall of rain! This stability of things English is the significant fact symbolized in the coronation; this, and the wonderful and undiminished power of expansion represented by the colonies. This normally steadying power of such a monarchy as England's is, I think, the source of the loyalty of strong men to it.

It may reasonably be debated whether monarchy or republicanism is the nobler theory of human government; no one will doubt which is both the more impressive and effective. As a republican, I cannot grant that the paternalism

which is inseparable from monarchism is preferable to the self help and self government which are the foundations of republicanism. And really, the world is fast outgrowing "the pomp and circumstance of kings." Democracy, it is said, also loves a lord; and even a democrat may be pardoned if, in witnessing such a pageant as that of August 9, he felt a strong tide of emotion move his soul, even while his simpler and severer ways of thinking compel him at the same time to disapprove and condemn the mediævalism which made up the substance of the ceremonial.

While, therefore, it is highly probable that monarchy in England has seen its best days, we should not fail to grip the heart of the recent pageant which still has a meaning in relation to the past. Nor should we forget that when monarchy rests on morality and truth; when its roots lie buried deeply in the history of a thousand years; and especially when it is exercised in harmony with the wishes of the sovereign people, it is not only a harmless but a helpful institution for those who are used to it. And when the king re-emerged from the Abbey, the acknowleged and crowned head of the English people, I could not help joining in the good wishes of all visitors, and participating in the happiness of the king's loyal and admiring people, crying out with loud voice, "Long live King Edward!"

IMPERISHABLE

NO good thing perishes. The smallest seed,
Borne on the wind's wings to an alien soil,
May burst to blossom on some distant mead
And cheer a plodding plowman at his toil.

No good thing perishes. Garnet and gold,
The spent leaves scatter at the frost's keen stroke;
But each gives promise, mingling with the mold,
Of spring-time verdure on the parent oak.

No good thing perishes. One pilgrim thought,
Pregnant with power, penetrant with truth,
In years to come, with burning message fraught,
May shape the purpose of our nation's youth.

No good thing perishes. The gyves of Might
May bind our little Present limb and limb,
But Truth shall triumph and the ranks of Right
In God's own time shall take the world for him!

Hilton R. Greer

PROGRESSIVE AMERICAN CITIES

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS, A CITY OF HOMES

By J. ALBERT RIPPEL

Picturesquely located on the Connecticut river, with the Holyoke range to the north and the Berkshires to the west, with fertile valleys to the east and south, is the beautiful city of Springfield, Mass. There is a charm in its very location which attracts the stranger in spite of himself. There is a quiet appeal in the dignity and beauty of its residences too forceful to be transmitted to paper, while the business advantages of the place become more and more apparent as acquaintance proceeds.

A stranger leaving the passenger station is first of all impressed with a sense of business activity. It speedily becomes apparent that he is in a city which occupies the position of a large trading center. There is at the same time an atmosphere of order and general neatness that appeals at once to any system loving mind. Better still, these impressions are all strengthened by further knowledge of the city and its industries.

Very few cities can boast of having special advantages not only as commercial but also as residential centers. This enterprising community combines both of these. Every device to make a city beautiful has been utilized until as a residence city it is unsurpassed. From this fact it has received the deserved name of "City of Homes." Shade trees in abundance line the streets and contribute to the effect produced by its varied natural scenery. Scattered throughout all sections of the city are a number of parks kept in excellent condition by a board of park commissioners. Forest Park, comprising about 465 acres, is the largest tract set aside exclusively for public use. It is an exceptionally interesting spot. Presenting as it does every phase of scenery from tiny springs to ponds and lakes; with its shady woods, and meadows dotted with flowers, it certainly is admirably adapted

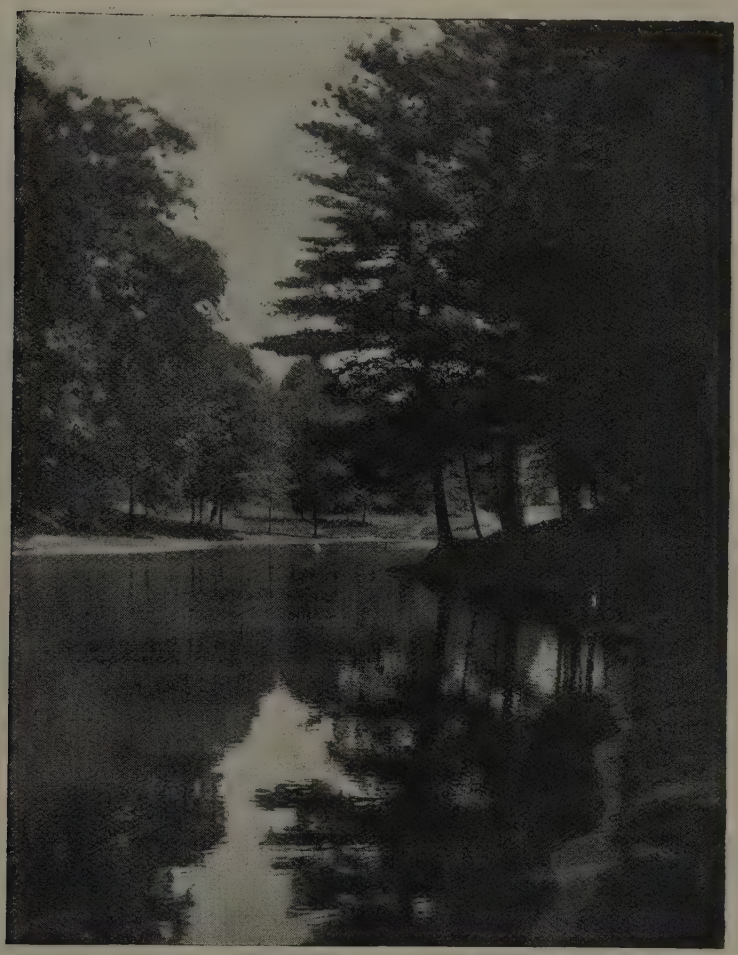
MAIN STREET, SPRINGFIELD, LOOKING SOUTH

for park purposes. Its natural attractions, together with the careful attention it receives, makes it a park unsurpassed in any New England city of similar size. A new project is now being undertaken whereby Court Square will be extended to the river. Private citizens and city government are both striving to enlarge and beautify the park system. The educational influence of public works of this kind is gradually being recognized in all large cities, while the influence on the health of a community has long ago ceased to be a question if doubt.

WOODLAND VISTA IN FOREST PARK

As a manufacturing center Springfield occupies an important place on the industrial map of New England. The

A GLIMPSE OF MIRROR LAKE, IN FOREST PARK



Board of Trade in speaking of the commercial prospects of the city sums up the situation very ably as follows:

"Transportation facilities are excellent; room for new factories is abundant; rents and prices for real estate are moderate, and power can be obtained as desired; taxes are low; fire protection the best, which brings down insurance rates. Public affairs are well administered, and there are no more desirable home surroundings in the United States. These advantages make Springfield an admirable location for manufacturing of any kind. Industries of every sort thrive here; the manufacturing establishments of Springfield are as remarkable for their variety as their importance. To catalogue all of the manufactures is impossible in the space available; the number is too great. Springfield has the largest manufactory of small arms in the United States, and one of the largest in the world, in the United States Armory; the largest manufactory of revolving pistols; one of the largest railroad car building establishments; the largest vegetable ivory button factory; the largest manufactory of pictures and art goods; it is headquarters for the largest paper and envelope corporations, etc., etc. Other goods manufactured here are needles, skates, machine tools, plumbers' brass goods, valves, hydrants, bricks, textile fabrics, paints, toys and games, stamps, wire goods,

motor wagons, elevators, etc. The industries of Springfield are prosperous, and of a class that requires skilled and high-class mechanics. There is probably no city in the country where the wage earners are superior to, or are more prosperous, better housed, or better off in any way than in Springfield. Labor troubles are rare in Springfield and so are shutdowns. The growth of the city has in every way been a perfectly normal one, and there is no single industry upon which the business welfare of the community depends, so that the periods of depression in trade are felt more lightly in Springfield than in the average manufacturing center."

POST OFFICE, SPRINGFIELD

The mercantile industries of Springfield received their first impulse in the establishment of the United States Armory in 1795. This institution is well known as the most important government arsenal and is one of the first places visited by strangers in the city. Situated on the highest ground in the city it gives a splendid view of Springfield and the surrounding territory. The armory is constantly being enlarged and improved, and the force of laborers is also being increased. It

ONE OF SPRINGFIELD'S HANDSOME HOTELS

employs thousands of workmen and over a million dollars is disbursed annually in wages.

Good shipping facilities have done much to bring Springfield to the front industrially. A glance at the railroad map will show how her location is a point in her favor. Frequent trains running

THE CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL

closely on time over rails resting on splendid road bed, and generally reasonable freight rates, make Springfield attractive to the manufacturing and shipping interests long established here. The Boston & Albany with through trains via its New York Central affiliations, insures swift passage between Boston, the Hudson river and the west. Springfield is the northern terminus of the main line of the New York, New Haven & Hartford.

The city is likewise a southern terminus of the Boston & Maine, which spreads its long steel fingers over northern New England and into Canada. The latest acquisition is the Tariffville branch of the Central New England Railroad, forming direct connections with the coal regions of eastern Pennsylvania. Only recently the service to New York has been improved and made more efficient.

An excellent street car service contributes to the comfort and convenience of the citizens. In addition to over a dozen purely local lines, Springfield has good connections with all the cities in its neighborhood. The traffic is all controlled by one company, owned locally, and this makes possible long rides for one fare. The road bed, tracks and rolling stock have few equals and this together with a body of efficient and courteous employes leaves nothing to be desired in the way of transportation.

Because of its admirable banking and trading facilities it is regarded by a score of near by cities and towns as the business centre of a territory having a total population of 300,000. In this sense "all roads lead to Springfield." Its wholesale business is large and increasing, its retail stores the most extensive and attractive in New England outside of Boston. The trade of Springfield merchants is both democratic and exclusive. The stores are popular with all clases, in town and out; they appeal to the small buyer and to the best families within a radius of fifty miles, who appreciate both quality and quantity. A rapid increase in population is significant in that it shows how their business opportunities are appreciated by the world at large.

Springfield has good reason to be proud of her educational system and her institutions of learning. Her public schools are among the best in New England. So well and favorably known is this school system that out of a vote of the leading educators of the United States Springfield was ranked a tie with Chicago for second place, with Indianapolis first. Mr. Atkinson, now in charge of the schools in the Philippine Islands, was an instructor until a very recent date

and did much to raise the standard to its present height. Teachers are carefully selected, school board members are alert, intelligent and non-partisan and the schools have the best of supervision. The Central High School building is a handsome and commodious structure. There is also a Mechanics High School and a number of private schools. Within a short distance from the city are Amherst, Smith and Mount Holyoke Colleges, Amherst Agricultural College, Williston Seminary, the State Normal School and Hartford Theological Seminary. In connection with the schools, mention must be made of the public library. It covers a wide field and combines under one administration a library, art museum, museum of sculpture, science museum and art library. The art collection is especially fine. It represents the life work of an able and enthusiastic collector and is valued by good judges at over a million dollars.

The "City of Homes" is also a city of Churches. Beautiful church edifices have been erected and able men act as pastors. This side of the life of the community is not allowed to fall behind the standard set in the educational and industrial life.

Springfield has a well organized and active Board of Trade. This Board is is always on the alert and its services are no doubt of much value to the city's interests. But the cleanliness and order of its streets, the intelligence and skill of its laborers, the success of its merchants and the prosperous condition of its factories:—all these form an argument stronger than any ever published in trade report or commercial journal. Springfield has done much for its citizens and industries in the past. There appears no reason why it will not continue to do so in the future.

ARCH ON THE N. Y., N. H. & H. RAILROAD OVER THE PECOUSIC RIVER

SAGINAW, THE NEW PITTSBURG OF THE WEST

By GEORGE A. GRANT,

Secretary of the Saginaw Board of Trade

IF the reader will turn to the map of the United States and trace the forty-third parallel of north latitude from the eighty-third to the eighty-fifth degree of longitude west, in the State of Michigan, thence north to the forty-fifth parallel of latitude, thence east across Saginaw bay and south on the eighty-third degree of longitude, the boundaries of the great Saginaw valley will be obtained. It is situated on both sides of the bay above named and on both sides of the Saginaw river and tributaries. It embraces an area of nearly 15,000 square miles of the best agricultural part of the great state of Michigan. From the map will be seen its position on the water and its connection by the chain of lakes with all the great lakes' shipping ports.

Saginaw, the third city in the state, the commercial metropolis and railroad center of northern Michigan, is situated in nearly the center of the valley. The town was first laid out in 1836, but was not incorporated until 1851. From that time forward, the growth of Saginaw has been steady and healthful and its unrivalled resources and location assure it a permanent increase of wealth and population in the future.

The former great staples of the Saginaw valley were lumber, salt and shingles. In 1890 over 900,000,000 feet of pine lumber, 225,000,000 shingles, and 154,000,000 pieces of lath were cut and shipped from the Saginaw river mills. During the same year nearly 2,000,000 barrels of fine salt was produced and marketed. With the disappearance of the pine tree from the lower peninsula of Michigan the gradual closing of the saw mills commenced, and the salt interests were also largely curtailed. Therefore, Saginaw in 1893 reached a period in its history of temporary stagnation incident to the changed condition of its resources. But today all is different and a new Saginaw with a population of 55,000 of the best and most progressive people of the United States is striving

GENESEE AVENUE, LOOKING EAST

for second position among the cities of the state; and with the development of our new resources no loyal Saginawian doubts that success will attend the effort.

The passing of the saw-mill called the attention of our capitalists and mill men to the fact that, in order to save the name of Saginaw as a great lumber market, they would have to look outside for lumber, and today our city is still one of the greatest lumber centers in the country. Some of the largest wholesale and retail concerns in the United States are located here and have a trade covering a large territory. Lumber in immense quantities is now brought here from Minnesota, Wisconsin and the upper lake ports, both by rail and water, and manufactured

SCENE ON THE SAGINAW RIVER

A SAGINAW COAL BREAKER

into sashes, doors, blinds, boxes and various other wooden articles. There is also tributary to Saginaw an immense, unlimited coal fields and agricultural resources. The Saginaw valley is the great sugar beet belt of the country and

A SAGINAW BEET SUGAR FACTORY

and apparently inexhaustible, supply of hard wood, and factories for utilizing the same are rapidly finding a place among Saginaw's permanent industries.

But the Saginaw of today depends not on lumber for its future, but on its millions of dollars are being invested in new factories for making sugar, thus adding to the value of every acre of farming land in this part of the state. During the past three years our country has increased its population at least 5,000

A SAGINAW COUNTY WHEAT FIELD

from new settlers who were attracted here by the beet sugar factories, thus adding to the wealth and commercial importance of our city and county.

For the emigrant with sufficient money to purchase a home, no section of the United States offers a better opportunity than can be found in Saginaw County. Experiments made in raising flax have been very successful and we look forward to the time when sufficient quantities will be raised to warrant the erection of factories for manufacturing all kinds of linen goods.

Inasmuch as the coal fields of the valley have been open less than five years and last year mined over a million tons of the best steam coal, the five-year old prediction of Honorable William L. Webber, that Saginaw would one day have 500,000 inhabitants, may not improbably be realized. Today there are twenty-three coal mines in operation and this number will be largely increased in the near future. Our state geologist, Mr. Alfred C. Lane, in his report of mines and mineral statistics for 1900, estimates that the amount of coal in the basin is not less than 15,000,000,000 tons, or enough to supply the United States for seventy-five years at the present rate of production of bituminous coal.

Saginaw, as a city to reside in, cannot be surpassed. It has all the metropolitan features of a great city and is remarkably healthy, its death rate being among the lowest in the United States. The religious and educational advantages of Saginaw are unexcelled by those of any other city in the country.

Our railroad facilities are the best of any city in the state, viz: seven divisions of the Pere Marquette railway, three divisions of the Michigan Central and a branch of the Grand Trunk. With these railroads radiating in eleven different directions, it will readily be seen that Saginaw is the natural commercial center of central Michigan. Our interurban electric lines will be enlarged and increased in number during the present year. Saginaw is the natural distributing center of a greater area than any other city in the state, and its wholesale

THE POST OFFICE, A TYPE OF SAGINAW'S PUBLIC BUILDINGS

jobbing houses have a trade, outside of city distribution, larger than that of any other city in the state.

Saginaw is a progressive city, having the distinction of being the first city in the United States to be lighted wholly by electricity. It has all other modern improvements, and a people whose hospitality is unbounded, who hereby extend a cordial invitation to the capitalist, the artisan and emigrant to locate in the coming "new Pittsburg of the West." Saginaw has two national and five state and savings banks, with a capital of $700,000, surplus and undivided profits of $870,000 and deposits of $10,047,300.

To summarize our industrial situation, the following paragraph from a publication by the Michigan Central Railroad will serve better than columns of figures:

"Too much cannot be said in favor of, and too much notice cannot be drawn to the rapidly growing importance of that section of Michigan * * * with its rich farming lands; its extremely favorable location, having its setting in almost the center of lower Michigan, on the beautiful and historic Saginaw river, adjacent to the great Saginaw bay and to Lake Huron. Notice is drawn to its immense sugar factories, a large plate glass factory, the great bituminous coal mines, the salt beds, the diversified industries — machine shops, industrial works, wooden ware factories, wood working shops, factories, chemical works, chickory factories, iron foundries, brass foundries, bicycle factories, nickel plating works, fisheries, extensive steel and wood ship building plants, dry docks, printing houses, etc., etc. Its street car lines, suburban electric lines, beautiful railroad passenger stations, hospitals, charitable institutions, beautiful church edifices, theatres and amusement halls, society temples and clubs, schools and educational buildings. Its broad, finely paved and beautifully shaded streets and avenues and handsome residences; perfect drainage and water works systems. There is railroad connection to every part of the United States and Canada and the railroad companies, looking to the future, have constructed belt lines around the city, thereby providing fine manufacturing sites for investors who wish to place capital in energetic and growing centers such as this, where the smoke arises from myriads of industrial chimneys along the river banks."

Anyone seeking information relative to a new location for manufacturing or wholesale merchandising should address the Saginaw Board of Trade. Inquiries will receive prompt attention and full information will be cheerfully given.

LYNN, CITY OF SHOES AND ELECTRICITY

By JOHN R. PARKER

LYNN is known the world over as the "Shoe City," but not alone upon the elegance of the footwear produced by her factories does she depend for fame. The electrical devices invented and manufactured in Lynn have also a world wide renown. Hence has been given a modification of the popular cognomen, and the *City of Shoes and Electricity* has come to be accepted as the proper title of this busy industrial municipality. Located eleven miles from Boston, which distance is covered in seventeen minutes by express trains, connected with the New England metropolis by two steam railroads and an electric railway, and with a steamboat line plying between the two cities, Lynn is in constant touch with a great commercial mart. A narrow peninsula three miles long holds back

the waters of Massachusetts bay, and forms a safe harbor, easy of access, and, when the improvements already begun by the national government have been completed, this harbor will prove ample for the commercial needs of the city.

A short distance back from the water front rises a ridge of hills, and beyond that, a natural forest now held by the city as a public reservation, giving to the inhabitants a breathing place of about 2,000 acres, and unsurpassed, in native beauty, by any of the public parks within the borders of the Commonwealth.

The settlement of Lynn dates back to 1629, when Edmund and Francis Ingalls came over from England and established homes in the eastern part of the present city. The next year a large company came over from the mother country, some of whom settled on the river Saugus, which here finds an outlet to the sea. Among the early settlers were two brothers named Wood, George Burrill, Allen Breed, John Hawkes, Samuel Graves, Edward Holyoke, Thomas Newhall, and others whose names have not only been perpetuated by their descendants, but by having them applied to sections and streets of the present city.

Rev. Mr. Whiting, one of the early pastors, having come from Lynn Regis, England, the new town was named in compliment to him. Newhall, the historian, says that in the old records the letter 'n' had a dash over it, indicating that the letter should be doubled, so that the true spelling, as accepted in 1637, was "Linn," which has in time been changed to the modern Lynn.

LOOKING WEST FROM CITY HALL SQUARE

The Soldiers' Monument is in the foreground, and the new public library on the right. Lynn Common extends from this square westerly for about a mile.

Iron ore was early discovered on the banks of the Saugus, and the first smelting works in the country were established here. Huge piles of cinders still mark the spot where the iron works were situated. In 1648, Governor Winthrop, speaking of these works said:

"The furnace runs eight tons a week, and their bar iron is as good as Spanish.

Not only were the first iron works set up here, but the skilled mechanic who controlled them made the dies for the pine tree shillings and constructed the first fire engine made in America.

Shoe making early engaged the attention of the inhabitants, but not until after the advent of John Adam Dagyr, a Welshman, skilled in the trade, did Lynn attract attention in that line, and from the time of his arrival until the present day, the industry has been the ruling one, and by it have come wealth and fame.

Lynn took on municipal glory in 1850, when an act of incorporation was granted, making her the seventh city in date of charter. Since then, the city of Lynn has made good progress, advancing from a meagre population of 12,000 the number required for a charter, to over 70,000 people at the present time. The great fire of 1889, when over five million dollars worth of property was destroyed, was a temporary setback, but the people rallied handsomely; the loss has been more than made up.

Lynn has always been a great industrial center. Before machinery had achieved the place it holds in the great economy of industry, nearly every man in town was a shoe maker. These were the days before the division of labor had been considered, and every man knew how to make a shoe from the measurement of the foot to the trying of the finished pro-

DUNGEON ROCK ROAD, LYNN WOODS

duct upon the wearer. There was a shoe shop in every door yard, in which the father worked at his trade and taught it to his sons, while his wife and daughter bound the uppers and made them ready for the attachment of the soles. The more ambitious members of the craft became "bosses," maintaining cutting rooms and sending out the stock to be bound by the women and made up by the men, and selling the finished product wherever a good market offered.

In 1792, Ebenezer Breed went to Philadelphia to learn the morocco trade, and later visited England, where he perfected himself in the craft, and on returning, brought over skilled workmen, and introduced the manufacture of upper leather in Lynn. The only parts of a shoe for which Lynn had to go outside its borders were the linings and soles. With the introduction of the McKay stitching machine, the shoe industry took an upward bound. Large buildings were erected to meet the new conditions, and the shoe makers, abandoning their little "ten-footers," as the old time shops were called, flocked to the factories and furnished an army of skilled workers to supply the increased demand. The manufacturers sought new fields in which to place their product, and the fame of Lynn as the producer of the best shoes in the market spread all over the land. The Civil War proved only a temporary check, and after peace was declared the shoe manufacturers of Lynn entered upon a period of unexampled prosperity. The workmen shared in it through the large wages earned. Competition has since reduced the profits of both employer and employed, but it is still admitted that Lynn has no superior in the manufacture of ladies' shoes, and no class of shoe workers are better paid or more regularly employed than those of Lynn.

According to the latest census returns, there are in Lynn 282 establishments connected with shoe manufacture and allied industries. They employ 11,152 people, who earn $5,266,915. The capital invested is $9,747,047, and the product amounts to $28,011,066. The factories, as a rule, are of brick, of mill construction, high and well lighted, few being less than five stories in height and some are seven and eight. The work of constructing a shoe has now many divisions, no employe working on more than one part, in which he becomes exceedingly expert, and the actual time in making is reduced to the lowest point, the shoe passing from hand to hand and reaching the packer with a rapidity that astonishes the novice. Lynn has always had a large body of expert workmen on shoes, and beside those native to the city, attracts the best and most skillful help from other places, and is thus able to maintain its prestige as the producer of the best shoes in the world. The foreign market has begun to attract the shoe manufacturers of Lynn, and large shipments to Europe and other countries are features of the trade that are having a very encouraging growth.

In 1883 the Thomson-Houston electric works were transferred from New Britain, Conn., to Lynn. The company located in a small building on Western avenue, and at first employed about seventy-five men. Professor Elihu Thomson, whose inventions cover a wide range of electrical discovery, was the electrician of the company, and had for his assistant E. W. Rice, Jr., now technical director of the General Electric Company. Men of wealth put their capital and influence into the new enterprise, and from small beginnings it has grown to gigantic proportions, the Lynn factories alone covering twenty acres of ground, and giving employment to over 5,000 operatives who earn about $3,000,000 annually. The General Electric Company of twenty years ago has the largest electrical plants in the world, including factories and

foundries at Lynn, the latter situated on the Saugus river, where supplies are landed on the wharf from vessels which come direct from shipping ports with raw material and fuel. The industry is a growing one, more factories being now in process of erection to meet the demands of the increasing business. Professor Thomson is still engaged in experimental work, and with his skilled army of assistants keeps well abreast of the advancing discoveries in the science to which he is devoting his life.

While the shoe and electric industries are the principal features of the production of Lynn, there are others covering every branch of business, the census crediting the city with ninety-three. The total establishments number 776, employing capital amounting to $17,011,761. The wage earners number 17,492 and their wages count up to $8,575,642. The total value of the products of Lynn industries is $41,633,845. With such a showing, Lynn can rightly claim to be an industrial center.

Lynn has always taken a great interest in the education of the young. The present high school building, a magnificent structure, provided with every modern convenience for the work the teachers are expected to perform, was erected in 1892. The total number of scholars registered in the city's schools is 10,150. To instruct them there are 283 teachers, established in forty-six school houses. In addition to the regular public schools there are evening schools in the winter and vacation schools in the summer, with industrial training in the English high school.

Every creed and shade of religious belief is represented in the churches or congregations that minister to the spiritual wants of the people. There is a flourishing Young Men's Christian

BREED'S POND, ONE OF THE NATURAL BEAUTY SPOTS AROUND LYNN

Association here, and the subject of a larger and elegant structure for its use is under agitation. The Methodist faith found its first foothold in Lynn; the Society of Friends was established in 1702 by men of the faith who came from England, and Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, while living in Lynn wrote the book which is the guide of all who accept the doctrines of Christian Science.

Lynn is noted for its fraternal and social organizations. All the secret orders and those of a beneficial nature are represented, and it is a rare thing to find a man who is not connected with some of them. The principal social clubs are the Park and the Oxford Clubs. The latter is handsomely housed on Washington Square, in a building erected by the members. Post 5, G. A. R., owns the building it occupies, and several of the labor organizations and benevolent societies are equally favored. A flourishing historical society keeps alive the traditions of the early days of the place.

The Lynn Board of Trade has come to be one of the most important factors of the municipal life, and many public improvements as well as encouragements to private enterprise attest the value of this energetic association of live business men. A board of health looks after the sanitary conditions, and assures the health of the people. A board of public works has charge of the streets and keeps them in excellent condition. Pure water is obtained from ponds located in the highlands that skirt the city, supplied by a water shed that is kept free from contamination with the utmost care. Gas and electric light is furnished at low rates. Electric cars run through all the principal streets, connecting the out-lying sections with the central part of the city, and furnishing easy access for people of the adjoining towns to the factories where many of them find employment. The Lynn Hospital has a fine equipment; there are two other hospitals open to the public, beside several similar institutions of a private nature.

Lynn is blessed with a public library containing 62,041 bound volumes and

ONE OF LYNN'S MANY MODERN SHOE FACTORIES

Eight stories high and two hundred and thirty feet long; located on Washington street. This is the type of factory which has succeeded the home shops.

ONE OF THE OLD SHOE SHOPS OF LYNN

There are still about one hundred of these scattered about the city. A family of nine children was raised in this building, which served as shop and home.

7,704 pamphlets. It is contained in one of the finest buildings in the state, and is justly regarded with pride by all the people. The spirit of Christian charity is strongly developed here, and the institution that affords shelter to those whom old age or misfortune have stranded is known officially as the City Home. The city is rich in handsome residences, but the peculiar feature of Lynn in the matter of homes is the large number of houses owned and occupied by the wage earners, and few, if any, of the cities of the Commonwealth can surpass her in this particular.

Lynn offers especial attractions to young and ambitious men who are desirous of advancing their interests. Capital stands ready to encourage the deserving, and hence new industries as well as new men can find here an assistance that older and more conservative cities might hesitate to furnish. With thirteen banking institutions for the accommodation of the business interests, an active Board of Trade constantly on the alert to lend a hand for the advancement of the city, the commercial spirit strong among the people, Lynn bids fair to maintain her present position as a thriving and enterprising center of industrial activity, and to occupy a permanent place in the front rank of the cities of the Commonwealth.

LOWELL, A CITY OF INDUSTRY

By LEWIS E. MACBRAYNE

WHEN President Roosevelt, passing through New England on a memorable trip in August, paused for a brief quarter of an hour to address a great gathering of people on the South Common in Lowell, he said with truth:

"I am speaking in one of the oldest industrial centers of this country, one of the places in which modern industrialism in America took its rise."

And a moment later he told the reason of its being when in this sentence he concisely told the whole story of Lowell:

"You have done your part in the world by building up this city through the development of your factories, through the business skill and enterprise, and the manual labor, both hard and skillful, of your sons."

For no city in New England owes her existence to industrial development as does this City of Spindles, built about two swift flowing rivers, and now intersected by more than five miles of canals.

The largest city in Middlesex county —and that the most historic county in the country—Lowell has no revolutionary history. It was set off from the town of Chelmsford March 1, 1826, and was named for Francis Cabot Lowell, the man who, having improved the English power loom, had incorporated the town of Waltham for manufacturing purposes thirteen years before, and now suggested to others the establishment upon a greater plane, afforded by the 10,000 horse power of the Merrimack, a cotton manufacturing center that should rival the industry in England.

How rapid was the growth of Lowell may be gained from the fact that it remained a town for but ten years, and that within the decade the great Merrimack Corporation had been followed by the Appleton, Middlesex, Suffolk, Tremont, Lawrence, Bleachery, Boott and Massachusetts, giving employment to thousands of people, running at a hand-

some profit, and already gaining a foreign trade.

Let us then take Lowell as she is, a great industrial city, and consider her development from that view. Previous to the incorporation of Lowell, East Chelmsford had been an agricultural village, with the town hall four miles away. And one morning several farmers awoke to find that they had sold all of their land for the establishment of an ideal manufacturing city, when they had supposed that they were letting in a sheep raising industry that would add to the rural features of their town.

We may well say an ideal manufacturing city, for the promoters of it, Patrick Jackson, Kirk Boott, Paul Moody, Warren Dutton and others whose names you will find perpetuated in the names of corporations and streets, and whose portraits are preserved in the City Hall, built in the pasture lands not only the great factories that line the Merrimack and Concord rivers, but laid out streets about them, constructed tall red brick boarding houses and gave money for the first church, the first school, and the

THE CITY HALL, A TYPE OF LOWELL'S PUBLIC BUILDINGS

first library, and in other ways planned for the happiness of the operatives who were called over from the factories of England, or trained from the New England farms.

Old residents still speak with pride of those early days in Lowell. It was true that they were days of fourteen hours labor for a time, and had other conditions that could not hold today; but it was the time when the best brain and brawn of the New Hampshire and Massachusetts farms were not above working for a part of the year in the factories of the city; when, in spite of the long hours, there were girls who found the time to write for the mill magazine edited by Lucy Larcom — of pleasant memory—and young men found their entertainment in excellent lectures afforded by the Middlesex Mechanics Association, now a thing of the past.

These were the days when all of the employes of the mills lived in the brick boarding houses that so impressed Charles Dickens, the English novelist, when he visited Lowell; days when the boarding house mistress was the matron of all the young women who lived under her roof, when the curfew laws were in force, and it was an offence to be upon the streets after ten o'clock at night.

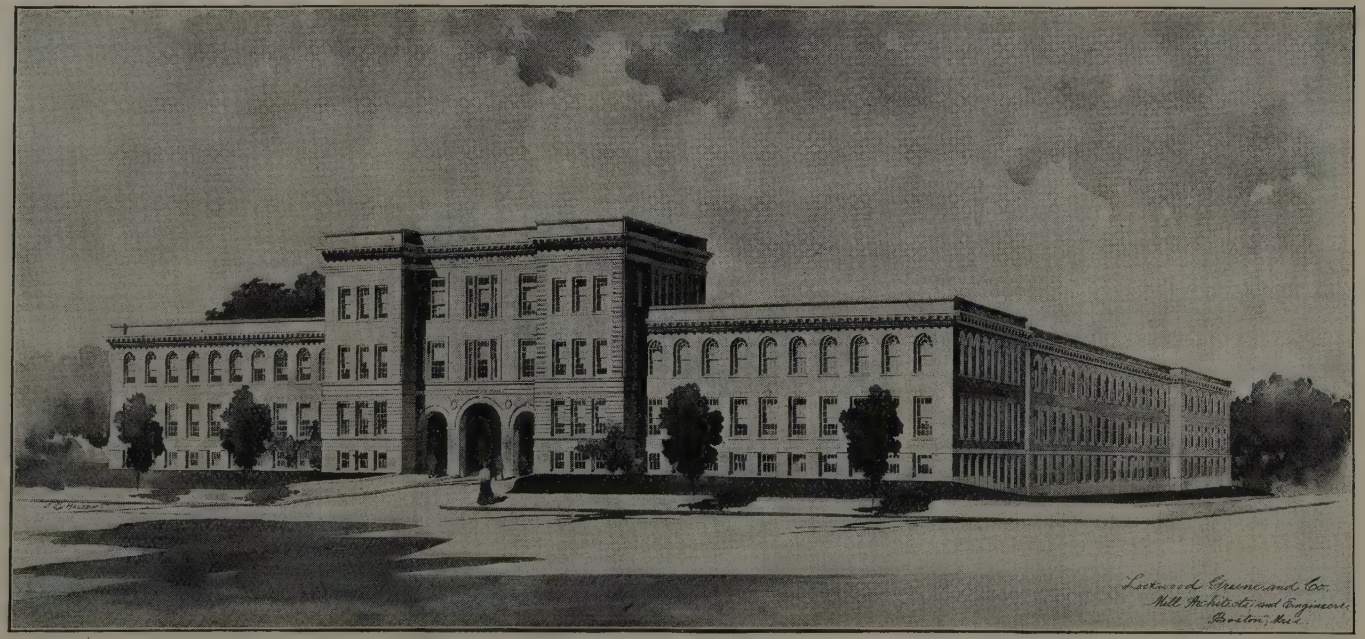
THE TREMONT AND SUFFOLK MILLS

At that time was bred the true democracy of Lowell, a democracy that has outlived the changing conditions; for, while wealth has followed prosperity, and costly houses have been built in aristocratic precincts removed from corporation streets, the best society of the city has never closed its doors upon well bred men, however humbly they may have worked, or upon women of education, with no wealth to advance them.

At first a cotton center, the industries

THE LOWELL TEXTILE SCHOOL, THE ONLY INDEPENDENT INSTITUTION OF ITS KIND IN AMERICA

This school, which is a public institution, commanding the aid and counsel of the best experts in the great textile mills of Lowell, was established "for instruction in the theory and practical art of textile and kindred branches of industry." It is of the greatest value in supplying trained workers in the textile industries. Hitherto the school has occupied rented quarters, but this fall it moves into new buildings erected for its occupancy. The principal is William W. Crosby, S. B., and he is at the head of a large corps of skilled instructors. While the equipment is very extensive and in variety exceeding that of any other textile school, the proximity of great textile mills manipulating all fibers, makes them valuable adjuncts, frequent visits thereto being made by classes. The trustees of the school are, with but few exceptions, treasurers, agents or superintendents of the mill corporations of the Merrimack Valley, which insures practical instruction.

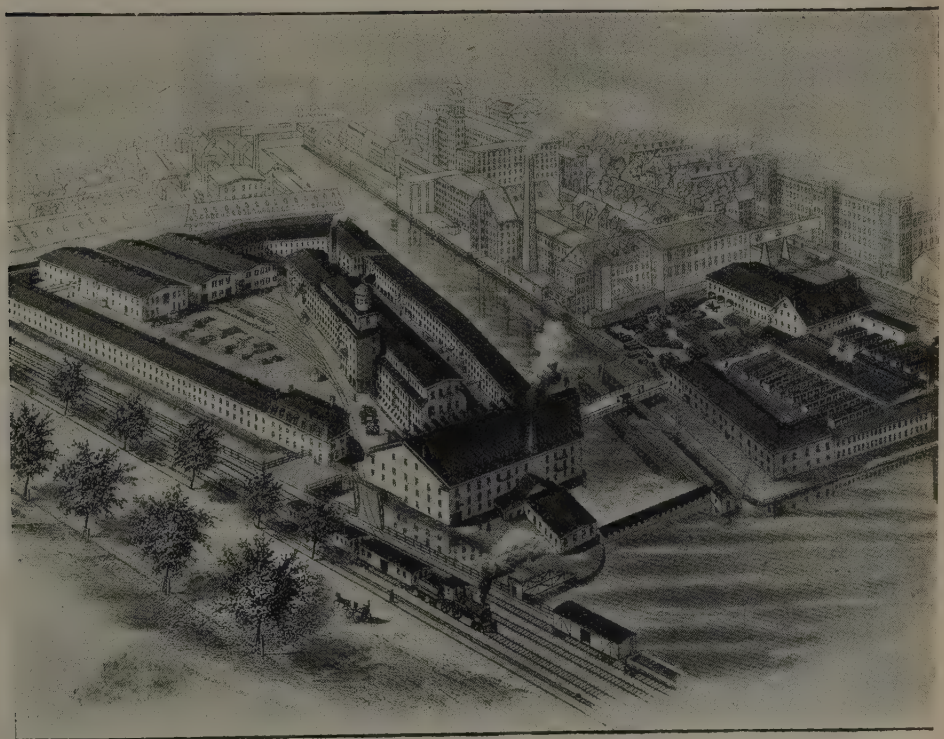


of Lowell soon broadened to woolens, carpets, shoes, machinery, proprietary medicines, cartridges, and manufactured goods of lesser importance, until almost any class of labor could find employment here; until the goods made found a ready market from Boston to China, and from Canada to South America.

It was certain to follow that the city, selling to foreign lands, must soon attract the immigrants seeking to better their condition by settling in the United States. The English had been invited here and the Irish had followed in the early days of Lowell. Then came an influx of French Canadians, until the French section of the city became a city in itself. These supplied the new "help" that was needed until near the close of the century, when the tide of immigration changed and set in from a source far away. Armenians, Assyrians, Russians, Austrians, Scandinavians, Azore Islanders, Poles and Greeks began to come in increasing numbers, until finally a full score of languages were spoken in the city.

Now with all this alien blood flowing into the body politic, there has as yet been no serious disorder in the system. Lowell never has had a serious strike, though other manufacturing cities in the state have groaned beneath the cloud of them. There have been the attendant evils of untrained administration of civic affairs in a rapidly growing community, but they have seldom gone unpunished, and the sober element of the community has never lost entire control. And there has been maintained an economic standard of living that has allowed the working people, even upon the comparatively

THE LOWELL MACHINE SHOPS



low wages of a manufacturing city, to lay away millions of money in the savings banks.

There have been illustrious men, the names of several of whom are still fresh in our memory; there have been three sons of working parents, one of them himself a bobbin boy in a Lowell mill, who have lived to occupy the seat of the governor of Massachusetts; but Lowell must ever be treated as a city of the plain people, "one of those places in which modern industrialism took its rise."

"He builds the city well who lays patriotism in its corner stone," some sage once wrote. There is no better proof that true love of country can abide with hard and confining toil than certain pages of the history of this city, born within the hundred years. Let the Mexican war pass, though Lowell troops were there. When the Civil War came she sent her sons out of all proportion to her population; and the first blood shed when the Sixth Massachusetts marched through Baltimore was that of two Lowell volunteers, both of them at work but a few days before in Lowell mills. And the Spanish-American War saw a repetition of this display of service. Again the city went on the honor roll for the number of men furnished both for volunteer and regular regiments.

A compact city—few occupy less area with a population of nearly a hundred thousand — surrounded by towns that sent their minute men to Concord in 1776, her patriotism is not of the noisy kind, but has been woven in the fabric of daily living, as the loom and shuttle of public opinion have moved to and fro.

Let us speak, apart from dry statistics, of the Lowell of today. There are still the two beautiful rivers flowing to the sea, still the circle of wooded hills, still the wealth of foliage in the valley that reminds one somewhat of a city in Tuscany when seen from afar. The cottages of the mechanics have supplemented the brick corporation houses, one day to become relics of the past. The suburbs are built up with attractive residences that show where wealth earned here is still spent. There are schools that are models in the state; churches that worship almost side by side in recognition of a common God; a great textile college that marks a new industrial step in the training of men for finer goods than Southern competition can face; a fire department that seldom hears the general alarm; an artesian well supply that has solved a complex problem for other cities; fine clubs, prosperous fraternal societies, charities as diverse as the needs of frail humanity: in short, a city built through "the labor, both hard and skillful, of her sons;" a hive of industry that knows but few drones.

BATTLE CREEK, THE HEALTH FOOD CITY

By FREDERICK E. S. TUCKER

PROBABLY no other city of its class in the United States has enjoyed larger prosperity than has come to Battle Creek, Michigan, within the last two years. Over two millions of dollars have been invested in industries, the most of which came from the citizens. New factories are going up all over the place and the population has increased over 6,000 within this time. From the number of health food companies that have been organized (and there are but twenty-

three) and the immense business these institutions are doing, Battle Creek is known as the health food center of the world; but her industries are not confined to health foods alone. She has two elegant sanitariums, one the largest in the world; two thresher machine works, where more threshers and engines are turned out than in any other city on the globe; and more steam pumps are manufactured here than in any two cities of the world. Printing presses, paper boxes, food cartons, shipping tags, hose clamps, cement butts for telegraph and fence posts, side wall registers for hot air furnaces, chewing gum, chocolate chips, organs, refrigerators, varnish, horse collars, mail wagons, acetylene street lights, and air compressors are made in this thriving city and shipped to all parts of the world.

A GLIMPSE OF BATTLE CREEK FROM THE MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY STATION

Some idea of the prosperity of this

ONE OF THE GREAT SANITARIUMS THAT HAVE CARRIED BATTLE CREEK'S NAME ALL OVER THE WORLD

city can be gained from the report of the state factory inspector. A year ago he reported fifty-two factories in operation employing 2,000 persons, this year he reports seventy-five, employing 5,500, and there are yet a number organized that have not commenced production.

Battle Creek is called the Queen City of Michigan and it well deserves the name. The percentage of foreign population here is very small indeed and there is not a family in the city whose members cannot read and write in English. The laboring men receive good wages and are all prosperous; in fact, a large per cent of stock purchased in the new organizations was taken by working men. Many of the mechanics are stock holders in the factories where they work, and this financial interest on the part of the employes has done much toward making a success of the various enterprises in which they are engaged.

The Queen City does not boast of any palatial homes, neither are there any hovels. The mechanics have places worth from one to three thousand dollars, and it is their contentment and thrift that has made our little city so beautiful. Dwellings are being erected on nearly every street, and since April first, 196 new houses have been built. About 160 are dwellings for the owners to live in, the others are to rent. There

A BIT OF NATURAL PARK IN PICTURESQUE BATTLE CREEK

SOUTH JEFFERSON STREET

is hardly a house that can be rented; mechanics cannot erect them fast enough to supply the demand. A majority of Battle Creek working men own their

THE POST TAVERN

homes. Each family vies with the others in having the most attractive lawn and surroundings; the streets are lined with beautiful shade trees, and the principal ones are paved with brick.

There are four good hotels, all doing a paying business. The Post Tavern, erected by C. W. Post a little over a year ago, is the best between Detroit and Chicago. Last March, the Post Theater was opened to the public. This elegant structure cost $40,000, seats 1,200 people and no city of 30,000 population in America can boast of a better play house. The Post Theatre is owned by a stock company, the stock holders being the citizens.

Battle Creek has never had what is termed a boom. Her citizens are loyal and all work for the prosperity of the town. Every factory is rushed with orders and many run twenty-four hours a day. The inventor who has a meritorious article and who is seeking capital to place it on the market, can secure that capital in Battle Creek with but little effort.

Over three millions of dollars were spent by Battle Creek concerns last year in advertising their products in magazines and newspapers, and the amount will be greatly increased when all the new factories are in operation. The result of this advertising is that Battle Creek health institutions are visited by patients from almost every country on the globe, her health foods are eaten and her cereal coffees drank on both sides of the Atlantic. Spanish maidens are chewing Battle Creek gum, and the heart of the Scotch damsel cannot be won without Battle Creek chocolates. Battle Creek organs soon will furnish music in the churches of all civilized countries; her printing presses are printing papers in Italy, Belgium and France; steam pumps from the Queen City are used in England, France, Russia, Denmark, Germany, Norway, Sweden and the Hawaiian Islands, and soon the streets of villages in many countries will be lighted by acetylene lights made in this enterprising city. The grain in the Argentine Republic is threshed by machines made by Battle Creek workmen.

This is the home of the Seventh Day Adventist denomination and much of the city's prosperity can be attributed to these people. In their printing plant, which is the largest in the state, denominational papers are printed in nearly every language and mailed all over the world.

The city supports eleven public schools and the people maintain fourteen churches. The public school system is of the very best.

This prosperous, progressive city is democratic in all things. There is no aristocracy and no hoarding of wealth. People have faith in the future of the place and all have worked in unison to make it what it now is called, "The Queen City of Michigan."

ON HIMSELF

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;
Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

Walter Savage Landor

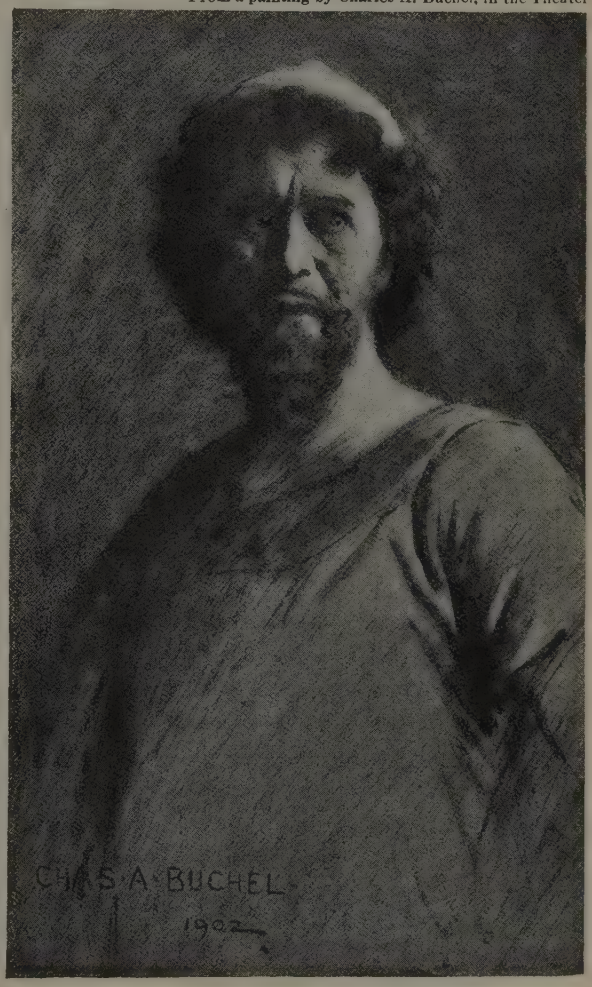
Is Phillips' "Ulysses" A Tragedy, or Mere Pantomime?

By RALPH BERGENGREN

ALTHOUGH the exact date is hardly settled, and the cast of players still somewhat a matter for future discussion, the American production of Mr. Stephen Phillips' *Ulysses* is definitely promised as the most gorgeous stage spectacle of the coming season. If one were familiar with only a part of the criticism evoked by Mr. Beerbohm Tree's London performance one would be tempted immediately to hail the promise as an altogether worthy combination of lavish spectacular outlay and artistic merit. There is certainly room enough and to spare for creation of stage illusions: Olympus and the gods, Hades and the mournful shades, Calypso and "her odorous, amorous isle of violets," to say nothing of "gaunt Ithaca" and the palace of Ulysses. The only rival of *Ulysses* in the distinction of its stage setting will be Mr. Mansfield's production of a Shakespearean drama; we shall thus have an even better opportunity to judge whether or not Mr. Phillips' blank verse is worthy of the setting which Mr. Tree has given it in London and Mr. Frohman proposes to duplicate in New York.

Meantime, there are two opinions, based on his English presentation, and

MR. BEERBOHM TREE AS ULYSSES
From a painting by Charles A. Buchel, in the Theater



very much at variance. The play will be seen by a goodly number of play goers, if for no other reason than simply to satisfy their aesthetic curiosity. Other thousands, scattered here and there over the country, will read the widely differing opinions of our own critics and will wonder what the home of this particular prophet really thought of him. For our own critics, unless they sing much more in harmony than those who have already given their verdict, will come to very different judgments. The play itself is of unquestionable importance. The bigness of the theme, the boldness of any author who dares step, pen in hand, even into the home circle of the Olympian deities, demands more than a merely curious inspection. Such has been, in the main, the attitude aroused by the English production, and opinion has run the gamut from crowning Mr. Phillips as a genius to describing him as a mere tool cheerfully self adapted to the business of turning Homer into a vehicle for the convenient display of Mr. Tree's own personality and the arrangement of a series of startling and novel triumphs for his scene painter and stage carpenters.

Ulysses, to take the extreme view of its theatricalness, is a pantomime, differing from *Herod*, the author's preceding play, only in that the latter was a melodrama. The gods of Olympus, in its prologue, are but another form of the fairies in the Drury Lane pantomime with which the English public is so pleasantly familiar. Calypso's island serves as an excuse for a ballet. Hades is a spectacular digression, hardly so well done as Sir Henry Irving's Brocken scene in *Faust*. The palace of Ulysses, whither the wanderer finally returns in the last act, is again spectacular with the melodramatic interest of a good fight added. Even archæologists, says my clipping, approve this palace of Ulysses; but, for the rest, the verse is not beautiful and the construction is simply such as serves the purpose of writing a play around Mr. Tree and his scene painters.

It is not altogether impossible to get this observer's pen point of view in reading the book of *Ulysses*, even without seeing it upon the stage; read calmly the verse is uneven; there are too many moments, despite the fact that the author rises high in many passages, when the verse is mechanical and the reader feels that a given line has been finished with the hope of doing better in the next. But even so, it is quite impossible altogether to agree with the critic. One suspects an inherent distaste for spectacular performances and, possibly, an acquired distaste for Mr. Tree. And one turns with a certain degree of relief to another opinion—"that it is a great thing for us all that there should be produced a drama full of imagination, full also of poetry, aiming always, if it does not always reach, for the highest levels of that art work which will redeem our age from the trivial, the vulgar, and the ephemeral."

But what are we actually to gather from these two opinions whose diversity puts in a nut shell the present attitude of those who have seen and heard his work toward a man who either is or is not a growing force in the literature of the modern drama? First of all, Mr. Phillips is apparently endeavoring to make the modern drama literature; to make it worthy not only of being heard with all the accessories of the play house, but of being read in leisure hours by the homely light of the imagination. He has argued, it may be, that a spectacular setting is the direct, and only practicable course, to this desirable achievement. A modern audience is not typically responsive to verse for its own beauty, although it may easily be led to visit Hades if the trip can be taken without physical discomfort.

Two things, however, may be fairly

"ULYSSES" AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATER—SCENE FROM THE LAST ACT: THE SLAYING OF ANTINOUS AND THE OTHER SUITORS

Drawn by G. Amato for the London Illustrated News

deduced from the bulk of opinions already passed upon *Ulysses*. First, that the author has not succeeded to the mantle of Homer. Why should he? And, second, that he has materially failed in the solution of his most difficult artistic problem.

The gods and goddesses in converse on Olympus were not convincing to English play goers and, with our own greater lack of respect, they are likely to prove "funny without being vulgar" to a typical New York audience. To visualize the gods is an affair of the individual imagination; to see them with the naked eye is another matter; and to hear them making sly references, albeit in rhymed couplets, to those portions of their domestic history that, to put it mildly, are least dignified, is not calculated to help the illusion.

As for the play as a whole, the question of its literary merit comes down finally to the question: Do we accept the *Ulysses* of the story as a human being and does our meeting with him mean that our own understanding of the significance of our own daily life is ever so little strengthened. That can be told only when the play is with us.

Several plays have come to America in the past few years that were said to be "literature," but no other that had first become so immediately a bone of contention between warring opinions. And a play is not literature unless it is "worth while" and not worth while unless it strikes some sincere note of the actual; something of human experience past or present or tragic or trivial.

TO AUTUMN

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun:
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

* * * * * *

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them—thou hast heard thy music too;
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking, as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

John Keats

The Greatest of In-Door Games

By HENRY ESSEX

THIS winter Ping-Pong will doubtless reach the greatest point of popularity that a game has ever attained.

In the last twenty years, there have been three great furores in games. These were Tiddledy Winks, flippant and foolish but still fascinating; Pillow Dex, the immensely popular game played with inflated Pillow Dex balloons, (which are struck to and fro across a dividing line) and Ping-Pong:—

And the greatest of these is Ping-Pong.

It is a notable and significant fact that all three of these games are games in which the element of physical skill enters. It is also a notable fact that all three of them are purely of English derivation, although the American game publishing house of Parker Brothers is responsible for the last two furores, and is the sole maker of both Ping-Pong and Pillow Dex in the United States.

Of these three games Tiddledy Winks is entirely devoid of generalship or mental skill. Pillow Dex has use for a certain degree of intelligence, while Ping-Pong, on the other hand, possesses larger opportunities for ability and strategy. The English people are very fond of games in which physical skill is employed. They are, in fact, also very fond of mental board games requiring strategy, although no good strategical *board* game has come out from England, while the United States has produced, in recent years, the great games of skill —Go Bang, Halma and Chivalry. Prior to Ping-Pong several inferior games of this kind were devised, more adapted, however, for the use of children than that of adults. One of these games was played with miniature strung rackets and a miniature net, and balls closely packed and covered with worsted netting. These balls had considerable "bounce" and the net was intended to be fastened between chairs. The game was some times used upon the floor and some times upon the dining room table. Even Pillow Dex balloons were used to make an indoor game of this class.

To the adaptation of the celluloid ball with the old English battledore, used in battledore and shuttlecock, is due the invention of Ping-Pong. An Englishman, a Mr. Gibb, first brought the game to the London house of Hamley Brothers, and in crude form this little game was produced, with English battledores and Xylonite balls. The balls were roughly made and the game did not "go" very well; under the very unattractive name of Gossima it failed to attract much popular attention.

The English firm, however, saw the possibilities of the game, and had some superior balls of celluloid made especially for the purpose, of the same size and practically the same weight as those used today.

The game in this improve form soon gained favor, and the Hamleys shrewdly devised and trademarked, both in Great Britain and in the United States, the now world famous name "*Ping-Pong*."

The following winter, the game became

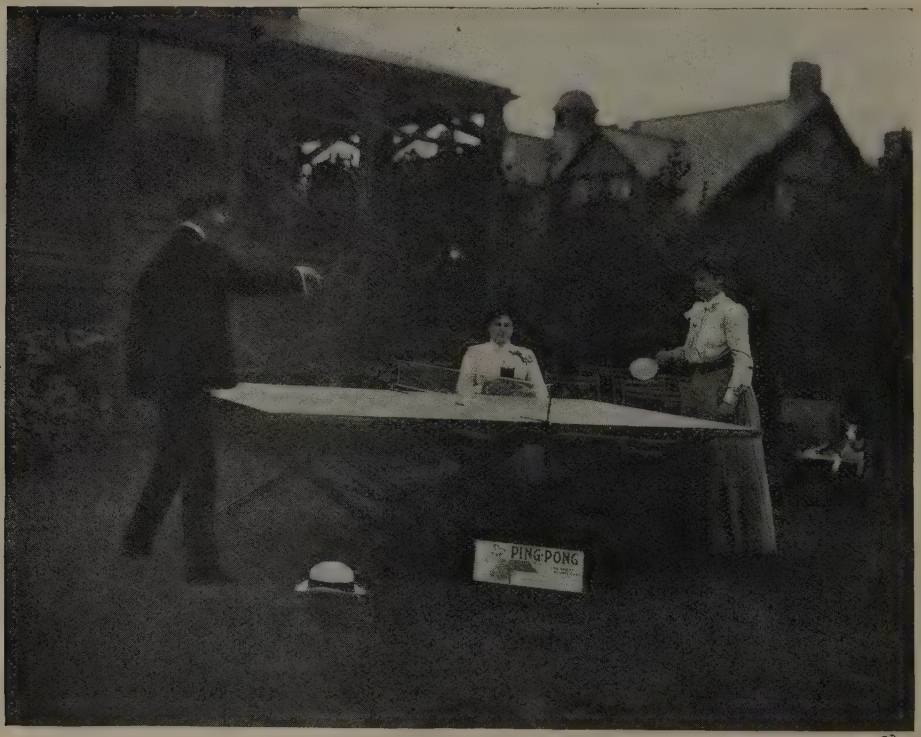
a great success, and Messrs. Parker Brothers of Salem, Mass., the leading house of its kind on this side of the water, took charge of the introduction of the game into America, and became owners of the famous American trade mark and copyright.

The enormous success of Ping-Pong increased and then quadrupled in both countries, and will, undoubtedly, this autumn and winter, reach the highest point of success a game has ever known. The immense success of Ping-Pong has induced the making of similar games, although differing and less popular in some very essential details. The most often seen of these imitations is "table tennis," which resembles, but is not the same as Ping-Pong, and is without the protected features of the world famous game.

"The Laws of Ping-Pong," as the rules of the genuine game are called, have been prepared with great care by experts in the game, the most distinguished of whom is Mr. Arnold Parker, who won the amateur Ping-Pong championship in London and who has devoted much study and care to the game. There is neither space nor need, nor have I the right, as they are copyrighted, to give the "Laws of Ping-Pong" here, but it should be noted that they are quite distinct from the miscellaneous rules which are made for imitative games.

The racket is the most important of the implements used in Ping-Pong, although the quality, weight and sensitiveness of the ball is also a most important feature. Originally, the old English vellum battledore was used. Arnold Parker himself won the great Queen's Hall Ping-Pong tournament in London with a vellum battledore. The solid

A GAME OF PING-PONG OUT OF DOORS



PING-PONG, FROM A PAINTING BY W GRANVILLE SMITH

racket, leather covered, is now the most popular with expert Ping-Pongists, though the Parkers have also made rackets in plain wood, corrugated wood, cork covered, rubber covered, emery covered, leather covered, and in fact of all kinds of material which the desires of the expert Ping-Pongist could demand.

The object in making rackets of these different materials is to accomplish more readily the "spin " or "cut" of the ball, which is made to bound in various unexpected directions after striking the surface of the table, caused by the draw of the racket across the surface of the ball in the stroke.

"Many players think that a cork racket is the only thing to play with," says Arnold Parker. The cork racket retains the ball for an infinitesimal part of a second, giving the opportunity to impart the spin or twist, which upon a rapid return is most puzzling to the opponent. The cork racket, in fact, has many of the advantages of the vellum, without the bad points of the latter, the worst of which is the sensitiveness of vellum to damp weather. The finest

racket in the opinion of many players seems to be that used at the Waldorf-Astoria Ping-Pong Gallery in New York, and which was first made by the Parkers for the special use of this place. It is covered with fine ooze leather, which imparts a spin to the ball to an even more desirable degree, and with perhaps greater surety than any other racket.

In the last twelve months over twelve million balls have been made in America and England for Ping-Pong. The first placed was for only seven thousand balls. This shows the growth of the game.

The perfect Ping-Pong ball should be both *strong* and *light*. The principal balls which are used are the "Match Ping Pong," adopted by the Ping Pong association and used in all leading American and English tournaments. Every "Match Ping Pong" ball is gauged as to size and weight; those under weight or of inaccurate size and shape being discarded. In addition there are several Xylonite and celluloid balls made, which are excellent.

The Bisque ball, so called, which is the ordinary ball, is, when perfectly made, desirable.

The "halex ball" is a strongly made ball, but, in the opinion of most experts, too heavy and hard bounding to be adapted to fine play. For perfect play, a ball requires all of the following: *strength*, *lightness* and *roundness*, and should be what in base ball is termed a "dead" ball, that is, a ball which rises slowly, and which is sensitive to the cut, or, as the English call it, the "screw" imparted by the racket.

As to tables, probably ninety-nine out of one hundred games are played upon that familiar article, the dining room table. For tournament, or perfect play, however, a table should be used which is not over two and one-half feet from the floor, and nine feet by five feet in size. The English champion prefers a table six by nine, but this has never been adopted. There are many excellent tables upon which a Ping-Pong set may be used. For home use eight by four is a good size.

The net should be invariably of green material, bound all around with an edge of white, and should be, when extended, as nearly as possible, six and three-fourths inches above the table at its upper line, and should, for tournament purposes, be used only with extension posts, although the ordinary clamp posts are far more convenient for ordinary home use, as they are more easily applied to a dining room table.

I have endeavored to give above a few essential facts. This is not the place for a technical description of the game. The foregoing facts are merely those which observations of a continuous play and test of "weapons" have proved convincing to the writer, and which seem to be in accordance with the leading authorities and players of Ping-Pong in America and England.

The Promotion of Ebenezer Johnson

By WINTHROP PACKARD

PROFESSOR BOOKERTON gazed with pride at the class of young law students before him.

"Gentermen," he said, "as you hab already imbibed from your text books and mah lectures on dis subject, de law is built upon a foundation ob common sense applied to de different conflicts and problems ob material existence. Upon dat foundation, I say, but in de more abstruse applications ob dem principles it is apt to rise a good many stories above de foundations. Dat's what I am about to examine you on and de answers what I get is gwine to determine whedder or not you am sufficiently grounded in dis science to go on into de advanced class or not; so gib me your best efforts in de problems I am about to put before you. Mistah Wombaby, will you kindly gib me a practical ebehy day exposition ob what am meant by de term litigation."

Mr. Wombaby rose cheerfully. "Litigation," he said, "am when two men want de same cow and want her mighty bad. One ob dem gits dat cow by de ho'ns an he pull mighty hard for to carry her off. De odder man he gits dat cow by de tail an pull mighty hard his way. But dey both pull so hard dat de cow she ain't do a thing but stay right whar she is and dey can't either ob dem git her. Den dey begin to offer anodder man money for to come and help dem pull. Dat am litigation."

"Correct," replied Professor Bookerton. "Dat am litigation. Mistah Wombaby, you am promoted to de next grade for your correctness in definition. Mistah Swanboy, what am legal practice?"

"Legal practice," said Mr. Swanboy, "am when de man what's called upon takes de money what's coming to him and says to both ob dem fellers, 'Pull, gentermens, pull for all you is worf; de man what pulls hardest gits de cow.'"

"Correct, again," said the professor. "Now can any one tell me any further functions ob de lawyer in dis case?"

There was a pause for a time and no one seemed able to wrestle successfully with this further and more advanced problem until Ebenezer Johnson arose with the light of inspiration in his eye.

"Professor Bookerton," said he, "It seem to me dat de lawyer what knows his business in dis case is gwine to wait till dem fellahs is pulling deir hardest on dat cow an den he's gwine git a pail and sit down and milk her."

The professor's eyes grew moist as he beamed with honest pride through his glasses. "Mistah Johnson," he said, "you am advanced all de grades to de post graduate course in supreme court diplomacy. You ain't no common law student, you ain't. Dere's de making ob an expert on financial statesmanship in you."

Our Poets

By FRANK PUTNAM

'TIS my delightful daily task
To read what lines our Poets write,—
Nay, friend, no pity do I ask
For this my pleasing daily task
That is no task, but a delight.

Serena spins on sheets of pink,
Her maiden fancies, fair and free;
Alonzo sighs in scented ink;
Hernando chants the joys of drink
With bully bluster—Whoopee! Whee!

Adolphus like a satyr sings
Of Maud, Lucinda, Mayme and Kate;
Each night upon a different gate
The rascal swings, and, while I wait,
Each day to me a sonnet flings.

Ralph Waldo, from his cradle curst
With name that bids him vainly sweat
Above lean, limping lines, the worst
It ever was my lot to get,—
E'en *he* is welcome; though unversed,
He shines amid the Browning set.

The quick tears to my eyelids start,
Scanning the page before me spread,—
Sad, simple song that soothed the heart
Of her who sang it, far apart
From her dear soldier lover, dead.

To my small, noisy corner come
The peace of firesides warm and clean;
The country's calm, the city's hum;
The martial notes of fife and drum;
The scent of grasses soft and green.

Our Poets:—May God always keep
Their lives in paths of pleasantness!
May they on airy pinions sweep
The dull fields where we sow and reap,
And, singing, make our sorrows less.

THE BATTLESHIP ALABAMA, A TYPE OF THE NEWEST AND MOST POWERFUL AMERICAN WAR VESSELS

Our Naval Defense Problem

By JOHN CALLAN O'LAUGHLIN

JOHN C. O'LAUGHLIN

WAR is no longer the only school of the soldier and sailor. Principles derived from historical investigation are as applicable in this day of steam and the rapid fire gun as they were in that of sails and the muzzle loading carronade or in that of oars and the sword. Study of these principles in time of peace and their observance under conditions simulating those of war point the way to the most efficient use of modern weapons, either for defense at home or to uphold the honor of the Flag abroad.

Manœuvers are thus recognized as an essential feature of the education of the military and naval services of all progressive nations. Great Britain has, for years, required her navy to solve strategical and tactical problems, which related to the maintenance of her supremacy upon the sea; and the army has annually engaged in comprehensive exercises, which, however, failed to bear good fruit during the South African war. France, also, has compelled the wearers of her uniform to hold not only separate but joint manœuvers, the main purpose of which has been the protection of her territory in Europe and elsewhere. Germany's army has long been the envy of the services of other nations because of its tactical and strategical efficiency; and the high standard reached has been achieved by hard work, less in the camp than in the field. The German navy is endeavoring to attain the height of effectiveness occupied by its sister service, and her battleships and less formidable craft are constantly at sea executing beneficial evolutions. Evidence of the results of incessant labor is furnished by the German torpedo boat flotilla. So well are

these boats handled that, when going at high speed, it is possible to step from the bow of one to the stern of another.

Russia directs the training of her land and naval forces in the way calculated to defend her from European attack and to uphold her interests in the Levant and the Far East. A few years ago Japan had no navy. Today she has an efficient fleet, and its manœuvers have as their object the preservation of the kingdom from much feared Russian aggression, and the realization of the dream of every progressive Japanese—establishment and international recognition of the supremacy of the Tokyo government in the Pacific. No less than other nations, the United States has important interests to defend, and the question of their protection is the subject of thoughtful attention by both the army and navy.

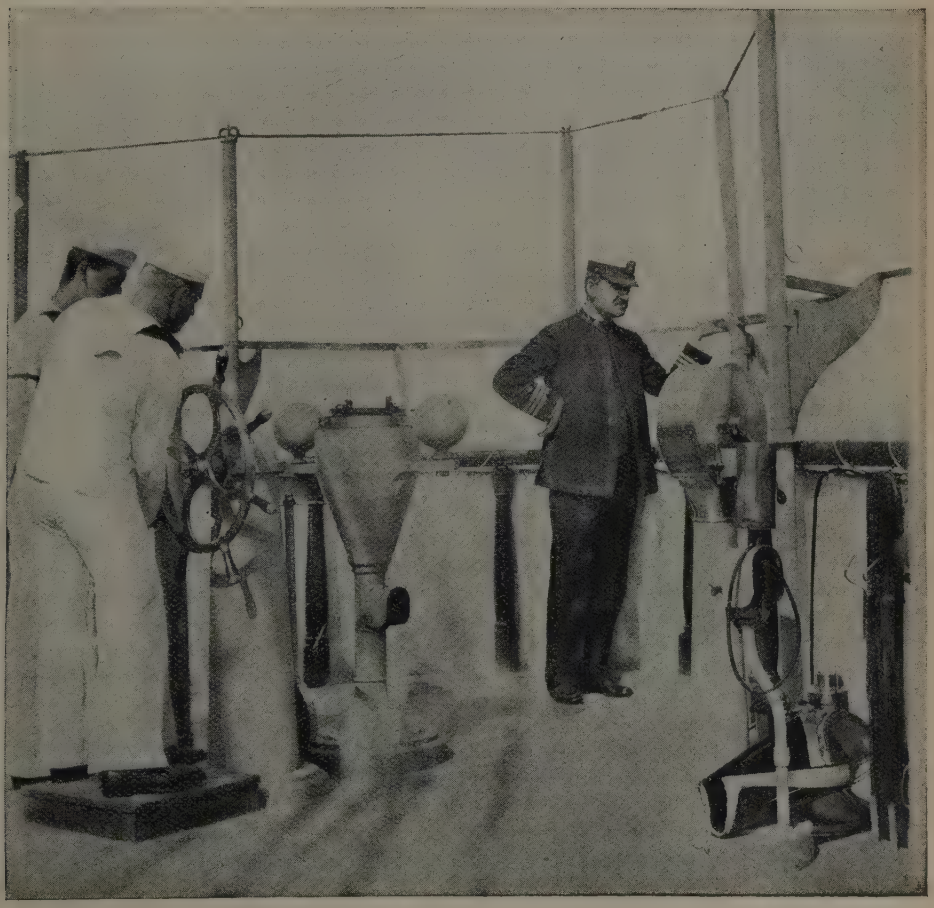
In his last annual message, President Roosevelt stated that, ship for ship, the navy of the United States showed her the equal of any service in the world. There are many naval officers who claim that American warships reached this standard before the President prescribed it. Until the past summer little attempt had been made to engage in fleet manœuvers designed to achieve a strategical object. With the few war ships available, it was hardly possible to do much more than to train officers and men to operate their vessels alone or in squadron. This work was tactical, that is, it related to the manœuvering of vessels when the enemy was within range. The attainment of this contact constitutes a separate branch of naval science, which is comprehended in the word strategy.

Lacking the ships to educate officers in this art by practical exercises, the navy turned to theory to help meet the need.

CAPTAIN WILLARD H. BROWNSON, COMMANDING THE BATTLESHIP ALABAMA

The war game was introduced as a prominent feature of the course of the naval war college. Officers in attendance upon the course were pitted against each other, one having control of a force supposed to be moving upon the United States and the other acting as commander-in-chief of the defense fleet. The war with Spain gave striking proof of the value of this game. Before the destruction of the Maine, the players were informed that hostilities had broken out between the United States and Spain, and that a hostile fleet had left Cape Verde Islands under instructions to succor Cuba. The enemy was sighted at Martinique, fled to Curacao and was destroyed at Santiago de Cuba. Admiral Cervera pursued an identical course to destruction. The only important difference between the imaginary problem and that which actually developed was this: In the former, the Spanish fleet was destroyed while attempting to enter Santiago de Cuba; Cervera was annihilated as the result of an effort to escape from it. Increase of the commissioned force of the navy has permitted the practical execution of strategical problems. The long coast line of the United States, its possession of outlying dependencies and the proposed construction of the

COMMANDER PILLSBURY, OF THE WHITE SQUADRON EXAMINING THE CHART ON THE PRAIRIE



Isthmian canal create many problems in defense, which must be solved before war begins. Because it is geograpically more convenient, New England would probably be selected by a European enemy as the site of a naval and military base from which operations ashore and afloat could be conducted. The Caribbean Sea for four centuries has been a theatre of war. Reading the future by the past, it will continue to be so. Construction of the Panama Canal will materially increase the strategic importance of this region. The acquisition of the Philippines created a new problem for the defenders of the nation to consider; and the interests of the United States in China have made necessary the adoption of measures for the maintenance of our position in that empire

The next war of the United States, in all probability, will be with a power of Europe, and control of the Atlantic Ocean will be the deciding factor of the struggle. Recognition of this fact caused the Washington authorities to authorize the North Atlantic squadron to carrry out what is technically known as the "search problem," the army and navy to engage in joint manœuvers, and to direct the mobilization of the North Atlantic, South Atlantic and European squadrons in the Caribbean Sea in December. The "search problem" assumed that an enemy's squadron was approaching New England for the pur-

GUNNERS ON THE PRAIRIE TRAINING A RAPID FIRE GUN TO DESTROY THE TORPEDO BOAT THAT SIGHTED THE WHITE SQUADRON

pose of establishing a base in a suitable unfortified harbor, capable of easy defense, lying between Cape Cod, Mass., and Portland, Me. The attacking force was to be regarded as having accomplished its mission should it enter a harbor and remain therein six hours without sustaining attack by a superior force. The white squadron, the official designation of the enemy, was under the command of Commander John E. Pillsbury, a thoroughly efficient officer, recognized by the service as a strategical and tactical expert, and the defense or blue squadron had as its commander-in-chief Rear Admiral Francis J. Higginson, the able head of the North Atlantic station. The white squadron comprised three vessels — Prairie, Panther and Supply— all of comparatively low sped, especially the latter; and this disadvantage, together with the restricted limits of the problem, was responsible for its capture.

BALLOON SCOUTS STUDYING THE LAY OF THE LAND

The south shore of New England contains many strategic possibilities. It might well be the objective of an enemy as the scene of a base, from which he could operate against New York and Boston and either demand heavy ransom or destory the commerce that passes through these parts. Great Britain appreciated the importance of Narragansett Bay and Long Island Sound during the War of the Revolution and did not relinqush her hold upon them until the close of that Titanic struggle. The army has sought to protect this region by a series of fortifica tions. These defenses, placed in a comparatively efficient condition, underwent attack by a red fleet, as the North Atlantic squadron was officially known.

The lessons of both manœuvers were important and instructive. The "search problem" showed the absolute need of a larger navy. The prime result of the army and navy manœuvers was the development of defenses, which Major General MacArthur has said would, with the unlimited supply of money available before a declaration of war, be invincible even if attacked by all the navies of the world.

The army and navy manœuvers

showed the utility of wireless telegraphy; the "search problem" established the need of it for naval purposes. Had the blue ships been provided with wireless telegraphy, their sea going scouts could probably have obtained results. They failed to sight the white squadron, and were compelled to leave the curves of search upon which they were cruising to communicate "no news" to Rear Admiral Higginson. The inshore scouts, among which were torpedo boats, performed efficient service. Torpedo boats were barred from the joint manœuvers.

The naval exercises of the winter will cause the mobilization in the Caribbean sea of the most formidable fleet ever assembled under the American flag. It will comprise seven and perhaps eight battleships, one armored cruiser, twelve protected, unprotected and auxiliary cruisers, six gunboats, a repair ship, supply ship, hospital ship and colliers. It will be as near the ideal as possible. The problems it will carry out relate to the naval defense of the Danish West Indies, soon to be transferred to the United States; Porto Rico, Culebra Island, Cuba, under the suzerainty of the United States and the Caribbean entrance of the Panama Canal.

It has been asserted that in authorizing the manœuvers President Roosevelt was actuated by a desire to arouse enthusiasm in behalf of a greater and more efficiently trained navy and an effective system of coast defense. Whether or not this was the motive, the fact remains that, as a result of the exercises, the army and navy are in much better condition to handle the complicated weapons placed in their hands; and continuance along the same lines cannot but work for their good and the good of the country.

EPITAPH UPON A CHILD THAT DIED

Here a pretty baby lies
Sung asleep with lullabies:
Pray be silent, and not stir
Th' easy earth that covers her.

Robert Herrick

LEAF AFTER LEAF

Leaf after leaf drops off, flower after flower,
Some in the chill, some in the warmer hour.
Alike they flourish and alike they fall,
And Earth who nourisht them receives them all.
Should we, her wiser sons, be less content
To sink into her lap when life is spent?

Walter Savage Landor

By the Might of the Pigskin

By SUSAN KEATING GLASPELL

THE Governor's managers had issued an ultimatum. No more pardons were to be granted before the first Monday in November. They said if this was not respected his excellency could prepare for private life, and the party for defeat. The ultimatum had been bountifully preceded by suggestions, warnings and requests. Prosecuting attorneys were saying the day for the punishment of criminals had passed in that state; they got them in; then—a pathetic story well told—the Governor let them out. Some disagreeable newspapers were calling the Governor a soft hearted enemy to justice—and other unsympathetic things.

The whole trouble was that the Governor was not used to refusing things that were asked of him, and it went hard with him to get used to it. It would have been better for his peace of mind, and for some other people's tempers, if the gubernatorial chair had been filled by a man who was not—before everything else—so much of a good fellow.

He promised now to abide by the ultimatum, but in the privacy of his meditations wished there was no penitentiary in the state. He suggested that he go west and stay until the week after vacation—so giving the party a fair show. Finally he compromised by telling his private secretary to make sure in every case just what people wanted, and, if it had any remote connection with pardons, tell them the Governor had left for South America, where he would remain until the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, when he would return to open the doors of the penitentiary to all who cared to walk out.

By this, or some other method, the secretary held them off for a month. The journals of the opposition were airing such pleasantries as: "None of the old pals have left the penitentiary force for four weeks. What's the matter with the Governor?"

One day early in September the secretary announced that three boys from the university wanted to see him on some football matters. He brightened at once, for if there was anything he liked best of all it was to grant an audience to the boys from his old school. Pushing some important papers recklessly aside, he told his secretary with great buoyancy to show them in. He plied them with a hundred questions. What day did school open; what was the prospect for "material;" just when would the new "frat" house be finished, and what would happen when it was: he'd be there—and the accompanying laugh was good to hear.

"And now," he asked—with the serious air of getting down to business after preliminary pleasantries—"what is the real football outlook?"

"That's what we came to see you about," said the 'varsity spokesman, "it's bad—mighty bad."

His face fell. "Why, how's that?"

The boys looked at one another. "You see," the spokesman finally blurted out," we're just generally demoralized without Clark."

The Governor missed the significance of the name and sailed serenely on. "And what's the matter with Clark?"

"Why, Clark," said the university boy, "Clark, you know, is detained at

the penitentiary." The boys shuffled nervously, and the Governor whistled.

"Oh ho, I see; Winston Clark—forergy, five years; he was a football man, wasn't he?"

"A football man!" came in outraged chorus from the 'varsity squad. "A football man!"—and they eyed him with solemn reproach.

"Why, Governor," began the spokesman in low, intense voice, "there never was a football man like him. I just wish you'd known Winston Clark; he was the finest all around man a school ever had. He made our record for us last year; we all admit that. Some way or other, it was just not possible to lose a game that fellow was in. I don't know what you'd call it, but there was something in him that got into the rest of us, and every time we looked at him we'd feel like gettin' in and tearin' 'em up. When ever we were on the under side of things we'd just look at old Clark, standing there as though he was one too many for the whole world, and we'd brace up, dead or alive we'd brace up, and that's why we were champions of the West last year."

The Governor looked sympathetic. "It's mighty hard luck to lose a fellow of that sort, especially in such an unfortunate way."

The 'varsity man had regained breath and assurance. "Governor," he said, "I'm willing to guarantee that if we had Winston Clark back on our team, at the end of this season you'd be governor of a state whose goal line had never been crossed." It was delivered with all the weight of offering a million.

"And don't you think you can do it anyway?" the Governor asked, anxiously.

They shook their heads. "You see," the spokesman resumed, sadly, "it isn't possible for any one who was not on the team to realize just what Clark was. It isn't only that he was our best man; he was the life of the whole thing, and now that he's gone we've some way lost our snap. We're all gone to pieces," he concluded, drearily.

There was a long, serious pause, and then it was one of the silent two who at the supreme moment rose to the occasion. "Governor," he beseeched, "won't you save our team? Can't you let Clark out?"

The Governor looked at them, and there rang through the executive chamber a laugh that chilled them to the marrow. He saw they were hurt, and tried to recover himself, but only laughed again. He thought he had run the gamut of pardon pleas, but here at last was something unique. He was asked to let a man out from the state penitentiary on the sole ground that the university football team needed his services.

"Oh come, boys," he protested, "this is a little too much. I'd do anything reasonable, but just look at it a minute. Your man Clark was convicted of forgery and sentenced to five years, as I remember it. He's served six months—"

"Eight," interrupted one of the boys.

"All right, eight then; and now you ask me to let him out of the other four months and four years merely because he's a good football man and you want him back on the team. Oh, really now, it's—"

"No, Governor, that isn't the only reason," pleaded the spokesman. "We football fellows aren't the only ones that want him out. You just talk to the faculty about Winston Clark. They'll tell you they never had a man who could touch him, and that he don't belong in the penitentiary, if he did get mixed up a little with his uncle's name. Why, Governor, there's a hundred fellows down there at school who belong in the pen more than Clark does. Did you ever see that old uncle of his? Tight!—and mean! There've been stories written of misers, but I never saw one yet who could come up to Clark's uncle.

Winston would rather have died than fleeced a fellow at school out of a penny. I guess he would! The only trouble with that boy was that he gave away every cent he had—that's how he got mixed up with his uncle's name. He promised a hundred to the track team and didn't have the money to pay when the time came. I guess he figured it would be better to get a little from the old man anyway he could than disappoint the fellows. It hasn't been generally known, but that's the situation."

"I don't doubt I would have liked the fellow," said the Governor, heartily, "but even wanting money for athletics doesn't quite justify forgery and—well, the faculty wouldn't hear to it anyway," and he shrugged his shoulders as though casting off a burden.

"Yes they would," insisted the spokesman; "we've got that all fixed. They'd do anything for Clark; we used to say he had them all hypnotized."

"Well, I never fell under Clark's spell," laughed the Governor, grimly, "so I'm afraid I shall just have to stick to what I regard my duty."

"A parole, maybe, Governor," he suggested, faintly; "I believe they'd even let him play on a parole."

But the Governor shook his head, and for that day at least it was over. The next week he went down to the opening of the fraternity house, prepared to make a day—and a night—of it. It cannot be shown that he that day did all the things a governor is supposed to do when he visits the university of the state, and there is a little evidence that he did a few things not listed with a governor's duties. He was there as an "old grad," and they let him forget all about being governor. He heard nothing of Winston Clark save in an incidental way, but all the incidental things dropped were of a character to make him wish it had been some other fellow who left the university for a less jovial institution. He saw there was general gloom concerning football prospects, and again in the privacy of his meditations he wished there was no penitentiary in the state.

That night there was a flow of college spirit—well tempered with flows of more tangible character. The Governor was at his best, and his geniality and brilliancy won every boy's heart. It was only when the night was well advanced that a vein of sadness crossed His Excellency's mood. He felt there was something not quite right, and it oppressed him. He looked at the boys about him and his heart filled to the brim with love and loyalty to the old school. Those colors with which the room seemed afloat were waving him back to the good old days when he did not have to bother about being governor of a great state. There was a choking in the Governor's throat, and he cleared it, and put his hand to his glass. There was something half sweet and half sad in his heart, something indefinable and very moving that he wanted to communicate to the rest of them. Glass in hand, he jumped to his feet. He was only going to say—"Drink to the old school, boys," but when he was well up, and saw the rest of them standing there flushed and expectant, it seemed that would not just do, and with a happy recklessness that knew nothing beyond the moment he waved his glass still higher and with a glistening in his eye, and a big ring in his voice the Governor cried out:

"Here's to Winston Clark, boys, and the team of 1901!"

What happened in the next three minutes repaid him then and there for all it was to cost. With heterogeneous howls of joy they were upon their chairs, and because howls were not enough, some of them cried; and through the discordant exultation could be heard the cries:

"Clark! Clark! We'll drink to Winston Clark!"

Then some one shouted:

"Here's to the Governor, boys, the best friend the old school's got!"

And with that it seemed the other had been but a suggestion, for there was an awful waving of arms, and a terrifying splitting of throats as college yells burst forth in long furious succession with between them cheers—wild cheers—for the Governor. They caught down the colors, and with all the glorious insanity of the collegian wound them round each other's necks. When there was just the least sign of the first fury having spent itself, the Governor, who began to fear he had not been sufficiently specific, cried out:

"It's only a parole, boys; a parole's the best I can do."

But the idea of a parole seemed to fascinate them. They caught it up and made it into a wild hymn of joy: "Par—o—le! Par—o—le! Par—o—le! for Winston Clark!" The new improvisation stirred their blood to rythm and they jumped from their chairs and with an intermingling of arms and necks they formed in line, and to the martial step they sang: "Par—o—le! Par—o—le! Par—o—le for Winston Clark!"—with a great tumultous outpouring on the O. And as the "old grad" who had brought it all about looked at them, he thought it could not matter what the rest of the state thought. The rest of the state—but his meditations here do not go smoothly into words.

There was a great deal of business on hand after the governor made what was destined to be his historic outburst. They drank many times to His Excellency's health, and long and lovingly they drank to Winston Clark, and collectively and individually they drank to the team. There was a judicious drink to the two faculty members present, and then, just before morning broke, they completed it all by making the rounds of that college settlement and assuring and reassuring the slumbering masses of a great many fantastic things.

As good as his word, the Governor next day issued a parole for Winston Clark. Knowing he could neither conceal nor explain it, he simply went ahead. When in biggest and most sprawly of type it was told that Winston Clark would be let out from the penitentiary, and when on the heels of this came the other atrocious suggestion that he would go back to the university and play football, there went up from the outraged state such a storm of indignant protest as had never swept it before. The Governor's managers said it was all over, and at first it seemed they were right. He had been south when the Clark affair was up, and had not appreciated how widely and vehemently other people at large differed from the university men in their vindication of Clark. Some of the good people who had not been satisfied for a long time that affairs at the university were just orthodox, had seized it with avidity as proof of the criminal tendencies of modern education. Two thirds of the voters of the state had enjoyed a complacent satisfaction in the downfall of the university hero, and had hoped "it would be a lesson to them." Had the Governor freed the most notorious criminal of the country it would not have been received with as tumultuous disapproval. But, after sulking for three days, the managers tried to bridge it over by making much of the fact that it was only a parole. They said the Governor was a great football man and had acted in a moment of enthusiasm, and even hinted that Clark would go in again after the season. The old farmers said things had come to a pretty pass when the school they paid taxes for had to call on the penitentiary for help, and then, after spending more eloquence than had been elicited from them in years, they decided not to go back on the party just because the

Governor was a "natural born fool."

Down at the 'varsity there were bonfires and other things that most men miss on quitting the penitentiary. Some of the conservatives entered protest; eastern college papers crushingly said it was "deadly western;" and the 'varsity's opponents were even more emphatic than that; but it was clearly a case for the faculty of Clark's university, and they, it will be remembered, were under hypnotic influence.

The first game of the season was the most coveted and most dreaded of them all. It was with their conscientiously hated foes, the men just to the north. Last season, in a never-to-be-forgotten game, they had defeated them for the first time in their history. This year, before they knew the prison gates were to yawn for Clark, they talked gloomily of keeping the score under fifty. But now it was different. Clark said they were going to win, and the way he said it made them square their shoulders.

It came at last, bringing the college men of two states, and thousands of others. When the elevens trotted to the gridiron experienced men predicted the hardest game ever played in the West. The whistle blew, the northerners kicked off, and they came together. To the side lines, that was all they did do. Iron had met iron, and there was no yield. Offensive plays were stopped when scarcely begun, and both battering rams met walls they could not pierce. There were murmurs of straight football—superb team work, but fifteen minutes had gone and they were still crashing together not far from the center of the field. Then it began to show that the fierceness of one man on the 'varsity's team was making itself felt. Slowly, very slowly, but perceptibly, they were hammering their way toward the enemy's goal. On the side lines there was frenzy. The team was going over. In the very slowness of the advance was an element of the inevitable. The cheers of a man in an automobile rose above the others. They said he was the Governor of the state, and that he was very fond of football. Up to the twenty yard line they pushed, and there with the all conquering power of desperation the men from the north held them for downs. With the ball in its possession the enemy took an awful brace. Slowly the pig-skin began retreating. The cheering shifted to the other side. "Hold 'em, boys! hold 'em! hold 'em!" cried the man in the automobile.

And they did hold 'em. Almost back to the center of the field they got the ball again, and then the weary grind began anew. This time both sides were playing with more desperation; but one man on the 'varsity's team was playing with more than mere desperation. The rest were playing for their colleges, and for distinction. With him it was that—and something more. And it told. "Clark! Clark! Clark!" was coming from the automobile and all around, and with his own name ringing in his ears he some way shot away from the writhing mass and dived ahead for a thirty yard gain. It was the first markedly individual work of the game, and a howl of triumph crashed and thundered over the field. Crazed with not making goal, Winston Clark and his men pushed crushingly, impactly and unerringly on. No matter which way they pointed, it was ever with tremendous force and beautiful precision. Steadily, monotonously, grimly, gaining almost by inches, but gaining, they kept it up until they were at last on the five yard line, and it seemed the whole world was waiting for them to go over. Another dearly bought gain of two yards! Wild, passionate cries from the side lines! It was only a minute now—only a minute—but nations have gone down for a minute—and the 'varsity was a minute too late. Time was called when Winston Clark and his men,

by as gritty a fight as ever battered a gridiron, stood three yards from the enemy's goal. The first half was over, and nothing had been written on the bulletin boards.

It seemed the hand of fate! The man in the automobile trembled and sat down. Then suddenly he jumped to his feet and shouted in a loud voice:

"But there's twenty-five minutes left, boys! There's twenty-five minutes left!"

They took it up all around, and even to the other side it carried, until all during the intermission the efforts of a brass band were annulled by the cries:

"There's twenty-five minutes left, boys! There's twenty-five minutes left!"

And then twenty-two of the dirt coated and brave came back to the field. There was a long minute of cheering, and then there fell a silence, broken only by short, wild snorts as now this side, now that, gained a trifle. It was the same old thing; a double line of men resolving itself into a pile of wriggling, squirming, twisting humanity. A harder battle was never fought. When ten minutes had passed it looked a little as though the 'varsity was tiring them. But it was not enough to tell, and back and forth they fought, until fifteen minutes had gone, and still nothing had been written on the bulletin boards.

Then something happened. Before the side lines were sure what it was about, or how it had happened, an oval shaped piece of brown leather was flying between two tall posts. A superb drop kick from the forty yard line, and the northerners were five points to the good.

On the side lines to the right there was an unsymmetrical, indescribable and alarming mass of waving arms and legs. Men jumped high into the air, they embraced one another, they threw hats recklessly into the crowd, and all the while the air was hot with sounds which at any other time it would have surpassed the power of normal beings to emit. The awful tension had been broken; Winston Clark and his men were underneath, and the game was fast drawing to a close.

The man in the automobile across the field had procured a megaphone. "But —there's—ten — minutes—left — boys!" he called in slow, hammering tones. A man who was standing in the center of the field with his hands to his hips turned and faced him. There were white patches on his face, but it looked more like the whiteness of supreme resolve than the whiteness of despair.

In the next five minutes three men were put out of the game, not illegitimately, but by the rushes and the tackling of Winston Clark. Only five minutes remained when the enemy made its final and disastrous punt. The oval sailed grandly through the deepening twilight, and then,—an awful outreaching, a high backward leap, and the pig-skin was hugged to Winston Clark's breast, and Clark, like a meteor in dirty canvas, was going down the field. The sight of the ball in the arms of that man, at that desperate time of the game, did for the rest of them what they would not have believed within their power. He could not have done it without them, but no other man could have done it at all. He ducked, and he dodged, and he crashed—and he went on. Fleet-footed and invincible, he made the run of the entire field until on the very five yard line there popped up from some where the stoutest and bravest of the men of the north. With the white patches on his face now bigger and whiter, Winston Clark cleanly hurdled the low-crouching northerner and with the pig skin locked in his iron arms he landed a yard beyond the enemy's goal, coming to earth with a thud that was like the falling of hammered brass. The pig-skin was on the line, with Winston Clark's arms around it, and first one man and then twenty-one were upon Clark; but when it was

all over, and they untangled themselves and arose, Winston Clark lay there with the white patches on his face now overspreading it all, but with arms still locked on the oval.

A man was standing on the seat of the automobile, shouting out his passionate, uncurbable joy. Behind him shouted other thousands, and again the brass band tried in vain to be assertive. Across the field they waited with white faces, and no man dared to speak. Then when they had recovered enough to think, they said the goal was an impossible one, and the game would be a tie. And on the other side they saw the ball had reached the line far out in the field, and to put it between the posts looked an impossibility. That is why silence fell even to the left, and they waited to see whether in the smallness of that angle there could still lie victory.

It was Clark who stood before the ball he had carried from the thick of the fight to the goal line of the foe. They thought at first he was not good for the kick, but he stood up and said he was all right, and they knew well if it could go over at all it could be put there by the man who had borne it where it was. He stood there for a long time before it, a large, grim figure, alone on the field of battle, with the fate of his college in his hand. On both sides they knew he was Winston Clark, and that he had been in the penitentiary, and that the Governor had let him out to bring victory to his old school.

Clark looked from the ball to the center of the goal posts. Back and forth he looked until his eye had made a straight line that even the crowd could see. Then he stepped backward, and raised his leg. Without variation of an inch, the ball went where the eye had destined it should. The score stood six to five—the game was over—and the 'varsity had won.

On the right of the field carriages began backing out. What happened on the left can never be described, and maybe it should never be attempted. There are scenes for which words are inadequate, and what transpired on that field just before the sun slipped from sight that night can never be reduced to paltry phrases. Amid the ungovernable din a man was trying to push his way to the victorious team. Hundreds were trying to do it also, and he advanced but slowly. He could see Winston Clark on the shoulders of the men, and he pushed on. It was only when the boys were at last in their coach that a man, hatless, tieless, and breathless, jumped to the steps. From within there was a loud cheer of welcome. The dishevelled man was the Governor of the state. He was flushed with victory, and his face was twitching convulsively. He took Winston Clark's hands in his own, and as he looked up and down the big fellow who had that day flaunted the colors of the old school high, his eyes filled to the brim, and for a minute he did not speak. Then he unblushingly brushed his sleeve across his eyes.

"Come over to the office in the morning," he cried in a voice they could hear all around, "I want to change that thing I gave you. I want to make it into an unconditional pardon. A man who can do what you've done today doesn't need any strings tied to him."

From the hoarse throats within the coach there was a husky, jubilant yell of approval. But a man who had followed the Governor was pulling at his coat.

"Don't do it, Governor," he implored, "it means ruin to us all. You've won the game, but remember you are still in politics."

"Politics!" roared the Governor, looking back on the field of battle now black with rejoicing thousands, "Politics! To hell with politics. Why, man! —this boy is the football hero of the West!"

The National's New Volume

OCTOBER, 1902 — MARCH, 1903

DURING 1902, the number of the National's readers was nearly doubled. We expect to do even better during 1903. Our program is to make the most entertaining 10-cent monthly in America; each number better than the one before it. This little prospectus indicates some of the principal items in our plan for the six numbers beginning with October and comprising our seventeenth volume.

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WE shall publish in each number from five to ten stories of real power; stories of love, of adventure, of character analysis; stories with grip, all of

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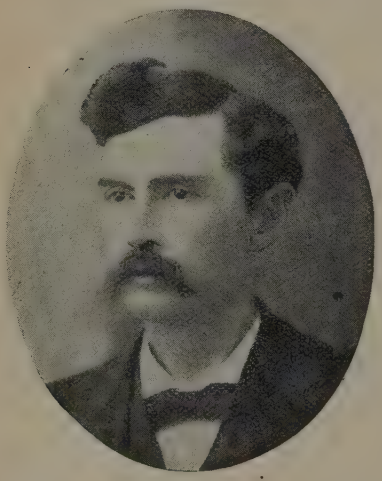

them. Our list of contributors includes more than a score of the most brilliant young writers of the day. We do not buy reputations, but give young writers a chance to win them. *Edward F. Younger*, *Frank H. Spearman* and *Elmore Elliott Peake* of Illinois, *Henry Rightor* of New Orleans, *E. C. McCants*

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of South Carolina, *Willard Dillman* of South Dakota, *Caroline Hunt Latta* of Indianapolis, *Frank M. Bicknell* of Massachusetts, *Anna Cosulich* of Florida, *Sophie Hammond* of Maryland, *Grace MacGowan Cooke* of Tennessee, *Addison Clark* of Texas, *Norman H. Crowell* and *Susan K. Glaspell* of Iowa, *Hayden Carruth* of New York, *Mary Clarke Huntington* and *Helen Green* of Conecticut, *Eva Hampton Prather* of Georgia, *W. L. Mallon* of Washington, D. C., *G. M. L. Brown* of Montreal, and others, will contribute the fiction of the National—and we venture to hope there will be no more interesting stories than theirs published in any American magazine.

A SERIES OF ARTICLES ON MODERN MEXICO

WITH the increasing tide of trade and travel between the United States and Mexico, the interest of our stay-at-homes in our neighbor to the south grows keener. The National has obtained a series of seven articles, with scores of rare and striking pictures, on the actual and little known inner life of the Mexico of today. The writer of these articles is *Mr. S. Glen Andrus*, the railroad editor of the Chicago Record-Herald, who recently returned from a long tour through Mexico, and who was extraordinarily fortunate in obtaining information, much of it of a startling nature, that has never before been published. Mr. Andrus was accompanied by Dr. C. W. Hawley of Chicago, who obtained a large collection of very rare photographs, with which these articles are to be illustrated. The person who reads this series will obtain a fuller knowledge of our southern neighbors' conditions and aspirations than can be gotten from any other source.

S. GLEN ANDRUS, OF CHICAGO

POETRY IN THE NATIONAL

THE National does not believe that the people have ceased to read and love poetry—poetry that has the qualities of life in it. The National publishes good verse; verse that has feeling, fun and fancy; verse that says something and means something. In the list of our contributors are several of the most popular living poets. The volume that is opened with this number will contain new poems by *Ernest McGaffey* of Chicago, *Nathan Haskell Dole* and *Frederic Lawrence Knowles* of Boston, *Henry Rightor* of New Orleans, *Hilton R. Greer* of Texas, *James Ball Naylor* or Ohio, and many others.

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON

THIS department of the National, conducted by *Joe Mitchell Chapple*, will be made stronger and better than ever before during the next year.

FROM "AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON"

It embraces from a dozen to twenty pages, in each issue, of sprightly gossip

FROM "AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON"

about famous public men, with their newest and best portraits; with portraits, also, of their wives and daughters.

THE FIELD OF LETTERS

FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES, foremost of American anthologists; *Dallas Lore Sharp*, naturalist of growing fame; *Winthrop Packard*, story teller and traveler, wih others, will contribute to the National's book department brief, original reviews of the best literature of the time. Not seldom these reviews are, in themselves, literary essays of striking excellence.

ARTICLES BY FAMOUS PUBLIC MEN

THE National has a way of presenting to its readers timely articles on matters of large public interest, from the pens of the men who figure most prominently in these matters. *Senator Hanna* honored the National by contributing to its pages three articles in which he paid the final tribute of friendship to the late *William McKinley*. *Senator Lodge* of Massachusetts, who chiefly shaped the Philippine civil government law, tells the National readers just what the law provides, and from it forecasts the future of the Filipinos under our flag. *General Bancroft* of Boston tells how a great street railway system must serve the public. The new volume will contain many such articles —pointed, timely, authoritative.

SENATOR MARCUS A. HANNA

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS

POULTNEY BIGELOW, the celebrated author and traveler, now resident at Munich, Bavaria, where he is engaged on a new book, is contributing to the National a series of articles on varying phases of European affairs. No man is better informed in this field and and none writes concerning it with more charm and freshness.

A FAMOUS WOMAN'S UNIQUE EXPERIENCE

MRS. BELVA A. LOCKWOOD, the only woman who ever "ran for the presidency" in America, has written, for the first time, the interesting story of how she came to be nominated, how her campaign was conducted, and how some celebrated women helped, while still others opposed her. This article, with new portraits of Mrs. Lockwood and

Belva A. Lockwood.

Mrs. Stowe, the nominee for vice president on the Equal Rights ticket, will be published in the new volume of the National.

From time to time other articles, under the general heading, "*What Our Sisters Are Doing*," will appear.

SENATOR HENRY CABOT LODGE

PHASES OF AMERICAN AFFAIRS

UNDER this heading the National publishes each month brief, crisp, well illustrated articles on the stage, sport, politics, religion, business and

H. I. CLEVELAND, OF CHICAGO

industry, character studies of famous Americans, and whatever else is of current interest. The contributors to the department include authorities in the several fields entered; as, for example, when *John R. Winder*, the second officer of the Mormon church, writes of that institution; or *Senator Gibson* of Montana tells why the public domain should be preserved for actual home seekers; or *Ralph Bergengren* of Boston, genial and scholarly first-nighter, discourses on some attractive feature of stage life; or *H. I. Cleveland*, of Chicago, writes breezily of Western topics.

FROM "AN IBSEN PLAY THAT IS ALMOST POPULAR"

THE WORLD'S FAIR AT ST. LOUIS

ST. LOUIS, metropolis of the lower Mississippi valley, is preparing, with federal aid, to open in the Spring of 1904 the gates of the greatest international exposition ever held. All the nations of the earth will be represented there, and all the states and territories of the Union. The American people, compounded of all the peoples on earth, is peculiarly partial to world's fairs. The National, recognizing this fact, has led all magazines in its liberal treatment of them. This is the only magazine that ever published a complete number on the grounds of an international exposition—the number for July, 1901, at the Pan-American. We shall have in our new volume several illustrated articles on the Louisiana Purchase exposition,

EDMUND S. HOCH, OF ST. LOUIS

and on St. Louis, the exposition city, from the pen of Edmund S. Hoch, the National's resident representative in the World's Fair City.

SANTOS DUMONT · ONE OF THE NATIONAL'S SNAP SHOT PHOTOGRAPHS

THE NATIONAL'S PICTURES

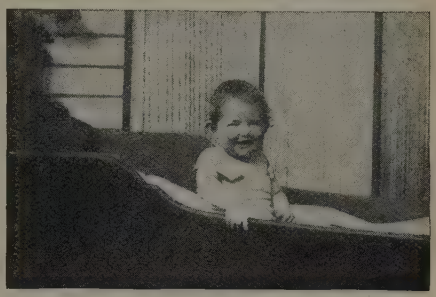
ABOUND volume of the National is a portrait gallery of celebrated personages. It is a unique collection of

views in American cities. It is a portfolio of engaging snap shot photographs of places, persons and events, gathered everywhere in the country and collated within the pages of the most distinctively American of all the magazines. Dozens of the best American photographers contribute their finest work to supply illustrations for the National's pages. The National's new volume will contain fully four hundred fine half tone engravings, all of them of present and many of them of permanent interest and value.

PROGRESSIVE AMERICAN CITIES

FRANKLY, this department was instituted as an aid to circulation. It has been continued because of its interest and value to our readers. In each number we publish sketches of several cities, in size from 15,000 to 150,000—the thriving, characteristically American municipalities -- with pictures of their institutions and their points of natural beauty. This series, which now includes some half a hundred cities from Portland, Me., to Galveston, Tex., and from Seattle, Wash., to Charlotte, N. C.,

ONE OF THE NATIONAL'S WEE FRIENDS



has developed an amazing amount of educational information — just the sort best calculated to awaken the average American's interest and satisfy his curiosity concerning what the people are doing in other sections of the country.

Can You Afford to be Without It?

Send us your name with one dollar and let us enroll you among our regular readers.

Or, if you prefer to buy your magazines each month at the news stands, do us the favor to examine the National Magazine

VERY CORDIALLY YOUR FRIENDS,

THE W. W. POTTER CO., - 41 W. First Street, Boston

The Rehearsal

"O DEAR, what shall I do? May has received word to return immediately as they will sail for Europe the 30th, and we can't have the rehearsal tonight."

Margerie Lawton rushed into the room of their apartments at the Mountain Hotel and threw herself down at her mother's feet for consolation.

"I had counted on it so much," she continued, "everything went off lovely when we practiced together this morning and now everything is spoiled. O why must it be so?"

"It is too bad, my dear, but there may be a way out of the difficulty. Couldn't we find some one else to play the accompaniments for you?" said the mother.

"No, mamma; the time is too short. It is four o'clock now. We'll simply have to have it announced at dinner that the event is postponed."

"Captain Farnsworth will be disappointed," said the mother, with a sly twinkle.

"Oh mamma, how ridiculous of you," said Margerie, rising quickly and turning away. "Can't he play a few games of golf with me without wanting to hear me sing?" Then, regaining her self possession, she returned, "I'm ashamed of you, you dear old tease. Why, Captain Farnsworth will probably not be there."

"I'll risk it, pet; but we'll not argue. There are always so many listeners at summer hotels. What we must do is to get some one to play the accompaniments."

"Everybody I could ask is away — on the golf links or drive,—and no time to practice.—I'm positively distracted."

Mrs. Lawton sat calmly thinking while Margerie continued her lamentations. She realized the great disappointment to her daughter, and with a mother's intuition discerned the truth. Margerie had planned the rehearsal at the request of many fond admirers, but in her heart she would sing to one, — the captain.

"I have it," said Mrs. Lawton at last — "the Piano Player, which our neighbor has across the hall. Do you know the young lady there, and would you ask her to assist you?"

"Assist me — with a piano player — why mamma, how absurd!—Miss Larson told me she had the piano player because she had not the disposition to practice, to plod for technique. Sing to a mechanical contrivance? — it makes me shudder."

"I overheard her telling the special delight she took in playing accompaniments, and you might investigate first, my dear, before arriving at conclusions. Listen, there is a rustle of skirts now, and it sounds like Miss Larson."

"It is. I'll speak to her, mamma," and Margerie sprang towards the door.

In the hall Margerie intercepted Miss Larson.

"Do you play accompaniments?"

"I dearly love to play them on my piano player."

"Will you play for me tonight?"

"Margerie sang . . . with a heart full of love and purity"

LAWRENCE
Public Library,
Lawrence, Mass.

"Delighted. What will you sing — I have got the rolls for almost everything."

"Let's try them over now," and a moment later two enthusiastic young ladies were busily preparing for the coming rehearsal.

* * * * *

The principal topic of conversation in the dining room that evening was the coming rehearsal. Everyone seemed pleased at the opportunity of hearing Miss Margerie Lawton sing. The gentlemen were even willing to forego their after-dinner cigars in their eagerness to be on time. The ball room was arranged in its prettiest way and on the orchestra platform stood a Chase & Baker piano player attached to the Grand Piano, and gaily decorated for the occasion.

As the guests assembled, the presence of the piano player was noted, — and various comments were made as to the advisability of such an experiment, but at least two young people were present who felt securely safe. They were Margerie and Miss Larson. Captain Farnsworth was among the audience and waited with a heart that threatened to bound out of the tightly buttoned coat of his full dress uniform. He was just at that point where "he didn't know" — and he felt that Margerie's singing would tell him, in that indescribable way that defies analysis, just what to do, when next they were together.

Margerie sang, — she sang with a heart full of love and purity. In her blue eyes was the changing fire of an opal. She sang her love songs as she might have talked, with the clear, flute like waver of cooing birds. Miss Larson, operating the Piano Player, encouraged the reverie in the delicate shading and carefully executed accompaniments. Under the spell the listeners lost the scene before them, recalling cozy nooks in their memories which blended with the delicious harmony of words and sound that came forth.

The tremendous applause that followed was the earnest endeavor to show proper appreciation both for the singing and the remarkable accompaniment. But Captain Farnsworth sat mute and still. He was thinking, and when later he had joined Margerie, — they sat together in a cool, sequestered place on the veranda—he suddenly remembered just what to do.

"I'll play your accompaniments, Margerie," he was saying, "on a Chase & Baker Piano Player, and you can sing for me this whole life through. I am happy, dear; are you?"

"Supremely," — but the word was interrupted by a sudden movement on the part of the Captain, and Margerie did not scream.

"I like piano players," was all she said.

MISS DOROTHY TENNANT, SUPPORTING ROBERT EDESON IN "SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE"
Photograph by the Stanford Studio, New York City

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AS THE GUEST OF SENATOR HOAR AT WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS, DURING HIS NEW ENGLAND TOUR

Senator Hoar was seated beside the President. On the driver's seat was Detective Craig, destined later to be killed by a trolley car at Pittsfield. Harry Smith of Worcester, the celebrated gentleman rider and driver, held the reins on the President's coach during his visit to Worcester. Photograph by R. L. Dunn

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XVII. NOVEMBER, 1902. No. 2

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

WITH the cheerful warmth of the first fires of autumn there is a temptation to draw our chairs together and relate reminiscences of the summer holiday. Now I am going to tell the readers of the National Magazine, as briefly as possible, some of the things I saw during my holiday.

Do not be alarmed—I did not keep a diary—so we we will have to skim along the high lights of memory. On the good ship New England, of the Dominion Line, we sailed from Boston. There were waving and cheers, smiles and tears as the great vessel backed out and moved gently down the harbor—with the snort-

NEWSBOYS ESCORTING THE PRESIDENT AT MERIDEN, CONNECTICUT, DURING HIS NEW ENGLAND TOUR

Photograph by Helen Arthur

ing little tug boats barking at us. The last line of shore faded away as we retired to the stateroom,—a snug, comfortable, airy home for the "week out of the world." There were flowers, books, cigars—remembrances of the dear ones at home. Well, we couldn't help it—there were moistened eyes as the farewell notes were read. How we all like to be remembered! I started for the saloon with the heroic purpose of writing each one a long reply and a sparkling letter to the National—a sort of philosophy of life written in a "week out of the world." Now the good ship New England—bless her!—is true to the traditions of her name, the pink of neatness and comfort, so that any passenger who has ever been with Captain James feels that the ship is his own personal property—his yacht, as it were — after he has learned the difference between eight bells and the dinner bugle. On the wide swelling seas my determination grew fainter. There was a jiggering inside that I couldn't harmonize with pen pulsations.

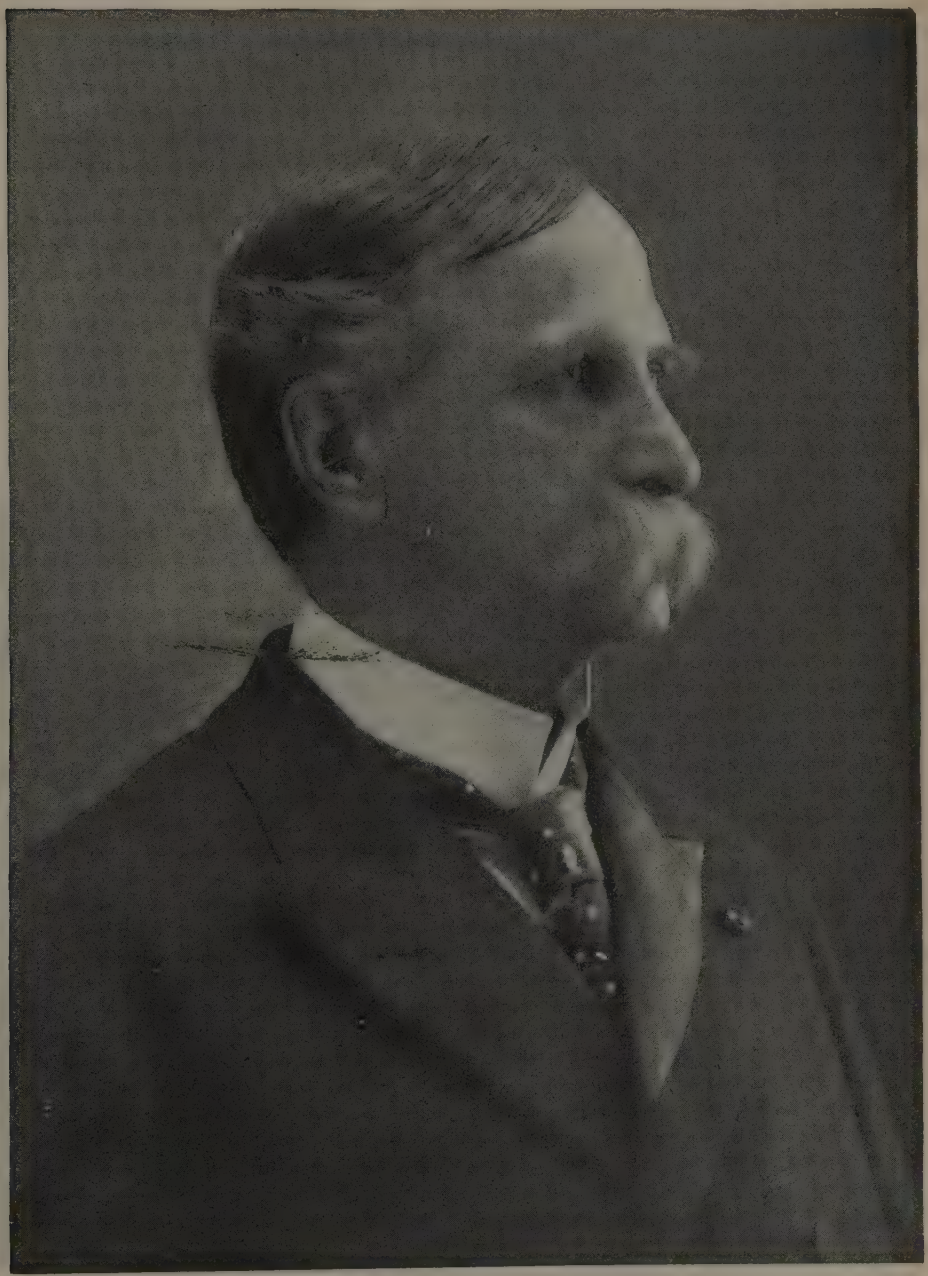
"Poor fellow—he's gone. See how pale," said the Considerate Man, who had crossed forty-seven times.

Then came the Intelligent Man, looking for an Intelligent Lady to read and discuss deep—very deep—sea books on

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT REVIEWING THE VETERANS AT THE WEIRS, NEW HAMPSHIRE, DURING HIS NEW ENGLAND TOUR
Photograph by R. L. Dunn

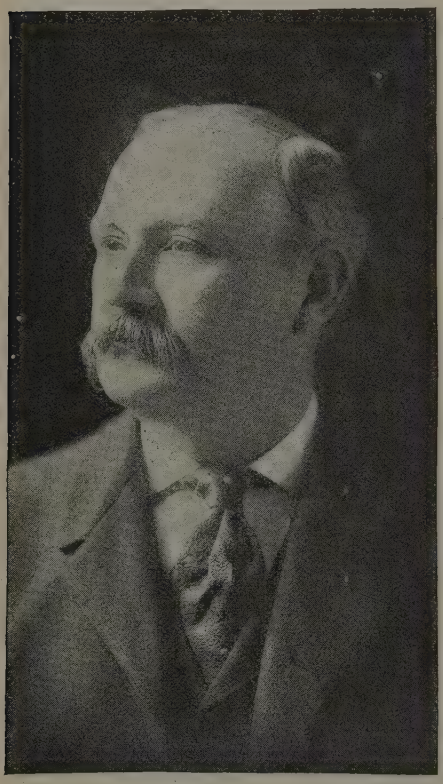
CARROLL DAVIDSON WRIGHT, UNITED STATES LABOR COMMISSIONER, AND PRESIDENT OF CLARK UNIVERSITY

Mr. Wright, always a foremost authority on economic themes, and never permitted long to remain out of the public eye, has recently been a prominent figure in the discussion of the coal strike. He investigated the strike for the President, and his report was generally interpreted to favor the contentions of the miners, though since then Mr. Wright has said that he did not believe that compulsory arbitration would remedy matters. Mr. Wright is the son of a New Hampshire clergyman, received an academic education and has been a voluminous contributor to the discussion of economics in America.



CONGRESSMAN HENRY DE LAMAR CLAYTON OF ALABAMA

Now serving his third term in the lower house of congress. A native of Alabama. A lawyer by profession. Active in the politics of his district and state since early manhood. Has been legislator, United States district attorney, presidential elector, and is now one of the influential southern members of congress.



philosophy. He said in the real Boston way:

"How unfortunate that one has to endure the disagreeable consequences of *mal de mer*."

Then I passed to the upper deck and sought a steamer chair in a secluded nook and was lulled by the swishing waves, for the study of "all phases of human character on shipboard" no longer interested me. A whale spouted. How I envied him, and I wondered if Jonah ever felt as badly on his famous voyage as I did. The fog horn awakened me on the Newfoundland banks.

Every one was so kind.

"How are you feeling?"

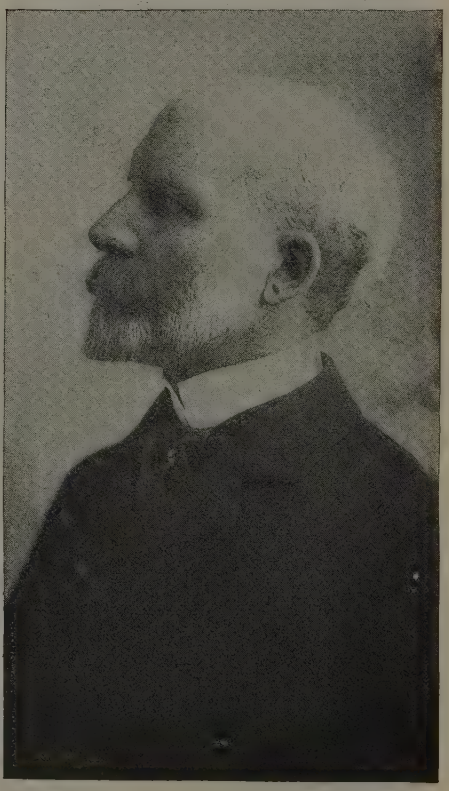
"Too bad to come so—"

Then the kindly fog horn broke in every seventy seconds interrupting the stream of condolences.

I suppose there have been some things written on sea sickness before; but to feel it—there's the real eloquence of it all!

CONGRESSMAN HENRY SHERMAN BOUTELL OF ILLINOIS

Born in Boston, the center of the universe, in 1856; removed to Chicago, the future metropolis of the world, in 1863. Graduated from Northwestern University, Evanston, 1874; given Harvard's degree of A.M. (constitutional history and international law) in 1877. Admitted to the bar, elected to the legislature and was one of the "103" who elected General Logan to the United States senate. Now serving his third term in congress.



Hasten on—the hours, days and nights glided into each other. After a day the Boston frost wore off and a finer lot of people never paced a deck for exercise. The first duels of acquaintanceship were over and the golf caps were donned; the squatters' rights to nooks and corners on deck and in smoking room were declared. Family history was related in thirty minutes and the real Person began to assert itself in primeval simplicity. Business men forgot all the brutalities of trade in shuffle board and whist and a game which I believe was called poker.

All went well until the concert impressario came abroad — then there were exciting times. The artist who was always sketching young ladies was disturbed. There was a call for Talent.

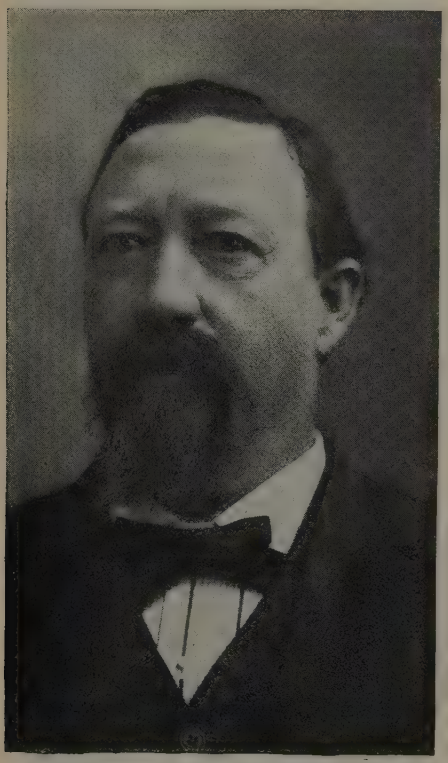
At first many who were asked to "sing a song, or dance, or tell a story," blushed modestly and then went quietly down to the saloon to show what they could do. Performing Billy, a beautiful white dog, was secured to give statuesque poses, and that started the ball rolling. The concert was a success and the talk of the hour. You become better acquainted in one week at sea on the New England than with your next door neighbor in ten years.

All sections of the country and many nations of the earth were represented in that passenger list. All races and creeds, ages and sizes. The six boarding school misses made life on board ship a mazy whirl for the staid chaperones. Foggy nights were preferred to witching moon-

MRS. JOHN JAMES JENKINS OF WISCONSIN, THE WIFE OF THE CONGRESSMAN FROM THE TENTH WISCONSIN DISTRICT AND A POPULAR MEMBER OF WASHINGTON OFFICIAL SOCIETY

CONGRESSMAN MAECENAS E. BENTON OF MISSOURI

A Tennesseean by birth, educated in two west Tennessee academies and St. Louis University, graduated from the law department of Cumberland University in June, 1870, he immediately removed to Missouri, and has since made his home in Neosho. He has been a delegate to something like a score of democratic state conventions and chairman of three, and is said to be the original "offensive partisan" who was charged with "pernicious activity" in politics—while he was serving as United States district attorney. Now serving his third term in the house.



light. Those young doctors, lawyers and all the other professional men, with newly creased trousers and blue ribboned diplomas, were taking a post graduate course in "human nature and its varying phases at sea." The "man-who-looked-like-Senator-Hanna" was there, and it seemed as if every known celebrity had his double on board, even to Lord Dundreary.

Those welcome rockets at Queenstown; a glimpse of the real Emerald Isle, with a checkered coast of green and gold, ripe for harvest; the sail on the Welsh coast, where the stately white lighthouse towers loomed out of the purple haze. On this coast Captain James was born, a real, true Welshman,—and if you should call Jones or any other good Welsh name on a Dominion liner there would be a rush in response.

That last day was a kodak campaign. Everyone had finished that classic European guide book—Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad"—and the groups were snapped. Every nook and corner, with the "captain in it"; and the groups assumed that "kodak pose" which indi-

CONGRESSMAN HENRY D. ALLEN OF KENTUCKY

Henderson county in the race horse state is the scene of his nativity. He was reared on a farm and educated in the common schools, later at Morganfield Collegiate Institute, taught for five years and was admitted to the bar in 1878. Has been school commissioner, county attorney and twice elected congressman.

cated good sea legs. There is a buzz of expectant conversation. In the early dark the sparkling lights of Brighton are

sighted. The tower glistens a twinkling welcome. The good boat sidles up to the floating quay in the Mersey and the custom house man is upon us. England land of the Druids. There may be a difference in degree, but the picture of emigrants landing in America came to mind, as we whisked past the double

LADY WARWICK, ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN OF ENGLAND AND A CONSPICUOUS FIGURE AT THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD VII.

—yes, but is it English that is spoken? The American ears are soon focused to a vernacular of question marks, and the passengers huddle together in a hotel as if loath to break loose in the strange decked tramways, through William Brown and Mary Jones streets, past St. George's Place, to a hotel to spend the first night on English soil, and loath to leave Captain James and his ship, the New England.

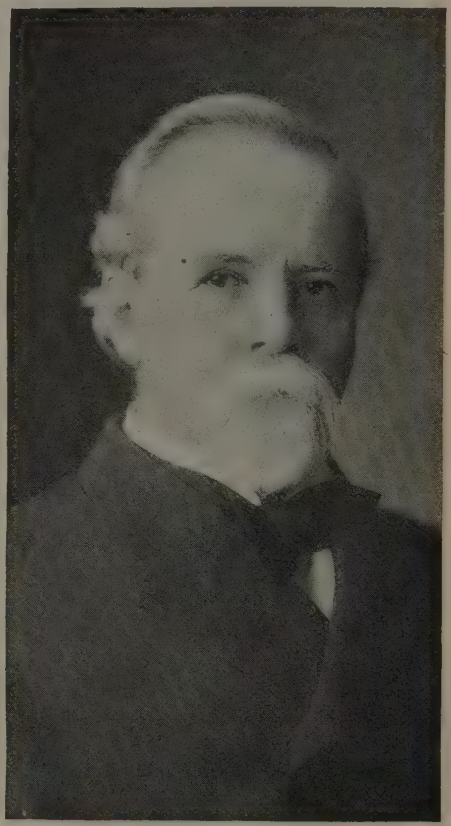
Liverpool gave evidence of the "American invasion." The shoe store with the neat array of boxes and modern fixtures, and shoes enfolded in the stars and stripes. In the shop windows was an interesting sight. And yet the talk of the "American invasion" is greatly exaggerated. In Edinburgh one large department store on Princess street has a huge American flag unfurled in front, which attracts the attention of the tide of tourists with inquiries as to whether it is the American consulate. And it is significant that the flag is only displayed when the fifty thousand American tourists are passing that way. The American trade alone is a consideration worth looking after by shrewd British shop keepers.

CONGRESSMAN ROBERT G. COUSINS OF IOWA

The brilliant orator of the Iowa delegation in the house. Young enough to be still full of red blood and ambition; cool enough to wait for promotion. Born in Cedar county, Iowa, and graduated at Cornell—Iowa's Cornell. Admitted to the bar in 1882, and a practioner since then. Serving his fifth term in congress. Doesn't agree with the dominant element of his party in Iowa that there is need of tariff revision, but may see it later.

CONGRESSMAN JOHN FLETCHER LACEY OF IOWA

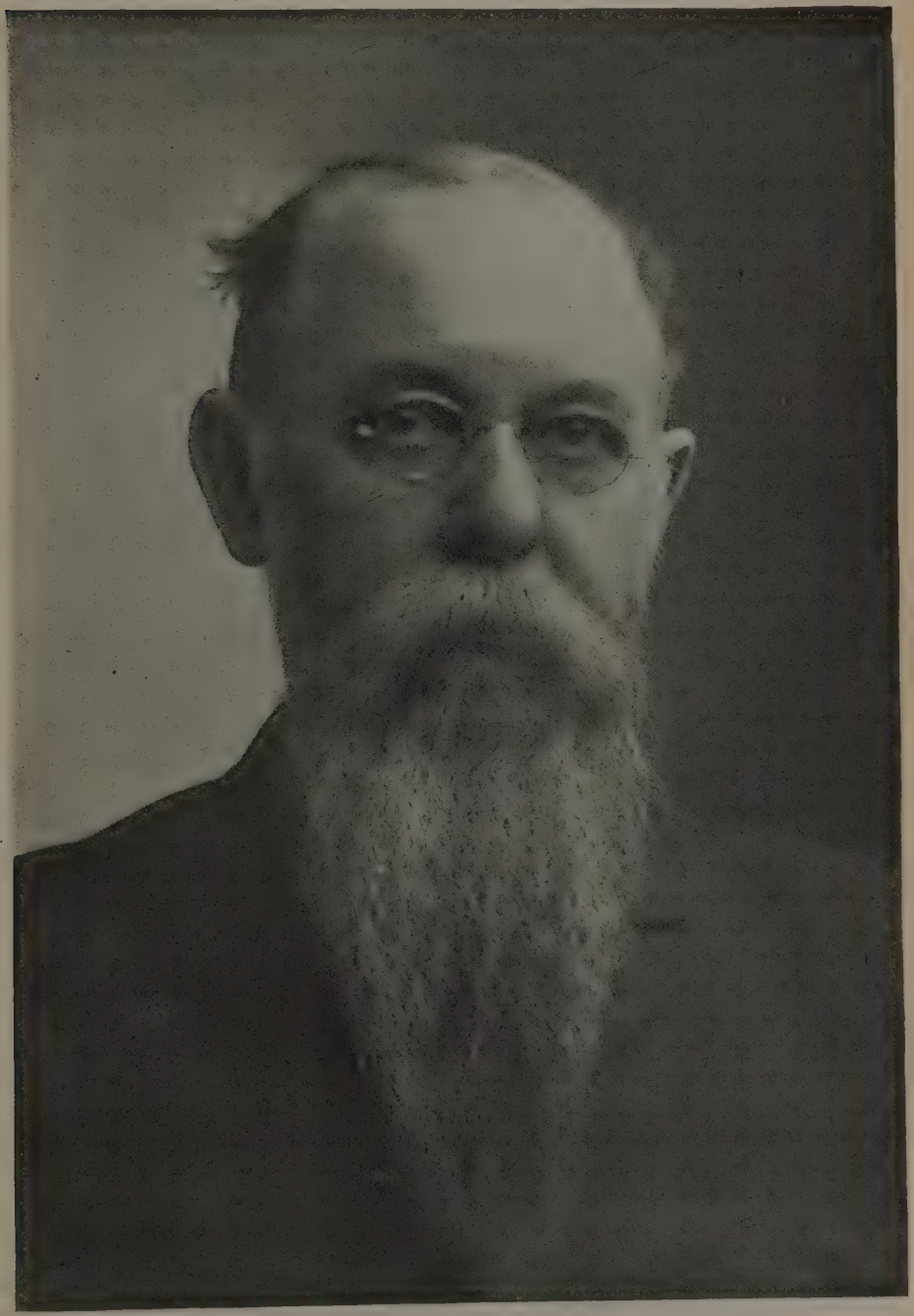
Like Senator Dolliver of Iowa, a native of what is now West Virginia, then a part of Virginia. Removed to Iowa at fourteen, educated in public schools, served through the Civil war, rising from the ranks to shoulder straps. Has held many minor political offices and is now serving his sixth term in the house. A lawyer and author of Lacey's Railway Digest and Lacey's Iowa Digest. One of the strongest members of a very strong delegation.



Railroads are great barometers of trade here as in America, and one of the first things that interested me was the little "toots." A time table of the "Cheshire Lines Committee" Railroad, with an

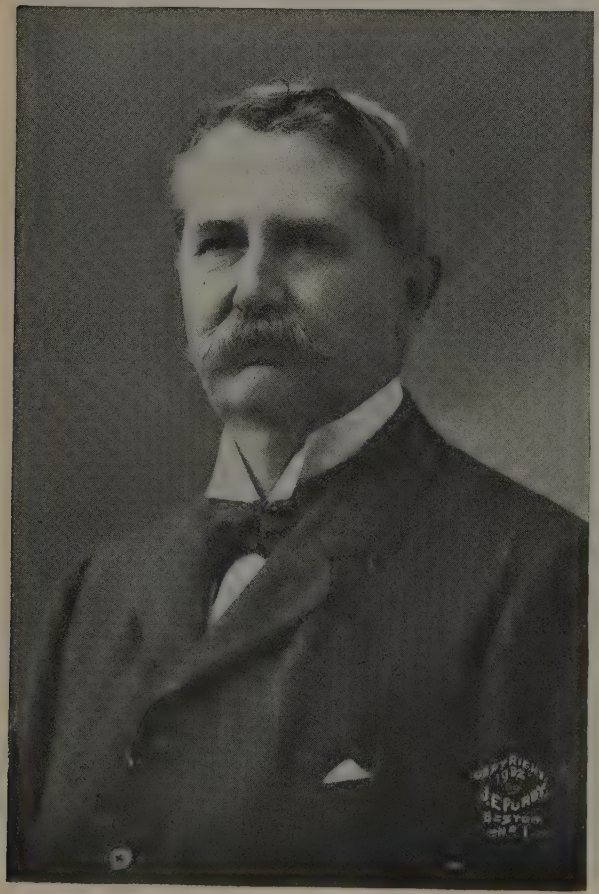
UNITED STATES SENATOR JOHN H. MITCHELL OF OREGON

Though his state is not so solidly republican as Iowa, say, the fall elections have no terrors for Mr. Mitchell: his term will not expire until 1907. He is a Pennsylvania born—and, by the way, he is one of six native Pennsylvanians in the senate. The others are Quay and Penrose, who represent the Keystone state; Burrows, of Michigan; Clark, of Montana, and Bard of California. Mr. Mitchell got his schooling in his native state, then practiced law in California, later driving stakes for a permanent home in Portland, Oregon, where he has resided since 1860.



emphatic headline—"Punctual Service to Manchester, forty minutes"—caught my eye. A chat with Mr. J. D. Meldrum, general manager of the "Cheshire Lines," revealed a system of short distance service not equalled in the world and gave me an interesting insight into the operation of English railroads. Mr. Meldrum is a large man with piercing black eyes and an iron gray beard, and has the appearance of a man who moves things. The Midland route to London is a part of the "Cheshire Lines System" and is without doubt the most picturesque line to the metropolis. Ramsden & Co., a typical energetic English firm, represents the Boston & Maine Railroad here, and carries on an immense emigration business to all parts of the world. They have the American spirit of "go," and nothing in a business way appears to escape them.

HENRY WHITE, SECRETARY OF THE UNITED STATES EMBASSY AT LONDON, AND ONE OF THE MOST ACCOMPLISHED DIPLOMATS IN THE SERVICE OF THIS GOVERNMENT



The trip to Manchester "in forty minutes" was a pleasure. There was scarcely time to look over the handsome colored photographs and maps on the walls of each compartment. The clatter of closing doors before the train started sounded like a parting artillery salute. Whistling through the Cheshire country in a soft falling rain, looking upon the beautiful landscape —I must confess it—I thought of "Cheshire cheese." After becoming accustomed to the "razor strops" with which the car windows are raised and lowered, I felt that I had mastered the first of the intricacies of European travel.

In London, at St. Pancreas station, we dropped, bewildered pilgrims, in the early evening. With the top of an old, rickety four wheeler covered with trunks, steamer rugs and the omnipresent American dress suit case, ready for a coating of Continental hotel labels, (as evidence, you know) we drove directly to Carleton Terrace, the home of Ambassador Choate. It was the night before the coronation, but there was little evidence in the streets of London of the morrow's great events. A few straggling decorations, but none of the effervescent enthusiasm of an American city on the eve of any event

of national importance. I found that Ambassador Choate was not at home, and was about to turn back to the four wheeler when I met him on his return from a walk. There was a twinkle and quizzical look in his eyes as he read my letters and glanced at the pretentious

MRS. HENRY WHITE, WIFE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE UNITED STATES EMBASSY AT LONDON

array of baggage on the four wheeler. It looked like a realistic arrival of "Our American Cousin."

"You are rather late to get into the Abbey tomorrow, but go to Mr. White at Whitehall, who I think will have the tickets for you."

The four wheeler rolled toward Whitehall. Mr. White was out—and there was nothing to do but wait until morning. As soon as I could push through the lines on coronation morning, I was at Whitehall, but the stream of carriages wheeling down toward the Abbey through the Canadian arch, over the pavements sprinkled with yellow sand, had already begun to flow. It was a question of early bird, from those of high degree down to the curb spectators. Mr. White had left, giving me up. Then came Colonel Robinson, secretary of the National Club at Whitehall, to my rescue, and won the life long gratitutde of the American

stranger in London. He gallantly provided the best seat for the patient lady of our party, so I could push up toward the Abbey without my fully accredited credentials.

CONGRESSMAN FRANK WHEELER MONDELL OF WYOMING

Mr. Wheeler is the entire congressional delegation from his state, and it is doubtful if the delegation of any other state has a higher average of energy and ability than Wyoming's. A native of Missouri and of St. Louis into the bargain, Mr. Mondell spent his boyhood in Iowa. He was an orphan from his sixth year. After the Iowa schools and a private tutor had done what they could for him, business enterprises led him west. He settled in Wyoming in 1887, developed coal and oil properties, entered politics and held several positions of honor in the state. As assistant commissioner of the general land office, he got a full knowledge of the West that made him later a strong advocate of national irrigation. Mr. Mondell is serving his third term in the house.

"I am afraid you will not succeed, but no harm in trying; come back if the 'bobbies' stop you," he said. There were five or six lines of policemen to pass before reaching Parliament Square and nothing was recognized but a commissioner's pass. Too late for that, as Sir Edward Bradford, the one-armed veteran in charge, was already on his horse looking after the procession. I had a note from President Roosevelt—it was simply a question of proving that I was really myself.

"H'it's a bloody Yank—just h'arrived with a letter from Teddy. Come to see h'our Teddy, did you?" That was my cue, and I used more eloquence in the next few seconds than I will ever again be able to compress into that space.

There was a consultation between the helmeted bobbies with strings under their chins. Over their shoulders, one of them gave me a knowing look to move on. I moved.

Then there was another line of blue coats. The letter was examined.

" 'Ow did you get 'ere?"

I pointed as eloquently as possible to the signature of Theodore Roosevelt.

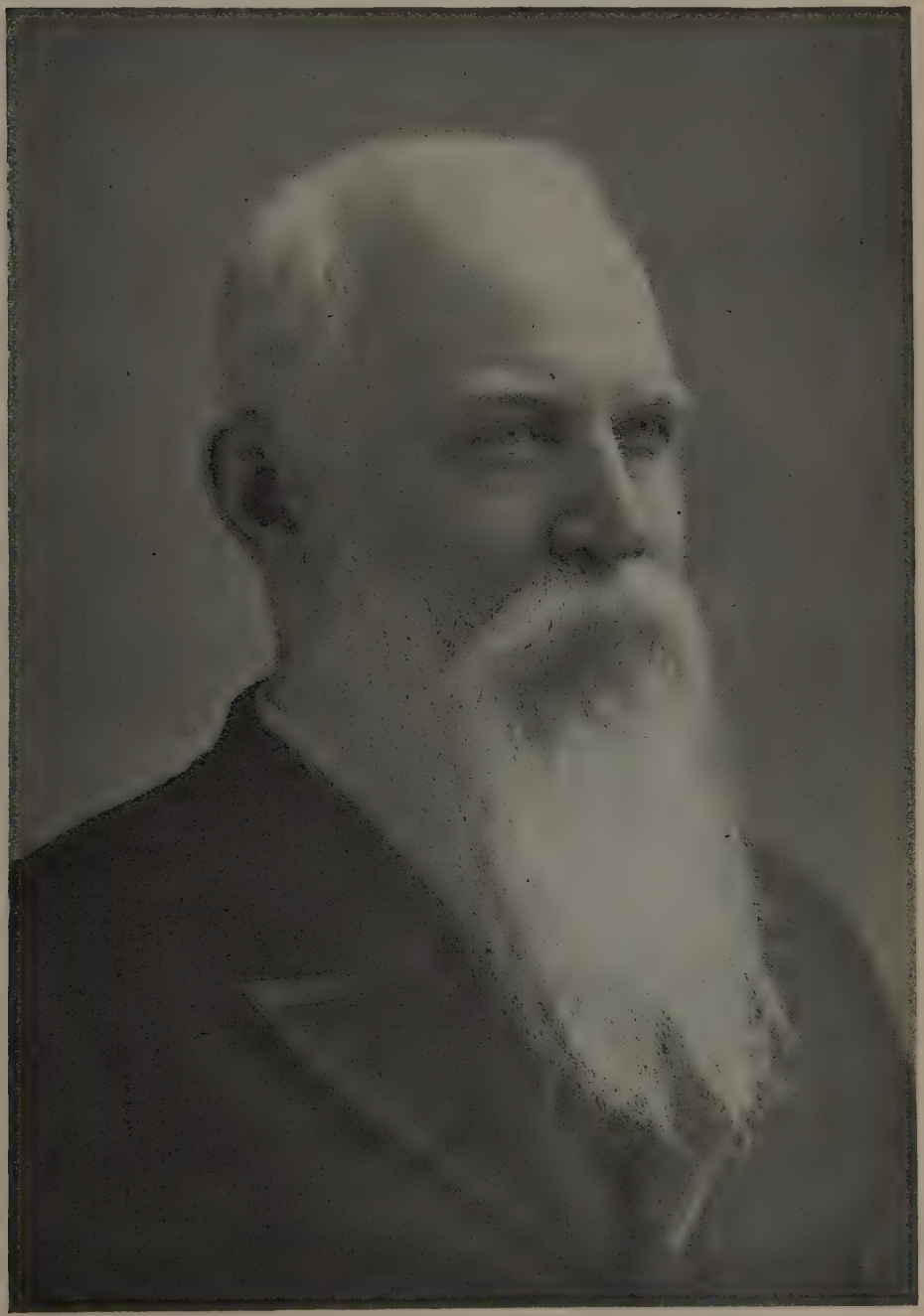
"H'it's against h'orders without a pass, but that's the greatest man on earth next to King H'edward. H'i—"

I had moved again, not waiting for him to finish, but he gave me a parting wave of the hand. Sauntering toward the covered walk, glowing with a red carpet between the houses of parliament and the Abbey, in the open square I was accosted: "Your pass!"

The letter was produced. "That don't go 'ere. You must get out of 'ere," and he marched me toward the fire engines beside the Abbey on the other side of the walk. This, I thought, was the end until I could try another tack, for the hose looked forbidding.

UNITED STATES SENATOR WILLIAM MORRIS STEWART OF NEVADA

Mr. Stewart is one of the seven senators who are natives of New York. The others are Platt and Depew, who represent the Empire state; Teller, of Colorado; Mason, of Illinois; Gamble, of North Dakota, and Clark, of Wyoming. Mr. Stewart got his early education in Ohio, attended Yale until 1849, when he joined the gold rush to California. It should be said right here that he earned his own academic and legal education. He rose to be attorney general of California in 1854; in 1860 he removed to Virginia City, Nevada, where he has since resided. He passed the various grades of political service and entered the senate in 1864. He served two terms, then practiced law until 1887, when he was elected to succeed the late James G. Fair. He was re-elected in 1893 and 1899. His term will expire in 1905.



"You're one of those H'american newspaper chaps. Well, just keep out of sight till I find Baird."

Visions of the tower came to me. All the horrors of English history swept before me; but precious hours were passing.

ARCHBISHOP JOHN MURPHY FARLEY, RECENTLY APPOINTED SUCCESSOR OF THE LATE ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN IN NEW YORK

Photograph by the Hearst Syndicate

A native of County Armagh, born in 1842. Educated at St. Marcartan's college, Monaghan; St. John's college, Fordham; St. Joseph's seminary, Troy, New York, and the American college in Rome. Ordained a priest in Rome in 1870. Since then he has been secretary to Archbishop McCloskey, private chamberlain to Pope Leo XIII., with title of Monseigneur; vicar general of the archdiocese of New York; prothonotary apostolic, auxiliary bishop of New York, titular bishop of Zeugma. His writings include a Life of Cardinal McCloskey.

As I stood beside the covered way leading from the houses of parliament to Westminster Abbey, watching the peers and peeresses sweep by, holding up their great red robes, trimmed with ermine, over their arms, jauntily carrying their coronets in their hands, I was trying to find a face known in America. Some had the air of the Waldorf corridor strutter, smoking cigarettes and affecting an indifferent unconsciousness of the throng that was gazing upon them. Looking straight ahead over the crowd and chatting among themselves, they seemed oblivious of the presence of the human beings standing by. The members of the House of Commons wore black court dress — knee breeches and cutaway coats. Each one carried a clanking sword at his side with the same grace that a civilian aide on a governor's staff handles himself in the meshes of official gold braid. Strange to say, the only face that I recognized in the passing throng was that of Sir Henry Irving. He was peering about in an anxious manner to find the right way into the Abbey. Perchance it was the R. U. E. in the production of one of his Shakespearean plays he was thinking of, for he maintained the Irving walk and the mannerisms so characteristic of the man.

The policeman was returning with Chief Baird. I held my breath and glanced furtively at the fire hose. One glance sufficed. I read the twinkle in his eye. The brusque bobby had proven a friend at court. The letter was produced again and the honor and respect shown our own President Roosevelt made me feel like hurrahing. It was evident that Superintendent Baird, Chief of Division A, was a friend. Passing through the lines of red coated soldiers with bear skin hats, the same uniform pictured in our school history of the revolution, we finally

found a position near the very entrance to the Abbey. An it was there, among the gorgeously arrayed "beef eaters" from the Tower, that I saw the procession.

As the great pageant moved by, the throngs seemed to feel it was all their own. The nobility in carriages simply represented them and their ideal of national life. It seemed to me the satisfaction of a craving for display that is found with us in the American circus and industrial parades; and the reflection of all this is seen in the American civic organizations, where plumed magnificance and display of gold lace and purple will assert itself. Even labor organizations develop the same idea in their parades, where gaudy buttons and sashes are the insignia of authority. In England the Royal Display Department is a fixed tradition. In America it changes and shifts with financial and political fortunes.

The carriages containing Prince Henry, Prince George of Greece and others stopped for some time in front of us. There was an air of patient resignation on Prince Henry's face, as he met the eyes of the curious crowds on the curb. A yawn now and then by way of punctuation—a tired look. He focused his blue eyes on me with a peculiar interest after he heard my nasal American twang. Perhaps it brought to mind his recent visit to America. I gave his gaze a fixed response and with a swing of my hat to Chief Baird, I shouted "America," and Prince Henry smiled in a hearty German way.

The royal carriages were greeted with "God Save the King" as they passed, and off went the hats of the crowds every time the band played. The Prince of Wales, a dignified little man with yellow beard, and the Princess were favorites. Tall and erect, Lord Kitchener, on a small horse and escorted by two companions, was given the most hearty greeting of any one in line, as the man who had saved South Africa. Lord Roberts, a little man on a big horse, rode alone, but it was plain to see the latest hero of South Africa was the first favorite. The carriage containing the daughters of the king were the cynosure of all eyes. Their clear cut patrician faces had something of the melancholy soberness of the queen. Lady Alexander Duff, eight-year-old grand-daughter of the king, with fluffy hair, thrilled the hearts of parents. It all seemed like a great stage scene. The procession was arranged to work up to a grand climax. The royal coach was preceded by the life guards, bargemen and heralds, and was drawn by the famous cream colored horses ridden by purple garbed men in jockey caps.

Yes, there was the king and the golden coach of state. A large, heavy man with whitened beard, bowing slightly, as if swaying in sympathetic movement with the coach. His large, full blue eyes were stolid; he turned slightly, but his nods and bows were enough. The cheers and hurrahs were heartfelt—I felt my hat going off and I cheered with the rest. That pleased Baird. The band played and the people sang *God Save the King*, but the only words I knew to that tune were *My Country, 'Tis of Thee, Sweet Land of Liberty,* and these words I sang. The scene brought to mind the times I had often seen McKinley riding out and bowing to the people. His bow was princely, graceful; it went directly out to the people. King Edward seemed like some Americans recently elected to office, who are ruggedly honest and earnest, but lack the unstudied grace of McKinley; and yet that man and what he represented was as dear as life itself to the phlegmatic Englishmen.

At the king's right sat the stately and beautiful queen, white as marble and in her blue eyes a sadness and soberness that was touching. Her finely chiseled

features were of patrician cast. The coronation would not have seemed a coronation without Queen Alexandra; in her high cut dress and general simplicity of attire there was a suggestion of a modern Priscilla. What more can a woman be than queenly? And what more can a queen be than womanly?—to adapt a mother's phrase. As the royal couple stepped from the carriage there was a hush, and then began the procession of state entering the old Abbey, where all the kings since William the Conqueror have been crowned. What a flood of history that moment recalled—the young Victoria, stately Queen Bess, good Queen Anne. I confess it—my mind all ran to queens, and there were the same styles of doublet and hose and buskins, the same head gear and insignia generally, that were used when the earlier rulers were crowned. The past centuries were linked to that moment in the ceremonies of the day.

After they had passed into the Jerusalem chamber (a large temporary vestibule built in the front of the Abbey of of World's Fair staff, and made to look aged) we passed around to the north transept. I noticed one of the outside pillars of the Abbey had been cleaned—one, that was all—and its very whiteness was offensively out of harmony. We stood by the gallery of the peeresses in one wing. Opposite were the peers; overhead the members of the House of Commons. At first I could get no idea of location, despite the maps. The altar at the back glittered in the somber light. At the right, diagonally across, was the royal box. Above were the king's friends, and on the opposite side were the queen's friends. What a scene to look upon! Diamonds and jewels flashing in the soft light. It all seemed like a dream of history; the spell was on me until one of the knickerbockered ushers bade us move back.

The music seemed to speak a language that no human voice could utter, to portray the spirit of the hour. There was no time to study details. All eyes were fixed on the royal pair as they took their places on the blue footstools. I could not see it all. The backs of the coronation chairs in front of the altar were toward me. A few feet in the rear was the raised platform or dais, upon which were the special coronation chairs, side by side, the king's chair being some inches higher than that of the queen. Far up to the roof were seats in every nook and corner; six thousand people were crowded into that small space. The emblems of St. George, St. Andrew and St. Patrick were emblazoned upon the royal box. It took me more time to realize that, after all, it was human. When I saw the two little princes fidget and grow restless and curious, as a large program book was accidently dropped from the royal box, there was a flash of common human interest in the scene.

Of the two things that impressed me most, one was the crowning of the queen, the American Duchess of Marlborough holding one corner of the canopy. This seemed appropriate—the crowning of a woman. Her stately grace made a picture long to be remembered, not by reason of the regal occasion, but because it symbolized to me the coronation of twentieth century motherhood, full orbed, beautiful womanhood, and the homage that manhood owes to her. The other incident was when the Prince of Wales greeted his father and kissed him. There was a touch of filial affection in this, that for me transcended all the bewildering, gorgeous pageant; it symbolized the beauty of domestic affection.

For the moment, the home superseded the throne. When the peers approached to pay homage they touched the crown and kissed the king, and this suggested ties of brotherhood. I had entered the

Abbey filled with awe and reverence for the traditions and memories it possessed, and rather glad that we have no coronations in America; but I came out with broader ideals of the tributes due to motherhood, womanhood, fatherhood, stopped. We rushed outside to see the procession. Many of the peers and peeresses went out, hoping to catch a glimpse of the royal procession returning. There were some moments of suspense outside, over the delay in the Abbey, but

MAYOR TOM LOFTIN JOHNSON OF CLEVELAND, OHIO

Tom Johnson is here shown in his automobile, in which he is touring the state of Ohio urging the election of democratic legislators. The great issue before the next Ohio legislature is on home rule for the cities. Johnson leads the democratic forces, having routed John A. McLean in the latest state convention. Senator Hanna leads the fight for the republicans. It is a battle of the giants. If Johnson wins he may be the democratic nominee for president in 1904. Bryan favors him. But he will have to make new records if he beats Senator Hanna before the people of Ohio. Photograph by the Hearst Syndicate

sonship and brotherhood. These are the ideals that were presented to me, and the royalties were simply the actors.

The burst of light from the central pillars, as the crown was being placed on the king's head, was impressive. The gypsy's warning had failed — King Edward was crowned sitting on the ancient scone (or stone) handed down, with all its Scottish traditions, from Edward the Confessor.

When the bells began to clang all together at 12:37, the clock in the Tower the throngs were patient. They were waiting for the crowning of their king. The tired little princes were drooping heavily, elbows on their knees, sleepy and weary of it all. These little fellows, princes of royal blood,— what will their lives yield for the history of the future?

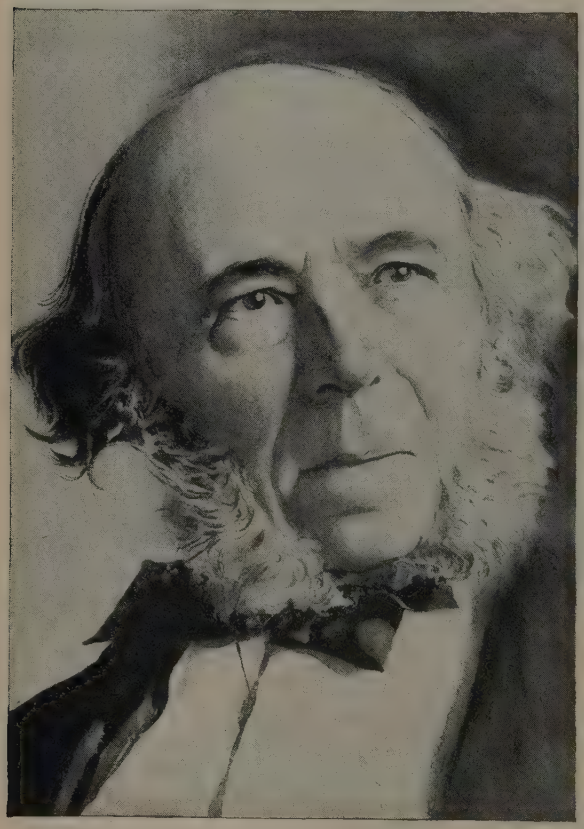
The king wore his crown on the return and nodded his greetings a little less frequently than on the way to the Abbey.

With all the glitter and richness of the scene the best of it all was to see back of it a grave, good hearted man who represented constitutional liberty more than

royal blood. The coronation seemed more like a great family gathering for the British people than a national holiday. There were few foreigners present and it was a day for the British people with them in events commemorative of the fundamental liberties which we all enjoy. National patriotism centers in our recognized administrators. National patriotism on these occasions rises above petty party strife and personal differences. Our president to us is not only a man but an idea, and we love, honor and cherish that idea with the same affection that England crowns her king and queen. Each involves the inalienable rights of citizenship.

HERBERT SPENCER, THE FAMOUS ENGLISH PHILOSOPHER.

Mr. Spencer more than any other man has dominated scientific thought during the last quarter century. His "Synthetic Philosophy" is his monument. He is very old, ill and not very cheerful. He regards with sorrow the recent revival of imperialistic spirit in England and elsewhere and takes a gloomy view of the future of mankind. Very recently he published these views in what he declared to be his last book.



From the sublime to the ridiculous: one of the funniest scenes I have ever witnessed was the nobility and officialdom waiting for the carriages to return home. There was the Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain in front of me, a smallish man with one eye flashing through his monocle and the other glowering. The coachman and footman were evidently celebrating. All was confusion. For hours the justices in scarlet, peers and peeresses in ermine, waited for carriages. The powder had fallen in showers on the shoulders of the footmen. What was all so stiff and formal a few hours ago was now chaotic. It was like the last dance at the ball. Archbishops and dignitaries, duchesses and countesses waited impatiently on the curb for the truant carriages. Chamberlain was emphatic; but he who could rule a colonial office with a rod of iron could not control a coachman on coronation day. He stamped and said something under his breath which I am glad I did

with "our king," and "our queen." As cousins, our relationship was not so close in the family as that of others, but the kindly feeling expressed toward Americans emphasized the ties of language, custom and blood that awake an American's cousinly impulse to rejoice

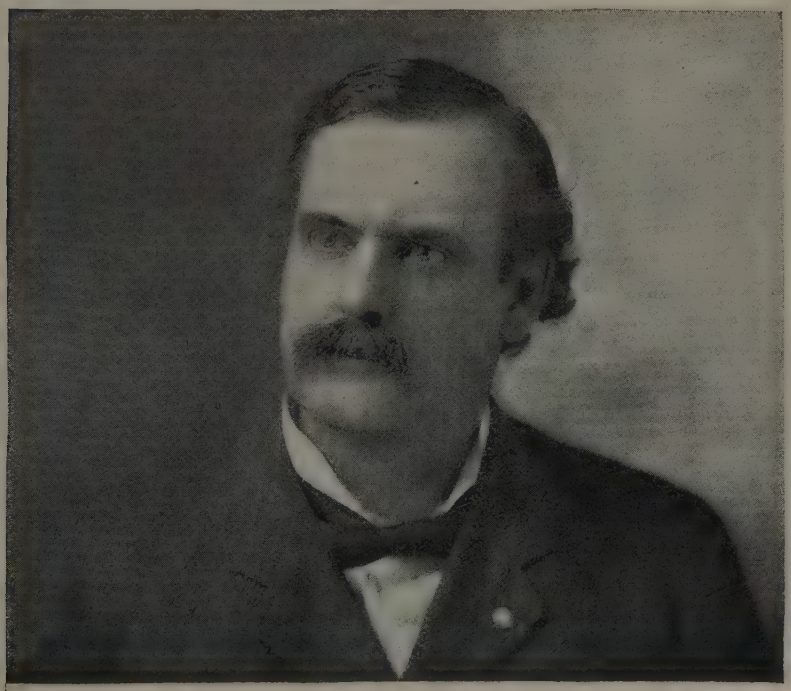
not hear. Peeresses swept down Victoria street, in their long robes and dainty skirts, hunting for carriages. The yellow sanded streets were no barrier. All was confusion, until it was difficult to tell "who was who" in the throng. One peer, in flowing robes, walked through the streets to his hotel, followed by a procession of mocking street urchins.

The strain was over. The street hawkers had begun in earnest. The great city of London had almost ceased its activities a few hours before, for the coronation; now it was all rush again. Near Trafalgar Square a young girl was lifted tenderly into an ambulance. She had died from exhaustion. The rumpled ribbons and dress told of a good country lass. The medallion, "God Bless Our King and Queen," was on her breast; a crumpled souvenir was in her hand. Following was a weeping young lover, for whom coronation day will remain a sad memory. Lights and shadows, tears and cheers—the procession moved on. The gas and night lights for the illumination began to glimmer.

Jostled and pushed on by the throng, I passed up the Strand and in the brilliant glow surrounding was the statue of Queen Victoria, hand outstretched, as if to give her benediction to the event of the day. The crowd surged by, but I stood for one moment with bared head to pay tribute to one whose life had blessed the race and helped greatly to place the ideals of true womanhood where they never can be shaken.

BEN P. BIRDSALL OF CLARION, IOWA, THE REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR SPEAKER HENDERSON'S SEAT IN CONGRESS

Mr. Birdsall is a native of Wisconsin — born in Weyauwega in 1858. The family removed to Iowa in 1870, the father engaging in banking. Ben Birdsall was educated in the common schools and the Iowa state university. He practiced law, served six years on the bench and resigned to resume his practice. He is a Mason, an Elk, and a Knight Templar. A strong, well balanced man. His opponent is former Governor Horace Boies, the strongest man the democrats could have named, and the race will be a hot one.



MEN AND AFFAIRS OF MODERN MEXICO

II. The Passing of Mexico's Man On Horseback

By S. GLEN ANDRUS

IT is an open secret in Mexico that President Porfirio Diaz is very near the close of his official career. In official circles it is whispered that two years hence another hand will take up the reins and assume the labors which General Diaz has carried on with dazzling brilliancy for nearly a quarter of a century. But for certain conditions which exist in the revolutionary districts the event would have taken place ere this. For several years President Diaz has ardently wished to retire from office and would have done so but for the urgent pleading of the men of his cabinet and others who are influential in national affairs and who feared what a change in administration might bring forth.

The Mexican press does not handle public men and public affairs with the freedom that is enjoyed in the United States, therefore the public does not know that for more than two years the president has been in rapidly failing health and the tremendous burden of government has been too grievous for

THE MEXICAN PALACE OF GOVERNMENT IN THE CITY OF MEXICO
Photograph by Dr. C. W. Hawley

him to bear. President Diaz is 73 years old and had he not possessed a constitution of iron would have completely broken down under the strain long ago. As it is, he continues to exercise a personal supervision of the most important affairs of state, but gradually the burden has been transferred to other shoulders and a school of training is in progress preparatory to a change in administration.

Who will be Diaz's successor and what has the future in store for the republic when the stern yet loving hand that has guided her from a comparative state of barbarism into one of awakened and rapidly advancing civilization? To

GENERAL PORFIRIO DIAZ, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF MEXICO

Mexico the question of Diaz's successor is the most vital that has confronted her people in years. Accustomed as we are to such a republic as the United States, the question naturally arises: why is a prospective change in the presidency of such vital moment to Mexico? It finds partial answer in the statement that Mexico is a republic in name only. Her government is an absolute dictatorship backed by the force of the army. From our standpoint her elections are howling farces in which the people are supposed to have the choice, but in which actually they have no choice. Governors of states are picked up and shuffled about at the will of the republic's dictator as chess men on the national board. When a new president is chosen it will be the army and government, not the people, who will place him in Diaz's chair.

Another reason for the fear attached to a change in the presidency is revolution. Lucky will Mexico be if such a change is brought about without the letting of much blood. This is why President Diaz is still retaining his office. When he retires, the army of the republic will be in position to cope with any rebellion that may occur, — in short, to make a president and see that his seat is kept secure. With this end in view Mexico's army is undergoing a revolution of its own and when the revolution is ended and Diaz steps down and out the army of the republic will not be a thing to be treated lightly by any foreign power in the world. Those who ought to know declare that Mexico was never more ripe for revolution, but two years hence it will be a sorry job to start any trouble in the republic.

Unless there is a change in present plans Honorable Jose Ives Limantour, minister of finance, will be the next president of the republic. It is openly stated in official circles that General Bernardo Reyes, secretary of war, has withdrawn his candidacy, if such it might be called, in favor of Senor Limantour. Since Diaz's gradual self effacement began, Limantour has undoubtedly been the brains of the republic; and where two years ago the army was probably to a man with General Reyes, it is now with Limantour, despite the fact that he is not a soldier. In view of this fact, Limantour's views upon subjects of national importance to Mexico are of importance.

While in the City of Mexico recently I had the honor and pleasure of an interview with the minister of finance and secured from him an authorized statement regarding many public questions. I found him to be a man of great magnetic power, short of statue, small of frame and very slender. Secretary Limantour is not at first glance a man of engaging appearance. When he looks at you, however, and speaks in his short, sharp, incisive way as though delivering a broadside, you are suddenly filled with the idea that you are face to face with a great man. His eyes rivet you, his voice demands your whole attention and you can think of nothing save the man before you. In conversation Limantour takes short, quick walks about his room, ever and anon turning quickly and unexpectedly facing you to deliver another broadside.

He is the kind of man you cannot afford to waste words with. He takes the shortest cut in conversation and is impatient if you do not do the same. Courteous to a fault, he will not let you know when he is annoyed unless you catch the trick of watching the uplifting of his eyebrows or the flash of the eyes. The secretary speaks seven different languages fluently. In conversation about the United States he is likely to make you feel ashamed of your lack of intimate knowledge which he possesses of the affairs of your own country. Talk about Mexico and he expects you to be as conversant with the affairs of his country as he is with those of your own. With

all his evident great reserve force he gave me the impression of a man who had been driving ahead for years at reckless speed with the safety valve tied down.

When I expressed my desire to talk with him about Mexico he smilingly replied: "Pretty large subject for a busy man. Ask me some questions."

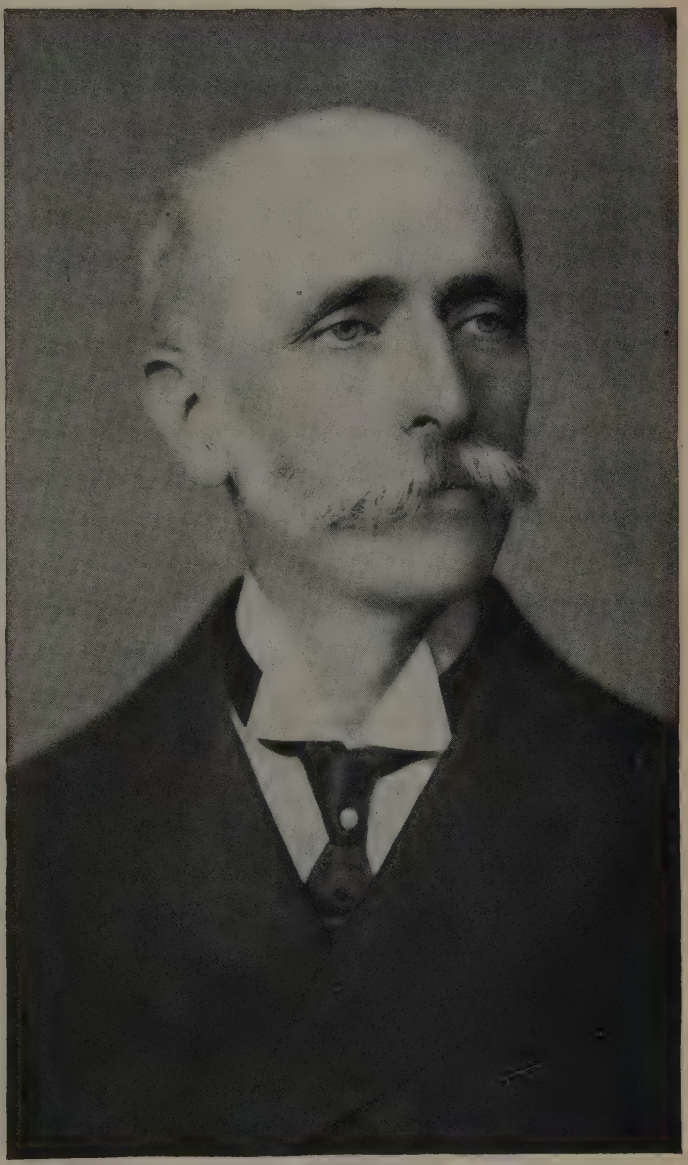
"Do you think that Mexico is destined to become a world power?" I asked.

"That question covers one of the biggest subjects that can be formulated with respect to this country. I might say that I firmly believe that the geographical situation of Mexico, her resources — which are of all kinds — and the number of her people, place the republic in a position to become in a short time a very powerful nation."

"Upon what main resource does Mexico depend for future greatness?"

"Upon none but upon all. The mining future of the republic will certainly be for many years in proportion to her present condition. Mexico is already on a level with the United States in the matter of mining productions and we can say that although the working of the silver mines commenced some four centuries ago, these works are still in their infancy and that they are susceptible of immense development, especially if we take into account the

SENOR JOSE IVES LIMANTOUR, MEXICO'S MINISTER OF FINANCE AND PROSPECTIVE SUCCESSOR OF GENERAL DIAZ AS PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC



immense variety of ores that are found in this country. Pass to our agricultural productions. It is sufficient to say that the territory of the republic contains the most varied climatic conditions and a great variety of soils. Water may be scarce in some of the higher regions, but it is easy to construct irrigation works and by means of dams detain the water that during the rainy season precipitates itself in torrents without any benefit whatever and finally runs off into the sea.

"You have asked me about the commercial interests of the country. The commercial importance of the republic will naturally rise as a consequence of the development of the mineral, agricultural and industrial resources. It is to be noted regarding the latter that the rapid evolution that has been seen in several branches of industry during the last ten or fifteen years and the abundance of raw material that is to be found in the country, constitute the best promise for the future of manufacturing industries in Mexico."

It had occurred to me that the rapid invasion of Mexico by foreigners who are apparently seizing all the larger business interests of the republic might have awakened the fear in official circles that the United States would eventually dominate there. So I asked the minister how the government viewed the investment of foreign capital in Mexico. He answered without hesitation and with positiveness which left no doubt as to his sincerity.

"The government," he declared, "looks with the greatest sympathy upon the investment of foreign capital in the republic, when such investment is carried out with prudence and good judgement and thus leaves in this country the staple elements of prosperity. Unfortunately, we very often see illy meditated undertakings organized outside of the republic which are gotten up for mere speculation through middle men who know little of the country and who make use of improper methods. The failure of these undertakings is to be lamented, seeing that, generally speaking, those who lose their money do not attribute their loss to the carelessness with which they have proceeded nor to the conduct of the promoters. On the contrary, they attribute their failure to the country; whereas, the truth is that in the majority of cases neither the people nor the authorities nor the institutions of the country have had anything to do with the ill success of the business.

"It is therefore of the greatest importance to confide the investigation of every prospective investment to honorable persons of experience who have knowledge of men and things in Mexico. When carried out in this manner, the investment of foreign capital in this country will always be beneficial to the investor and to the country and will be received by the government with open arms."

Passing to the subject of commercial relations between the United States and Mexico, Senor Limantour said:

"The probability of steady increase of trade between the two countries is very great. In my judgment both countries will derive immense benefit from everything that will tend to increase trade relations. Lack of transportation facilities between the States and Mexico no longer exists. It is very recently that a new link has been forged by the construction of a line of railroad from El Paso to Liberal, Kansas, whereby the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific has been joined to the Mexican Central, thereby making a short route from the City of Mexico to Chicago and through Chicago to the vast markets of the American seaboard. Such undertakings as these cannot but promote greater trade relations. American capital is now engaged building lines of railroad in Mexico which will cause us to seek your country more and more as a market for our products."

The secretary's remarks regarding careless investment of capital in the republic naturally led me to question him as to the best investments offered there. "The industries," he said, "which present the greatest possibilities of development, very naturally, are those which utilize the raw material which this country can advantageously produce and those which count on a large domestic consumption. Such industries present good opportunities for investment, for the markets are to be found at home. We have not reached the time when we can export on

GENERAL BERNARDO REYES, MEXICO'S SECRETARY OF WAR AND HEAD OF THE MEXICAN ARMY

a large scale the manufactured products of the republic."

I tried with ill success to get the minister of finance to talk upon the subject of Mexico's money standard, the depreciation of her currency and of what he thought would be the result should the republic adopt the gold standard. He was not to be drawn in that direction. "I can give no information regarding questions of that character connected with our monetary system," said he, "as I do not want my words to be in any way twisted with respect to the policy of the Mexican government regarding the money standard. It is sufficient to say that for the present the government is not thinking of amending the laws now in force with regard to coinage."

One of Senor Limantour's greatest works was the founding of the present national banking system of the republic and I asked him to outline the elements of the strength of the system. He replied:

"The strength of the national banking system of Mexico is undoubtedly to be found in the absolute independence of the banks with respect to all political or administrative influences. The guarantee of the bank notes issued is exclusively in the hands of the respective establishments and the Mexican law has looked to the bullion deposits in proportion to the issue of notes and the capital of the bank and to the preference rights that the holders of bank notes have on the assets of the institution for the efficient protection of the note issue. Besides this, the government exercises a careful supervision over the fulfilment of the law, but at the same time takes care not to interfere with the administration of the bank."

The conversation finally turned upon the public schools of Mexico, which the government officials naturally view with great pride.

"Education of the masses is doing a great work for Mexico," exclaimed the minister. The government has made elementary and primary instruction obligatory, gratuitous and undenominational. We have every reason to hope that the legal provisions which have been enacted during the past few years will, among other profitable results, bring about the elevation of the moral and material conditions of the native races who for many reasons deserve the attention and aid of the public authorities."

The government of Mexico has in mind great things for the army and navy, but of these Senor Limantour refused to talk except to say:

"The government does not now propose to increase the standing army, but is occupying itself with the organization of the reserves, the perfection of military instruction and with supplying the army with the best possible armament and equipment."

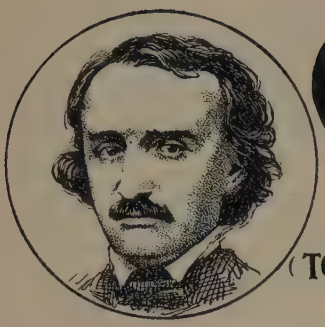
It only remains to be said that after talking with such men as Senor Limantour one cannot fail to be convinced that the future of Mexico is safe and that the young republic of the southwest will yet give an account of herself in the congress of nations.

REQUIEM

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

Robert Louis Stevenson



CORONATION ODE

(TO EDGAR ALLAN POE)

By ERNEST McGAFFEY

PRINCE of the realms of Song!
Thou who didst feel the thong
Of poverty, of cold neglect, of sorrow and of shame:
O! minstrel half divine,
What jeweled crown was thine?
What shall we say when questioned by the Delphic lips of Fame?

We know thy faith and truth,
Thy scarred and bitter youth;
Thy hopeless fight against great odds, thy courage well we know;
And not bedimmed by Time,
The luster of thy rhyme
Shall star-like shine, as fixed and far, and guard the name of Poe.

The insect brood which crawled
About thy feet and brawled
Against thy fame when thou wert gone, are sunk to yesterday.
They passed as motes that dance
Dim on a sunbeam's lance,
In dawnlight reared, by noon-tide spent, through twilight borne away.

Not that thou need'st a word.
But my disdain is stirred
By later sordid tribute of base and cringing song;
Soft, fawning melodies,
Sent wide, and over-seas,
To hail a rotten Kingdom built on centuries of wrong.

Mere accident of birth
But gives the high Gods mirth!
Not rank nor wealth, nor lineage, will stand for long renown.
Only the brave and true
The souls who dare and do,
May win the right to purple, and wear a royal crown.

Thy sceptre was the pen.
Whilst vain and lesser men
A monarch's bauble held aloft, in gilt, fantastic state;
Thy throne was but a chair,
Yet courtiers gathered there,
And many a herald now proclaims thy kinship with the great.

Thy kingdom is the world,
Past where the sails are furled
In all the lands, and every clime, friendly or alien fleet;
The echo of thy strain
Its sweetness and its pain,
Will speak for thee wherever sounds the fall of human feet.

Borne far across the sands
Thy name in other lands
Shall still endure, through day and night, out to the tides of Doom;
Daring the ages dire
By night a pillared fire,
By day a cloud as dusk and straight as thine own Raven's plume.

Prince of the realms of song,
Round whom the spirits throng;
Thou who hast blown through Fancy's reeds with brief but fiery breath—
Thou more than peer with Kings,
Thy weird imaginings
Are laurel-wreathed, and thou art crowned, high in the Courts of Death.

Ernest McGaffey.

The STORY of CAPPIE

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

THE story of Cappie is one of pioneer life in Wisconsin half a century ago. Of such tales there are sometimes current numerous versions. I here present the one which came to me from an actor in the strange events. Yet I can imagine no version more complete in the dramatic detail which goes to make up a tragedy; for the story of the boy Cappie is shrouded throughout in uncertainty and ends at last in mystery.

Among the early settlers of Vinland, in Winnebago County, Wisconsin, were five brothers named Partridge. They were Alvin, Frederic, Thomas, William and George. There was also a sister, Mrs. Philip Harper, and in Waupaca County, hard by, another sister, a Mrs. Bouton, the wife of a surveyor. The brother Frederic was a free will Baptist preacher. The family came originally from Pennsylvania, from there to Ohio, from Ohio to Vinland, and were people of consequence in what was then northern Wisconsin.

Alvin Partridge settled in 1847 half a mile south of what was afterward known, and may yet be known, as Thompson's Corners. His family consisted of his wife, a daughter and a son, the latter a bright little fellow of four years named Casper: but his pet name was Cappie—so Cappie he shall be to us. Alvin Partridge had taken up a fine quarter section of farming land and built on it a preemption shanty of poplar poles, consisting of only one room with a portion curtained off for a bed room. Mark these details, for they bear on the story.

The two children slept in a trundle bed which in the daytime was pushed under the bed used by the parents. On the south side of the shanty was rather a large opening floored with stone for a fireplace and chimney. It opened out into the main room and at the top was drawn into a flue topped out with sticks well daubed with clay. The main room was some twenty feet square, serving, my informant quaintly says, as kitchen, sewing room, sitting room and parlor. The floor was made of poles dubbed somewhat smooth with an adze after being laid. On either side of the cabin was a huge door so that in winter the beech logs for the fire place could be hauled in by a horse.

Alvin Partridge was a large, powerful man, a good mechanic and a master of woodcraft. He could shoe a horse or build a logging sleigh and could do the work of two men any day.

The winter of 1848-9 he spent in the pine woods on the upper Wolf river, getting out lumber for a house and barn. When his task was finished in the spring of '49 he came down into the neighborhood of How's, four or five miles northeast of his homestead, where was located a thick hard maple grove. Here he

built a sugar camp, set his kettles and worked industriously until near the end of the sugar season.

On a certain Saturday, having come home the night before, he took his family up to the sugar bush with him for a day's recreation, intending to gather up his implements and carry everything home that evening with the team.

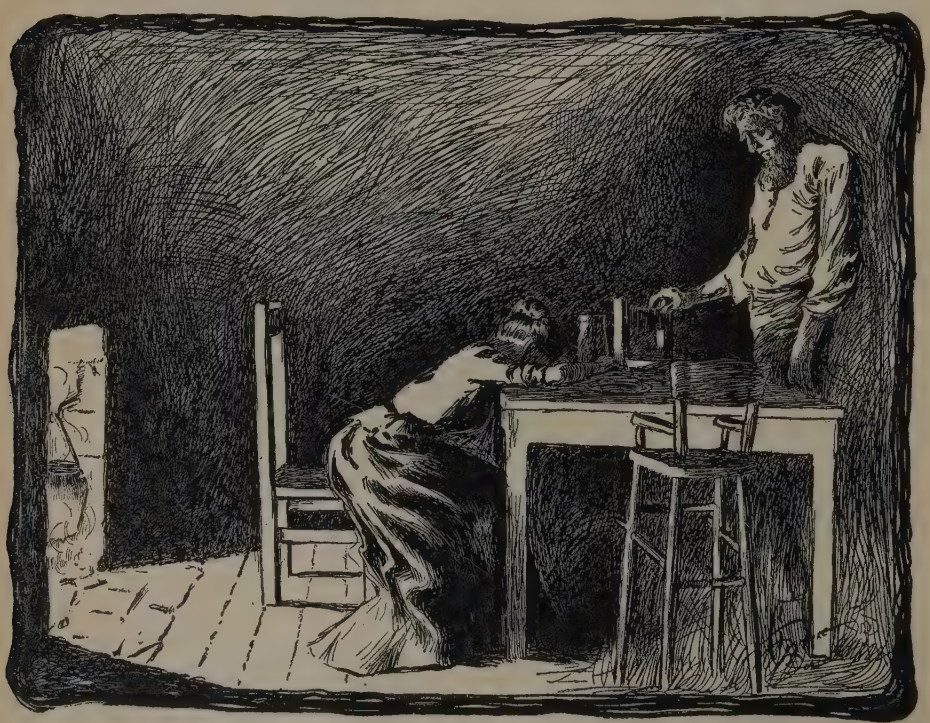
The night before had been frosty and the sun rising bright and clear made a good sap day: they concluded to gather some sap and boil it down so the children could see how maple sugar was made.

Partridge, busy gathering sap, saw Cappie toward noon with one shoe off, a few rods from the sap kettles.

"Go to your mother, Cappie, and have your shoe put on," he commanded, and giving the matter no further thought proceeded to reset his sap troughs; but the question of all this strange story is whether he ever saw Cappie again. On his return he asked his wife where Cappie was. "I thought he was with you," she replied. But Cappie was no where to be found.

They began to search for the boy. He had disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed him up. In fact, the wilderness had swallowed him up, just as effectually. The distracted parents looked until dark in vain. That night they sent word to Neenah and through the surrounding country. The next day the entire settlement were scouring the woods for Cappie, but in all the heart breaking search they found only one trace of the missing boy. About two miles west of the sugar camp, searchers detected, on a little patch of snow not yet melted by the spring sun, two childish foot prints: one that of a shoe and one of a stocking foot.

The whole country was aroused.



"Cappie had vanished."

Food and camping outfits were sent on as required and the search was kept up for a week or more by nearly the entire community: nothing but those two foot prints were ever found. Cappie had vanished.

For two years following, stories would float back to the settlements of a white child among the Indians in the north woods, and in the fall parties would be sent from Vinland to the annual gathering of the Indians at Lake Poygan, hoping to get some track of Cappie: no trace of him was found.

During the fall and winter of 1850-51, settlers heard of a white child among a band of Indians at Waupaca. The sister of Cappie's father, Mrs. Bouton, who married the surveyor, had settled near Waupaca and in time the story reached her ears.

"If it is Cappie," said she when told, "I should know him by a scar on one of his ankles."

Impressed by repeated rumors concerning the child she went to Waupaca, hunted up the Indians, saw the reputed white boy, *and found the scar on his ankle.* She was fully convinced that she had found Cappie and immediately sent her husband forty miles across country at night and on foot to inform her brother of the discovery.

George Partridge, one of the younger brothers, hitched up his team when he heard the news and with another brother, Frederic, started at once for Waupaca. Two days later they returned to the settlement, bringing the Indian woman together with three or four of her children and the mysterious boy whose identity was in doubt. The Indian woman claimed that the boy was a half breed, his father a trader. The child was cadaverous and unhealthy looking, of an uncertain complexion and with a formidable scar at each corner of his mouth. He seemed very much afraid of the whites and could not be induced to talk. The only words to be gotten out of him in English were:

"Don't cut the skin!"

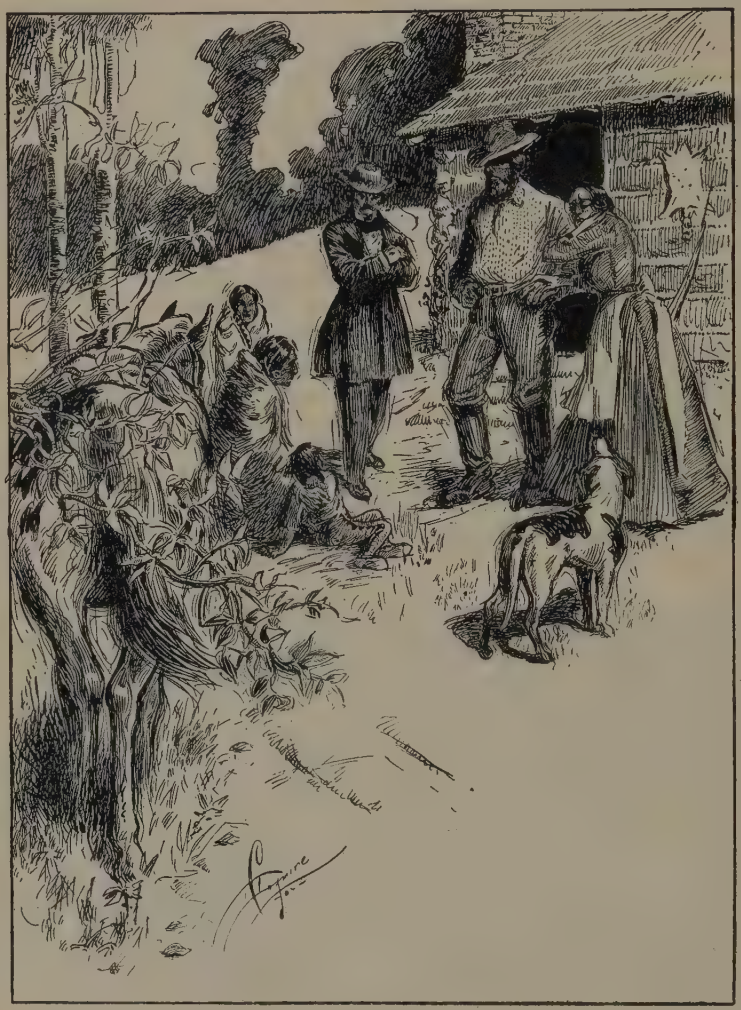
Two years before, Cappie's mother had lost a bright, chubby, rosy cheeked child, though somewhat dark, being of low Dutch ancestry. When she saw this boy, his every feature was so repulsive that she put up both hands in horror, exclaiming: "That is not Cappie!"

Accordingly the squaw with her little ones was allowed to go back to Waupaca. The uncle, Frederic, who had helped bring the boy down, was, as I have said, a preacher. On his return from Waupaca with the child and squaw he was hurried away to fill an appointment and did not learn of the decision of Cappie's mother until he got back. He refused to believe she was right and with one or two of the other brothers believed that the mysterious child surely must be Cappie and that he must be recovered and brought back. Accordingly William Partridge and a family friend, Dr. J. J. Sherman, still living at Marinette, Wisconsin, (1901) started for Waupaca with a team to hunt up the Indian woman and the child. When they reached there the Indians had disappeared.

The hunters soon got upon their trail; then followed a long and fruitless pursuit. Keeping always on their track the white men could never with their utmost efforts overtake them. Night after night they reached the spot where the Indians had slept the night before. Frequently they made their fire from the embers of the deserted camp of the Indians. Still they could not come up with them. Does it not call to mind Longfellow's Acadian story of the weary efforts of Evangeline to overtake Gabriel?

So these men struggled determinedly on week after week until at last the Indians, perceiving they must in the end be overtaken, sent word that they would surrender to the sheriff of the county.

The white men accordingly procured



". . . . put up both hands in horror, exclaiming: 'That is not Cappie.'"

a writ and, taking the sheriff with them, proceeded to the old Indian play ground at Lake Poygan, where the little band, true to their promise, surrendered and were taken to Oshkosh, then as now the county seat of Winnebago county.

At Oshkosh, Cappie's father, Alvin Partridge, appeared and, through friends, gave bonds of three thousand dollars for the custody of the child, pledging as security to his bondsmen his farm, on which he had built a good

house and barn and planted an orchard; in a word, made the usual improvements of a thrifty pioneer. He took the boy home.

A day in the near future was appointed for a hearing before Court Commissioner Butrick. The examination, for convenience, was held in the largest church in the city of Oshkosh before an audience of several hundred people. The testimony on both sides was clear and positive, and the dispute now assumed something of a sectarian character, the Indians being Catholics and the white claimants and their friends Protestants.

Father F. J. Bonduel, one of the French Canadian priests who devoted their lives to the Indian missions—he was at Green Bay between 1830 and 1846 —testified in behalf of the squaw that he had known the boy from his birth and had given him bread and butter almost every day. A Mrs. Douseman, housekeeper for the reverend father, testified that she had known the boy for several years and that he belonged to the squaw. Finally Captain ———, an Indian trader of Neenah, testified, as the Indian woman had in the beginning claimed, that he was the child's father.

On the other hand many persons from Waupaca testified in regard to the treatment of the child by the squaw; they said she had used him as interpreter. But could a child at this age act as an interpreter? They testified further that she sent him out to beg of the white families, taking away what he brought back and giving it to the other children, who were fat and sleek while he was poor and scrawny. Others testified the child had told them in English that the scars on his mouth were made by the Indians heating a horseshoe and putting it in his mouth for the purpose of disfiguring him, and that the Indians had told him if the white folks got him they would skin him and make a white child of him, hence his exclamation, "Don't cut the skin!"

It was also alleged that he had frequently told men driving teams that his father used to have a team of horses and that he used to ride after them. These things, together with Mrs. Bouton's testimony concerning the scar on the ankle and many other matters, my informant continues, led the bulk of the Protestant people to believe the child in dispute was really Cappie, and Mr. Sherman's recollection is that Cappie's mother testified positively that this was her child. When the testimony was all in, Commissioner Butrick announced that he would take two weeks to examine the evidence and render his decision. This was on Saturday night. On the second Sunday following, a messenger came up to Vinland from Alvin Partridge's attorney at Oshkosh stating that the decision had gone against them: that the commissioner believed the child to be the child of the Indian woman.

Overcome with the news, Cappie's father in desperation sacrificed his farm to the bondsmen, took the child and fled to Ohio with him, the mother following. There they remained some two years before the Indians learned of their whereabouts. Finally, with the assistance of Catholic sympathizers, a sheriff was sent to Ohio with a requisition from the governor of Wisconsin and the father and child were brought back as far as Milwaukee. At that point, through the assistance of friends, the prisoners at night were spirited out of the jail in which they were held temporarily, and they again disappeared from Wisconsin, and this time forever.

It is now A. D. 1902. The father is probably dead. The boy, if alive, is about fifty-seven years old. He may even read these words and wonder whether he is really Cappie! For how can even he certainly tell?

But listen further to the views of Dr. J.

J. Sherman, who, as has been noted, was one of the actors in the tragedy. On the first return of the doubtful child from Waupaca he says that he was as much disappointed in his appearance as the mother of Cappie. He had fixed in his mind the image of a chubby little fellow who used to come over to the neighbor, for whom Mr. Sherman then worked, with a cent in his hand to buy a boy! For the neighbor had six boys and poor Cappie had none to play with. What a gentle pathos in the incident! Doesn't it make little Cappie stand out very much alive? On the other hand, Dr. Sherman continues, Alvin Partridge was a much loved friend of his, a member of the same church, and a man in whose word this surviving witness had every confidence; then Dr. Sherman relates the most mysterious incident in this chapter of mysteries.

After the disappearance of Cappie, Alvin Partridge had built, as before stated, a new farm house. In this home he was living at the time of the reputed Cappie's return; the preemption shanty, Cappie's old home, was still standing, but then used as a work shop.

Before Cappie was lost they had bought a cook stove which was set up in front of the fireplace: when the boy was brought back the stove had been taken away from there and put into the kitchen of the new house. Now comes the statement made by Alvin Partridge to Dr. Sherman.

"It was a rainy day," said he, "and during the interval between the taking of the testimony and the day of Commissioner Butrick's decision, I was working in the shop, the old preemption shanty, and Cappie was with me. After looking around the boy said: 'Pa, the stove used to stand here,' pointing with the words to the spot where the stove did formerly stand. Again, in a few minutes, going to the side of the room which was in Cappie's babyhood curtained off for the bed, the boy said: 'My bed was here: it used to go under your bed.'"

"Now, I say," concludes Dr. Sherman, "if the boy said this without prompting, no power on earth can make me believe that he was not Casper Partridge who was lost in the spring of 1849."

And so say all of us. If this was true it must convince anyone. Was it true? Or was it said, as Dr. Sherman puts it, without prompting? Could an almost frantic desire to find in the doubtful child his missing boy have unbalanced the father mentally, or bent him to undue effort to elicit these words?

If he did not believe, above everything a man ordinarily holds precious, such as home and companionship of relatives and friends, that the boy was his child, why should he cast all these aside, forfeit his home and fly with him from a decision which would not only part father and child but make his boy an Indian rover for life?

What of it all, though, from the Indian's standpoint? It must be remembered that even where a deadly enmity did not exist between the settlers and the red men there was ever a continual distrust and suspicion. The testimony of the Indian was universally regarded as untrustworthy, and from the point of view of the red man I doubt if the testimony of the white man stood much higher. We have learned in later years that there are two sides to the Indian question, one of which belongs to the Indian.

Consider that in the first instance this Indian woman went voluntarily from her people at the request of the white men to place her child before its reputed white mother; that the white mother distinctly repudiated the child; and that the Indian woman was left to return with her papooses to her people.

Again, after the white men had fruitlessly pursued her band for months, they voluntarily offered to surrender her to

the white man's sheriff and to allow the white man's court to decide the identity of the child.

Is it not a rather remarkable instance of a willingness, on her part, to abide by the white man's law? — which heaven knows the red man has little enough reason to respect.

Then the testimony at the trial. The positive statement of the missionarry priest that he had known the child for years and had seen it probably for long intervals every day: note the corroborative testimony of the house keeper: and the testimony of the Indian trader that the child was his own. Put against all this the identification of the boy as Cappie by Mrs. Bouton, through the scar on his ankle. Could all that be no more than one of life's strange coincidences?

Solomon had such a case before him once and solved it happily. In that instance one of the mothers knew the child was her own; the other knew it was not her own. In this case only the Indian woman knew whose child was in dispute. If it was really the squaw's child Solomon's proposal must have failed because neither mother would willingly have seen the child dismembered.

Be it as it may, the white man's court gave the child to the Indian woman. Then, the white claimant stole it away, not once, but twice. Was justice or injustice done in this? Look at it as you will, the story of Cappie ends in mystery. If the boy was really Cappie there is one tragedy in the story. If he was not, the story suggests two, because Cappie's distracted parents not only failed to recover their own child but robbed an Indian woman of hers to replace it.

On the other hand, if Alvin Partridge told the truth to John J. Sherman, the boy must have been Cappie. And the story ends with the question which has never been solved, and never can be.

Did he tell the truth?

ADOPTED

By EDWARD W. WOOLLEY

IN a little country cemetery that lay on a knoll, surrounded on all sides by the rolling acres of cultivated farms, with farm-houses and red barns and windmills scattered over the landscape,— in this little country cemetery on a certain summer's afternoon, a middle aged woman was engaged with a trowel, a green painted watering pot and a sickle, upon and about a burial lot, which was fenced in from the rest of the graveyard by a low, white railing. The woman was substantial and matronly looking, and her plump figure was enveloped in a freshly washed and starched gown of light summer material, the sleeves of which she had drawn up above her elbows. On her head she wore an old fashioned sun bonnet of stiffened calico, which concealed her face as she leaned over to ply the trowel and rake, and to pour, now and then, a little water from the green watering pot upon the thirsty ground.

The cemetery, small though it was in area, was well populated, as the numerous upright marble slabs bore evidence. It was clear, too, that many of the grave

stones had been there for several decades, for they were yellow and moldy and leaning, and the inscriptions were chipped and blackened by the storms of winters and the heat of summers.

There were a great many little railings in the cemetery, like the one near which the woman worked, but most of them, instead of being fresh and clean with white paint, were soiled and moss covered. There were numerous low hedges, also, in hollow squares; but, like the railings and tombstones, they seemed to have suffered neglect, for they were in sad want of trimming and training.

But the most striking feature about this little country cemetery was the rank growth of grass and weeds that filled the lots, concealed the mounds and fairly over topped the marble slabs themselves. Here and there a weeping willow or a cypress tree, straggling, unkempt and drooping, mingled its branches with the weeds and formed a miniature jungle.

The outer fence surrounding the place was almost invisible because of the luxuriant growth of these weeds and grasses. The double gates leading from the country road could never have been opened short of half an hour's vigorous work with the scythe, and even then a carriage would have found a guide necessary to pilot it through the choked up roadways. It was years since the last solemn cortege had entered the little cemetery, and however much the silent sleepers may have been adored in life, they were wofully neglected in death. Indeed, is it not strange how quickly the affairs of this world take our thoughts from those who have preceded us to the other?—how quickly the sting of death is forgotten?

But, to do a simple justice, it should be said that here and there in the graveyard was a spot which showed that memory lingered fondly over some lost one. Now and then a little oasis in the wilderness of weeds showed a grave with blooming plants upon it, and with close cropped lawn about it—evidence of some mother's never dying love or some sister's tender thoughtfulness.

It was at such a grave that the matronly woman in the sun bonnet labored The lot within the white railing was very small, and the solitary grave upon the lot was also small, but the little mound was carefully rounded and its edges were bordered with the softest and thickest of sod, while its top was a mass of blooming violets. The rest of the lot was like a lawn, so completely was it carpeted with closely cut and velvety grass. At the head of the grave stood a small but massive monument of granite, upon one side of which was carved this inscription:

ROBERT STRAND
Died May 16, 1874. Age, 9 years.
Sweet be your rest.

"There!" said Bob's mother, at last, gathering up her utensils and stepping back to take a final look at the violets. "There, Bob, they're looking real nice! I'll come again soon, dear. I must go now and meet your father, for you know he's coming home tonight from the city. I must bring him here with me to see how fresh and lovely everything is. Goodbye, Bob!"

So saying, Mrs. Robert Strand made her way to the road, where a big gray horse, attached to a phaeton, was contentedly nibbling the clover. She piled the things into the phaeton and, climbing in herself, gathered up the reins and turned the horse's head homeward.

"I wonder," she mused, as the big gray jogged along — "I wonder what Robert will bring me for my birthday? Perhaps the unexpected business that delayed him will make him forget all about it. But he never has forgotten it yet. Dear me! Forty-four years old

today! What an old crone I'm getting to be!"

But Mrs. Strand, in reality, was very far from being an old crone, as she knew quite well. There was scarcely a line in her genial face, and the tresses under the calico sun bonnet were streaked only here and there with a gray hair. She knew, as well as anybody, that Mary Strand was a remarkably comely and attractive woman for four and forty years, and she smiled to herself as she made a mental comparison between a genuine crone and the picture she had seen in the mirror that very day.

Having arrived at the Strand homestead, she drove through a double gate, on either side of which stood a great chestnut tree, and tied the horse to a red hitching post under a kitchen window. Then she went into the house and bustled cheerily around, giving orders to the servant regarding the evening meal, which was to be quite elaborate in honor of two events—first and foremost, the return home of Mr. Robert Strand from his trip to the city with the cattle, and secondly, the birthday of Mrs. Strand.

The irregular, two-story frame house, painted white and with old fashioned green blinds, stood at the summit of a gradual rise, so that from the well kept lawn could be seen the fertile acres of the estate. This had been the birth place and the death place of Bob. It was not a great estate, nor was Robert Strand what is known as a country gentleman. He was an unpretending man of agriculture. Over the sunny pathway of this favored couple there had fallen but one sorrow—a sorrow so deep that it shadowed all their joys. In the little neglected cemetery lay buried the one great hope and idol of Robert and Mary Strand.

When Mrs. Strand had seen the supper arrangements under full swing, she exchanged the light gown for a more pretentious one, untied the big gray horse from the red post, and once more climbed into the phaeton.

"Be sure to have supper ready at six o'clock, Ann!" she called to the servant, as she drove away. "Mr. Strand will be real hungry after his long ride on the cars, and so will I."

"Shure, Miss Stra-han!" Ann shouted back, in a rich brogue, and returned to her task of beating eggs, cutting dough into little patties, spreading jelly upon appetizing looking tarts, and doing a hundred other things.

Meanwhile, the mistress of the household was on her way to the little village of Stratford, three miles from the farm. Having arrived there, she tied the horse to a railing outside the depot platform, and sat down in the combined ladies' and gentlemen's waiting room. The rickety and solitary town omnibus clattered up and let out a commerical traveler or two. The man with the bag of mail over his shoulder came sauntering along and dumped his burden on the platform. The village loungers ambled over to see the train come in, and the dingy old depot took on the lively and expectant air that precedes train time at a country station.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Strand," said the station agent, courteously lifting his hat. "Is Mr. Strand coming home today?"

"Yes, Mr. Reddy, I hope so. He was to have been here day before yesterday, but he wrote that business would detain him for several days. I was awfully disappointed, because I had planned a little social time at our house for tonight with some of the neighbors. You see, it's my birthday, Mr. Reddy — no, you needn't ask me how old I am, for I won't tell. Well, this morning I got another line saying he'd be home tonight. Wasn't that fine! And I'm just dying to know what it was that kept him away so long, and—and—to find out what he's brought me for my birthday."

Mrs. Strand laughed merrily, and the affable station agent was about to say something very witty, when a long, hoarse whistle in the distance announced the approach of the train. The station agent hurried out unceremoniously, the loungers lined up against the depot, the mail carrier seized the leather bag, and the big gray horse stuck his ears forward and jerked up his head, as if he had half a mind to run away—which he hadn't at all.

The long train slid up to the depot and stopped in the midst of much hissing and clanging and creaking of brakes. The one or two drummers climbed aboard and two passengers got off. One was Robert Strand, the other a very small boy in a brand new knickerbocker suit, with big, puzzled, brown eyes and a wan face, and who clasped Mr. Strand's hand as tightly as he could with his own. Mrs. Strand started forward the moment she saw her husband, to give him an eager reception, but her eyes, falling on the small boy the next instant, she stopped in astonishment. The following moment she found herself clasped in the arms of her liege lord.

"Just a little surprise, Mary!" he whispered, as he kissed her. "I have brought you a birthday present. It's the best thing I could find, Mary—the very best. It was sent to me; God sent it, Mary—sent it because he took away our—our Bob! This is another Bob, a homeless, forsaken Bob. Fortune threw him in my way, and he will not be homeless any longer, will he, Mary?"

Mr. Strand couldn't have said anything more just then, if he had tried, for there was a singular lump that insisted on rising in his throat, and when Mrs. Strand looked into his eyes she saw they looked peculiar—like the sky just before it rains.

It was all so sudden, so unexpected, that for a few seconds she could not realize it. A birthday present!—Bob!—the little stranger standing there and clinging to her husband's coat, with the scared look on his face. Could it be true! Then suddenly her body, from her head to her feet, thrilled with a mighty emotion. The joys and griefs of all her life seemed to surge again into her breast. She knelt on the railway platform and took the child to her mother's heart.

The hissing, clanging train pulled out and left her there; the mail carrier stood with his sack over his shoulder, watching her; the town loungers, lined up against the depot, stared at her; but she saw nothing, she cared nothing whether they stared or not. Her eyes were too full of tears to see; her heart too full of joy to care. To her it was Bob she was clasping once more in her arms—this little stranger whom God had sent; it was Bob's soft cheek she felt against her own; they were Bob's tears that mingled with hers. What cared she for all the loungers on earth! Bob—her Bob—had come back.

The big gray horse jogged along and drew them away to the farm—jogged along as unconcernedly as if nothing whatever had happened; as unconcernedly as if a new era of happiness had not commenced in the Strand household.

Yes, Bob, lying under the violets in the little neglected graveyard, it was you indeed, who came back! It was you—your cherished memory—that came back and gave to this other Bob a home! Then let it not be said that you sleep to no purpose under the flowers of the graveyard!

With Bob between them, Mr. and Mrs. Strand drove homeward through the village, past fields of waving wheat and corn, up the little hill by the clump of locust trees; and the late afternoon sun, bursting from masses of fleecy clouds, smiled upon them in its benign glory. It tinted the grain and the pastures with golden radiance; it touched with daz-

zling splendor the babbling waters of the brook; it lighted up the patch of hickory woods where the road wound through. In the little cemetery it caressed the violets and lingered long upon the granite monument—lingered, while the crystals sparkled like costly gems. And if it could have spoken—this fire from heaven—it might perhaps have taken up the final sentence on the gravestone and breathed it to the south wind—"Sweet be his rest."

The birthday supper that night at the Strand homestead was a happy one. The cloth was snowy white, the china the choicest of Mrs. Strand's company set, the cream the richest, the berries most luscious, and the biscuits the hottest and flakiest that Ann could produce. There was honey that Mr. Strand's busy bees had garnered from the white clover blossoms beyond the orchard. There were delicate slices of cold chicken, appetizing little squares of pressed veal, brown and brittle Saratoga chips, hot from the kettle. There was fruit cake and angel food, and there was the clearest of tea, which Mrs. Strand poured from the silver pot into the cups with the dainty forget-me-nots and roses painted around the borders.

Bob never had conceived such a supper before. He was diffident, but he was hungry, and he ate everything that was put upon his plate, until at last he could eat no more. Mr. Strand ate, too, as if he hadn't relished living in the city for several days, and Mrs. Strand made a feint of eating, but she did not make much of a success of it. Her heart was too full. She chatted with her husband, and talked to Bob in such a motherly way that before long he lost some of his bashfulness and felt quite at home. And all through the meal Ann trotted about, bringing this and bringing that, and jabbering in her funny dialect.

By the time supper was over the western sky was splendid with red and pink and purple clouds. Mrs. Strand sat down at the piano in the sitting room. She had been a boarding school young lady once, and now she played soft, dreamy music—the very music that was in her soul that night;—played such sleepy music that Bob, half buried in the big arm chair, was dreaming in reality before many minutes had passed. Soon afterward he was half conscious of an easy, swaying motion, as if somebody might be carrying him up stairs. He had a vague, far away idea that some one was tucking him among a lot of flowers that in a mysterious manner had fallen off some tea cups. He thought he was being covered up with raisin cake, but he didn't care. It was such a comfortable feeling! He didn't know it was Bob's bed he was in—perhaps he wouldn't have cared much if he had known. He was too sleepy to care for anything.

But there was somebody who did care. There was somebody who sat near him for a long time when he was fast asleep; who sat there in the gathering darkness and cried softly to herself.

Later in the evening, when the guests at the simple birthday party had assembled, they were led in single file upstairs and permitted to tiptoe through Bob's room and to glance, by the light of a flickering candle, at Bob's bed—so long empty, but not empty now.

TALENT AND GENIUS

(From Harlequin.)

A talent is the offspring of its age:
But every genius sires a century.

H. R. R. Hertzberg.

PA AND THE DEPARTMENT

By WILLARD DILLMAN

FEW of us shall ever forget a certain season of utter drouth. Our land had been stricken, indeed, in previous years, but never after this manner.

Spring came early that year, the farmers plied their toil in high hopes, and the crops sprang up green and sturdy under the freshening showers. But I find upon referring to old files of the Humbolt Mail that the last shower of the season came on the seventeenth of May, and thenceforth all form of moisture was denied us. Our land is singularly favored in its capacity to endure drouth, and the crops stood bravely for about a month.

Then came those burning southwest winds from off the hot sand hills of Nebraska, before which all forms of plant life succumb. Week after week they continued, rising each morning with the rising sun, increasing to a wild fury at noon, and dying away in the evening. The corn leaves withered upon the stalks, the wheat drooped pitifully and died, and even the wild prairie grass grew brown and sere. The earth beneath us was iron, the heaven that was over us was brass, and the rain of our land was made powder and dust.

Then the farmers brought forth their plows and began turning under the ruined crops, for however ill *this* year has treated him, the farmer ever looks forward to *next* year hopefully. A few sheltered fields, indeed, yielded a little wheat, and a brief mockery of harvest was gone through with a month before the normal time. Even the threshing was over by the middle of August, and as I drove through the county during the first days of September, I observed the farmers ploughing, or harvesting their withered corn, while beside each barn stood one little shriveled straw stack.

This failure of crops had two results in the Hawkins family. Old Joe Hawkins applied for a pension, and Clarence went to the pineries of northern Minnesota to work for the winter.

"I wonder if I could git you to go up to the county seat with me tomorrow," said the old soldier.

"Small influence I have," said I, "but I'll go with you gladly," and we went. The county seat was eighteen miles to the northwest, and the first half of the way Mr. Hawkins sat moody and silent.

"I never applied fer none as long as as I could help it," said he, defensively.

"The Lord knows you didn't," said I, "and you richly deserve it."

"I deserve it one way. I've got lead enough in me. There's Ike Saunders an' Joe Anderson right here in Humbolt, getting twelve dollars a month, and never seen no fightin'."

"You saw fighting, didn't you?"

"I saw hard fightin'."

"It must have been hard to see your comrades shot down around you?"

"Yes, it was hard, but we didn't mind it so much after we got right into it.

Worst thing was when we was commanded to stand in line under fire, and wan't allowed to shoot back. That makes a soldier nervous."

"And men falling all about you?"

"Once in awhile, yes. Man throw up his arms and fall backwards, or pitch forward onto his face."

"Were you in the battle of the Wilderness?"

"Well, yes. First two days, though, I was on provost guard."

"Provost guard? What's that?"

"Stationed behind the line, not let no stragglers git back. Let the wounded men pass to the rear. Once in awhile a man come limpin' along, bloody shirt or suthin', wan't wounded 'tall. Place him under arrest."

"Dear me, cowards in the army too?"

"Some. But jest remember, while they was one man maybe tryin' to sneak out, they was three er four thousand up in front, fightin' fer all they's worth."

"I've read that once during the battle of the Wilderness General Grant sat on a log, whittling a stick and smoking a cigar. Did you see him?"

"Lord bless you, no. But I don't much doubt it. Jest about like him. Oh, we seen him ride past two three times. We always knowed the old man was around somewheres directin' the movements. Never had no fault to find with General Grant—us boys that was under him."

"Boys! Does it seem very long ago, Mr. Hawkins?"

"Some times it does. Some times it seems like it wan't me at all, but a spry young feller, name of Joe Hawkins. Seems so I've fergot most the things he went through, but pears like he'd remember 'em if he was here."

The old soldier drove on in silence for some distance. His withered cheeks were a little hollow, his thin lips were closed tightly, and his gray chin whiskers jerked comically as he clucked at the horses. He wore his familiar blue coat, and his soft hat with braided band of gold. I remembered having seen Willie Hawkins ride into town on his velocipede, wearing one of those odd old soldier caps, with two bullet holes burned through it. He once told me that he had found it up in the attic, and that it was the cap his father had worn when he came home from the war.

"What would you do with your pension if you got it, Mr. Hawkins?"

"First, I'd pay my debts," he answered simply. "I owe money at Peterson's, and I owe interest on the place."

"I do hope you may get it."

"I hope so too, for I need it. Yit I don't exactly like the idee. That ain't what I went to the war fer. I went to fight fer—my country."

"Of course the department is always on the lookout for frauds."

"Yes, they be. But I'll tell 'em they can find more frauds somewheres else than among us old fellers that fought three four years to save the Union."

The physicians examined the old man at length. They investigated his right hand and found it badly shattered.

"Army surgeons wanted to saw that hand off," said Mr. Hawkins. "I sez, 'No, sir; that hand is some good yit.' They sez, 'You got to let us take it off.' Well, I hed my revolver with me, an' I got hold of it with my left hand, an' I sez, 'The first one of ye that tries to tech that hand with a saw gets full o' bullets. I've got work to do if I ever live to git home,' sez I, 'an' I'll need that hand.' Well, so they hat to let it be. Now there it is today. I can't open it very fer, but you see I can shut it tight enough, an' it's all right fer pitchfork an' good many kinds o' work."

They also found that he carried a flattened bullet in his left leg, just above the knee, and another in his right thigh. Examining his head, they discovered a long, white scar curving over the skull

above his right eye, but they agreed that this was immaterial.

"Why, there's no hair growing there," said I.

"No hair growed there fer thirty years," said he.

The examiners gave it as their opinion that if it could be proven from the records that these wounds had been received in the service, his pension would very likely be granted.

On our way home, Mr. Hawkins said that Clarence had been talking of going to "the woods."

"The boy can't bear the thought of layin' around all fall and winter, and all of us so tarnal hard up," said he, "an' I d'no as I blame him. But his mother can't bear the idee. Sence Willie died she's all wrapped up in Clarence, an' me too, fer that matter. But Ole Mogard's be'n talkin' to him, an' I guess they're goin' next week."

One evening about a week later, I was passing the Hawkins homestead, and called to bid Clarence goodbye. I found my friend Ole Mogard passing the night there, and he said they would start on foot the next morning.

"I don't know what I'm goin' to do with you, Ole, fer takin' my boy away like this," said Mrs. Hawkins, trying to be severe.

"O you didn' hat to vorry, Mrs. Hoekins, ay vill tak a gude care on him," said the Norwegian.

"Seems to me you don't haf to go, Clarence," she pleaded. "If yer father gits his pension we'll git along all right."

"Oh, I don't believe dad will ever get a pension," said Clarence, "and when you see me coming home with about two hundred dollars, ma, you'll be glad I went."

"Well, I do hope nothin' happens to ye. Now here's all yer woolen socks, clean an' mended. An' now Ole, here's two pair we've knit fer you, the girls an' me. An' this box of salve is fer you, an' this bottle of lin'mint. You must keep 'em handy by ye. Here, I'll put 'em away in yer sachel. W'y man, yer sachel's empty!"

There was little enough in it, indeed, a pair of red shirts, some discolored handkerchiefs, a thick mackinaw jacket of the state's prison pattern, a stick of wax, a spool of heavy thread impaled upon a huge needle, and a small photograph carefully wrapped in paper. Long afterwards I learned that this was a portrait of little Rena Young.

"Oo, val, ay doon't noo — tank you verry mich," said Ole, not daring to refuse the proffered gifts.

"Did you put in some taller fer their feet?" asked Mr. Hawkins. "They'll need that worst of all, walkin' so fer."

"Land yes, here's a box of taller in your sachel, Clarence, and two or three other little things you'll need. And now your undershirts here are gittin' dreadful thin, an' I do wish we hed noo ones fer ye. An' here's yer Testament, an' don't fergit to read it. An' there's lots of things we ain't got done yit, the time's be'n so short. We had a pair of good yarn mittens started fer each of ye. Now, Ole, you *do* promise to look after him, don't ye? You're a good stiddy man, er I couldn't bear it. He's our only boy now, an' Oh I wish he didn't—" Here the dear lady — she was one of the most genuine ladies I ever had the honor of knowing — buried her face on Clarence's shoulder.

"W'y you hadn't ort to take on so, mother," said Mr. Hawkins, who, however, was gazing solemnly down at his boots. "Clarence is a strong boy, an' Ole's be'n to the woods often."

"Oo ay knoo dom woods just lak a boke," said Ole, speaking about as cheerfully as a funeral bell. "Dey can't full me, op on de voods."

There were tears in Clarence's eyes, too, and I noticed with pleasure that he was not ashamed of them.

"Why, those undershirts are plenty thick enough for me," said he, "and there's one good thing about 'em, they got the *scratch* worn off. I can't stand new undershirts."

I felt myself somehow out of place within that sacred home circle, and soon took occasion to withdraw. The next morning a little after sunrise, I was riding about two miles north of Humboldt, when I came upon Ole and Clarence journeying eastward, each with his sachel slung over his shoulder on a stick. I stopped and bade them goodbye, and they hurried on. Clarence walked with a sort of jerky gait, in which much energy was wasted, and which was like to tire him well before noon, but Ole stole away with a slow and easy stride, the result of long pedestrian journeys.

The time would fail me to tell of all their weary tramps by day and their wholesome slumber in hay lofts by night, their skirting of blue lakes and dank marshes, their crossing of deep, clear rivers in which speckled fishes darted, their arrival upon the edge of the woods, their glimpses of squirrels and chipmonks, their passing down endless narrow aisles between tall pines, their walking from camp to camp in search of work, their final success, their early rising, their hearty food, their long, laborious toil, their deep sleep together in their bunk, and all their many adventures by wood and stream.

Ole had promised to write me when they should get settled, that I might send him his copy of The Humboldt Mail. Accordingly, in about three weeks, I received this letter:

"*Dar frand ve gat op har oll rat ve iS vork on Sam Miller camp I iS skidd and Clarinks is svoMp de Boy gat a soar heel on the laft foot ven ve come op har Dey iS Pritty val noo de Boy vas sprise ven ve seen tree deres out on de voods odder day De vaj is por das vinter Plees send peper to Ole Mogard sam Miller camP mal nort Mosehad P O Link CO Minne.*"

About the first of October, Mr. Hawkins came into my office one day and showed me a letter from Washington. It commanded him to revisit the county seat and be examined again. He went. Two weeks later, he was invited to submit the names of the army surgeons who attended him.

"How do I know who they was?" he asked. "I never heerd their names. I never seen 'em before ner sence, an' I never expec' to. I know they wanted to saw off my hand, plague take 'em."

The next letter he received directed him to go to Tailholt, forty miles over the hills to the west, and be examined by another board. He went. Early in November, he received word from the department that a certain board of examiners would sit in Raxton, fifty miles south of Humboldt, and that he should appear before it. When the old soldier finished reading this letter, his face took on an unhealthy glow, and he cast the epistle upon the postoffice floor.

"They can go to Tophet with their pension!" he said hotly. "Gol darn 'em! I never was insulted so much before. I went when Abe Lincoln issued his first call fer ninety-day men. My name was first on the list in our company after the cap'in. I re-enlisted the first thing. I fought in twenty-nine battles and skirmishes, an' no officer ever reprimanded me fer conduc' unbecomin' to a soldier. I once saved our major's life:—Wisht I know'd where Major McIntosh lives now, he'd write them fellers a letter. I was twice advanced fer gallant service. I enlisted as a private, an' I come out as a first lieutenant. I was four times wounded, an' I carry more scars to-day than any man in the county. I give 'em the four best years of my life, an' I never ben the same sence. Now they got me chasin' around the kentry like a cussed fool: I wisht we hed a man like old

Abe Lincoln at the head of things now. He'd make them fellers jump sideways. I swear I won't go to be examined again. I can git along without that money, jest like I hev ever sence the war."

I knew Joe Hawkins for above fifteen years, and this was the only time I ever heard him boast. Our minister, Rev. Higbee, was a man of good judgment, who never withheld his counsel from those who needed it. He waited till the old man had cooled down somewhat, and then he said:

"I appreciate your position, Mr. Hawkins, but I know from former instances that it is entirely useless for you to protest. Your action will be utterly ignored, and you will thus lose the chance of ever receiving the pension you so richly merit. There are thousands of applications, and the officials are obliged to proceed deliberately."

"They'll have blissed few applications from min phat's corried two bullits and a rint hand fer thirty year and niver opened his jaws in regards to ut," said Michael McGinnis, the wheat buyer.

"True," said the minister, "but in the immense machinery of our government there must be instances of injustice. When you were in the army, Mr. Hawkins, you saw men shot for desertion who were in their hearts innocent. You saw men executed for sleeping at their posts, when they really deserved promotion for remaining awake so long as they did. Even the great and good Lincoln could not prevent these examples of wrong."

Joe Hawkins went to Raxton, and I did not see him again for several weeks. It was now nearing that blessed day of national thanksgiving, and we were enjoying a period of mild and sunny weather. It was as if Nature had repented of her harsh treatment, and wished to win our hearts back with tender caresses. No snow had yet fallen, and the ground was warm and dry. The sun had retreated far to the south, but it shone each day with a gracious warmth and fervor.

Mrs. Hawkins stopped at my office one evening, and asked if I would come out Thanksgiving Day. I was a lonely man at that time, and the opportunity for visiting at a home like the Hawkins' came to me seldom.

I arose early that morning, and stood upon a little hill to the west of the village, as the dawn broke. I have wondered what other sound, designed to be heard by the ears of man, is equal to the far borne crowing of cocks upon scattered farms at dawn. I have not heard the like. It suggests so much that cannot be written with pen and ink. Sonorous choruses do not equal it, nor orchestral overtures. Anon I heard the barking of a dog away off toward the hills, then the faint and distant lowing of a cow, then the measured tap, tap and tap of an axe. The earth seemed fresh and beautiful, and the memory of the summer's hardships came to me like scenes in a forgotten dream. I lingered there until the rising sun transmuted the smokes of the village into spirals of crimson mist. It was Thanksgiving Day.

When I arrived at the Hawkins homestead, I found my hosts already engrossed in the details of the great American feast.

"We never like to eat our Thanksgiving dinner alone," Mrs. Hawkins explained, "an' we gen'ly ust to have Ole, but Ole ain't with us this year, ner Clarence neither, an' pa thought pr'aps you wouldn't mind. Now girls, I'll let you tend to them things a while, an' pa an' me'll entertain this young man. But I wouldn't trust my girls to fix the dressin', sir, ner make the gravy, not yit. Good girls as they be, an' always middlin' handy at cookin', yit I wouldn't trust 'em with *that*. Yes sir, we've always got somethin' to be thankful fer at this season of the year. Now, fer all our wheat was a failure, yit we hed a

good crop of potaters, an' a fairly good garden."

"An' this prospec' of an open winter is a mighty good thing fer the stock," said Mr. Hawkins. "Pension? No, we ain't heerd a word sence I went to Raxton, an' I spec' that's the end of it. Yes, that's Clarence an' Willie together. That was when Willie was eleven, wan't it, mother?"

"Yes, we never hed Willie taken sep'rit. He's such a manly lookin' little boy there, don't ye think? That was his noo waist I'd made fer him."

As the dinner hour approached, Mrs. Hawkins stood in the door and cast a longing look over the horizon to the northeast, as if she would recall her boy from the far off woods. My eyes were much better than hers, and I could discern nothing in that direction, but down the road toward Humboldt, I saw Ed Weeks coming with his horse and cart. He stopped at the door, and Joe Hawkins went out and received two newspapers and a letter from his hand. This neighborly act of bringing the mail is seldom neglected by farmers, though I, coming directly from Humboldt, had never thought of it.

Mr. Hawkins came in with his letter, which was from the pension department, saying, as he tore off the end of the envelope:

"I wonder where they'll want to tote me to this time? Six!—Six hundred—W'y mother!—Girls!—We've got it!—Hurray!—Read it, sir!—Read it out loud to us!"

I read the letter aloud. It granted the old soldier sixteen dollars per month, and enclosed the government's check for six hundred dollars back pension.

Mrs. Hawkins threw her arms frantically around her husband's neck, crying, "Oh, pa, I'm so proud of ye! My, you must a-ben a good soldier. Oh, now we'll git out of debt. My, the gover'mint's be'n terrible good to you, after all, ain't it, Joe? What you lookin' at?"

The old man was gazing intently out through the open door to the northeast, where two tiny figures appeared upon the crest of a rise, far off.

"That's the direction Clarence an' Ole took the mornin' they started, an' I seen two leetle dots on that fu'thest hill jest now, sure as shootin'. Now they've drapped into the holler. Oh, mother, if it was only them, we'd hev a happy Thanksgivin', wouldn't we?"

The figures soon appeared upon another hill much nearer, and the next time they hove in sight we easily identified them as Clarence and Ole. They walked with slow and weary strides, each bearing his sachel upon a stick, but as they came within full view of the old homestead, their pace increased. As they came up the path, Clarence's mother and sisters hurried out and fell upon his neck and kissed him.

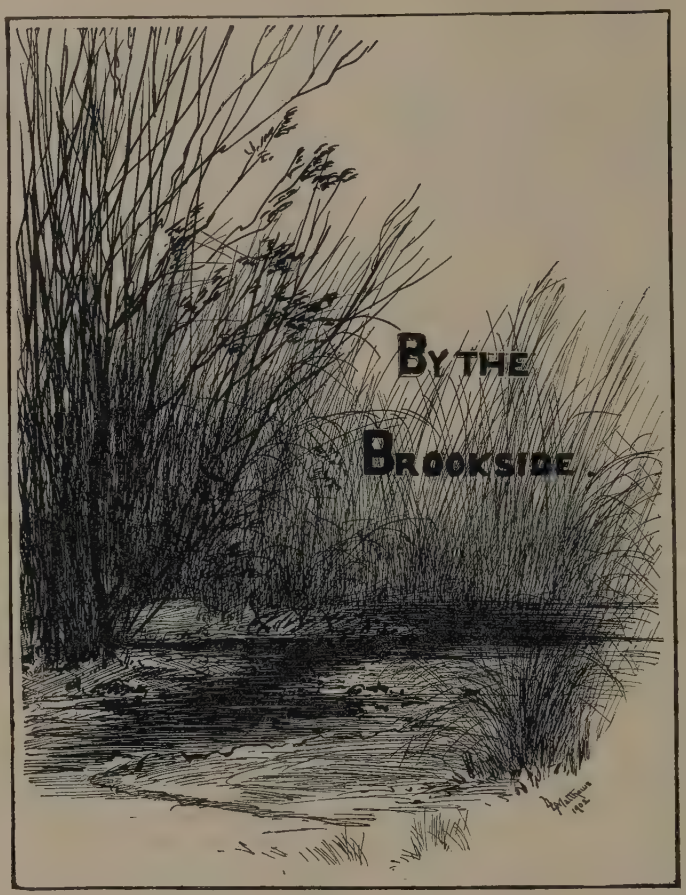
"Well, mother, we've got back, and gee but we're hungry," said Clarence. "Have you had dinner yet? We ain't had a decent meal for three months."

"No, you dear, starved boy, dinner's jest ready, and it's Thanksgivin' Day. Girls, stir up that fire."

"Thanksgiving Day!" exclaimed the hungry lad. "Mister, we never thought of it, did we Ole? But I tell you we've got *woods* enough for this season. You've got to work for nothing and board yourself up there this winter."

"De vaj is verry por dis vinter," Ole added by way of corroboration, "an' de boy *com*mence to gat homesick, so ve hat to come."

"Well, I'm glad ye did, an' I'm thankful you're both hearty an' well. An' oh Clarence, what do ye think, yer father's got his pension, an' six hundred dollars back pension, all in a bunch. Oh dear, the Lord's ben awful good to us. Now boys, set right up to the table, an' I do hope this turkey's roasted good. Pa, ask the blessin'."



WHITHER away so fleet and fast,
Sweet bubbling waters fair?
The songs you sing bring back to me
Dear hours so brief and rare:—
Blue were the skies above us arched,
And at our feet you sang,
And all the world seemed full of love,
With joy the woodlands rang;
And every bird its sweetest notes
Trilled soft and low that day,
When, murmuring on, we watched your flight,
And picked the flowers gay.

Oh, merry brook, my heart is sad;
Today I wandered here
Alone, to think and dream again
Beside your waters clear.
The birds no longer sing their songs;
The flowers have bloomed and gone,
And all the paths are brown with leaves,
And dreary breaks the morn;
Yet in my heart a hidden flame
Burns ever, day by day,
Until my dear one comes again,
And springtime flowers are gay.

Louise Lewin Matthews

Phases of American Affairs

THE SOUTH'S GREAT COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

By MARCIA DAVIES

AMONG the forces which are rapidly changing the civilization of the Old South, none are more conspicuous than those which relate to the higher education of young women. That period of transition is happily past when it was thought advisable to keep women in a proper state of intellectual subjection, and one of the surest indications of the new time is shown in the systematic and thorough training of young girls.

The advent of the H. Sophie Newcomb College—the woman's department of the Tulane University of Louisiana—founded by the late Mrs. Josephine Louise Newcomb in 1886, for the higher education of women, gave a new impetus to such institutions in the South. This magnificently equipped institution, erected as a memorial to Mrs. Newcomb's only daughter, Sophie, who died at an early age, is a typical monument in more ways than one and stands in the new South as the symbol of a new era for its women. The munificence of Mrs. Newcomb during her life time kept pace with the college she founded. How dear the success of the institution was to her philanthropic nature was shown by her devotion to its many interests from the day of its beginning until the day of her death, when she bequeathed her estate, valued at two million dollars, to the college. Mrs. Newcomb died in New York City, Easter Sunday, April 7, 1901. The charitable spirit which dominated all of the actions of this gentle lady during a long life devoted to good works, naturally led the way for that culminating deed of philanthropy which so enriched Louisiana and whose influence must react upon all the southern states.

The creation of this noble institution of learning at New Orleans is most happily chosen. Accessible by rail to all parts of the country, it is in direct communication by sea with Cuba, Central America, Mexico and the South American republics. The importance of the geographical site of the college at this great southern port can hardly be over estimated.

The college buildings occupy a large square of ground in the garden district of the city, on Washington avenue. The beauty of the situation could hardly be surpassed. Immense live oak, magnolia and other shade trees ornament the well kept lawns, while palmetto palms and various tropical shrubs enhance the beauty of the great stone building and give that woodland environment so essential for the recreation of the students.

The group of buildings consists of Newcomb Hall, where the college exer-

H. SOPHIE NEWCOMB COLLEGE, NEW ORLEANS

cises are usually conducted and in which are located the library and lecture hall; the Academy, with gymnasium and chemical, physical and biological laboratories; the Art buildings, with admirable facilities for the study and practice of the industrial and fine arts, picture galleries, art library, art objects, etc.; the Josephine Louise House and the Gables, just opposite the college, where the pupils from distant points make their home while attending the college; the Memorial Chapel, whose beautiful interior is adorned with fine specimens of stained glass, notably a window from Tiffany and an unusually good rose window, and the pottery, where the manufacture and decoration of art wares made of Louisiana clay has become a paying industry.

After some years of experimental practice a practical industry has been evolved from the manufacture of this particular ware, decorated as it is with the rich flora of the South. A bronze medal was awarded the Newcomb exhibit of pottery at the Paris Exposition in 1900 and a silver medal was given at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo last autumn. A new pottery is now in course of creation, an appropriation of thirty thousand dollars having been set aside for the advancement of this important department of work.

A gold medal is offered each year by the faculty of the art department for excellence in water color painting.

The college has a well selected library of upward of seven thousand volumes.

The study of English is considered of paramount importance and receives the most careful attention. A gold medal is given in this department for the best essay written by a member of the junior and senior classes. Mrs. J. C. Nixon gives a gold medal for the best debate, in order to stimulate young women to express themselves more clearly and forcibly, and the Beverly Warner prize is awarded to the best Shakespearian scholar.

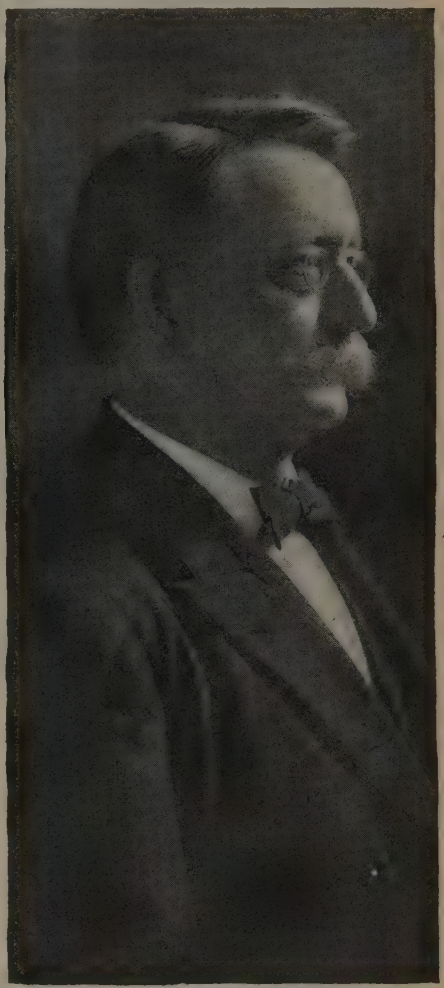
Attached to the Newcomb college are nine scholarships, five of which are offered to the graduates of the New

Orleans public high schools. The Louisiana Battle Abbey scholarship is given to "a worthy descendant of a Louisiana Confederate veteran." The three Elizabeth Stone Baker scholarships are open for general competition. The Virginia Lazarus medal is also given for the best English essay, the subject to be chosen by the faculty.

The presiding genius of this great work, Brandt Van Blarcom Dixon, A. M., L.L.D., president of the Newcomb College and professor of philosophy, has had the supervision of this fast developing and already famous institution since its first days. He took charge of the work with the vigor of a man who knows how to command, and better still

EDWIN A. ALDERMAN, PRESIDENT OF TULANE UNIVERSITY

BRANDT VAN BLARCOM DIXON, PRESIDENT OF NEWCOMB COLLEGE



who knew how to combine the practical and the ideal in the liberal plan he outlined for the education of young women. The test of his success is the astonishing growth of this institution.

Although young in years, Newcomb College is relatively on a par with Vassar, Wellesley and other renowned colleges for women. The entrance examination to Newcomb is almost identical with that of the older institutions. Mr. Dixon's ambition for the college is unbounded. He leaves nothing undone.

THE ARCADE, NEWCOMB COLLEGE

His high aim and policy for the college have been largely in sympathy with that revolutionary movement in modern thought which has been the crowning glory of the nineteenth century, the union of the real with the ideal,—technical training allied to culture in its application to every day life.

The man or woman of inclusive development carries the ideals of culture into life at every turn. The end and object of high culture is to be an individual valuable to the community. Since philosophy, science, religion, art and literature have been reconstructed by the critical, analytic and historical criterions of the past century, the university of this age must of necessity be the rallying point where intellectual adjustments shall finally be embodied. The necessity of the university for the expressing of the larger life of men and women, the imperative need of these great halls of learning whose standards cannot be set too high; where the old ethical systems with the new interpretation can be more speedily applied to contemporaneous civilization, makes its own strong appeal to the imagination. For when men in large numbers know the "sweet reasonableness" of applied knowledge to the facts of life; when trained observation makes them seek for "causes" instead of being concerned with "effects;" when the historical position and the disinterested attitude of mind obtain favor in general thinking, the world will hail the university idea as the real emancipator of man and seek in every way to advance the interests of such centers: it will heap gifts and endowments on these consecrated harbors where the priceless treasures of the souls of men have been guarded through the centuries.

THE CAMPUS—UNDER THE OAKS, NEWCOMB COLLEGE

Tulane University has been fittingly called "an enduring monument to its first president"—Colonel William Preston Johnston, son of the distinguished southern general, Albert Sidney Johnston. President Johnston took charge of the university at a time of great complexity. The wisdom of the conservative and yet progressive policy of the Tulane administrators and the peculiar gift of the president for amalgamating and conciliating the old ideas and conditions with the new, has been demonstrated in the phenomenal growth of the university. Tulane has passed through its crucial days. The seed time is over; the harvest has come.

Dr. Edward Alderman, the second president of Tulane, is carrying forward the ideas of this already famous institution with the enthusiasm of a man who has consecrated his life to a definite purpose. His devotion to the South and his belief in its old ideals recast in a newer mold make him preeminently a representative leader in the educational movement in the New South.

The attitude of Doctor Alderman toward the higher education of women is well summed up in an extract from his address to the graduates of Newcomb College of the class of 1902. Speaking of the commencement exercises, Doctor Alderman said he "felt there was something holy in the task which came to him each year, when he was called to say a few simple, honest words to the young women who were leaving the sheltered life of the college to enter that of the world. Next to the passing away of a great life, whose course had been run, and which like the mighty oak had sheltered other lives, he knew of nothing holier than that which he was commissioned to do. Throughout the country there are ten thousand such graduating

MEMORIAL CHAPEL, NEWCOMB COLLEGE

scenes as this. This, therefore, was part of a national function. To the graduates he wished to say that the world needed trained women. Cultured women represented the unity of civilization. No illiterate children ever came out of the home of an educated woman. Between the Potomac river and the Gulf of Mexico there would be found 2,000,000 illiterate women. When this number had been diminished to nothing, there would be true reconstruction. "A trained woman," said Doctor Alderman, "was one who had no 'nerves,' who had a good strong body, was swift to serve others, and who had a mind that wished to know why things were as they were. Such women were needed in the home first of all. For the woman who built a home was as great as one who wrote an epic poem. The trained woman was needed in society, for at the last the woman was the teacher, by the laws of her life and the subtle graces of mind, heart and perception. He welcomed these young women on the threshold of life into the contest for freedom, because up to this time women had been slaves that they might be taught to conquer freedom."

SAN FRANCISCO, OUR GATEWAY TO ASIA

By HAMILTON WRIGHT

TWO things impress the stranger in San Francisco—its steepness and the harbor. Sky scraping business blocks and substantial city homes lie terraced above one another as they climb the lofty hills upon which the city is built. Doughty cable cars rush up the steep inclines with never an indication of failing breath. One sees the crest of the first hill above and then imagines he shall go down again or go straight ahead. But the accomplishment of the first summit sees a second task more prodigious and scarcely to be attempted by anything

A GENERAL VIEW OF SAN FRANCISCO, SHOWING THE TALL TOWERS OF THE CHRONICLE AND THE CALL NEWSPAPER BUILDINGS

except the brazen lunged cable cars. Up-up-up until, at last, before him is spread the marvelous panorama of the great harbor which is the second wonder of San Francisco. From the bay come the cool, exhilerating breezes whence one gets the breezy, intoxicating spirit of this great commercial city. Breezy progressiveness is the key note of San Franciscan life. All work and all pleasure are performed in this breezy, exhilerating manner. Though breeziness is a Pacific coast characteristic its greatest development or rather its greatest perfection is found concentrated in the city by the Golden Gate. San Francisco has the breeziness of Chicago without Chicago's strenuousness; it has the abandon to pleasure of New Orleans, but pleasure is never permitted to usurp the place of business; it has the enterprise and commmercial shrewdness of the Yankee, but it turns its pockets inside out in a continual fete. In a word, San Francisco is San Francisco, unique and *sui generis*, owing its individuality to the conditions of its early settlement, which decreed for the infant the peculiar constitution and temperament which have only become more strongly characterized with maturity.

San Francisco was born in 1848. At that time one Marshall discovered gold at Sutter's Fort, on the north fork of the American river. Straightway the little fishing hamlet on San Francisco bay sprang into life as a city. Forty-niners' adventured the continent in their rush for gold. Strange fleets thronged the harbors and many a bold jack tar deserted at night. Of the forty-niners many fell by the wayside, and this is how Denver, Kansas City and Omaha got their start. Those who dropped from the overland route stuck to the country like burrs and raised their families, many of whom have become prominent. But those who came in the sea by ships,

LOOKING UP CALIFORNIA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

having arrived there, remained. Hence it is that San Francisco is not a "western" city, as the term goes; for those who left their ships, as a rule, came from the extreme Atlantic coast, while the few stragglers who had managed to reach the bonanza country in lumbering prairie craft had been recruited from the middle states. So in the beginning San Francisco was a Yankee settlement, and Yankee it is still, with the Yankee blended to suit a new environment.

This generous breeziness of San Francisco is as apparent in its civic as in the private life of its citizens. Your private citizen patronizes the theaters liberally, he frequents the cafes and visits the parks and summer resorts. The San

THE GOLDEN GATE FROM MEIGG'S WHARF Photograph by Taber

Francisco women go every where, and they are noticeable for their fine complexions and stylish garments. San Francisco bears the unique distinction of being the only city in the United States whose women do not complain of the injurious effects of the climate upon their complexions. Verily the moist air and the gentle breezes are cosmetiques unexcelled. With peach bloom skins come dressy gowns, and of all the cities there is none where personal adornment is more a part of the matter of fact, every day life. Your true San Franciscan dotes on good clothes. It is one of the noticable features of the city's humankind and is as evident in a department store as at a society function upon "Nob" hill. Truly Parisian are their outer habiliments yet they possess the substantial wealth of a Baltimorean. "To make it and to spend it," is the motto of San Francisco.

In its municipal individuality the city displays a similar desire for adornment. Prospering under the influence of an increasing Oriental trade, San Francisco has a business-like generosity in its public expenditures. It displays the Yankee anxiety to make a dollar and the Western inclination to spend it like a good fellow. The latter is shown in the erection of a city hall at an expenditure of over $6,000,000 and a water system which cost $24,000,000. The city hall, be it said for the benefit of all good San Franciscans, has a dome which exceeds in height that of the national capitol at Washington.

It is but natural that a city of such out of door inclinations should go largely to parks. There are many breathing places such as are found in every large city, but the largest of all the parks and one unusual in its location is Golden Gate Park on the Pacific Ocean, about six miles distant from the city and embracing 1,040 acres. The ground for Golden Gate Park was purchased in 1870, and although an immense amount of money has been expended in grading and laying out, it is essentially a natural park in the true meaning of the word. Among interesting features is a herd of buffaloes, the second largest in the world; and the great grizzly bear which has been

BUFFALOES IN GOLDEN GATE PARK

here many years is the largest bear in captivity.

Politically, San Francisco is treading pleasant paths. It has no Tweed or Boss Croker. It has long passed through the struggle of municipal unrighteousness. Mayor Eugene Schmidt, the present city executive, is a young man risen from the people. Before his election to his present office he was a musician in a local orchestra. As it is, he sometimes assumes his clarinet with no apparent loss of dignity. Mr. Schmidt was elected upon a labor ticket, really a fusion with the republicans. His platform was for a speedy settlement of labor questions, a clean and economical administration and was victorious by a large majority. San Francisco has had its shipping and its street car strikes, but with the labor candidate as the city's chief executive the danger of serious controversy is a long way obviated.

No one can come to San Francisco without seeing the bay. If one travels by sea he enters at the Golden Gate, a narrow channel less than a mile in width, and bordered on each side by precipitous bronze colored hills. If one comes overland, he travels from Oakland on the ferry. Then he sees the bay as it really is, a huge bottle shaped expanse, widening rapidly from the Golden Gate and stretching far away to the south. While the bay is the second wonder of San Francisco, it is by far the most valuable asset. It covers 450 square miles, its capacity is such that it could easily contain the assembled fleets of the world, while its average depth would permit, with perfect safety, such naval maneuvers as the world has never seen. All the ferries in San Francisco come to the Ferry building at the foot of Market street. This is the grand entrance proper into the city and the accessibility and convenience which it affords the visitor is testified by the ease and precision with which the vast crowds arriving and departing go their respective ways without inter-

ference. The transportation facilities with regard to freight are as simple as those for passengers. West of the Ferry building thirty-nine parallel piers enter the bay. These wharves are a block's distance apart and each is numbered, the most remote from the Ferry building being No. 39. On this account there is little confusion in handling the freight and there is absolutely no freighting traffic across the city. To the Ferry building come all the cable cars, queer creatures, which run over the never ending hills. The cable car question was settled in San Francisco as long ago as 1873, and immediately those portions of the city, almost inaccessible, became fashionable residence districts. Every one rides in cars in San Francisco—even the most wealthy, and, to put it tritely, for obvious reasons. Horses and automobiles are noticably lacking in the fashionable hilly districts. Going up hill you hang on for dear life and coming down hang on for the same reason. So the hills and the bay have stamped San Francisco, and its people are gay, industrious and breezy.

True Yankee thrift is shown in the manner in which San Francisco has grasped the newly found Oriental trade, to the discomfiture of its rivals, Tacoma, Seattle and Portland. While tenth in size, San Francisco boasts the honor of being the third importing city in the United States. Its imports amount to more than fifty million dollars per annum and its exports are slightly less. Its maritime trade has increased at the rate of $2,000,000 a year for the last three years. The shipment of army supplies during the Philippine war marked the revival of San Francisco's prosperity and almost all the contracts for provisioning the army were filled by San Francisco merchants. Last year the city shipped over $6,000,000 worth of miscellaneous supplies to China alone. San Francisco is making a bid for Oriental trade and one enterprising shipping firm has in China a half dozen young Americans versed in the Chinese language who are placing orders for its cargoes.

San Francisco has settled down into a steady young manhood. But it has had its period of dissipation. It has been loud in its cups and rioted and debauched with the best of them. It has sobered down and gone to work and its experience has left it with no palpable scars. Its pluck, its vigor and its breeziness remain as of yore. The indomitable cable cars yearn for steeper hills to climb. The San Franciscan fills his lungs with Pacific ozone and gazes on his vast harbor with commendable pride.

THE NEWER SOUTH

By HILTON R. GREER

NOT the same South as of old, with a wealth of brave deeds and romances;
Not the same South as of old, with a tinkle of strings in the cabins;
Not the same South as of old, of opulent ease and indulgence.

Nay, from a furnace of flame, steel thewed, a new land has risen,
Sinewy, stalwart, and strong, and brave with the spirit of striving;
Dominant, active, alert, and large eyed and clearer of vision!

This is the South that shall lay close clasp to the throttle of commerce;
This is the South that shall burden the ultimate seas and the oceans
With the fruit of her forges and forests and the glimmering gold of her grain fields.

This is the South that has set a goal on the heights of endeavor;
This is the South that shall press, undaunted, and larger of purpose,
Up, up, to the star-seeking peaks of proud and triumphant achievement!

A Chat About Munich

By POULTNEY BIGELOW,

Author of "History of the German Struggle for Liberty"

LET me drop politics for something more interesting.

Munich is the metropolis of German art, not to say German music and German science. There are many thousands of the English speaking family living here for the sole purpose of gathering knowledge, which is destined ultimately to benefit the country whence they came. My own purpose was to burrow in the magnificent Royal Library for the sake of material bearing upon a certain period of history. To do that successfully, I wandered up and down the neighboring streets, reading the signs of rooms to let, which signs in Munich are, according to immemorial usage, pasted upon the water pipes leading from the roof to the street. I found that furnished rooms could be obtained at from $7 to $70 a month, indeed at so reasonable a figure that I commenced to dream of something palatial on an outlay which would represent but a very small back room in the neighborhood of Fifth avenue.

In the course of my stroll I stopped at some wrought iron railings before which stood a citizen of Munich whose face reflected appreciation for art—the trade mark of this gifted municipality. He saw that I admired his flowers and asked me to walk into his garden, where the splash of a fountain in the sunshine mingled melodiously with the song of birds.

The place appealed to me at once and I told him that I was looking for such a spot as this on which to pitch my tent. A large chestnut tree shaded one end of the court. There was much ornamental trellis work and on one side he had brought a relief monument of the Virgin Mary with the Christ Child rendered in such sympathetic form and color as to suggest a special blessing over the premises under her care.

He invited me to inspect his six apartments, but I warned him that my modest means limited me to a couple of rooms at the outside. It was a new house; many of the apartments had never yet been occupied. On the third floor was a sunny suite of four rooms which attracted me because of the burst of sunshine at every corner. The first room had three windows—two of them commanding the grounds of a local tennis club,—the third looking out upon the pretty picture of the Virgin Mary. The second room of the suite had also three windows, the third had two windows, the fourth had one window. He called upon me to admire the excellent modern sanitary arrangements of the lavatory; showed me (in the kitchen) a strong head

of water coming straight from the living springs of the Bavarian Alps. Then he showed me a laundry to which all tenants had access in turn; then a store room up under the roof and a large space for drying clothes. In the cellar he showed me a space marked off for each tenant's wine, and in the courtyard a stable for bicycles.

My remarks being exclusively for ladies, I offer no apology for dwelling at considerable length on these various items of luxury before coming to the vital statement that all this, to say nothing of a broad, light staircase hung with old masters, was offered to me at a rental of $10 a month, or say $120 a year!

After assuring myself that my friend was really the landlord as well as a disciple of Michael Angelo, I wasted no time but paid him a quarter's rent in advance and asked his advice as to the next step in the life of a *quasi*-bachelor suddenly blessed with a suite of four unfurnished rooms in a strange city.

In answer to an advertisement which cost me something less than $25, I received about one hundred and fifty offers from as many ladies who professed themselves ready to take charge of me and my rooms, at a moment's notice, and for a consideration so trifling that one might regard it as a thing of sentiment. The first lady had a yellow fringe and dazzled me by her beads and jewelry. I told her she was too young, and turned over the remaining one hundred and forty-nine to the female members of my benevolent landlord, who, after a sifting search with the spectacles of remorseless respectability, sent me up a dessicated framework of venerable virginity with the label house keeper.

She had a bag full of testimonials and a record sealed by the police of Bavaria for a period antedating the war of 1866. I had to sign a contract in which she represented one third interest, myself another third and the King of Bavaria the remainder. By this instrument I became responsible not merely for her wages, which she fixed at $5 a month and her one bucket of beer a day—also her washing; but on me was laid furthermore the responsibility of watching over her *morals*. She was not to be allowed to frolic at unseemly hours or to frequent public resorts—I was to see that she kept up her religious observances. In return for this I secured a thrifty but very angular house keeper who watched jealously over every penny of expenditure, and particularly over everything in petticoats that ventured past her door. This old woman was a treasure! I told her in an unguarded moment that I liked real Bavarian cooking, whereupon she unloaded upon me a dish which she called "Spatzen." They looked like baby potatoes from Bermuda in February; each one weighed as much as an ink stand; together there was enough to ballast a cruising canoe, and in my mind's eye each was labeled, "Prepare to meet thy God!" She caught me in the act of distributing them over the tennis court and I had to give her a day off, including a theater ticket, to rectify the effect of my want of feeling—or digestion. She watched over me with pitiless pertinacity, broke into my working hours at short intervals to talk

about the next meal or the gossip from below, and burst into tears when I told her to stop talking and mind her own business.

One day I escaped to the mountains on a visit to my sister, leaving word that all my letters, papers, and so on were to be forwarded. She sent me some letters but wrote me not to read newspapers at present—that I needed rest, and therefore she would not obey this part of my instructions!

Where else in the world can we look for such uncompromising devotion to duty, such loyal obstinacy, such irritating fidelity? South Africa has produced Paul Kruger, and China is full of conservative virtue, but for genuine unbending perversity and honest pig headedness there is nothing on earth like my house keeper, of whom there are several thousand in Munich.

What I have said is already enough to illustrate the facility with which a stranger can settle here and find all things which conduce to happiness ready at his hand for a very small outlay in money. To be sure I have been arrested half a dozen times for riding my bicycle on forbidden territory, but each case was conducted so courteously that I was made to feel as though the gendarme, not myself, was the offender.

Munich is a cosmopolitan city—much more so than Berlin. Strangers here are regarded as pilgrims at the shrine of beauty. Yesterday, under the pretext of urgent business, I escaped from a dinner prepared by my watchful dragon and sat me down in a restaurant where a three course dinner was served for eighty pfennigs and one of four courses for one mark or twenty-five cents. A mug of beer holding as much as four of our schooners cost further three cents, and the luxuriously inclined could top off with a cup of excellent coffee for an additional three and one half cents. Next to me there took his seat a Slavonian artist from a distant province of Austria. Beyond sat a Russian doctor of laws. I had no difficulty in noting a bunch of English and Americans at a table together, and the obliging waiters assisted my ethnological search by pointing out some French, Spanish and Scandinavian frequenters. All this in one obscure cafe near the art school. One can scarcely take a stroll without feeling that Munich is almost as international as that little magical strip of Paris between the Madeleine and the Opera,—the center of the earth to many a Frenchman. But the cosmopolitanism of Munich is of a healthier type, for here the many men of many tongues are workers.

So far as I have heard but one complaint in Munich affecting Americans, and that is a complaint not limited to Germans: Why does not President Roosevelt send to Munich an *American* consul? I mean a real American. If there are not enough Americans to go round, and if it must be a Jew or a German, let us send some one who can be personally acceptable to the average of the community. The United States will not be seriously affected by the quality of one consul more or less, but so long as a good consul costs no more, we deem it a service rendered to President

Roosevelt, no less than to thousands of American students, to call attention to Munich as deserving of consideration at the hands of the Washington administration.

There is nothing personal in this, for I don't know the present incumbent by sight. It is impossible not to know his name, for it is conspicuously posted outside on a shield ordinarily reserved for the national emblem alone. As an American I object to any one using the stars and stripes by way of personal advertisement. Just now I am canvassing the Munich University in order to find some one of a contrary opinion. When I find him I shall notify you promptly.

NOTE and COMMENT

By FRANK PUTNAM

YOU are familiar with the plea that this country offers constantly diminishing chances for the young man to get ahead in the world. You know this plea is false, because you know that in proportion as the total wealth of the country increases, its diffusion among the masses of the people becomes constantly more equitable. My friend M. A. Lane of Chicago makes all this very clear in his new book, *The Level of Social Motion*, which is reviewed elsewhere in this magazine, and which I earnestly advise you to read. In the smoking room of a Grand Trunk sleeper the other day I met a young man, a Jew, whose career, told frankly, with a lively humor, with some justifiable pride but quite without vanity, is worth outlining here, because it illustrates once more the fact that a man can make his own opportunities when he doesn't find them ready made.

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This young man—his portrait appears on the next page—is Ellis F. Glickner. He is lessee and manager of a theater in Chicago. He has one hundred and twenty persons on his pay roll. He is prospering. He enjoys the friendly regard of many of the best men of the community in which he lives. He has the loyal adherence of his employes. They share his ambitions and his prosperity, each according to capacity. His humblest employe, a stage hand earning eight dollars a week, has a savings account in the bank that is steadily growing. Here shows the hand of the creator of the enterprise — the young man in the smoking room. Four

ELLIS F. GLICKNER, ACTOR AND DIRECTOR OF CHICAGO'S YIDDISH THEATER

nights each week the entire net receipts of the theater are devoted to charity. The sum so earned and expended in one year amounted to more than twenty-five thousand dollars. Eighteen years ago, or thereabout, Mr. Glickner was on the point of drowning himself in the East river at New York. He was hungry; he knew little, almost nothing, of the language of the country; he had no friends to whom he could apply for aid or advice. He says he had really decided to kill himself: I suspect he put in as a mental reservation—"if the next effort for work should fail." For, you see, he did not go to the river. Instead, he made one more effort, then another, and then one more, until he found work that would pay enough to sustain life.

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He is the son of a Polish Jew—a man of strong intellectual powers, but a religious enthusiast. The father urged his son to remain in Kiev and live the life that he had lived; but the mother and other friends wished the boy to seek new fields for the development of his talents. The Jew, repressed and oppressed by the despotic government of Russia, lacked opportunities open to other men in that country. So the mother gave her boy five hundred and nintey-five roubles and with wet eyes and quivering lips saw him depart in the night. He went to Odessa. There he met a benevolent old gentleman who advised him what to do. This old gentleman and the boy stopped one day before a saloon. The old gentleman wished to get a drink but did not wish to risk all his money in the place. Would his young friend hold it for him —all but the price of the drink? With pleasure. The old gentleman got the drink, took back his money, and advised the boy never to carry much cash into a drinking place. Presently the boy grew thirsty. He remembered his friend's advice, so before entering a tea house he gave most of his money—five hundred

MISS IDA CONQUEST, A BOSTON GIRL WHO IS WINNING SUCCESS ON THE DRAMATIC STAGE

The city that gave Charlotte Cushman, the Booths, Warren and other famous players to the world is still a nursery for dramatic talent. Miss Conquest is one of several young dramatic artists, claiming Boston for home, who are gaining a national celebrity. Miss Conquest began her stage career at fifteen, a student. Her first contract was with A. M. Palmer, from whose management she passed to join the Frohman forces; at this writing her play for next season has not been definitely fixed upon, but her past successes warrant the belief that she will soon become a star of first order.

roubles—to the old gentleman, to keep until he should come out. Probably the old gentleman suggested this. At any rate, when the boy came out the old gentleman was not in sight. Mr. Glickner has not seen him since that day. With his remaining cash, the boy went to Hamburg, thence to London, where he became a super in a theatre, with just enough pay to stay lean on. Thence to New York, still a super, with a theatrical company. Out of work at the season's end. Then the slow drift to starvation and thoughts of suicide. Finally, the straw that saved him, the new job as super. Here he was paid, for each performance, one gallery seat, worth twenty-five cents. He was able to sell the ticket for fifteen cents. There were four performances weekly at which he was employed. That made sixty cents a week. Two nights each week he indulged in the luxury of a five cent bed; the other nights he walked, or dozed in door steps, or in the park. He bought four cigarettes for a cent, and made the four satisfy his cravings for tobacco during the week — rather better than half a cigarette per day. All the rest of his salary—the entire forty-nine cents—was invested in food.

MISS BESSIE ANTHONY OF EVANSTON, ILLINOIS, THRICE WINNER OF THE WESTERN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP FOR WOMEN

Miss Anthony is the grand-daughter of Judge Elliott Anthony, a noted old-time jurist of Chicago. When she first met and vanquished Mrs. Hobart Chatfield-Chatfield Taylor, then western champion, Miss Anthony looked, and was, a mere slip of a girl, but she was a natural golfer, and has shown constant improvement in later tournaments.

Photograph by the C. & C. Company, Chicago

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All this time, mind you, Glickner was studying the language, and taking notes on his future profession. Pretty soon he emerged from the super status into real stage work. Got a place in a Yiddish theatre at Troy. Small wages, but princely for him just then. Easy to save a part. Soon had enough to float a company of his own—a small, poorly equipped, semi-vagabond company of strollers, glad of the coming of each day and of enough to eat therein. They wandered wherever a Yiddish theatre would open its doors to them, one year on the Pacific coast: sometimes affluent—for them; oftener very poor. But always, Glickner at least, studying, always preparing for better things. Next he hired a small hall in Chicago and formed a stock company. Several years of this, years of slowly increasing prosperity. Then the chance to lease one of the large theatres, near the Ghetto, and in which some thirty thousand dollars had been sunk the two years previous. From that time forward, larger and

always larger gains. And, remembering his own pinched days, always larger and larger allotments of those gains for charity. And this is only the beginning: he means some day to build model tenements to be rented at cost, in the Ghetto of Chicago; to show his people who come here poor and ignorant and afflicted how to get more good out of life than they do, and so to hasten their progress out of darkness into light. A splendid ambition. And if I ever met a man who will surely do the thing he undertakes to do, Glickner is that man. He is young, not yet forty, and he has shown his quality.

Do you mean to say, young man, that you, a native, familiar with the language and the resources of the country, can't do as well as Glickner, the Polish Jew boy? Never! Fight, you laggard; fight to the last ditch!

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A Boston house has lately published a volume entitled *Literary Boston of Today*. This volume offers gratifying evidence that there has been no slump in the literary industry in the Hub. On the contrary, it employs more hands than ever before. In the making of books, as in the making of shoes, New England has seen individual skill give way to machinery. There are no more any great books, but there are more books, and the average of their excellence, in spelling, printing, binding, and other essential details, is far higher than in any past day. The industry has never, so far as I can learn, been unionized, yet wages have advanced steadily: Boston has, conservatively estimated, on the universally accepted directory basis of five individuals to each name listed in the book, rather more than nine thousand authors, and not one of them is receiving public charity. Whereas Roswell Field of Chicago, commenting on the prosperity of Boston authors, indicated by many pictures of their sumptuous homes contained in the volume under discussion, flippantly remarks, by way of contrasting this condition with the state of affairs that exists in Chicago, that "an illustrated edition of Cook county litterateurs and literature would not be complete without pictures of the Home for the Friendless, the Martha Washington Home, the Home for Incurables and the county farm." But it would scarcely be fair to Chicago, having quoted Mr. Field's remarks, not to explain that he is a native of Missouri, and, because of his limitations of temperament, has never understood or assimilated Chicago, and that he resides there only because the town amuses him. There are Chicagoans who believe Mr. Field stays there because he amuses them, but the facts are as I have stated.

JOHN T MC CUTCHEON, THE CHICAGO CARTOONIST

Mr. McCutcheon, like his friend and associate George Ade, is a native of Indiana, the modern Parnassus. Therefore he is entitled to no special credit for the accident of birth that made him what he is, the funniest and most entertaining cartoonist in America.

Photograph by the C. & C. Company, Chicago

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William C. Whitney, multi-millionaire, says the democratic party has no

issue and no man. Mr. Whitney may know a race horse from a ferry boat, but he wouldn't recognize a democratic ideal if he met one face to face. It has been a very long time since Mr. Whitney even so much as made a fair pretense of sympathy with democracy. There *is* an issue ready for both parties and which the leaders and beneficiaries of both party organizations will shortly be forced earnestly to consider. That issue is the *right* of every man to have work whereby he can earn a decent living for himself and his family. The only person who can guarantee him in this right is himself; and the only way he can guarantee it is by forcing the government that represents him to acquire and operate enough of the productive industries to afford honorable and profitable employment for every man not otherwise employed. As for the man who is to lead the fight for this next step in the development of American democracy, Mr. Whitney may be assured that he is not at present to be found flaunting his wealth in the gambling hells of Saratoga. The issue is here, and the man will be found to make it win. This man may be a republican, or he may be a democrat. It is of no real importance which party organization takes the next step for the people. The essential fact is that the step is to be taken soon. Since the war, the republican party has had a practical monopoly of administrative genius. Just now that party's organization finds it is gravely suspected of serving the few as against the many; but even in the moment that this is true, we see the administrative leader of the republican party taking notice of the popular suspicion and shaping his course to avoid its prospec-

THE ORIGINAL BUILDING (RESTORED) OF THE FIRST PURITAN CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF AMERICA, AT SALEM, MASS.

The frame of the restored building is the same that the first builders set up. The outer covering was put on to protect the frame. The structure is twenty feet long by seventeen feet wide. The society was formed in 1629, and the church was built in 1634, by George Norton. It now stands in the yard of Essex Institute. The tiny building was last used for religious worship in 1670. Photograph by Theoda Mears

IN THIS HOUSE, CORNER OF FRONT AND DAVIS STREETS, BEVERLY, MASS., THE FIRST SUNDAY SCHOOL IN AMERICA WAS HELD IN 1810
Photograph by Theoda Mears

tive disastrous results. The people can have anything they want, in this country. All they need do is to indicate their desires, and not all the money combines this side of hades can deny them for an hour. The people have only to indicate in their conventions and through their press that they desire public ownership of the outrageously mismanaged coal mines, for instance, and they will find the leaders of both parties jumping to do the work. But the demand must be unmistakably that of a majority, and it must be a temperate, intelligent demand. The politicians want the honors and the offices,

DR W. P. ROBERTS OF JANESVILLE, WIS.

Dr. Roberts is secretary of the Wisconsin Health Park Association, which is engaged in a propaganda for the establishment of health resorts for consumptives in all the states, primarily, of course, in Wisconsin, but with a general purpose to make the movement national in scope. Dr. Roberts emphasizes the need of state aid in battling with the "great white plague" by reminding us that within fifty years over five millions have died of consumption in this country alone, and that the present death rate from that disease, in the United States, is one dozen each hour of every day in the year.

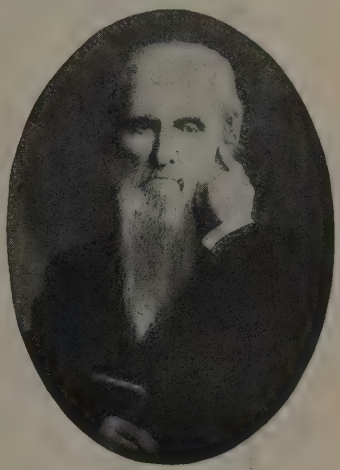
and they will not haggle over terms in order to get them.

—

If the principals of high schools would expend less effort in fitting their graduates to enter college without preliminary examinations, and more effort in training

REVEREND TITUS MOONEY MERRIMAN OF CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Mr. Merriman is still active as writer and speaker despite his eighty years. He is the author of biographies of William, Prince of Orange and of Roger Williams, besides other historical and biographical works. He has been a pastor in Canada, in each of the New England States, and in New York, Michigan and California. Mr. Merriman was for many years a professor in Laselle Seminary, Auburndale, Mass.



them in the essentials of every day knowledge, we should have more diploma holders capable of spelling simple English words correctly. Spelling appears to be going out of fashion.

—

Speaker Henderson, in declining to stand for renomination in the third congressional district of Iowa, adopted the only course open to an honorable man. He declared frankly that he was not in sympathy with the tariff views of his constituents, hence he could not honorably serve them without violating his own convictions. The suggestion that Colonel Henderson withdrew because he feared defeat at the hands of former governor Horace Boies, the nominee of the democracy in the third district, is scarcely worth discussing. Colonel Henderson has represented the

third Iowa district during ten terms of congress, and in all human probability could have had the place ten terms more if he had desired it. Nothing short of a dynamite explosion could overturn the republican majority in the "monkey wrench" district, with Colonel Henderson on the ticket, tariff or no tariff. Indeed, the only time the Iowans have ever, since the Civil war, defeated the

ARTHUR BRISBANE, THE MAN WHO WRITES THE NEW YORK EVENING JOURNAL EDITORIALS

Looks the part, doesn't he? No other American journalist has so many readers and admirers. He writes about the simple, vital facts of life, with sense and sympathy. Some people call him an "anarchist," or as many of them would say, an "arnekist"; but most of the two million daily readers of the Hearst papers recognize in him a spirit eager to serve the best interests of his fellow men. Mistaken now and then, like all of us, but maintaining a high average.

FRANK B NOYES, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER OF THE CHICAGO RECORD-HERALD

A strong man: keen, quiet, steadfast, imbued with modern ideas. A son of the Noyes who made the Washington Evening Star one of the best newspapers and best paying properties in America. He has quickly and thoroughly impressed his personality on the Record-Herald since he relieved H. H. Kohlsaat of the editorship a year ago. It has been the fortune of the Record and Herald, individually and united, to be controlled by men of strongly marked individuality—Scott, Kohlsaat, Lawson, Handy, Seymour, McAuliff, Noyes—and the latest man at the helm is strictly up to grade.

republican state ticket, was when the managers of that party had cut off the people's beer supply. Horace Boies was twice elected governor on this issue, but in each instance the third district remained republican.

SWEETHEARTS

The simple truth appears to be that the West feels that it is paying more than a fair price for trust products, and it wishes in some way to whip those prices down. Democratic leaders out there, and some republicans, believe the way to do this is to remove protective tariffs from trust made goods. The President, in conference with Senators Allison, Hanna, Aldrich, Lodge and Spooner, is reported to have reached the conclusion that tariff revision is not the best way, or a safe way, to limit the charging power of the trusts. The President favors the enactment of a constitutional amendment that will give the federal government larger power of control over trusts, whether state or national in their character and operations. This can hardly be obtained in less than five years. At present, he represents, there appears to be no law that can reach the trusts. It is gratifying, in this connection, to reflect that we still have laws that can reach and punish the man who steals a loaf of bread.

Every time the man who enjoys large wealth declares he has "nothing to arbitrate" with the men who produce the wealth he enjoys, he drives a nail into the coffin of the system that evolved him.

"WHO CARES?"

—

The persons who deplore the general race for wealth are missing the point. The increase of wealth, and its increasingly equal diffusion, mean an increase of civilization and an improvement of morals.

—

Some of the preachers are becoming real saucy toward the coal mine operators who have "nothing to arbitrate." Father McGlynn, who preached himself out of a parish and into the hearts of grateful millions, was the preacher for me.

—

The Wheeling, West Virginia, Gazette copies and comments on a paragraph that appeared in *Note and Comment* in the September National. That paragraph suggested the all-around desirability—except, of course, as to the present monopolists—of government ownership of the coal mines. The Gazette says:

Evidently Mr. Putnam is a socialist. If the government should own the coal mines, why not also all other mines and all other property from which is produced the necessaries of life, own and operate the farms of the country, etc., etc., as well as the railroads, steamship and telegraph lines and every other industry necessary to the convenience and happiness of the people? Mr. Putnam should not draw the line at coal mines. When we throw down the bars to government ownership, where is the line consistently to be drawn?

The bars were thrown down ages ago, when the first steps were taken in organized government. In later times, our own government assumed ownership and control of the mail service, the schools, the money, and other items of general use which it was even then perceived could be better managed for *the general good* through the government than through private ownership and control.

As time passes, necessity will arise for the people through their agent the government to assume ownership and control of other items. When the railroads have finally united in one close and ironclad combine or trust, we shall hear more said in favor of government ownership and control of the railroads. The same with the telegraphs and steamships. The same with the farms—if the day ever shall come when the owners of the farms will form a trust and operate as a monopoly—as the coal monopoly now operates, for example. All in due order. The item nearest to hand is the coal industry. I am paying $12 a ton for coal that, in ordinary times, earns satisfactory profits when sold at half that price. The miners, the men whose labor makes it possible for us to have coal, asked for an advance in pay that would raise the price of coal twenty cents a ton. This I would have been glad to pay, and so would you. The coal trust raised the price $6 a ton. Is it surprising that I wish the government to take over the coal mines, pay decent wages, put an end to strikes, give the miner a chance to send his children to school instead of into the mines, and establish peace and order in a region that has been the scene of practically continuous strife, carried on at the expense of the general public, for the greater part of the last fifty years? You may call it socialism, or Christianity, or civilization, or what you like: this demand for the extension of government ownership and control of natural monopolies is the unescapable result of the desire and demand of the masses for constantly larger shares of the total wealth. I do not delude myself with the idea that a majority of the American people are yet ready for any considerable extension of this process; but I know, in the light of recorded human experience, that a majority will be ready for it before very long. The leaven is working all over the world. The coal strike and its prompt utilization by the coal trust as a means of squeezing the pockets of consumers, is only an incident. It is far less significant of the general movement than the action of congress at the latest session in assuming responsibility for the irrigation of arid lands in the West.

"WHAT?"

—

And now the politicians may go hang, for I'm off to the woods with the boys to gather barberries, crab apples and wild grapes. I want the boys to get well grounded first of all in the facts of the out of door country. Then in the every day useful knowledge—the elementary learning that sticks to us after we forget why it was that the Romans licked the Carthaginians. Next, and broadly and deeply, the essentials of politics, economics and ethics. The significant lessons of history. The knowledge that fits a man to understand the social movements of his own time, and their bearing on the future. Every time I read a copy of the Congressional Record, I feel like suggesting that the government start a

"JUST AS EASY"

CRESCEUS, KING OF THE TROTTERS, RACING AGAINST HIS RECORD OF 2·2 1-4 FOR THE MILE, PACED BY TWO RUNNING HORSES AND A MOTOR RACING MACHINE

By the way, trainer John McCartney's book, telling the story of Cresceus' great races, is just out—published by the Hollenbee Press of Indianapolis—and though McCartney is only about a 2:30 writer, as to literary style, his story is intensely interesting. The book contains portraits of several of the best horsemen of the day, and on the cover is a handsome portrait of the champion. Photograph copyrighted, 1902, by the Hearst Syndicate

night school in economics, for its law makers. But let that pass.

—

Philosophy shall fascinate no longer,
To fathom it I've nony more desire;
A pleasure that is humaner and stronger
Is romping with the children by the fire.

The race of man goes on and on forever,
According to a good and proper plan;
I leave the search for reasons to the clever,—
I'm going to be a lover while I can.

The lamp is lit, the grate is redly glowing;
The Baby sprawls upon a pillow near;
The Daughter and the Elder Son with knowing
And eager smiles in front of me appear.

The Mother, in an easy rocker reading,
Upon my guests bestows a fleeting glance,
In time to note the Son and Daughter pleading:
"Come, Daddy, we are going to have a dance."

High honor for a better man than Daddy!
With dainty grace the lassie takes my hand;
A partner of his fancy mates the laddie,
And so we stroll to Youth's Enchanted Land.

THE CHANGELESS

It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so;
That, howsoe'er I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou canst not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

Arthur Henry Clough

IN THE LONESOME, SILENT SOUTH.

(Concluded)

By EVA HAMPTON PRATHER

AS the door closed on the negro girl, Miss Percival held the thin sheet toward the light. The slender, womanish characters wavered through her gathering tears as she read:

Pyrrha, ever dear and most dear to me, I restore to you that that is your own and yet no more. I am the unprofitable servant, and yet I did not bury your talent. When you sent me away from you you deprived me of life. I invested and worked and increased your little store, but my fatality returned and I lost both principal and interest. I dared not write you again, but for twenty years I have toiled to make back your money and return your loan. It is folded away in the brown wallet just as you once put a like sum away for me. I have found out the town where you are working, and tonight I shall enter your schoolroom with the help of a young man about town and shall put it in your desk where you may find it in the morning. Then I shall go away. I, failure that I am, have no right to see you again. Feel, dear one, that I have led a clean though unprofitable existence, and have had no other light in all my weary life than that blue gleam from your dear, honest eyes. Think that I am dead. But still I have not been so unwise for you as I have seemed to be. Lest the young man should prove dishonorable and you should not get back your own, I have sought out an old friend of yours, have told my story, and explained to him that I shall put this money in your desk tonight. He will remember you in case I fail or misfortune should follow in my wake. Dear and most dear, farewell.

Half an hour had scarcely elapsed before Mary's returning footsteps fell on Miss Percival's ear, and presently she opened the door for Doctor Hall, who came in hastily.

"I could not wait till after tea to serve you," he said cordially. "I had told Mary to summon me as soon as you were awake!"

He looked critically at his patient. "Weeping again?" he said regretfully. "But that is unwise. It must have been a severe blow to a proud woman to be forced into such a position; but, believe me, you have the sympathy of the entire community. No one thinks of you but as the victim of an error. I am sure that the man was deceived in your identity and you in his. It is my intention to protect you and to see you through this unfortunate affair, and I want you to feel that in me you have an old and devoted friend as well as an interested physician."

"Mary," said Miss Percival, "do not leave the room; I may need you. Her

voice produced a peculiar effect on Doctor Hall. It was so devoid of life. He looked at her again.

"Doctor," she said in response to the look, "I am over worn. I hear that the court has sat."

"Yes," answered the physician. "And have you heard of the arrest?"

"I wanted you to tell me of that," she replied. And after a moment's hesitation, he complied:

"The court ordered the arrest of young Ned Fairman. I believe that you do not know that many years ago, when the penitentiary was located in this place, his grandfather was a convict here, sent up for grand larceny, but, being pardoned out, became a small farmer, married a poor country girl, raised a family, made money, and died an honest man. His daughter became Fairman's wife. She was a beautiful young woman for her class. Ned is like her. They educated their children; actually sent their boy through college, but he has been a good-for-naught; cries back to the old convict, I suppose."

Miss Percival did not respond, and Doctor Hall continued:

"It seems that Ned Fairman and the man who was killed were seen together, first, by the Fairmans' negro cook; then by the negro boy, Mack Howard; and, finally, at twilight Sunday afternoon, by old Abram Claws, on the bridge below the pottery. Next, the pistol found in the room was identified by Nellie Fairman as her brother's; then the negro woman swore that Ned had secured the basket of tools from a closet in the Fairman house." Here the physician paused and looked earnestly at Miss Percival.

"Will you tell me," he said gently, "how the picture of Ned Fairman, drawn by you and fastened to your parlor curtains, came to be there?"

"I put it there for you to find," replied the lady.

"I thought as much," said the physician with a laugh, which he checked on noticing the weary seriousness of his patient's eyes. "I thought as much, and so I brought it away with me, when I could not wake you up and handed it over to the court. It completed the evidence which warranted an arrest." Doctor Hall paused again and waited for his patient to continue the conversation, but as she did not do so, he asked:

"How was the picture drawn?"

"The man," said Miss Percival wearily, "entered the window thinking that I had left the room. When he had half crossed it he looked up and saw me. That was the look of his face. I remembered it when he had gone. I drew it because I believed myself face to face with the guilty man."

The physician leaned over and took a rose from the bowl on the table, looked at it silently and then slowly plucked off the petals one by one. As the last fell he glanced at the lady again. She was lying perfectly still with closed eyes. A question trembled on his lips. He hesitated, and then said deliberately:

"And the purse, what was in it?"

"I did not look," answered Miss Percival.

In spite of himself the physician drew a deep breath. Miss Percival's weary lids suddenly uplifted. He noted in her glance something he had never seen there before, a singular mingling of timidity and distress.

As many skillful readers of character in the past have been deceived at a crucial moment, Doctor Hall was now deceived. The look seemed to him to have one possible psychic explanation. Miss Percival, he reasoned, had discovered her loss, was distressed because of it, and frightened as to the possible construction that might be put by the court upon the confession of her loss. He was not perhaps aware of his slight smile, and nothing could have been more unpropitious than his next remark.

"You have the purse?" said he.

"No," answered his patient, a visible tremor swiftly passing the full length of her tall form, "I put it under my pillow last night, but some one took it away from me while I was asleep." She looked beyond the Doctor steadily at her maid. He followed her glance.

"This girl—," said he.

"No," interposed Miss Percival, "Mary was not here when it was taken from under my pillow."

Here Mary, with curious opportuneness, broke in.

"Miss Percival nuvur does lock her do'," said she.

"Oh!" said the physician with the same long breath as before. "Then you think—that it may be—that the man returned in the night—and—secured the purse after all—while you were asleep?"

His question was followed by perfect silence. At first he did not notice it himself. Then he became aware that Miss Percival was regarding him out of inscrutable eyes. He shivered slightly, rose, walked to the window and looked out. Next he tried the sash. It slid up easily. He stepped into the rose fragrant air. The glittering firmament bent above him. He breathed deeply. After a moment he came back slowly with his soft physicianly tread.

"Yes, it is possible," said he. "He could have returned in some such way as this. Oh, the curious courage of the man!"

Miss Percival smiled. "Courage?" she said. And then she did an unexpected thing—she handed to the physician the letter she held.

"This was brought to the gate by a negro man," said she. "Take it to the light and read it, and tell me what you think."

Doctor Hall rose and held the letter under the rosy shade of the lamp. He read slowly, as if the words were difficult to decipher. Then she noticed that he read it once again. The lines of his face visibly deepened and he seemed lost in thought. At the third reading he said aloud, but as if speaking to himself:

"What a remarkable sort of a fool this man must have been!"

Miss Percival lay perfectly still, and after a while the physician turned toward her, as silent as she.

The negro girl again filled in the awkward pause. "Is yuh a-gwine to hab Miss Percival in de co't'ouse?" she exclaimed.

"You would wish to go?" he asked.

"Yes," the lady answered, "I would wish it."

"You believe the man would confess in your presence?" asked the physician, marveling at her evident change of purpose.

Miss Percival lifted her delicate brows. Doctor Hall was chillingly conscious of the rise of those slender brown arches, and of the supercilious glance from under her half opened lids as she uttered with unction her characteristic phrase.

"Possibly so."

Fama, so active in great cities and among widely scattered communities in the days of Dido, now confines her activities to village communities; yet so successful is she in her more limited sphere, that the most guarded occurrences taking place in the privacy of one's own home, in which only the most intimate acquaintances are participators, are frequently recited on the public square in an hour or two thereafter. So it happened that everybody who was anybody discussed Miss Percival's going to court on the morrow over his coffee and rolls; and a great many nobodies also enjoyed a like discussion in less charming apartments, over their bacon and eggs. Ladies, who had never before in all their lives entered the county court house on any plea whatever, hurried through their household affairs, donned their best attire, ran over to get their

most intimate Susan or Sarah, and by eleven o'clock were demurely sitting in their places on the bank of long benches which faced the jury and gave the best view of judge and witness, as well as of the prisoner in the case.

It was not the regular sitting of the county court, but Fairman, determined to defend his son at any cost, had employed, from a neighboring city, one of the most noted criminal lawyers in the state; and this gentleman, already on the ground, added a peculiar dignity to the preliminary court and coroner's jury as he sat, white haired and silent, at the lawyers' table facing the rostrum. Several of the witnesses had indicated their wish to be present during the whole hearing, and these gentlemen now occupied the waiting bench, also facing the court.

As nearly as possible at the exact moment set, Miss Percival came in with Doctor Hall and took her seat here also. She had the gift of appropriate demeanor, and the characteristic of always appearing to be the best dressed woman in any assembly where her social equals or superiors were seen. Among beautiful women she seemed to have no beauty, but the most trying occasions had never yet deprived her of the air of distinction, which marked a face capable of many emotions but at present full of repose. Colonel Dawson looked at her earnestly, and then turned his eyes reluctantly toward the physician.

Doctor Hall, he had just heard, was the present representative of an old county family. He was pleased to note that this gentleman was easily the handsomest man in the room, and this effect of fineness and superiority was enhanced by an expression of great sweetness on an extremely regular and clean shaven face, by gray hair of the black and snowy type, and by the unmistakable manner of the successful man.

The coroner saw fit to review the evidence of the day before, and thus Colonel Dawson had the pleasure of hearing the testimony of the Fairman cook, Nellie Fairman, Abram Claus, and Mack Howard. Mack Howard caused a little ripple by stating that Jim McRae, the Doctor's coachman, had told him that he also had seen the stranger on the night before the murder, and, as Jim was in the court room as a spectator, it was easy to call upon him.

He swore that he had told Mack nothing whatever about the murdered man. When asked if he and Mack Howard were friends he convulsed the hitherto serious assembly by replying:

"Us wuz frien's onct, but sense he stoled mer munny, us hain't bin sech berry good frien's."

Next, the janitor of the school building testified that when he reached the school the door in the rear of the building was open, that the lock seemed to have been broken in the attempt to open it. That he had taken the key himself from where it always hung in the hall of the president's house. That he was attracted toward Miss Percival's room by groans from that direction. That in that room he had found the dying man and had at once given the alarm to Mr. Lawton, the science teacher, whom he met coming in as he ran out. The time was not later, he thought, than 8:15. The teachers were due at nine.

Mr. Foreacre testified that he had advised the removal of the man to the open air, as he thought he might then sufficiently revive to account for his presence there; but that soon after his removal Miss Percival had come up. That at the sound of her voice the man opened his eyes and said to the people around him: "It is important for me to see that lady." He then described the effect of this meeting on Miss Percival, and the gift to her of the brown wallet, but said that he could not recall the words which the man used to her. He

mentioned the fact that Ned Fairman had summoned Doctor Hall and spoke of Doctor Hall's kindness toward and sympathy for the lady. He also testified that as Miss Percival dropped the wallet, Ned Fairman sprang forward to pick it up. He described Ned's joking conversation about what was in it, and the wager that he had made with a bystander that he would yet see the inside of the wallet.

Doctor Hall testified that he had been twice called up to the family of President Orr during the night of the murder, leaving there at six o'clock Monday morning; that he four times passed the college, but noticed nothing unusual there; that he was abed when summoned to the scene of the tragedy, but had dressed hurriedly and arrived only just in time to see the man breathe his last.

Doctor Hall was drawn out with regard to the picture found in Miss Percival's parlor, and with regard to the family connections of Ned Fairman's mother.

Two younger physicians, Doctors Colley and McLain, who had examined the wounded man, testified that the wound was caused by some metal instrument, that it was deeper in one place than in others, and could have been made by a hooked piece of metal or an ax of small size; that the man must have been struck by a person standing in front of him, and that the cutting of the arteries rather than the crushing effect of the blow was the primary cause of death. They added that the man was in an exhausted physical condition, suffering from consumption in an advanced stage, and probably would have died a natural death in the course of the year.

The moment of intensest interest had now arrived when Miss Percival was summoned to the chair. Her testimony, however, was without sensational features; its substance was interesting as developing the identity of the stranger. Her answers were direct and she made no effort to enlarge upon the simple facts.

Her father, she said, had been a professor of Greek in William and Mary College, and had retired on the death of her mother to the valley of Virginia. There he had lived near the home of the Arnall's and had acted as tutor to the young sons of the several families who were their neighbors. That the youngest Arnall son was called Cary and that he was a brilliant student but unsuccessful in his business ventures. That she had thought he would be more successful if he should have a little capital which he could use quite independently of his father's estate. She had, therefore, lent him some money, and had herself purchased the brown leather wallet and filled it for him on the day of his leaving home. He was to have written when his success was assured. He had not written. That was twenty years ago. On her father's death she herself had left Virginia as a teacher. She had never seen Cary Arnall nor heard from him in all those years until the day of his death. That following the death scene Doctor Hall had put her under the influence of some nervine and that she had slept in her parlor until some time during the following night. She told of Fairman's entering her window and of the drawing that she had made. That she had put this drawing where Doctor Hall would find it, hoping that he might be able to prevent her appearing in the case. She said she had not opened the brown wallet, had thought it empty, had put it under her pillow, and had missed it the next day; had never seen it since. She made no mention of the letter which Doctor Hall had read.

Here Doctor Hall spoke to Colonel Dawson, and he to the prosecuting attorney, Colonel Moore, and Colonel Moore to the coroner. Doctor Hall, again called to the chair, testified that Miss Percival neither locked her door nor latched her windows when she slept;

and that Fairman could have returned during the night and carried off the wallet; but as Miss Percival had stated that it was probably empty, it would of course be of no further use to him or to any one else.

During this testimony Colonel Dawson's attention was intense, but, while he gave his ear to Doctor Hall, it was noticable that he turned his chair so that he could observe every shade of expression that passed over Miss Percival's face.

At the close of the evidence, Colonel Dawson said that he would like his client, Mr. Edward Fairman, to make a statement to the court. The coroner consented and the prisoner arose and faced the jury. Guilt was written on him large. His pale face quivered as he spoke and he bent like a weak old man. His story was told in so low a tone that only the jury caught its full import.

He said that he had met the stranger on Sunday on the pottery bridge; that the stranger had asked his assistance in a lark, a practical joke, he supposed, on one of the school ma'ams. He wanted, he said, to put something into Miss Percival's desk. Ned said that he had gotten some tools from home, and at midnight had broken open the door on the dark side of the house; that he and the stranger had entered there and groped their way to Miss Percival's room. The stranger had just raised the lid of her desk, when a gust of wind blew open the window blind, and the electric light shining into the room disclosed the form of another man standing near the desk, and just in front of the stranger. This third man immediately struck the stranger in the head with a small ax. That he, Ned Fairman, had fired at the man but had missed him, and becoming frightened at probable implication in the crime, dropped his pistol and ran; that the other man also ran and they passed each other in the dark hall. That he had made a wager next day about the inside of the brown wallet to draw suspicion from himself and had entered Miss Percival's window at the moment when he thought he could take the wallet from the table and be off before her return to the room.

This story was variously received by the listeners. Colonel Dawson scarcely moved his eyes from Miss Percival's flushed face, and she, seemingly unconscious that she was being observed, gave a strained attention to the pallid, whispering narrator of this singular story.

On adjournment of the coroner's preliminary court, Colonel Dawson asked Doctor Hall to walk up town with him, and Mr. Foreacre elected to walk home with Miss Percival. Once out of the crowd he said to her:

"Wasn't Hall fine this morning? Never saw him looking so splendidly in my life. I was witness of a little transaction at the bank about three hours ago that did me a world of good. You know that fellow, Colton, has had a mortgage on the old Hall place for more years than it takes to remember? He came down here from Atlanta to close the Doctor out. But Hall was up to him, by Jove! Paid it down in cool cash. Best sight I ever saw! Colton was so evidently cut up. This middle Georgia land is coming up, you know, and to live in a place like that would make a new man respectable. Hall looks like a made over man himself, by Jove! Nothing succeeds like success!"

"How much," the lady asked, "was the mortgage worth?"

"Oh," answered Foreacre, "a matter of ten thousand, I should say."

The county court sat in August of that year, and since the tragedy of the past April, Colonel Dawson had become almost a resident of the town. The first week of the sitting had its event in the arrival of another stranger, a tall, ruddy, man, who stepped into the omnibus at the station, and said:

"Miss Percival's place, if you please. I fancy she will still be awake at this hour."

Whereupon several of the other passengers whispered:

"Fudge—gin — yuh!" and eyed him curiously enough.

As the gentleman took his seat and glanced up and down the stage, making out the other occupants by the light of the dim lamp at the upper end, his attention was attracted, not to any special man or woman among them, but to the head of a walking stick in a gloved hand at the farthest extremity of the seat on which he himself sat.

The cane was of the ordinary black ebony, but the gold head was unusually large and beautiful. Its straight rod of some two inches in length was covered with an embossment of rye, blades and opening sheaths; this then turned on a right angular curve, with a hand space of some four inches, closely laid with flattened heads of rye, and came to an end in two broad facets of polished gold, so inclined as to form an edge. On one facet he could make out lines which seemed to trace armorial bearings or some heraldic device.

The lamp light falling from above and side wise on this cane gave the brilliant surfaces an effect of extraordinary size, and brought to the stranger's mind a dim picture of a mace in an old text book conned years ago at his tutor's knee. It seemed curiously to hold his eye; indeed, he was still gazing at it when the omnibus stopped at the cottage and the conductor said:

"Miss Percival's, sir!"

The stranger stepped forth into the night. The slender steps creaked under his positive tread.

"Shall I wait for you, sir?" called the driver.

"No, do not," answered the man, his hand already on the cottage bell; and the passengers were driven reluctantly forward just as a woman's form within seemed to rise and take shape against the curtained windows on the right.

One of the passengers, however, got out at the top of the hill beyond, amid a chorus of cheery "good nights!" stood there a moment with his hand on an old iron gate swung between old fashioned turreted walls of brick, looked after the omnibus until its twinkling light disappeared in the darkness and distance and then deliberately walked back the way he had come.

More than an hour thereafter, when the stranger, unattended, came out of Miss Percival's door, this passenger, who had been watching in the shadow of the *bois d'arc* hedge beyond, stepped forward and joined him as he moved toward the town.

"I am going your way," he said cordially. "We may as well walk on together."

The stranger looked at him curiously.

"I am speaking," he said, "to—?"

"Doctor Hall," answered the other, "an old friend of the lady at whose house you have just been a visitor."

"An old friend?" said the stranger, "then you will doubtless bear me out that there are few such women. I, too, call myself an old friend, yet I fancy that my friendship has the prior claim. Her father was my tutor many years ago in Virginia."

"Ah?" said the Doctor, slowly.

"Yes," continued the stranger, "I first remember her as a little girl of seven, bending over my brother Cary's book."

The doctor started slightly, and the stranger, who was looking at him, continued as if in answer to his movement.

"Yes, it is true, I am here for that!"

"It is a curious case," said the physician, "psychologically one of the most singular occurrences which has come under my observation. Your brother comes into the town unknown to the people and entrusts himself and his

secret motive for being here to a loafer about town, a young good-for-naught of little more than half his years. He is carried by this man into the school building and there murdered, we will presume, for money. But according to the story of the murderer the purse was left in the murdered man's hand, while the murderer ran off frightened at the sound of his own pistol. Your brother lives long enough to give the purse to Miss Percival, for whom it was intended. She, devoid of the curiosity which influences most women, fails to open it, and the murderer returns in the night and steals it from under her pillow. Wonderful state of affairs all 'round!"

While Doctor Hall was speaking the two men turned a corner and came upon a green, in the middle of one side of which stood a square brick building coped with granite. A swinging arc light in the center of the unpaved street shed over its front and northern end a silvery sheen, and cast toward the south and east its huge, black shadow. They paused involuntarily to look at it.

"This is the building?" asked the stranger.

"Yes," answered the physician, "and here in the northwestern corner is Miss Percival's room."

"I had formed a different idea of the place," said the stranger. "The murder, you say, was committed in a blaze of light like that?"

"No," said the physician, "my own theory is, that if any light shone into the room, it was the light of day. The prisoner, Fairman, declares that this electric light shone into the room, but our police system here is somewhat amusing. These lights go out and the policemen go to bed at 12 o'clock and nothing stirs from then until daylight. I consider the electric light episode one of the weakest points in Fairman's story. A pistol fired at this place before 12 o'clock would have roused the neighborhood. If the light was burning when Fairman killed your brother the story of the firing of the pistol is untrue. Fired after twelve o'clock the pistol shot would have passed unnoticed."

"You believe, then, that Fairman killed my brother with an ax, and that the pistol was not fired?" said the stranger.

"Frankly," answered the physician, "I have never believed the ax story at all. I was not so fortunate as to examine the wound, but, unless the ax had been wielded by an very weak hand, your brother would have been brained at once."

"True," said the stranger. "And has it never occurred to you that a woman may have wielded it?"

The physician started violently.

"I see," said the stranger, "that you did not think of that, and yet it is a possible theory. Let us walk on."

Another turn and some hundred yards brought the two men into the town; and thus far they walked in silence, each man pondering the wisdom of further parley and questioning the motives of the other as he walked. Opposite the drug store the physician paused.

"Will you come in here, Mr. Arnall?" he asked. "Moore is over yonder, and Dawson. They are opposing attorneys in the case; Moore for the state and Dawson for Fairman's son."

The stranger acquiesced, and the two men entered together. Introductions followed and in half an hour thereafter Mr. Arnall was in posesssion of all the common knowledge in the case of the State vs. Edward Fairman.

At the end of this time, Doctor Hall again offered his services to convey the stranger to the nearest hostelry; but, to the astonishment of Colonel Moore and the seeming relief of the physician, Mr. Arnall answered that he would walk on with Colonel Dawson.

"What do you think of that, Doctor?"

whispered the attorney for the state to the physician as Dawson and Arnall went out.

"I think," said the physician smilingly, "that we are to have some surprises in the case. Miss Percival, you know, is Miss Percival; and there may be developments hitherto undreamed of."

"The devil and Tom Walker!" exclaimed the lawyer. "You don't mean it? The old maid and Fairman in league?"

"No," said the physician. "No, that would be the least probable solution. This Arnall, however, told me that he believed his brother to have been murdered by a woman."

We all know the effect of that subtle phrase, "a woman in the case." Miss Percival came forth some days thereafter and touched an unyielding atmosphere; an ominous whisper followed her day and night, yet if she recognized the impossibilities of her position she showed no sign.

At the end of the week little Lulu Kincaid said to her devoted spouse, "Dollard, my dear, if the case does not come up soon the town will tear her limb from limb. The women have persuaded themselves that she committed the deed. If I have dreamt it once I have dreamed it a hundred times that I awoke in the night and saw her laughing defiance in the teeth of a murderous mob."

"Lulu, now don't," came the response. "Don't go over to express your sympathy and get yourself involved." And Lulu did not.

Had Miss Percival made a movement to leave the place, had her eyes once fallen, her tongue once faltered, the story which I am about to tell would have been somewhat more terrible than it is; but she was made of fearless stuff and did not flinch. Nothing, therefore, came to an end, but the call of the court and the empaneling of the jury.

That over, the wearisome outlining of the case by the solicitor and the examination of witnesses for the state began. Every effort was made by Colonel Moore to drag in the subtle femininity suggested by Doctor Hall. Miss Percival's position and attitude in the community were thoroughly reviewed. Her almost universal unpopularity was stressed. Her whereabouts on the fatal night, her singular loss of the brown wallet, her unaccountable all day sleep, the motive for her exhibition of artistic skill with Fairman for subject were made to take on a sinister aspect worthy of Lucifer himself. She was shown to be a dweller in the town, yet alien to its interests. So, borne along by the prejudices of the community, Colonel Moore floated to the fatal end on a wave of popular sympathy.

As the case progressed the prisoner's attention became intense, his look of dejection was superseded by one of novel interest in the woman whose drawing had been the first cause of his arrest. Although well aware of the actual facts in the case, he was almost induced to accept the theory that, suffering from her own sense of guilt, she had seized upon a favorable circumstance to fasten her own crime upon himself.

As to Miss Percival, the change in her face was ominous and terrible. Her pale cheek at first warmed softly under the repeated manifestations of hostility in the court, then burned to a deep dull red, and her eyes darkened slowly from their cold accustomed gray to the glow of blue black sapphires. Her whole appearance was full of repressed passion. The jurors as they watched her came to feel to a man that some frightful force was at work in the soul of the woman who sat before them, but glanced at them only with a flash of haughty disdain as each witness left the chair. Finally her singular ordeal came to an end. Colonel Dawson rose calmly from his seat and in his unimpassioned tones outlined the

course of the defense. The defence would prove that Edward Fairman was not guilty of the murder of Cary Arnall, nor of the theft of the brown wallet. The means were at hand to convict the guilty person, a person hitherto uninvolved in the accusation, and even to point out the weapon with which the crime had been perpetrated. The defense would first uncover this unrecognized criminal, would next reveal the motive for the crime, then trace the brown wallet and count out the value of its contents. He first summoned Dr. Lemuel Hall.

This witness had been called from court to the bed side of a patient in the town. Dawson looked down his list and said that President Orr would do.

The child of President Orr was found to have been ill on the night of the murder, and witness set forth that his family were awake all night, but had noted no unusual disturbance at the college. That Doctor Hall had been summoned twice during the night and was with them from ten to eleven or twelve, and again from three until daybreak. That he came and went in his buggy, driven by the negro, Jim McRae. That the keys of the college building always hung in his front hall, on the hook of a large hat rack mirror there, and that the janitor came for them on the morning after the murder and took them intact from their place.

Miss Napier, house keeper for the Orrs, was next summoned. She testified that the keys were not on the rack on the night of the murder. She observed their absence when she passed through the hall to the president's office to call up the physician the second time. The hour must have been near two a. m. They were in place when she retired at about five a. m. She had mentioned the matter at the breakfast table at eight o'clock Monday morning. Chief of Police Donalson testified that he lived in the neighborhood of the college. Came out from town near one o'clock. High wind was blowing. Noticed electric arc still burning. Heard muffled sound of pistol. Stopped startled, and presently saw two men running from the back of college building. Ran after the one going toward town, but was soon out distanced. As he returned the light went out. Night dark and windy. Heard nothing more.

As Doctor Hall was still delayed, Dawson asked for his coachman, Jim McRae.

Jim testified that on Sunday evening, at about eight, a gentleman called for Doctor Hall, was admitted to his office, and remained with the doctor some thirty minutes. He did not see the man clearly, as the physician took him into his office by a window opening in the porch. Doctor Hall had walked with him to the gate and had said to Mrs. Hall, on his return, that the man was ill.

Further questioning revealed the fact that on returning the first time from the Orrs, the physician had said to Jim that he was sure he would be needed again at the president's house, and that, therefore, it would be best to drive the horse 'round and go to sleep in the buggy, while he, Doctor Hall, walked in the garden. When the second call came he went to the garden, but did not find the doctor there. The wind was blowing hard as if a storm were coming. Presently he heard some one running outside the wall and then Doctor Hall came in by the gate and walked up the drive to the house. That the doctor called him and said that he would not go in, as he did not wish to startle Mrs. Hall, but would bathe his face and hands at the pump. While he was washing his hands, his stick dropped into the tank, and he washed it also, and wiped it carefully with his handkerchief. That on his second return from the president's, Doctor Hall had at once retired and requested that no one should disturb his morning nap.

The next witness was Mary, Miss Per-

cival's maid. Mary testified that Miss Percival had feigned sleep all day Tuesday, and told in her own inimitable style of how Jim McRae had discovered the doctor in the act of opening the brown wallet, and of the letter Jim had sold to Miss Percival.

At this point, Miss Percival looked meditatively at the foreman of the jury, lost color, rose from her seat, and handed to the lawyer a crumpled sheet of onion skin bond. The lawyer opened the paper and read aloud the letter which had dropped from the brown wallet. A deathlike stillness pervaded the room. As he finished reading, Colonel Dawson handed the letter to the foreman of the jury, and turned to Doctor Hall, who in company with a constable was being escorted to the waiting bench. Georgians are a clannish people, and the great criminal lawyer in all his after life felt no pang so keen as that which shook him as he bowed to the man whose family traditions were as honorable as his own.

"Dr. Lemuel Hall," said the judge, and the doctor took the witness chair.

As he sat there, looking at the jury and the court, in his morning calm and cleanliness, his people who had grown up with him in the shadow of the "old Hall place" looked up to him with unshaken confidence and respect. What slur upon such cleanliness could stand the test?

"Doctor Hall," said the lawyer, "you have told us so often all that you know of this lamentable case that I shall not review your testimony, but shall ask your assistance in answering a few of those questions which trouble the defense. It has been proved that the keys of the college were missing from President Orr's hall at two o'clock on the Monday morning following the murder. *Where were those keys, Doctor Hall?*" The question was put in the celebrated thunderous tone which had been known to disconcert a witness past recovery. Dr. Hall's fine nostrils quivered. A shock passed over the court.

"Your honor," said the physician with haughty composure, "I rise to a point of courtesy."

"It is taken," said the lawyer. "Doctor Hall, where were the keys?"

"I do not know," answered the physician.

"You did not see the keys?"

"I did not look for them."

"Doctor Hall," said the lawyer, "had Miss Percival any other old friend than yourself?"

"Mr. Arnall," answered the doctor with a slight smile, "had priority of claim. I have been Miss Percival's physician for the ten years of her residence here."

"It has been my pleasure," said the lawyer with deliberate insolence of tone, "to read to the court a letter of Cary Arnall's, in which he mentions a visit to *an old friend* of Miss Percival's on the day of his death, and—"

A sudden pallor touched the physician's cheek. He had taken for granted that Miss Percival's delicacy of feeling would have forever rendered the reading of that letter to the open court an impossibility, and he turned a startled glance toward her immobile figure as the lawyer spoke.

"Could it be that she suspected? Ah—"

His glance met hers.

A stifling stillness fell upon the court. The judge followed the Doctor's startled gaze. Dawson paused and turned his head. The jury looked—and saw a face, sharp as an instrument of death, colorless as death itself, and eyes deep as hate incarnate. On these eyes the doctor's fascinated gaze was bent.

A sudden trembling spread through all his frame. Dawson shouted on:

"In the letter which I have just read, Cary Arnall writes that he has sought out an old friend of the lady's, has confided

to him the fact that he is to put this money (ten thousand was it, Doctor Hall?) into her desk that fatal night, and that he relied upon this friend to protect her interests and to see that she received her own. Though this singular case has reached the ear of the English speaking world, no such old friend has come forward to fulfill his charge. *Doctor Hall, were you that friend?*"

"No," answered the physician; "no, assuredly not."

"Then who," thundered the lawyer, "who was your strange visitor that Sunday night?"

"No one visited me that night," replied the pale witness in a scarcely audible tone.

"Where did you go, Doctor Hall," continued the terrible voice, "while your coachman slept? Where were you in those frightful hours? What did you do with *this?*"

Suddenly with indescribable dramatic effect Dawson raised the beautiful walking stick which he had unceremoniously snatched from the physician's hand, in the attitude to strike. The prisoner uttered a triumphant cry. The physician rose, essayed to speak, swayed and fell forward at the lawyer's feet.

A dim, indignant murmur rose from the crowd. After a second of suspense, Dawson stooped and raised the still form, motioned to Arnall for assistance, and the two lifted the physician to the rostrum in front of the jury. The people rose. The constables closed the aisles. "Let the court be cleared," said the judge.

"Arnall," whispered Dawson to the Virginian, "take Miss Percival through the jury room to the back door, get into the carriage there, drive to the Georgia road, the four-thirty will be going out, get a ticket to Macon and put her on the train. Goodbye!"

Just then the judge began to address the crowd.

"Fellow citizens," said he, "the court is adjourned. An unforeseen accident has befallen your honored townsman. His testimony is necessary to the development of the defense. On his recovery the case will proceed. Go quietly to your homes. The court is dismissed."

He sat down. The people did not budge. "Let in McCoy," said a man in front.

"Let McCoy in!" shouted fifty voices. "We'll know what's the matter here before we go."

"Constable," said the judge, "bring up Dr. McCoy."

The crowd looked mollified. A smile of easy insolence spread over the faces of the men. Dawson drew a deep breath. He heard the carriage move off.

McCoy entered the quadrangle and bent over the silent form. Ten minutes ticked off on the clock before he raised a white face to the judge, and said in a tremulous whisper, "Your honor, Doctor Hall is dead."

The judge turned again to the crowd, then looked at Dawson.

"Colonel," said he, "will you—?"

Dawson bowed, stepped forward, and began:

"Friends, you know me well!"

"Indeed we do!" came the ominous answer. Dawson smiled.

"My name," said he, "is Dawson."

"Aye," shouted a farmer, "it is!"

"The first Dawson," continued the lawyer in a tone of great suavity, "came over with Oglethorpe in the Princess Anne."

He paused. He had given the countersign. Would it pass current? There was a moment of silence, then the men straightened up and leaned back in their seats; the women unfurled their fans; and that calm flutter you have noted on a summer Sunday spread slowly over them all.

"Well, go on," said the farmer. "We are ready to hear you, go on!"

And Dawson spoke. It is said in Georgia that never human owned a more persuasive tongue than this same Andrew Dawson; and of all his great speeches, that in the celebrated case of the State vs. Edward Fairman stands preeminent.

The foolhardy, betting loafer in the prisoner's pen felt himself condemned in character and soiled past cleansing, even while cleared of the charge. Miss Percival herself, poor and alone in the world, angular and unforgiving, unbeloved and yet not unlovable, was the note of pathos in the orator's symphony of speech. Doctor Hall's double temptation, fall, and punishment became as dramatic, as terrible as the scriptural story of Ananias. And when it was over the people rose softly from their seats and passed out of the court house as quietly as if their differences were all settled and advent angels had charge over the dusty hamlet half hidden in its August elms.

Miss Percival? She is teaching in a Northern city in a fashionable boarding school for girls. I think she regrets her cottage and her roses; I believe she thinks some times of that lonely grave, grown up in wild gladiolus on that distant hill side in the lonesome, silent South; but who would dare to disturb her thoughts, or presume to penetrate the secret recesses of her heart?

WHAT OUR SISTERS ARE DOING

ON HOLIDAYS AND THANKSGIVING

By LEAVENWORTH MACNAB

"WE'VE the cutest plan for Thanksgiving Day," said the Girl, as she put away her brushes and prepared to leave the studio. "We're going to have a royal feast. The Gentleman has promised us his rooms for the occasion and we're going to go shares on the expenses. It's to be a regular, old fashioned affair—that is, as old fashioned as we can make it in a bachelor's domain,—and everybody's to have a hand in the cooking. They're counting on us for the decorations."

"I thought you knew, by this time, how I dislike holiday festivities," replied the Boy with an eloquent frown. "As I've told you more than once, for me the Fourth of July means a trip to the back-woods or insanity, and Thanksgiving Day and Christmas are anniversaries that only bring to me longings for dead pleasures. I have been trying my best to forget that next Thursday was one of my days of blues. I wish you had not reminded me of the past."

"I am sorry," said the Girl, after a pause during which the Boy slammed the door to shut out as far as possible the joyous cries of an asthmatic bell and the voice of the ringer, who was announcing blatantly to the passer by on the pavement that "Thanksgiving turkeys is being raffled inside." "I wish I could remember your dislikes better. But you have so many—as many as you have

moods. And, do you know, some times I am forced to believe your moods are poses. You are too young to take life so tragically." She laughed to take the sting out of the last sentence.

"You are at liberty to believe what you please," snarled the Boy as he viciously attacked the canvas before him. "Some persons imagine that there are no griefs but those they themselves are capable of feeling. It is useless to talk to such. How could they be expected to see dead Thanksgiving Days as I see them; to feel the sacredness, the sorrow of the memory of them? How could I describe to them the keen caress of the November air on the cheek of careless youth; the laugh in the frozen, echoing road that ran away from the dreariness of school; the beckoning lights from the old home windows, the joy lit face and outstretched, sheltering arms that waited at the door? That was the smiling way that led to the Thanksgiving Days I cherish."

He glanced at the Girl. She had turned from her work. "It was delightful, wasn't it?" she replied. "You have made me see it all just as it used to be at home. One's thoughts always wander to home scenes when one is lonely. I often see the picture you just painted for me.

"But don't you think it is wrong to draw only sadness from the dear, old days. They were full of bright, beautiful things, but we shouldn't paint shadows into the picture and give it a gloom it never knew. Don't you really, honestly think it is foolish to weep over a past that has not the slightest need of tears or consolation? I think we should harvest from those memories enough sunshine to brighten the Thanksgiving Days that break dull and leaden with never a glint of blue.

"You know that life is ever so much more worth the living to you now than it was in the days you are sighing for. You wouldn't go back to them again if you could. The past is something to be thankful for today, and today has, oh, so many, many things for which we should give thanks. We are young and hope shines right over our heads. We have found our work, and we are doing our best to carry it to completion. We have friends—good, loyal friends—who care for us, rejoice in our successes and share our disappointments.

"Then we should be thankful that we have the sympathy that leads us to those who live in the shadows; those who have not even memories to brighten their days. Yes, it is for the privilege of lightening the burdens of others, carrying words of good cheer to weary watchers, changing tears of hopelessness to tears of joy, that we really owe the most thanks, for in that way, as the Gentleman is always telling us, lies the only happiness that is worth while."

The Boy bent close over his easel and the Girl vainly scanned the back of his head for a sign that his gloomy delight in the past had been weakened by her words. She adjusted her hat and began to pull on her gloves. Then she said, with all the enthusiasm she could command:

"What kind of decorations will we have? Let us think out something unique."

"No," said the Boy emphatically, as he swung 'round and faced the Girl, "to be unique is too commonplace. Let's be thoroughly old fashioned — red berries, chrysanthemums and all the things that folks who never saw a studio have. Come to lunch with me, and we'll give the afternoon to Latin Quarter florists. And—say—if there's anybody—sick or anything like that, you know—that you think I could be of any service to—"

As they started down the stair, the Girl said:

"After all, I'm glad you're moody."

San Francisco, Cal.

THE DICKSON HOSPITALITY

By FRANCES WILSON

"SHE might have asked us to dinner," I protested, as I stumbled along after the will-o'-the-wisp of Ruth's lantern, doubly handicapped by the heavy suit case and a fear of goblins.

"She not only might—she *should* have done so!" I added wrathfully as I stubbed my toe and plunged wildly forward, clutching frantically at Ruth to save myself.

For reply, my sister giggled foolishly.

That we were making our way through the jewelled darkness of the night to the 11.05 train for Richmond was really her fault, since it was she who had taken up Portia Dickson and she who had accepted Mrs. Dickson's invitation to go up the mountain to see the sun rise.

She—Mrs. Dickson—said she appreciated what we had done for Portia and implied that she was making up the party in our honor. Ruth flashed a triumphant glance at me which meant "Now—you see you were mistaken about their being stingy!" and I felt rather small. Involuntarily my thoughts reverted to "the crookedest railroad in the world," whose track winds about the mountain until it terminates at the inn which nestles in a dimple near the summit.

Gay visions of a party of men and maids talking nonsense on its broad veranda while they watched the moon drenched scene below, flitted tantalizingly through my mind, and I was aware that a new tolerance for the Dicksons was taking root there. In fancy I was sipping claret cup and gazing dreamily down at the receding foot hills to the point where a silvery line marked the shore, when Mrs. Dickson's harsh voice shattered my dream.

"We're going to walk up," she said, rising to go. "You two are so artistic that I know you will enjoy it. It's such a novelty!"

She was certainly right! Walking all night along a road that zigzaged eleven miles upward and then walking down again, certainly was a novelty. I tried to catch Ruth's eye to bully her into refusing, but she evaded my glance. So I sat by, an unwilling victim, while it was arranged that we should go to the Dickson home at Richmond by the eleven o'clock train, and Mrs. Dickson departed with the air of one who had generously decided to share *her* mountain and *her* sunrise with her less fortunate sisters.

"It's all your fault, Ruth!" I burst out crossly, as soon as she was out of hearing, "and I just wish you'd curb your charitable instincts," Then we both laughed loud and long.

Portia, only daughter of the house of Dickson, is a living refutation of the assertation that every lassie has a laddie, so soft hearted Ruth had undertaken to bring her out.

"Such a nice, wholesome girl," she would remark carelessly to the youths in white duck, who were in the habit of

lounging about the porch of the Cabin in picturesque confusion — (the mater, you must know, is a great belle)—"so sweet and charming!"

We had Portia to lunch and Portia for over night. Indeed, for a time, Portia shared all our joys. But to no avail. "A maiden all forlorn" we took her up, and such she continued to be in spite of Ruth's untiring efforts.

On the night of the barn dance, Ruth's waning hopes flared up again. Portia's dress was a dream—indeed she always had everything that money could buy.

"Surely some of them must take a fancy to her tonight," whispered Ruth fervently as we were leaving the house.

But I only shrugged my shoulders. Secretly I admired the penetration the young men were showing. Portia's eyes were a trifle too small and too close together for my taste.

The boys did their duty manfully that night—too manfully, in fact. They had a way of turning up at intervals during the evening, looking bored but virtuous, and dropping into a seat beside one with an obvious expectation of reward. Even I began to experience a flickering gleam of pity for Portia.

"Dick," I scolded at one of them, "I don't like the way you behave when we introduce you to nice young things of your own age. Why aren't you making love to Portia instead of hanging about me?" and I faced him sternly.

He glanced stealthily about, then flashed me a knowing look from the tail of his eye and said:

"Doesn't she make a fellow feel like thirty cents, though?"

In vain I tried to stem the flood of his confidences. The gates were open!

Dick is but five feet six—and feels it. I mean he feels the six inches that he lacks! To him Portia had confided that she just pitied small men—she didn't see how they endured it. She felt so sorry when she saw one!

To Harry, who is sedate and bookish, she had, it seems, expatiated upon the charms of athletic men. They were the only men who counted, she said.

To Tom, whose luxuriant locks are euphemistically dubbed auburn by his friends, she imparted her conviction that 'all men should be as dark as night,' and to Dave—dear, bashful Dave, who is more afraid of girls than of roaring lions—she became ponderously playful upon the subject of an acquaintance of hers whom he had met but once.

"So, you needn't try to fool me," she tossed off airily, to the delight of a group of Dave's friends who were present. "She just raves about you! Indeed, I'm not mistaken," she continued, elated by the laughter of the others and Dave's evident discomfiture. "You mustn't be so shy."

"Look here, Ruth," I remarked with sisterly candor in the privacy of our rooms that night—"that Dickson girl ought to be muzzled. You won't have a friend you can call your own if you keep on." And I repeated what Dick had told me. Ruth looked perfectly aghast, but yet—well, it's letting the cat out of the bag to say it, but Ruth is as stubborn as a mule and I can't help seeing it though I love her to death.

On we went through the darkness, expecting each moment to encounter some of the things that prowl by night, until, to our mutual surprise, we found ourselves safe on the train. Each of the little stations that we passed was darker and more deserted than the last, until at Richmond the general gloom culminated in a wide, unearthly desolation, into which we peered anxiously as the train slowed up. Not a person appeared in the band of light adjoining the car, and in her anxiety Ruth nearly fell over the suit case which she was bumping down the aisle while she peered into the darkness.

Mrs. Dickson had often urged us to

spend the day with them, and Ruth said the day after would be an excellent opportunity to do so—killing two birds with one stone—hence the suit case with its change of clothing. Portia, to be sure, had remarked when she stopped at the Cabin the day before, that "it didn't make any difference how we looked, as we'd be coming home on an early train and wouldn't be seen," but as I've said before, Ruth is stubborn!

"Brought your trunk?" was Portia's greeting now, as we stepped onto the platform and two figures emerged from the surrounding gloom. I was seized with a sudden fit of choking while Ruth's cheeks flared like roses and the youth who accompanied Portia looked startled.

Mr. Corson—that was his name—fell to my lot as we walked soberly toward the house. The rest of the party, it seemed, had dropped out one by one, and in my heart I applauded their wisdom. I had just shaken off the benumbing gloom that was settling on my spirit and elicited a laugh from Mr. Corson when a warning "Sh—h—h!" cut it short. We had reached the house.

"Papa and mamma are asleep!" said Portia, warningly.

Inside the lights burned dimly and we talked in whispers.

"I suppose you'll have to have something to eat?" she remarked in a discontented tone, which was, I thought, intended to provoke a refusal, but we three maintained a stubborn silence, and Portia moved reluctantly toward the kitchen, where we followed.

"The servants are in bed," she said, desperately, making a final appeal to our honor; but we still preserved a hardened silence, and she banged the coffee pot down upon the range in a manner which must have been a relief to her feelings.

We tried to be pleasant but met with small encouragement. The youth dejectedly retired to a corner with an old newspaper and I whispered to Ruth, "Cheer up, dear—the worst is still to come!"

In the pantry, where Ruth and I followed Portia, rows upon rows of Dickson's canned things of the three X brand stared us tauntingly in the face. There was also the greater part of a roast chicken and some boiled ham. I was just thinking of throwing myself upon Portia's stern young bosom and confessing that I was famished when she jerked a knapsack down from a nail and looking me squarely in the eye said defiantly: "I think crackers are about the best things we can take, don't you? And lemons, of course," she added, grudgingly.

Outwardly, I may have been calm, but inwardly I was thinking of the night when we lavished our last plum pudding upon Portia, and shaking my fist at her—and mamma, asleep up stairs! Vague schemes of reprisal flitted through my brain. Why not enlist the youth's services, seize all the eatables in sight and flee to the mountains? But before I had fully decided, Portia, with a curt "Come," led the way to the dining room and we followed meekly.

On a table sparkling with glass and silver a plate of unnaturally thin bread and butter reposed in Spartan severity. Docile as lambs, we sat down and waited for the coffee which we hoped it would please Portia to give us.

Ruth, crushed and horrified, was out of the running, but the youth and I vied with each other in our onslaughts upon the bread and butter. Once, I caught him taking four of the two by six pieces at a time and he was perfectly brazen about it.

In the midst of this midnight feast, Mrs. Dickson appeared, looking cheerful and manly in short skirts, heavy boots and a cap, and we were soon on our melancholy way. She, the youth and I walked together.

"Be careful," she cautioned at a point in the drive where the stately trees embraced each other over our heads and shut out the starlight. "People have come to grief here before now," and she indulged in a reminiscent chuckle. "A young man fell here once and we never heard of him afterward," she continued grimly, as if in reply to the question in our minds. "He was an admirer of Portia's," she went on, "and I couldn't bear him. So one night when he was coming, I stretched a stout cord across the path here. He never reached the house, but I noticed that the gravel hereabouts was pretty well ploughed up the next morning. Anyway, Portia never heard of him again!" There was no mistaking the calm satisfaction of her tone.

"Good Lord!" ejaculated the youth under his breath, while I involuntarily moved closer to him and farther from our hostess.

By the time that the moon peeped shyly up over the tree tops we had reached the foot of the mountain, where we plunged into the dark path that wound in and out among the trees, emerging again and again and ever higher up.

More like convicts than like free whites out for pleasure we followed our leader—but three of us were intently calling down maledictions on the name of Dickson.

"May their vats of pickles spoil!" whispered Ruth hurriedly, as we stood together for a moment. A sepulchral "Amen!" startled us. The youth was nearer than we thought!

From time to time Mrs. Dickson burst into grandiloquent descriptions of the sunrise which we were about to see.

"Above all," she finished impressively, "don't move or wink your eyes. If you do, some glory will escape you."

Ruth mumbled something about wishing it had all escaped us. Trouble seemed to be spoiling her disposition.

Over the last steep half mile Mrs. Dickson goaded us mercilessly. "Hurry —hurry — or you'll miss it!" she reiterated fervently as our spent muscles revolted and we were about to drop. Then, with an heroic effort, we would drag ourselves a few steps further.

We reached the summit just as a faint glinting of light showed in the east, as if the cover of the night did not fit down well, and settled ourselves on the rocks, more dead than alive. Mrs. Dickson hovered over us with the air of a successful showman. A lovely sense of irresponsibility stole over me. The rocks became softer than down, but Mrs. Dickson's deep voice recalled me.

"Don't get impatient," she urged benignantly, "just watch!"

On either side of me sat Ruth and the youth staring with glassy eyes at the east, which had become a cold gray. Not to be outdone, I took a firm hold of my eyelids with both hands and stared too.

Minute followed minute; yawn followed yawn. Darkness vanished before the day; but never a glory appeared.

Ruth's head dropped abruptly upon her breast and I let go one eyelid long enough to give her a vicious jab and murmur righteously, "What came ye out for to see?"

"I thought the sun rose before daylight," she returned in a weak voice with a yawn which certainly must have come from the depths of her being.

"It doesn't seem to be foggy," Mrs. Dickson was soliloquizing in her bass voice, "and yet—"

I think she was trying to break the news gently, but at her words the youth faced about quickly, animated, I fancied, by some savage, primeval instinct to turn and rend. He must have thought better of it, though, for he finally turned back again and for another quarter of an hour we continued to gaze solemnly at the sky. All at once he broke the silence, astonishment and

disgust struggling together in his voice.

"Why!" he said in a breathless sort of tone, "Why! Isn't that the sun up there?" and he pointed to a narrow slit well up in the gray, through which the bleared red eye of Old Sol peered down on us gloatingly.

Five pairs of sleepy, reproachful eyes gazed blankly up at the fleck of red—five persons sat on the hard, cold rocks in the chilly dawn and felt cheap!

"I'd like to throw a bun at it!" All the youth's pent up disgust was in his voice. Ruth and I began to laugh—weakly at first, then more and more hysterically until the tears ran down our cheeks, and even the youth's rueful face began to limber up from sympathy.

Only Mrs. Dickson and Portia remained grave. If the failure of the sunrise was a disappointment, our mirth was a positive affront.

"I think we may as well start down," said the former stiffly, and suiting the action to the word she started off with the air of a grenadier, not waiting for us to dry our eyes.

At the inn, the youth and I exchanged wistful glances as we thought of its potentialities in the way of beds, baths and breakfasts. However, we made no protest, but silently followed our hostess, whose gait was a practical illustration of the mathematical law which governs the speed of descending bodies.

"Your sins have found you out, Ruth," I moaned, as we slid down a steep foot hill, in a torrent of loose dirt, clutching wildly at the saplings as we shot past, landing at the lower level bruised and dirty, only to see our determined hostess forging doggedly onward, head down and the soles of her great shoes ludicrously in evidence. Like little dogs after their master, we followed—down more hills, and along mile upon mile of level road. Even the youth looked wild.

"What a woman!" he gasped as he wiped the dirt and perspiration from his face with a dingy rag which had once been a handkerchief. "What a woman!"

On the steps of their home, mother and daughter awaited us.

"Hurry, girls," called the former, cheerfully, as we just crawled rather than walked up the driveway, "you'll have just time to wash your faces, eat a bite and catch the ten train!"

A half hour later, at the gate, we said farewell—a long farewell—to Portia.

"By the way," said that sweet young thing in a puzzled tone, "what did you bring the suit case for?"

I grinned, but there was a dangerous sparkle in my sister's mild eye. Without waiting for an answer, Portia continued:

"I think I'll come over to dinner Tuesday night and stay for the picnic Wednesday."

I looked at Ruth and she understood that I was daring her to do it. She rose to the occasion.

"No, Portia," she said languidly, "don't come. The picnic is off—everything is off." She paused and looked at Portia with sad sweetness in her eyes and then finished softly, "Don't ever come, Portia, until I send for you!"

BYRON

TOO avid of earth's bliss, he was of those
Whom Delight flies because they give her chase.
Only the odors of her wild hair blows
Back in their faces hungering for her face.

William Watson

HER "DISERBODIED SPERRIT"

By LYLIE O. HARRIS

'TWA'N'T so much jest the notion o' dyin' that used to pester me, 's 'twas pickin' out the best time ter *do* the dyin' in. Winter time there was hog killin', 'n no house keeper with a conscience 's goin' to pick out that time for her dyin'. Come spring, there's house cleanin' 'n er passel er clothes ter git tergether, 'n' summer time' twould be er plum flyin' in the face er *Providence* ter let all the fruit rot itself ter death, stidder cannin' 'n' preservin', 'n' picklin', 'n' dryin', whilst in the fall there's the garden 'n' the winter clothes needs tendin' to, 'n' it *did* seem like 'twas the enconvenientis time o' all fer a woman to even *think* o' dyin' in.

'Tain' no use fer Preacher Jones to be eturnully tellin' his congregation, 'n' them mos'ly women too, to be always ready to go. Ef Preacher Jones was er married man, he'd er knowed better. House keepers don't have no time ter git ready fer the other worl'; it's all they kin do ter git things on time fer this. When they're called they've got ter take their souls in their han's an' go on the jump. Tha's the way I had ter do. Though *Providence* did seem to turn a smilin' face, seein' I wa'n't took till *after* the spring cleanin' was through with, 'n' my black silk was made over for the forty-'leventh time. Little my min' tol' me, when I was er frettin' 'n' er fussin' 'cause I couldn't get that front go' ter take the right hang, how handy 'twould come in fer my las' wearin'. I ain't er dwellin' much on my las' sickness. Even a diserbodied sperrit has its feelin's, but man nussin' don't give er suff'rer that oh!-be-joyful feelin', though it does he'p to take the sting outer death. Randy—well, he done his bes',—but land sakes! a man's 'bout the no countes' creeter when it comes to shore 'nough doin', I ever see in all my born days. It hurts me yet ter think of all them bran' new night gowns, trimmed in serpen*tined* braid, teetot'lly ruined with all the med'cines po'd *onto* '*em*, stidder *inter* me. There's one cons'lation—they'll never be wo' by Randy's nex' wife. Not's I reckon I'd care anyway, for 's I've often tol' Randy, one o' the reasons women oughter be glad to git to heaven, is because there ain' no marrifyin' nor givin' in marriage up there.

Young gals 'n' ol' maids thinks there's a whole sight mo' in a man 'n what they is, but I've gotter come acrost the firs' married woman *yit* 's thinks *her* husban' has all the newes' improve*ments*. Randy, I reckon, 's about's good 's Provi*dence* saw fitten ter make the po', slack twisted creeters, 'n' he did wanter have in some of the neighbors ter nuss me. But I'd ruther put up with man nussin' 'n ter have er passel er prayin' women pirrotin' up an' down my house, 'n' fin'in' out my weak spots, 'n' me knowing Randy had got the house lookin' like a hurrah's nest. I *was* 'bout ter give in when Randy put the mustard plaster on my spine, stidder on the pick er my stummick, but the thought o' them plum p'eserves that'd begun ter "work," 'n'

Randy's socks full er holes 's er sifter, give me stren'th ter grit my teeth, 'n' I says: "No, Randy; it's hard, it's mos' mo' 'n I kin stan', but I'll put up with jes' you till death do us part, ruther 'n resk my rep'tation 's the mos' p'rtickler 'n unsat'sfied house keeper in Buncombe County." I made Randy promise ef I died he'd throw the p'eserves to the hawgs, 'n the socks in the fire, less'n he wanted my name ter be er hissin' n' er cracklin' er thorns un'er the pots in eve'y kitchen in Ol' Buncombe. If there's one thing I know better'n the contrariness of husban's, 'n' the comicalness o' men's stummicks, it's the mean little measly ways of good women. Knowin' women 's I do 's what put me dead against women's suff'rin's. Ef I've gotter p'ruse 'roun' heaven with er heap er women I know mus' be there, heaven won't seem much like home. I never did hol' ter the preacher's say so, 's how we drop our ol' selves, same 's er moultin' hen does her feathers, when we clap our wings 'n' flies beyon'! We're jest boun' ter have some year marks! How'll I know Randy, ef he leaves behind' his niggin' 'n' his naggin' 'bout spendin' er nickle? How'll I know Sis Francy Sykes, ef she's stopped scan'lizing the neighbors? How'll I know the preacher, himse'f, 'thout his preachin'? No—the good Lord ain'ter goin' ter change us in er twinkle of his eye, 'twould make heaven too lonesome.

I can' say I foun' dyin' hard. It's er good thing ter res'. A long, lazy spell looks enticin', but after two or three days, I don' know—'n' I can't he'p hopin' there'll be somethin' ter do in heaven. Flappin' wings, 'n' trailin' robes, 'n' twangin' harps, 'n' wearin' crowns wa'n't the mos' sat'sfyin' notion o' heaven ter me at no time. Short skirts 's what I'm used ter, 'n' I never could git er chune even out er a Jew's harp, 'n' er sun bonnet's heap mo' ter my taste 'n er crown. But when I come ter goin' over, 'twa'n't me I was pestered 'bout, 'twas Randy, po' creeter. Many's the time I've 'greed with the Bible 'bout man bein' sech er po' thing 'twa'n't wuth while ter c'nsider him, but that time I was *boun'* ter c'nsider Randy. Po' he was, but he was mine, 'n' that counts for er heap. After I was good gone, I whispered ter Randy not ter take on so, that there was jest 's good fish in the sea 's ever was ketched, but he didn't seem ter hear me. Then I kind 'er laughed in my sleeve, when Widow Shanks says ter Randy, who was jes' er boohooin', "Don' take on so, Mr. Dinkins; I know jes' how diss'lute you are. I've been jes' that diss'lute three times. You *mus'* resign yo'se'f. How I wish I could comfo't you." I smiled a sardonyx smile, for I r'membered how Widow Shanks 'd comfo'ted three widowers a'ready outer this vale o' tears. She's got a gift that way.

"I've been resigned three times," says she, "Oh, *so* resigned." An' her big baby eyes filled up with tears, though there wa'n't a scrimption in her voice. People did say the widow was mos' *too* resigned ter diss'luteness, but lawsy me! even er eel gits used ter skinnin'. Randy, though, he broke out er cryin' 'n' says, "I ain't resigned. I've *gotter* stan' it 'cause I've *gotter!* It's turned me 'gainst Prov*idence*. How does Prov*idence* expec' er man ter git erlong in this worl' 'ithout er woman ter he'p 'im?"

"Providence don't, Mr. Dinkins," says the widow, low an' whispery, "an all-merc'ful Providence has made mo' women 'n' men."

"That ain'ter he'pin' me," says Randy. "I wants my Liza. Me an' her has pulled t'gether rough road 'n' smooth, 'n' if she did sometimes 'gee' when I said 'haw,' 'n' git balky onst in er w'ile, 'twa'n't nothin' but the natchul contrairiness o' women nohow, 'n' I didn't lay it up ag'inst her, but some'ow I managed her."

'Twas news to me that Randy managed me; but die an' learn.

"I couldn't never fin' another woman like Liza. She would outdo any woman in Buncombe," says Randy, his mouth puckered up like he'd been eatin' green pussimmons.

"Jes' what my po' secun' used ter say 'bout me," sobbed the widow b'hin' her lace han'kerchi'f.

"I don't know where ter look fer such ernother," says Randy.

"Them that looks, fin's," says the widow.

"But I don' feel like lookin'," says Randy, gazin' hard at my remains. I was grateful to Randy, for I ain' lived so long 's not to know that "remains" don't cut no figger longsider live widows with c'ocodile tears. I know men folks f'om A to Izzard, 'n' I was sorter 'stonished ter see Randy act the storck; not that he can stay er storck long, with that widow honey fugglin' him.

"Liza could beat the worl' makin' cawfee," says Randy, sniffin'.

"Cawfee *is* er pow'ful comfo'ter," says the widow. "I'll make you some befo' you can bat yo' eye."

I ain' never yet seen no man lose his ap'tites ter eat counter losin' his wife. That cawfee he'ped ter dry Randy's streamin' eyes, 'n' he foun' it er heap easier ter resign himse'f on er full stummick 'n er empty one. Women's feelin's are a sight more duplex. Ef er man was ter rise at sun up, 'n' set up till the day o' judg*ment*, he'd never git ter un'erstand er woman. Lan' sakes! Sol'mon needenter gone so far 's er serpint on er rock ter fin' strange ways ter talk erbout, ef he'd ever noticed the way of er widow with er man.

When the neighbors come ter lay me out I was glad they foun' me in my bes' nightgown, 'n' that the wardrobe was *jest* so. I knew Randy'd th'owed erway the p'eserves 'n' socks, like he p'omised. Randy always keeps er *easy* p'omise, 'n' seein' he's nothin' but er man I ain' never asked him to p'omise nothin' hard. I wouldn't er asked Randy ter not marry again, cause that would er put the notion in his head that much sooner. No, I wa'n't never the one ter ask er man ter do mo' 'n his stren'th 'll 'low.

The neighbors was all for layin' me out in my black silk dress, but my niece Maria's been ter boa'din' school in Noo Awleens 'n' 's come back chock full er fancy notions, 'n' she didn't like it. "Why," says Maymye,—that's the way they spells Maria now in Noo Awleens, "*none* of the bes' people wears their clothes *now* when they're buried."

"They ain' decent then," 'lowed Sister Watkins.

"I mean," says Maymye, "they're shrouded in long, white cashmeere robes, accordjun pleated f'om neck ter foot, 'n' made just with er front, 'thout no back, 'n' tucked in all roun' the remains, *so*," showin' 'em how.

"En you sets there, Maria Tomkins, 'n' tells me that you'd sen' yo' po' ol' aunt inter the presence o' her Maker wearin' er dress 'thout no back brea'th! How you reckon she'd have the face ter git up on the day of judgment in er dress she'd be 'shamed ter turn her back in?

Ef 'twas *me*, Gab'l 'd hav ter blow his horn till he'd los' his breath, befo' *I'd* scand'lize eve'ybody that erway. No, Maria. Ef yo' aunt did come nakid inter the worl', she's goin' out, far 's I can see her, with her clothes *on*."

Maymye, she didn't so much as say "beans." I tried ter thank Sister Watkins, for sparin' my feelin's. It would er shocked me might'ly ter fin' myse'f in the comp'ny er cheeribeems 'n' serafeenas with er dress on 'thout no back. They say diserbodied sperrits don't take no intrust in their clothes, but I'm jubersome 'bout that.

Soon after I passed erway the un'ertaker come. Now Randy's close, close as er hick'ry nut burr, 'n' he always *did*

say 'twas plum foolishness th'owin' erway er heap er money on fine cawfins, 's you couldn't use but onst.

I kin' er thought that way too, 'n' wa'nt' honin' after nothin' fancy, but I *was* astonished when I heard Randy tell the un'ertaker ter bring the fines' one in the shop, cause he didn't want no scrimpin' in *his* wives' cawfins. I'd er sight rither been scrimped in cawfins dead, 'n in dresses livin'. I couldn't he'p thinkin' o' my ol' black silk dress I've had ever since Hector was er pup, tha's been cleaned, 'n' dyed, 'n' turned, 'n' twisted wrong side out, 'n' hind part befo', 'n up side down, 'n' generally projeckded with, till I didn't know myse'f all its ins 'n' outs 'n' ups 'n' downs. I'd lived in that dress, n' now I was gittin' buried in it. Well, buryin' was what it needed mos'. But a new dress might er made my days longer in the lan'.

After they put me in the settin' room I heard the fun'al comp'ny passin' their compliments, mos'ly backhanded.

"Fine cawfins don' butter no parsnips," says Mrs. Suggs, sniffin'.

"Randy Dinkins oughter be 'shamed ter bury Liza in that Methuselah dress," says Jane, her sister.

"Ef Randy wa'n't 'shamed ter see his wife wearin' that dress ever sence the stars fell, there ain' no call for 'im ter be 'shamed now she's dead," says Betsy Barlow.

Betsy's one er them wiry, survigrous women, with er gingery tongue.

"Well, she's gone whar there ain' no dressin' nor givin' o' dresses," put in Betsy's husband, peaceable like.

"Tha's what makes heaven look to you the bes' place, Jo Barlow!" says Betsy, for all the worl' like er snappin' turkle. "Up there you won't have ter git no mo' dresses."

"Nur dressin' downs neither," says Jo, mumbly like, 'n' sighed, 'n' shut up.

I tried ter make 'em hear me 'n' see me, 'cause it made me mad as Tucker ter hear 'em criticisin' Randy, 'n' takin' my remains in vain.

"I didn't know she could look that well," says one.

"Her age seems ter have drapped off er," says another.

"Yaas, po' thing, her worryin's all over now. Sister Dinkins sure did have er gif' thater way. For fin'in' 'n' inventin' things ter worry over, she laid it on ter any woman I ever clapped eyes on," says Miss Pegrums.

"She kep' herse'f 'n' Randy 'n' her house scrubbed to the bone. She wanted to scour ev'y breath Randy drawed. She actshully wanted that po' man to whitewash the wood pile. She ain't never 'lowed 'im to go in 'n' out the front do' 'xcept for speshul doin's. I tol' Randy onst, his house put me in min' o' the misshunary's talk 'bout them heathen temples where they bows down befo' stocks 'n' stones, 'n' nobody dassent go in 'thout bowin' down 'n' takin' off their shoes." But eve'body knows Polly Suggs is the slack twistedest house keeper in Buncombe, 'n' has needles in her tongue ever since Randy married me stidder her.

"I wonder if they took out the po' thing's sto' teeth?" says Mary Ann Dillard, who ain' got three teeth to her name.

"My Aunt Èlise"—tha's the way they spells Liza now in Noo Awleens—"had the teeth God give her," says Maymye, comin' up, mad's er hornet.

Then there was er lot er say-soes, 'bout my ol' dress, which oughten ter've worried er diserbodied sperrit, only it did. I'd had it on my min' ter give Randy some plain orders 'bout my fun'al, but I didn' git the chanst. I never could stan' fun'al ways! It's takin' er undecint a'vantage er dead people ter talk at 'em when they can' answer back. When Mandy Bullit shook her head 'n' says, in that mo'nful voice o' hers, "Sister Dinkins don' look lil e

she'll keep till ev'nin," I couldn' stan' it no longer, 'n' I went over to where Randy was er settin' with the widow, 'n' tol' him to stop the whole bus'ness, but he didn' min' me no mo'n ef I'd been the ol' black rooster crowin' out in the yard. He jes' shivered 'n' said he felt er col' draf' er air. "You po' thing," says the widow, "don't you think you could eat er little somethin'?" I *knowed* Randy could. Men folks may break the'r hearts, but they're goin' ter do it on full stummicks. I s'pose the Lord knowed what He was erbout when He made men, but it seems ter me 'twas jes' er experi*ment*, 'n' He didn' git up much intrus in the job till He begun on women. Randy, he worried down ha'f er dozen er so biskit, 'n' then he says: "I ain' never see nobody could put er patchin' onter Liza's biskit." I nearly jumped outer my skin. Randy, firs' 'n' las', had th'owed in my face eve'y woman's biskit in Buncombe! Some folks has ter die befo' they gits the'r hones' dues. When we went back ter the settin' room, it come ter me fer the firs' time how out of it I was, 'n' in my own house, too! There was the clean curtains Maymye'd put up, not even mates, 'n' hangin' all catawampus. I could see er little scrimption er dus' right un'erneath my cawfin, 'n' I jes' itched ter git hol' of er dus' pan 'n' bresh. En the hoss hair sofy, stidder bein' catycornder, so's ter hide that patch in the cyarpet, was set slambang ag'inst the wall. That patch went thoo 'n' thoo me, 'twas so plain ter behol'. Seems like er house keeper same's er snail. She can' git shet of her house no place she goes, 'n' tendin' to it's the only way ter happify 'er. I do hope the Lord's consid'rate 'nough ter have *some* work fer us women up yander. The men doan need ter do nothin' long's they got craps 'n' politics ter powwow over. En I'm glad there's many mansions there, for there's er heap er people I ain'ter hankerin' after seein' in heaven above, no mo'n earth beneath, much less livin' in the same mansion with. I always did wonder how relations-in-law was er goin' ter hit it off, 'n' many's the time I've thought er how me 'n' Randy's firs' wife would git on. She's boun' ter have *her* feelin's, 'n' I'm boun' ter have *mine*, 'n' there's goin' ter be er clashin' o' the loud cymbal's 'n' some mighty int'restin' things said back'rds 'n' fo'wards. But lawsy mercy! that ainter goin' ter be *nothin'* longsider what'll happen when Randy joins us. I reckon King Sol'mon 's got all he can 'ten' ter, settlin' all the fracases between firs' 'n' secon' 'n' third husban's 'n' wives.

I can't say I was sorry when the time come ter put em erway, nor nobody else, I've felt jes' that erway myse'f at fun'als. Not that nobody ain'ter grievin', but they knows that ain't sure 'nough *you* layin' there, but jes' 'n empty shuck.

Sister Perkins said 'twas mighty curious ter see Sister Dinkins takin' part in somethin' where she wa'n't playin' firs' fiddle. Well, I *was* playin' firs' fiddle, but mighty low an' quiet like, 'n' foot fo'mos'. Ef *I* coulder done the bossin' er my own fun'al, there wouldn'ter been no harps nor doves, nor gates ajar, 'n' that foolishness people calls "floral off'rin's," but jes' some bokays stan'in' roun' natchul like.

When they lef' my remains all alone in the buryin' groun', I did feel sorry for it bein' so lonesome, 'n' lef' out in the col' 'n' the dark, but I won't be po'm'nadin' up 'n' down in the big outside much longer, for I kin almos' feel my wings er sproutin'.

STUDIES OF BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

THE FUTURE OF MANKIND ON THE EARTH

ALMOST in the hour that Herbert Spencer gives the world his last book, pessimistic, angered and disgusted because he has lived to see mankind advance on other lines than those the philosopher had laid down, the first full utterance of a younger philosopher reaches us. It is the principal limitation of all philosophers—and all men—that each can see only a part of the great human problem—the part that is most fully illuminated by the intellectual light of his own age. Each can lead the mass of us a little distance; then he lies down in the earth, and behold, a younger man, applying to old standards of thought the new light of his time, guides us forward until it is time for him too to lie down in the earth and be forgotten. Of old, prophecy was the office of emotionally inspired seers. Today, our prophets, if less poetical, are more reliable: they build theories not on revelations received in dreams, but on foundations of established facts. Each, probably — for of such thin stuff is the texture of human nature — secretly believes that he has given the world the final solution of all its difficulties: all that it will have to do thereafter is to work out its own salvation in the manner indicated. Hence Mr. Spencer's ill nature, his melancholy spleen, in the last formal utterance he gives to mankind. The world has treated him shabbily in declining to grow according to his plans for its growth.

The young philosopher here alluded to, Mr. Michael A. Lane of Chicago, believes he has discovered the true law of social progress. He believes that he has defined, for the first time, the ultimate state and condition of mankind on this earth. Perhaps he has; at any rate, he has bodied in his book, *The Level of Social Motion*, a new conception of social progress and a new theory of human history. He has, moreover, illuminated his writing, necessarily of some profundity, with aptly sketched examples, a play of subtle irony, an ease of style, and a vital simplicity of thought, so that one follows him with something of the same eager interest that is evoked by the adventures of Irving's heroes of *Astoria*, threading their perilous way through hitherto unexplored regions. If in Mr. Lane's book you are not actually exploring hitherto uncharted regions of thought, you are at least traversing them by a new pathway, guided by one who perceives hitherto unobserved phenomena, and who offers a wholly novel interpretation of the subject. It is an experience at once stimulating and reassuring.

For a more definite statement of the author's purposes, read his preface:

"The pages of this book are addressed to the man and to the woman of average education. I have followed this plan in view of the fact that the average man and woman of culture in the present time know more about social growth, and social life in general, than did the learned philosophers of any other age in the history of the human intellect. The time has long since passed when science can belong to the few, and the sooner this fact becomes impressed upon the minds of the men who dig in the laboratories the better it will be for the progress of science at large.

"By way of preface I have little to say except to indicate the character of the work I have attempted to do. This book is the fruit of many years of investigation into the phenomena of human society and into the causes of social action in general. My purpose has been to discover a law of social motion which shall harmonize the bewildering facts of human history; account for the apparently inconceivable contradictions between human aspirations and human injustice; and foreshadow the future of human society in its moral, intellectual and economic forms. It appears that I have discovered a law of this kind, and I submit the result of my labors to the general public, and at the same time to the scientific world, in the belief that my theory will find capable critics on either hand The most I can do in this preface is to state in the most general way the main conclusions flowing from the law of social motion developed in this book. These conclusions are as follows:

"Human society is rapidly moving toward a state of equality very similar in all essentials to that which is advocated by socialist philosophers as the ideal of a genuinely Christian life. The forces drawing the human race to this remarkable end are the very forces by which human history has been thus far wrought out. They are the same forces described by Darwin in his law of natural selection.

"Accompanying this drift to economical equality will be found several facts of the highest importance in the social evolution of man.

"The brain of civilized woman is increasing in weight. Her intellect is rapidly developing a new and extraordinary capacity, and the ultimate end of this progress in woman will be a social state in which men and women will be intellectually equal, or nearly so.

"The human population of the earth is moving with accelerating force toward a mean, or normal number which, when once reached, can never again be disturbed.

"The social conditions upon which this twofold equilibrium will rest—the equilibrium of economic equality and that of a stable number of population—are reacting now, and will react in the future upon the so-called inferior races. It would appear that through the force of progress itself these races must be totally eliminated from the earth. Their elimination will not be accomplished by war or by pestilence; but by the general diffusion of wealth and education which the march of progress demands. The elimination is now going on and is rapidly wiping out more than one race of these inferior men.

"These are the principal conclusions flowing from the law which I have attempted to demonstrate in this volume. There are many other conclusions having to do with the moral, intellectual, and aesthetic progress of the human family, but for light upon these I must refer the reader to the book itself."

In the opening chapter Mr. Lane presents a vivid picture of the intellectual arena in our own time:

"In the widespread discussions which may or may not find their way into print, but all of which deal directly with what are called social questions, we find two kinds of thought and two kinds of thinkers. First, there are men whose sole labor consists in an effort to work some change in the morals and institutions of civilized humanity. Secondly, there are men whose efforts are directed toward understanding the meaning of that vast and complicated pageant called social progress. We need not go far to find a name for those of the first kind described. They have been most felicitously called REFORMERS. They are everywhere in evidence. They meet us at every turn. They are heard and seen in every quarter, public and private. They pass in one long procession from the throne to the work shop. They are found in the bottom of the mine, in the pulpit, in the professor's chair, in the seat of the legislator and of the judge, at the helm of the journal, in the open streets and at the handle of the plow. But, wherever found, these individuals all partake of one character. They are all ADVOCATES. They all demand that some reform shall be made in human affairs, whereby there shall be a more even division of the good things created by human labor; whereby justice will be more efficiently served, and the weak shall be protected from the stronger. Most of them have their own programs whereby these things shall be brought about. Some of them are leaders of great schools of reformers with specific plans and elaborate systems of procedure. Others advance some one principle as the supreme recipe for human happiness. Others, again, have no formula for the ills of the body social, but insist that something must be done if society is not to return to worse than the savage. And a few minds—great and imperial minds, too—are satisfied that there is no hope at all for that modern Sisyphus we call Society, whose best efforts can only be rewarded by having the stone of progress roll back upon it, threatening danger and disaster."

Mr. Lane advocates nothing. He is seeking the whole truth, rather than attempting to enforce any portion of it. He looks at life as a whole—and man a part of that whole. He perceives that man changes and is changed by his environment. Little and slowly changed by a variable environment, as among the nomadic peoples; much and rapidly changed by a fixed environment. The result of man's contact with environment is wealth. The possession of wealth makes safe and easy the performance of man's two principal functions,—the sustentation of his life and the propagation of his kind. Wealth makes man free. The desire of this wealth is the motive power of human progress.

Each generation sees the total wealth more fairly distributed among all its producers. The golden norm, the ultimate equilibrium of mankind, the heaven on earth that the poets have dreamed of and that Jesus Christ preached in para

bles, misinterpreted for twenty centuries, is to come when all wealth that is not solely the product of individual creative genius shall be shared by all in perfect equality.

There is none of the poet's intuitive leaping from point to point in Mr. Lane's method. His system is coldly scientific. He demonstrates his propositions backward and forward—by analysis and by synthesis—and is more concerned to be informed of a flaw in his structure than to be complimented on its general air of beauty and strength. Doubtless the preachers and the teachers of science will man-handle him from the point of view of the experts in prophecy and in science: the purposes of this review are fully served in the suggestion that the layman who will read the book with open mind cannot fail to derive from it a new and larger outlook on life.

Frank Putnam

STEPHEN CRANE

No stone doth mark, as yet, nor mar this grave
Of one who wrote of heroes, and as brave
Himself as any hero of the field,
Fell; fell with glory blazoned on his shield.
So here, before a stone may tell his fame,
And letter coldly to the world his name,
I'll pluck this daisy from the clusters 'round
And plant it loosely in the new-turned ground;
The symbol white perchance may soothe the bed
Of one who wrote with War's own pen of red.

Henry D. Muir

ELIZABETH, N. J., July 8, 1900.

NEW BOOKS THAT ARE WORTH READING

THE HERR DOCTOR, by Robert MacDonald. Funk, Wagnalls & Co., New York. A romance. 138 pages; 40 cents.

THE INCARNATION OF THE LORD, by Chas. A. Briggs: Chas. Scribner's Sons. A series of sermons. 243 pages; $1.50.

GULLIVER'S BIRD BOOK, by L. J. Bridgman: L. C. Page & Co. Gulliver adopted to childish understanding; illustrated lavishly and fancifully. 104 pages; $1.50.

HUMAN NATURE AND THE SOCIAL ORDER, by Charles Horton Cooley: Chas. Scribner's Sons. 413 pages; $1.50.

A DOWNRENTER'S SON, by Ruth Hall: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. A novel. 304 pages; $1.50.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, by George E. Woodberry: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. A biography. 302 pages; $1.10 net.

LOVE AND THE SOUL HUNTERS, by John Oliver Hobbes: Funk, Wagnalls & Co. A novel. 343 pages; $1.50.

BEAUTIFUL JOE'S PARADISE, by Marshall Saunders: L. C. Page & Co. A sequel to BEAUTIFUL JOE. 365 pages; $1.50.

CAPTAIN CRAIG, A BOOK OF POEMS, by Edwin Arlington Robinson: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 171 pages; $1.25.

COUNCILS OF CRŒSUS, by Mary Knight Potter: L. C. Page & Co. A novel of New York. 232 pages; $1.25.

MY DOG DAYS, AND OTHER STORIES, by Elizabeth Adams Wells; published for the author, Battle Creek, Michigan. Stories of animal pets written for the children. 170 pages; $1 postpaid.

HOPE LORING, by Lilian Bell; L. C. Page & Co. A novel. 328 pages; $1.50.

THE NEEDLE'S EYE, by Florence Morse Kingsley: Funk, Wagnalls & Co. A novel. 386 pages; $1.50.

JAPANESE GIRLS AND WOMEN, by Alice M. Bacon: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. An illustrated holiday edition of a very beautiful gift book. Forty-two outline drawings and twelve full page plates in color, most of the work by Keishu Takenouchi, one of the foremost illustrators of Japan, enhance the charm of the text. The cover is gold on silk. In a box. 337 pages; $4.

MICHAEL GULPE, by Everit Bogert Terhune: G. W. Dillingham & Co. A character sketch. 181 small pages of large type—an hour's reading; a quaint, light mockery of the theory of transmigration. $1

MISSONARY PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE, by Robert E. Speer: Fleming H. Revell Company. A discussion of Christian missions and some criticisms upon them, by the secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church of the United States. 552 pages; $1.50.

THE LIFE OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT, by Murat Halstead: Saalfield Publishing Company. Illustrated. 391 pages; $2.

IN THE DAYS OF ST. CLAIR, by James Ball Naylor: Saalfield Publishing Company. A novel. 420 pages; $1.50.

MOTHER GOOSE PAINT BOOK, Saalfield Publishing Company. Embodies a new idea that will delight every child into whose hands the book comes. The same old rhymes, and on opposite pages large outline drawings, which are to be filled in with colors by the children. The volume, by a clever device, includes a set of paints and a brush. 105 pages; $1.25.

PROGRESSIVE AMERICAN CITIES

SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS, THE CITY OF PEACE

By HUGH F. E. FARRELL

MATTERS of historical value, quaint homes and antique relics, scientific treasures, the houses in which were born men whom the world still delights to honor, are some of the possessions that give Salem, Massachusetts, a claim to distinction among the cities of the commonwealth and nation. Settled, in 1626, by Roger Conant and a band of hardy seekers for homes and freedom on the new continent, and two years later adopted as a permanent home by the stern, forbidding Puritan, the city has ever been prominent in the affairs of the state and nation. It was in Salem that the first armed resistance was offered Great Britain, two months before the "embattled farmer" stood at Lexington's

A VIEW IN THE WILLOWS, SALEM'S BEAUTIFUL MARINE PARK

bridge, and it was the sons of Salem who first carried the Stars and Stripes of America to Africa and the islands of Oceanica. Salem's merchant vessels dotted every sea, and among the people of the East the name of the city was synonymous with the name of America. They knew of Salem before they had heard of the new nation that was destined to grow and fill the earth with its commercial and political greatness.

In her early history she is indissolubly linked with the banishment of Roger Williams from Massachusetts and with that sad period, the witchcraft delusion, this latter, however, marking the beginning of the disappearance of the almost universal belief in witchcraft. Her link with the Revolution and the "days that tried men's soul" is marked with a granite monolith at old North bridge, over which the English commander deemed it unwise to go in defiance of the determined and armed settlers.

No community in the country may claim more delightful homes than are to be found in the quaint houses that line many of the city streets—houses that in many cases have been standing more than two hundred years. The Peabody Academy of Science, named for the London banker, the late George Peabody, and the Essex Institute make good her claim to distinction in the collection of treasures of great scientific and educational value. Both these institutions, with their large and wonderful collections are open to the public free of charge. Nathaniel Hawthorne, the wizard of American literature, was born in Salem, and Prescott, the historian; William W. Story, the sculptor; Nathaniel Bowditch, the famous mathematician; Colonel Timothy Pickering, of Washington's cabinet, and Joseph H. Choate, who upholds the dignity of the nation at the court of St. James, are some of the sons of Salem whom the world honors.

Modern Salem is not lacking in interest to the student or the man of the world. Foremost in the commerce of the nation one hundred and less years ago, she has also been with the foremost in later years when the nation needed defenders or when disaster made other communities appeal for sympathy and material aid. In the wars of the Revolution and 1812, and later in the conflict with Spain, her sons leaped at the call to arms and went to do or die that the flag might be kept from humiliation. In time of peace she is winning daily victories in her schools, public and private. The public schools are among the finest in the state, and the private schools lack nothing required to enable them to accomplish their special tasks. The state maintains in this city a normal school of the highest standard, and from this school go annually a large number of graduates to instruct the youth of the city or state. The public library, Salem Athenæum and several historical societies add to the educational opportunities of the city.

Diversified industries furnish work to thousands. The largest single industry is the Naumkeag Steam Cotton Company, which operates five great mills in the production of high grade sheeting, manufacturing millions of yards annually. A local branch of the American Hide and Leather Company operates a large currying and tanning plant, giving employment to several hundred men.

Delightfully situated on a hill surrounded peninsula that juts out into Massachusetts bay, the city has many advantages of position enjoyed by few cities of the state. A spacious harbor invites the commerce of the world, and offers shelter from wind and storm to the passing mariner. Though the full rigged ship of other days is seldom seen at her wharves, coastwise commerce and the commerce with the British provinces is very great. In Salem was built the

first pleasure vessel on the American continent, the Cleopatra's barge which created a sensation in European waters in the early days of the last century. Today the magnificent and speedy boats of the financial magnates of the country pass through Salem harbor to reach Beverly or Marblehead.

Toward the interior the city is guarded by high hills from the force of many a storm, and one of the delights of this city as a place of residence is the infrequency of severe storms, as it escapes, in nearly every instance, the force of storms that do much damage in adjacent or contiguous cities and towns. Rising grimly to the northwest is Gallows Hill, with its memories of witchcraft, now dotted with humble but happy homes. Tourists by the thousands climb this hill that they may visit the spot upon which the victims of the witchcraft delusion were hanged in 1692.

Seashore and country contribute their particular beauties and advantages to the city, offering special inducements to the seeker for a delightful residence, or to the captain of industry looking for a location for transacting business economically and within easy reach of the world's marts. No city or town in the country has a greater supply of pure water for domestic or manufacturing purposes. Wenham lake, known throughout the state for the purity of its water and ice, provides Salem's ample supply. Railroad communication is easy, frequent and ample, the Boston & Maine railroad having made the city a billing station from all points north, east, south and west, an advantage not enjoyed by many larger eastern cities. One of the

"THE HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES," ONE OF THE HAWTHORNE SHRINES THAT YEARLY BRING MANY PILGRIMS TO SALEM

THE TWIN-TOWERED STATION OF THE BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD, AT SALEM

most striking buildings in appearance is the twin-towered station of the Boston & Maine, the massive front with its arch and twin towers attracting the attention of every visitor. The city is also a center for the Boston & Northern street railway system, and from Town House square cars run in every direction, the lines of tracks, as they point out of the city, resembling great arteries through which course the business and pleasure life of a great community.

Admirable railroad facilities make Salem a most desirable place for manufacturing, and, in addition to the cotton and heavy leather industries, there are scores of shoe factories, numerous light leather manufacturing establishments, foundry and machine shops, the largest parlor game factory in America (Parker Bros.), several very extensive gold and silver plate depots, employing several thousand men and women. Well built and kept streets, those of the residential portions shaded with giant elms and other varieties of trees, contribute toward making the city attractive. Six national banks, two savings banks, and two co-operative banks finance the community.

Established on a basis of a united church and state, Salem has ever been regarded as a religious community. It was in Salem, in 1629, that the first independent Protestant church was founded, and the Essex Institute today shows the frame of that old edifice as one of its treasures. The first church society has had an interrupted existence since 1629, and today worships on the site of the original religious house in the colony. There are nineteen other Protestant and five Catholic churches.

All the secret and fraternal organizations have local branches, and the temperance movement is represented by three societies. Two orphan asylums

care for the bereft little ones, and three hospitals offer asylum to the sick or injured. Homes for aged men and women shelter and provide for those of advanced years, and the wants of the poor and needy are attended to by the associated charities. Generous bequests from wealthy citizens of other days give the city funds to provide fuel and food for the needy, while a fund established by a bequest from a distinguished son of the old city meets the cost of entertaining the children of the city once every year.

Though the early settlers had no sympathy with public pleasure or recreation, and made no provision for parks or other breathing spots, the city has in the Willows the most beautiful marine park on the Atlantic coast and is developing other grounds for the recreation and rest of the community.

No other city in the country has withstood so great a constant assault from the camera, and not a part of the city but may be found in the possession of the professional or amateur photographer. Many thousands of tourists visit the city annually, attracted by the old places of historical interest. The admirers of Hawthorne may be met daily at "The House of Seven Gables," the "Dr. Grimshawe House," and the custom house, and other places connected with the name and memory of Hawthorne.

In the beginning purely Puritan, the community is now cosmopolitan, the population comprising, in addition to the comparatively few descendants of the original settlers, men and women of several races and nationalities. Among the races represented are the Caucasian, Mongolian, Indian and Negro, and in the collection of national representatives are English, Irish, French, German, Norwegian, Polish, Russian, Finnish, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, Greek, Chinese, Turk, Arabian, Japanese, Scottish, Danish, Mexican and some from the lesser states or nations. The Puritan will soon be a stranger in the home of his fathers.

A Board of Trade and the Salem Merchants Association labor for the industrial advancement of the city, and any information desired may be obtained by communicating with the officers of either organization. No city in the state offers better advantages to the young man or corporation about to enter or enlarge business, neither does any other city offers a more delightful spot for a home in which may be had every advantage of the great city and the quiet and rest of the town.

THE CHEQUAMEGON BAY DISTRICT OF WISCONSIN

CHEQUAMEGON Bay has three thriving cities—Ashland, Washburn and Bayfield, and on the shores of this bay more logs are sawed into lumber than at any point on Lake Superior. Chequamegon Bay is the home of the state fish hatchery, containing the finest specimens of brook trout in the United States. The healthfulness of the pineries of north Wisconsin for lung diseases has long been known, and it is the ideal spot for sufferers from hay fever. On Chequamegon Bay are situated over a dozen large saw mills, which send lumber all over the United States, and in addition there is one of the largest grain elevators in the state. The season of navigation for Chequamegon Bay opened this year on the 6th day of April; large boats from the lower lakes laden with coal and merchandise began coming in at that time and will continue the season until navi-

A VIEW OF ASHLAND'S HARBOR Photograph by Frank Warner

gation is closed by ice in December. Chequamegon Bay has long been noted for its delightful climate, and the abundance of trout in the contiguous streams, the abundance of deer, grouse and all kinds of wild game in the pine forests make it unexcelled as a huntsman's paradise. Historically, this region has few superiors in American history for interest. It was here that Fathers Marquette and Joliet established their missions on Madeline island. Here, too, the poet Longfellow drew his inspiration for *Hiawatha*. The waters of the great "Gitche Gumee" are as placid as they were when Hiawatha

"Built a wigwam in the forest,
By the shining Big Sea-Water,
In the blithe and shining spring time."

Hiawatha was the mythological chief of the Chippewas, who still revere his name as a part of the rich legendry of the great inland sea, and the virgin forests of the Lake Superior region.

ASHLAND, THE GARLAND CITY

THE city of Ashland is one of the two cities of Wisconsin situated on Lake Superior. It is the emporium of northern Wisconsin. It is the shipping port of the great Gogebic iron range, from which 30,000,000 tons of Bessemer ore have been shipped since the opening of the iron mines in 1885. It is situated on the finest harbor on Lake Superior, a harbor protected by the Apostle Islands, forming a natural breakwater, unexcelled in its natural features. It contains one of the largest plants for the manufacture of pig iron and wood alcohol in the United States, a pulp factory for the manufacture of paper pulp from hemlock wood, nearly a dozen lumber mills, and numerous other industries. It has miles

THE GREAT ORE DOCKS AT ASHLAND

and miles of paved streets. It has a fine electric car system, half a dozen railroads and is the western terminal of the Northern Pacific railroad.

Ashland has one of the finest school systems in the northwest, with nearly 3,000 pupils enrolled in the public schools and 1,600 in the private schools. The North Wisconsin Academy is also famed throughout the state for the quality of its work, and the Brazelton Conservatory of Music, one of the faculty of which is the famous pianist, Emil Liebling of Chicago, are other prominent educational institutions of note. The city has three modern hospitals, a system of water works including the sand filtration system, and its principal business street is paved with asphaltum, the other streets being paved with cedar blocks. The city has six miles of bay frontage, protected by a breakwater which the government has erected at an expense of half a million dollars. The census of 1900 gave the population of Ashland at 14,000, but there has been a large influx of population since that time, and there are probably 17,000 people in Ashland today. Ashland is one of the most cosmopolitan cities in the West, and the enterprise and vigor which has built Chicago and other western cities will make it the metropolis of northern Wisconsin.

KNIGHT HOTEL, ASHLAND

Northern Wisconsin has other resources than its mines and its lumber. The soil is especially adapted to the growth of grasses, and as a farming and stock country it is destined to become famous after the giant pines have been made into lumber and the mines are exhausted. The United States land office at Ashland is receiving inquiries from all over the United States for farming lands, and there is a large influx of farmers from Nebraska, Iowa, and Kansas to the fertile lands of this new north. Crop failures are unknown in Wisconsin. There is an abundance of rain, plenty of running streams and the climate, tempered by the adjacent waters of the great Lake Superior, is admirable. Ashland is the outlet for whatever is

THE FEDERAL BUILDING AT ASHLAND

A GROUP OF ASHLAND'S SCHOOLS

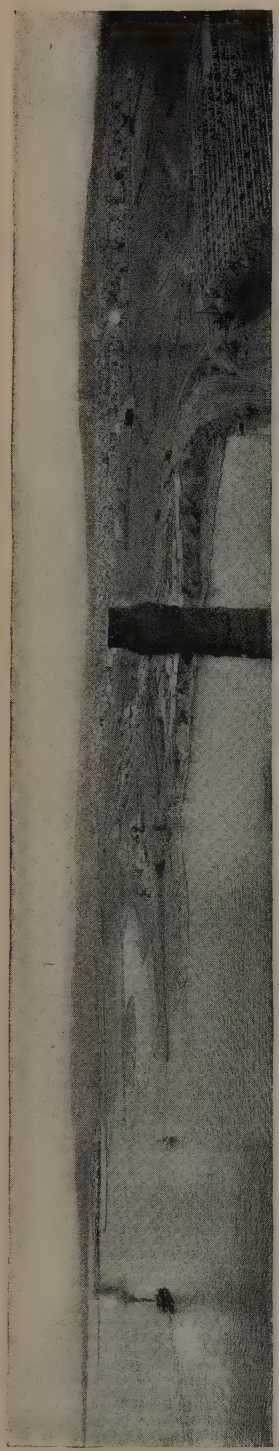
produced on the farms, as well as from the mines and the mills of all this region, and its magnificent harbor, large enough to float the navies of the world, will always make the city an important factor in the commercial history of the northwest.

An idea of the marine business of this port may be realized from the fact that during the first five months of navigation of the present season, nearly 2,000 vessels from Lakes Erie and Michigan have arrived and cleared from the port of Ashland.

WASHBURN, THE LUMBER CITY

LIKE the greater number of the cities of the Badger state, Washburn had its birth in the lumber industry. The business of cutting away the great forests of the north is transient; it moves with giant tread over the hills and valleys and leaves devastation and ruin in its path. From these ruins arises a peaceful and prosperous country dotted with farms and humming with the noise of permanent industries, the result of the labors of the husbandman and the manufacturer who follow in the wake of the lumbermen.

The history of nearly all cities that have gained prominence in northern Wisconsin is summed up briefly as follows: settlement, boom, relapse, reaction, steady growth and ultimate prominence and stability. Washburn has experienced the settlement, boom, relapse and reaction stages, and is now in the stage of steady growth and is fast gaining prominence and stability. It still depends largely upon the lumber industry for its life, but its geographical location, its harbor, which is the finest on the chain of lakes, and its natural



A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF WASHBURN, SHOWING THE CITY AND HARBOR FROM ASHLAND SIDE OF THE BAY

advantages, too manifold to mention, forecast with certainty a brilliant future for the little city by the lake.

The natural distributing center for the great north and west lies at the head of the lakes, and Washburn will certainly lay claim to a liberal portion of the business that must be transacted in this section, as the mighty West is peopled and the demands upon the manufactories of the East increase in volume.

The future of Washburn lies in its commercial and agricultural advantages. Northern Wisconsin is fast coming to the front as a farming region. The belief that the soil is not suited to agriculture is fast disappearing. Tests and analysis have proved that the soil is richer than a great deal that is considered the best in the country to the north. Phenomenal crops of cereals have been grown and ripened, thus proving the seasons are long enough to allow any crop to mature. The cheapness of the land and the rich reward that is bound to follow the labor of the persistent farmer is attracting many who have for years cultivated the prairies of Minnesota, Iowa, Illinois and Indiana. Many farmers with years of experience have cast their lot in northern Wisconsin during the last year, believing that this is the country that is bound to forge ahead until it stands at the head as an agricultural region. This influx of settlers has changed the aspect of the country. Where only blackened stumps and the ruins of forests could be seen a few years ago, now appear farm houses, and the little clearings around them yield magnificent crops. Sheep raising and dairying are the industries for which the country is best fitted.

The land is in the hands of companies which are sparing no efforts to settle the section. The prices and terms are such that a poor man can easily gain a home that will soon repay him well for all his labors.

Washburn is the county seat of Bayfield county. It is located on the northern shore of Chequamegon bay on an ideal site in every particular for a city. The beautiful county court house, built of brown stone taken from the Washburn quarries, is one of the city's ornaments. The population in 1900 was 7,000, which was an increase of over one hundred per cent in five years. The industries are three large saw mills with a daily output of 750,000 feet of lumber, wire reel and heading factory, a brewery and several machine shops and foundries. The "Omaha" railroad has a large grain elevator here with a capacity of 1,000,000 bushels.

Washburn's civic and educational advantages are

unexcelled. The Walker high school building is one of the ornaments of the city.

The Northern Pacific railroad recently purchased a branch line running into Washburn and the company contemplates putting in many improvements, including a new depot, elevator and transfer docks. Much of the rapidly increasing business of the company will come to this point in the future.

The northern headquarters of the Hines Lumber Company, the largest lumber concern in the state of Wisconsin, is located here. Its mill is the largest in the state, and makes a daily cut of 350,000 feet of lumber.

The city is the home of a large number of laboring people who own their homes and are making the city beautiful by the improvements put upon them. This is a feature well worth the consideration of those looking for a place for investment. The last few years have seen a wonderful improvement in the outward appearance of Washburn, and today the city can boast of as many beautiful residences, in proportion to its size, as any city in the northern part of the state.

The Washburn Business Men's Association solicits correspondence relative to the conditions and inducements existing here. *Roy Hull.*

HOTEL WASHBURN

BAYFIELD, THE GEM OF THE INLAND SEA

THIS beautiful little city of 2,500 inhabitants affords an abundance of food for the lovers of the beautiful in nature, and they may drink to their heart's content. Bayfield, beside embracing the rarest of Wisconsin's magnificent scenic offerings, has a number of natural advantages that will some day bring the little city by the lake into great prominence. Perhaps the greatest feature is its harbor. The expenditure of immense sums of money, as in most lake harbors, is wholly unnecessary here. It is a natural harbor and one which the largest of lake steamers can enter unassisted by minor craft. The great excursion steamer Christopher Columbus, prominent at the World's Fair, held in Chicago, has steamed into Bayfield's harbor with 5,000 passengers on board to within one hundred feet of shore. Never has a dredge scoop descended into its depths; the formation is one of nature's wonders. The Apostle Islands form a natural breakwater.

The fish industry at this point is large and profitable. Tons and tons of the celebrated Lake Superior white fish and silver side herring are annually shipped from Bayfield. Five thousand barrels are exported every year. The state fish

THE STATE FISH HATCHERY AT BAYFIELD
Photograph by A. L. Hellweg

A VIEW OF BAYFIELD FROM THE BAY Photograph by D. H. Hannum

hatchery adds wonderfully to the attractiveness of the town. This institution appeals to the summer visitor, it being the largest in the world. Every year the streams adjacent to Bayfield receive a fresh supply of brook trout from the hatchery, in consequence of which Bayfield's stream and rock fishing lure the sportsman hither from all sections of the country.

Three mills, in the manufacture of lumber, are continually in operation and a great amount of shipping is carried on along this line. The city of Bayfield offers rare inducements for the investment of capital, especially the establishment of manufacturing industries. It is a place to which immense quantities of tan bark are tributary; one which affords an inexhaustible supply of material for the wood working industry in all its various forms, and one where the facilities for shipping are unrivaled.

Bayfield is the nearest railroad point to the famous Apostle Islands, which, from a scenic point of view, are the most beautiful on the lakes. "Northern Wisconsin in general, but Bayfield and Ashland in particular," says Dr. Arthur Holbrook of Milwaukee, "are the only real hay fever resorts in the country." The cool, refreshing breezes off the lake act as a death blow to all nasal trouble. Bayfield's big summer hotel, The Island View, which was erected at a cost of nearly thirty thousand dollars, will in all probability be opened next summer. The opening of this magnificent hostelry will bring many sojourners to the city who heretofore have been unable to come on account of lack of accommodations.

Jesse Baker

LEOMINSTER, CITY OF SHIRTS AND BABY CARRIAGES

By G. W. MILLER

LEOMINSTER, situated among the hills of northeastern Massachusetts, forty miles from Boston and but twenty miles from Worcester, upon two great systems of railroads, the Boston & Maine and the Northern Division of the New York, New Haven & Hartford, has every facility for reaching all sections with the products of its busy mills and factories.

Poverty is unknown in Leominster. There is work for all and at good wages. Skilled labor is mostly in demand. This can be plainly seen by one driving about the town and noting the many hundreds of comfortable and beautiful houses—the homes owned and paid for by the workingmen.

Good hotels are in abundance. New

business blocks are being constantly built and are of the latest improved architectural designs, modern building materials and methods being used. A new town hall has lately been completed, costing $92,000. It contains well appointed municipal offices, a large auditorium seating over twelve hundred people and a stage on which can be presented the most elaborate play or opera. The floor space is automatic; it can be lowered to a level by water pressure and by removing the seats the theater is at once changed into a ball room. I know of no other opera house built on the same plan in this country.

Leominster has an excellent public library containing over twenty-five thousand volumes.

The electric street railroad system is of the very best. One may travel from Leominster on the electric line for many miles in almost any direction and view some of the most charming scenery imaginable, but the most interesting ride on the trolley is to be had on the line of the Worcester Consolidated Street Railway between Worcester and Leominster. The road bed is finely constructed and its rolling stock is of the most exquisite design and expensive material, being up-to-date in every particular. I might state that this company is doing all in its power to improve upon its already well equipped road.

THE LEOMINSTER HOTEL

For many years, Leominster was famous for its manufacture of combs. At present there are twenty-six distinct industries successfully carried on by sixty-seven firms. This town has a national reputation for its manufacture of shirts. Here are situated some of the largest factories in this country. Nearly three thousand persons are employed in the production of this indispensable article of apparel. Another leading industry of Leominster is the making of piano-forte cases. Four prosperous firms are engaged in this trade; they produce nearly all of the piano-forte cases made in the United States. One thousand men are employed making 100,000 baby carriages every year. The Leominster baby carriage is know everywhere, and the Leominster babies — well, this is another of their infant industries.

THE WACHUSETT, ONE OF LEOMINSTER'S GREAT SHIRT FACTORIES

According to its size, Leominster uses a greater percentage of gas for fuel and lighting than any other town in the United States. The Leominster Gas Company supplies it.

The population of Leominster increased, from the year 1885 to 1895, seventy-six per cent; it had a population in 1885 of 5,279 and in 1895 of 9,211, while today, it has over fifteen thousand, with a property valuation of about ten million dollars.

MERRIAM & HALL FURNITURE FACTORY, LEOMINSTER

No town in the United States can boast of a better water system than Leominster. The water is obtained from four reservoirs situated above the town, with two complete gravity systems which can be used either connected or separately; should an accident occur to one the other can always be relied upon in case of fire. Eighty-five pounds of pressure can be maintained in the business part of the town without pumping. The capacity of these four reservoirs is 519,000,000 gallons of water, with a twenty-inch main in the center of the town. This system was installed at a cost of several hundred thousand dollars.

Leominster's streets are clean, well paved and beautifully laid out, while the residences are handsome and substantial homes. The Leominster Board of Trade, S. A. Stevens president, will be pleased to answer every communication addressed to it by those wishing either a new place of residence or manufacturing sites. Personally, I am convinced that within a few years Leominster will become one of the largest manufacturing cities in New England.

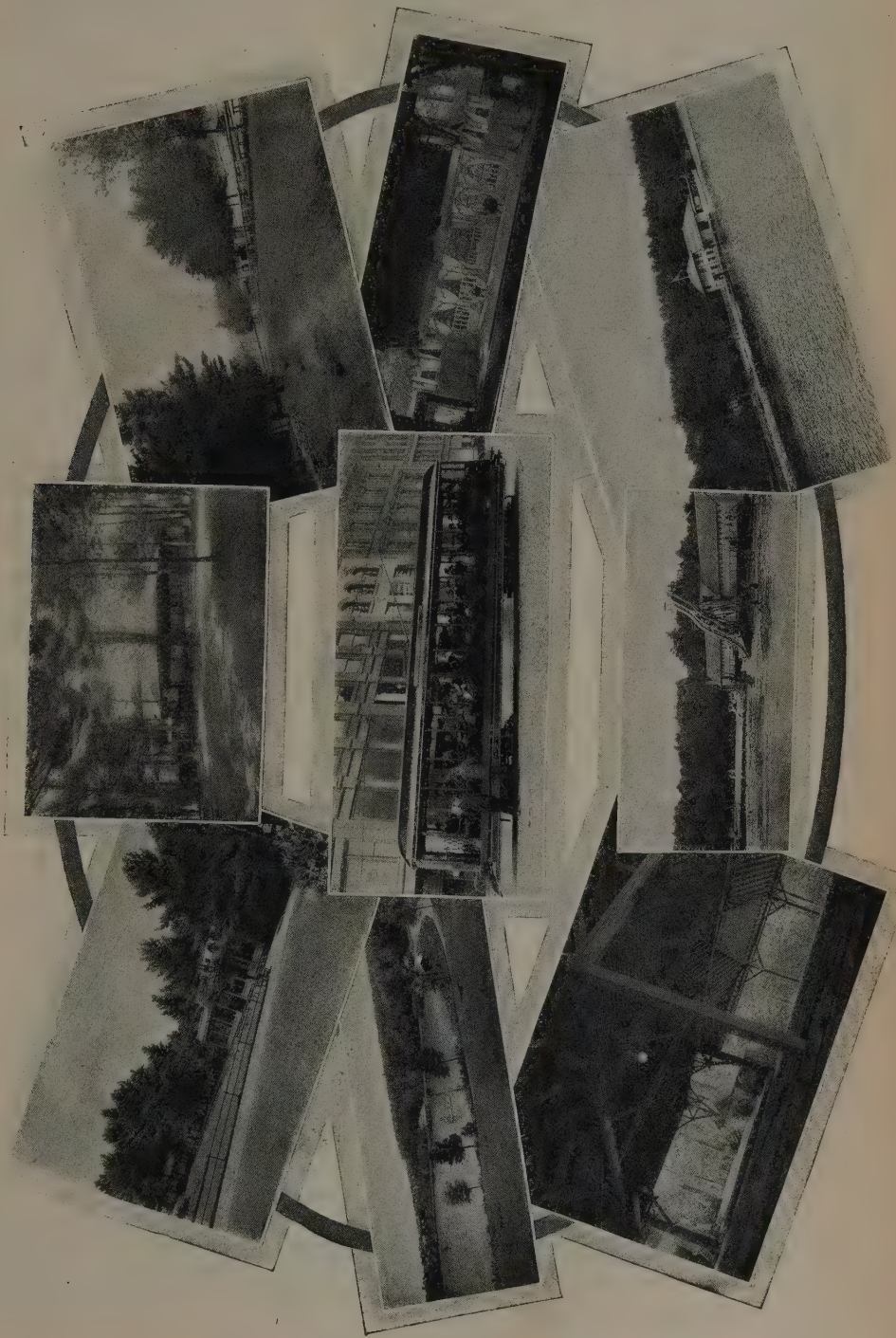
FITCHBURG, THE PITTSBURG OF MASSACHUSETTS

By G. W. MILLER

FITCHBURG, seated on her hills, stretches several miles along the curving course of the north branch of the Nashua river. This city is phenomenally healthy, owing to its pure, dry air at all seasons of the year. The water supply of this enterprising place is pronounced by the state board of health the best in the commonwealth. Half a million dollars is being spent on improvements of the sewerage system, which extends throughout the city. Main street is well laid out and well paved and nearly all the streets are models of cleanliness. As an enterprising manufacturing center, it is certainly the Pittsburg of Massachusetts—leaving out the smoke and dirt of that western metropolis. Fitchburg has a population of 35,000.

Among the largest manufacturing plants, and I might say the most enterprising in the city, are the following: C. H. Brown & Co., manufacturers of steam engines, having a yearly output of over $200,000 and employing about seventy men; J. Cushing Co., millers, the oldest

VIEWS IN WHALOM PARK, OWNED AND CONTROLLED BY THE FITCHBURG AND LEOMINSTER STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.



HOME OF THE FITCHBURG BUSINESS COLLEGE

mill in the city, having seven branch stores, handling about 5,000 cars and doing a business of nearly $2,000,000 yearly; the Parkhill Manufacturing Company, operating three great mills with over 1,400 hands, turning out millions of yards yearly of high grade ginghams, fancy cotton and silk novelties; the Iver Johnson Arms & Cycle Company, also doing a large and extensive business in its particular line; the American Woollen Company, having two large mills; the Simonds Manufacturing Company, maker of saws, and, I should judge, one of the most extensive operators in this particular line in the United States; the Fitchburg Steam Engine Company, employing several hundred hands, and the Union Machine Company, manufacturers of paper mill machinery, one of the largest in the Union.

Fitchburg's churches and schools are properly the city's pride. Within the past year $112,500 was appropriated for school purposes, and recently a beautiful high school has been erected, costing a quarter of a million dollars. The Fitchburg Business College has a large attendance yearly and has given to the business world some of the best stenographers, typewriters and accountants in the country. Mr. D. Fullmer, its principal, ranks high among educators in his field.

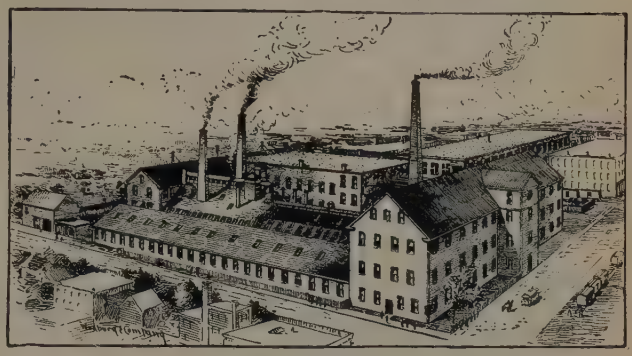
There are many beautiful business houses, occupying very large space. The city has a well organized police force, and a splendid fire department. The municipal service is excellent and conservative. The civic pride in good government, good order, good homes and business has made Fitchburg an excellent place to live in, as well as to carry on business. The property valuation is about twenty million dollars.

An excellent electric street railway system connects closely with Worcester, Marlboro, Clinton and Leominster, also Gardner and, in fact, almost any point north, east, south or west. The street railway transportation of this city is in the hands of the Fitchburg and Leominster Street Railway Company, operating thirty miles of track. In 1893, a pleas-

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING, FITCHBURG

ure park was established by this street railway company at a beautiful spot called Whalom Lake. It has been developed until today it is the loveliest spot in the city. This park comprises seventy-five acres of beautiful woodland. It is the ideal home of summer opera, where performances are given twice daily. This electric street railway and the park are controlled entirely by local capital.

SIMONDS MANUFACTURING COMPANY, FITCHBURG

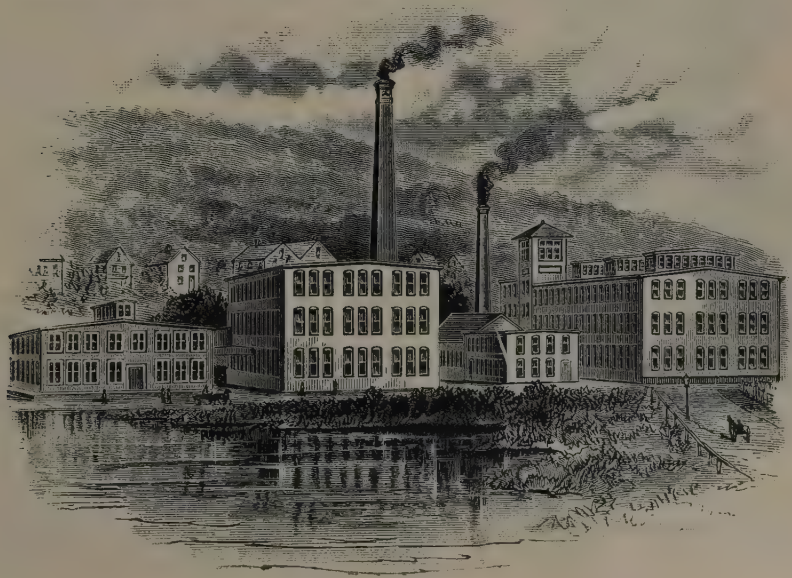


The steam railway service is metropolitan in its frequency and rates. The Boston & Maine passes through here on its direct line from the West to the Atlantic seaboard. The New York, New Haven & Hartford affords direct connection with New York and the South, both by rail and water.

The banking facilities of Fitchburg are excellent. There are four national banks with an aggregate capital of $950,000, surplus of $520,000, deposits subject to check of $3,000,000. A trust company has a capital of $100,000, doing a general banking business beside. Two savings banks have deposits of $9,300,000. There are also two cooperative banks that have contributed materially to home building. Among the banking institutions are the Fitchburg Trust Company, the Wachusett National Bank, the Safety Fund National Bank, the Fitchburg National Bank and the Fitchburg Cooperative Bank.

The citizens of Fitchburg are an

PARKHILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, FITCHBURG



orderly and progressive class. The homes owned by working men are numerous. There seems to be a constant demand for skilled labor.

Fitchburg should be proud of its mayor, Honorable Charles A. Babbitt. He is proud of the city he governs, and alert to serve its interests. The Fitchburg Board of Trade is at all times ready and willing to foster any new enterprise. Its president is Henry A. Estabrook, one of Fitchburg's leading business men.

THE CITY OF LAWRENCE, MASSACHUSETTS

By BERNARD E. DONIGAN,

President of the Lawrence Board of Trade

OF all the manufacturing cities of the American Union, north or south, that have sprung into existence during the last fifty years, there is not one that is attracting more attention, compelling more favorable comment, or showing steadier or more substantial gains than is Lawrence, the Queen City of the Merrimac.

ABBOTT LAWRENCE

Courtesy of the Lawrence Journal

It was Richard Cobden, the English statesman, who said to Goldwin Smith, on the eve of the latter's departure for America, "see Niagara and Chicago before you return, or your visit will be in vain." If Mr. Cobden were volunteering good parting advice to a friend about to embark to the United States today, he would revise the above and say, "See Lawrence at all hazards, visit Niagara if you have time, and let Chicago remain for your next trip to America."

The site of Lawrence was not selected by its founders through chance, and was not brought into existence in a night by a wave of a magician's wand; a more natural, promising and beautiful location for the founding of a great and growing manufacturing city could not be selected by the far seeing wisdom of practical and thoughtful business men.

Among the great and varied industrial cities of the republic, the American citizen naturally turns to New York as the commercial and financial, as well as the mercantile and fashion center of the Union; he turns to Grand Rapids as the furniture center; to Pittsburg as the iron center; to Pittston and Wilkesbarre as the coal centers; to Minneapolis as the grain and flour centers; to Charlotte, North Carolina, as the cotton center,

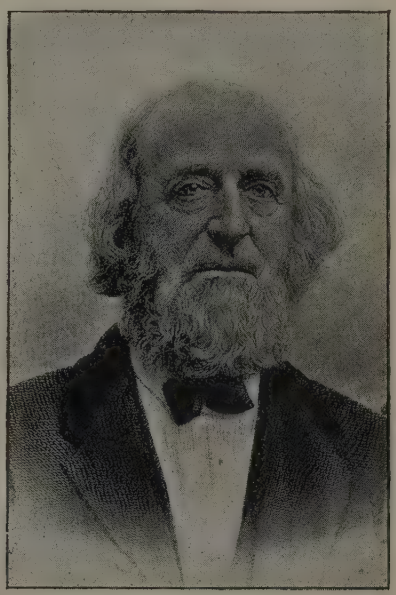
and to Lawence and the Merrimac as the textile center of the Union.

When we remember that in 1845 Lawrence had a population of but 150; and when we consider that in 1850 that population had increased to but 8,282, and in 1860 to but 17,639, with a total assessed valuation of but $12,793,000; when we take into consideration the fact that in 1902 it had grown in population to 67,000, in assessed wealth to over $42,000,000, and in polls from thirty-three in 1845, to 16,630 in 1902, it is little wonder that such phenomenal and permanent growth has attracted the attention and excited the admiration of the leading manufacturers and business men of New England.

Other American cities, it is true, have grown into prominence by their size, wealth and industry, after centuries of alternate success and failure, prosperity and depression, but there are few cities on this continent like Lawrence, that having been born in a wilderness, less than half a century ago, converted it into a perfect paradise of happy and contented homes; built up by skill, thrift, industry and capital mills, factories and work shops for the constant employment of the inmates of those homes, as well as for the transient thousands who prefer the freedom of moving about from place to place; and helped to harness the waters of the beautiful Merrimac to the wheels of industry until it now enjoys the proud distinction of being the mightiest and busiest river for textile manufactures to be found on the American continent.

Lawrence is exceedingly fortunate in its immediate surroundings, being blessed with the thriftiest and most beautiful adjoining towns which form its boundary. In the natural course of municipal growth, Lawrence's necessity for territorial expansion, as well as the spirit of the age, will soon cause these towns to be included in Greater Lawrence. We refer to Methuen, on the north and west; North Andover, on the east; Andover, with its historic memories, classic halls and beautiful villas, on the south; and we should not be surprised or displeased to see the orderly and statuesque little city of Haverhill following the procession and knocking at our doors for admission.

GENERAL H. K OLIVER



It is not intended in this brief sketch of Lawrence to lay before the readers of the National Magazine any extended review of the past history of the city, as that is preserved, in more enduring form, on our library shelves and in the archives at City Hall. The object of this article is to take advantage of the courtesy and vast circulation of this popular and dignified magazine, to more specifically call the attention of manufacturers, large and small, as well as business men in general, to the great natural and acquired advantages of Lawrence as a a center for the establishment and development of all kinds of profitable manufacturing. Lawrence has no ancient history to point

to with pride or regret; and as it is a city of modern, rapid, as well as substantial growth, its present condition and future prospects are all that can interest the watchful, energetic and restless business man of today. The attention of capitalists was called to the superior manufacturing advantages of the Merrimac valley in the early part of the last century, and from 1825 to 1850 many industries were established at the city of Lowell. In 1843 "The Merrimac Water Power Association" was formed, with Samuel Lawrence as president and treasurer, and Daniel Saunders as agent. This pioneer company secured lands and made exhaustive surveys which blazed the way for the extensive and costly operations that followed. The Essex Company, capitalized at $1,000,000, and which still controls and manages, with consummate skill, the vast water power of Lawrence, was incorporated March 20, 1845, and in that very day and year, it may be said, the progressive City of Lawrence was born. The original directors of the Essex Company were Abbott Lawrence, Nathan Appleton, Patrick T. Jackson, John A. Lowell, Ignatius Sargent, William Sturgis and Charles S. Storrow. The company was extremely fortunate in the varied and necessary accomplishments and technical skill of the gentlemen comprising this

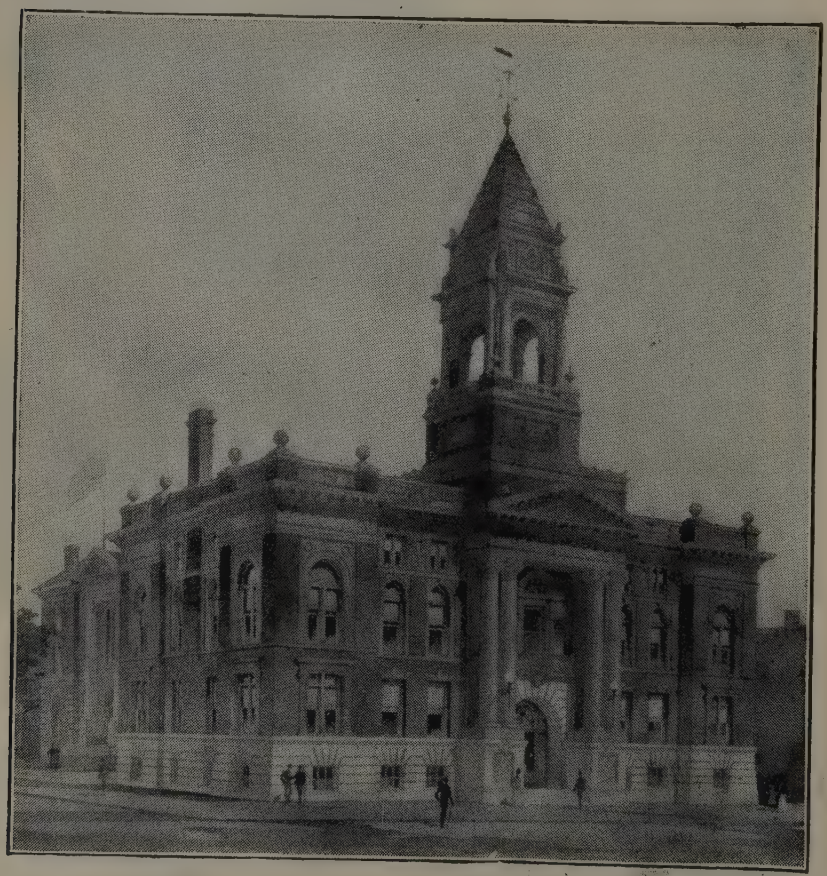
CHARLES S. STORROW, FIRST MAYOR OF LAWRENCE

ARLINGTON MILLS
ATLANTIC MILLS
PACIFIC MILLS
WASHINGTON MILLS
LOWER PACIFIC MILLS

board of directors. Charles S. Storrow, first mayor of Lawrence, who had received a thorough training as an engineer in the famous schools of France, and who for many years had managed, as superintendent and engineer, the first passenger railway in New England—the Boston & Lowell—became the resident engineer and manager for the company. He immediately organized a strong staff of skilled assistants, and the construction of the great dam, the development of a mighty water power, and the laying of the corner stone of the present City of Lawrence was begun. The other directors, — lawyers, financiers and thorough business men, were not less active and competent in their chosen spheres of service, and the great work of dam, canal and city building went on with rapidity and enthusiasm.

Some idea of the vast water power of Lawrence may be obtained from the following brief quotation, taken from the excellent history of the Essex Company, which was recently written for the *Lawrence Board of Trade Manual* by Ex-Mayor R. H. Tewksbury, for many years, and still, the able and courteous clerk of that company:

THE NEW COUNTY COURT HOUSE IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION AT PEMBERTON AND COMMON STREETS.



THE GREAT DAM
FROM THE SOUTH SHORE

REAR OF MILLS FROM
DUCK BRIDGE LOOKING WEST

VIEW FROM FALLS BRIDGE
LOOKING EAST

"The great stone dam was constructed of solid granite, founded upon ledges of the blue stone. It also constructed the North canal, about one mile in length, and the new South canal. The length of the dam and width of the waterfall, between wing abutments, is 900 feet. The average plunge of the fall is twenty-six feet. Including the protecting wing walls the whole structure, visible and covered, has a length of 1,629 feet."

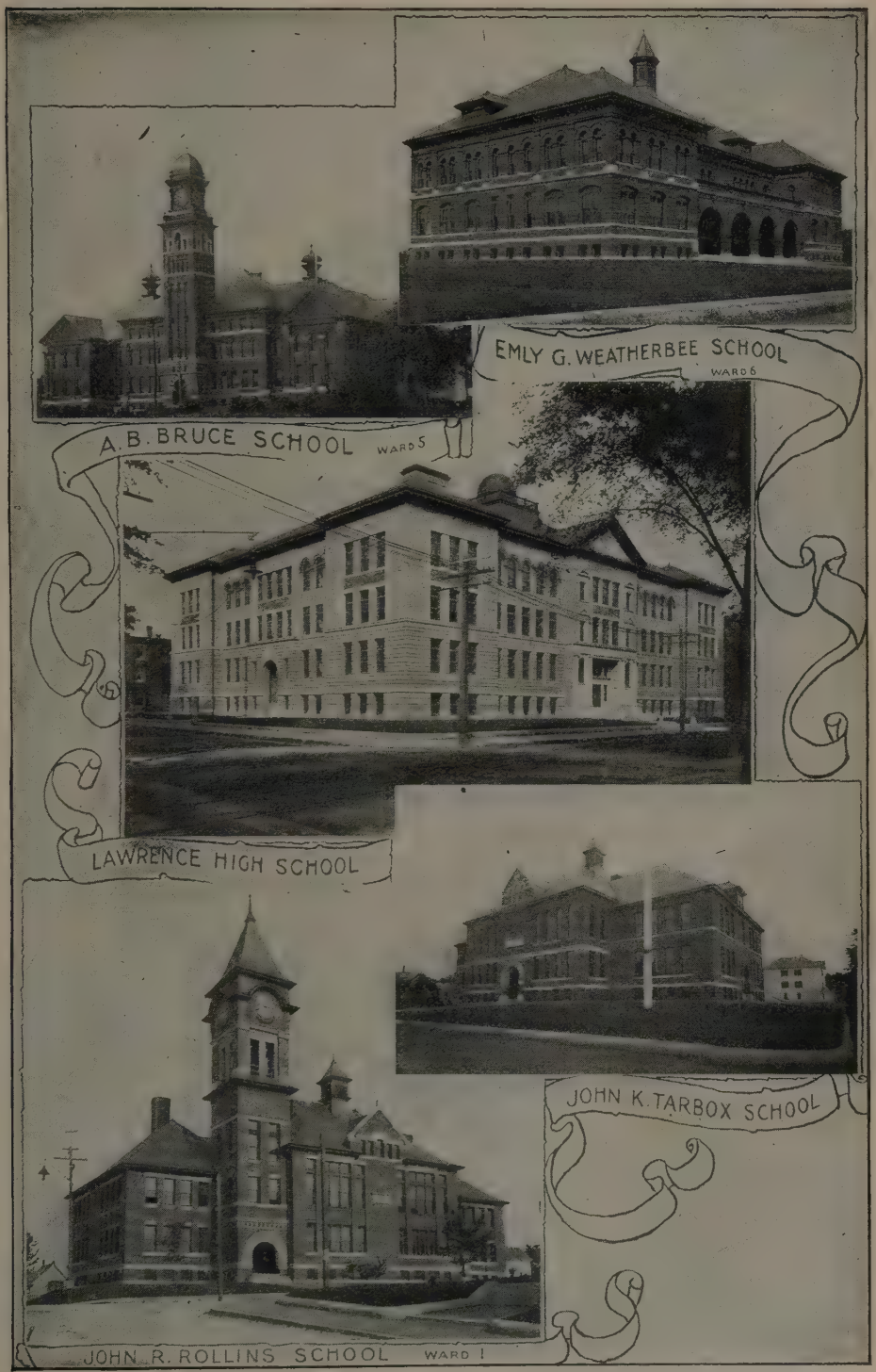
Blessed by nature with a commanding site, and all the natural advantages given to the most favored of inland cities, Lawrence stands today in a fair position to soon take its place as second city in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. It is on the western division of the Boston & Maine Railroad, and is only twenty-six miles from Boston. It is directly connected with the eastern and southern divisions of that great system, thus affording it the best of railroad facilities, for passenger and freight transportation, with all the manufacturing and commercial markets of the country.

In addition to its own population, the adjoining town of Andover, with 7,000, North Andover, with 5,000, and Methuen, with 8,000, whose interests and business connections are closely allied and interwoven with ours, give to Lawrence a practically united community of nearly 90,000 people, rapidly growing in numbers and business prosperity. Within this district are constantly employed in our textile manufactures alone nearly 30,000 operatives. In our machine shops and foundries are employed over 2,000 skilled workmen, while thousands of others find steady employment in the great diversity of industries that are located here.

The questions of taxation and valuation are two of the most important subjects to be passed upon by a manufacturing corporation in considering the claims of any city or town as a location. The real estate and personal property valuation of taxes, and the rate of taxation in Lawrence are very low compared with the average of other cities in the state. The rate per thousand for the last six years has been $15.60, and the average rate, for ten successive years, has been $15.92. The average tax rate of sixteen cities in the eastern part of Massachusetts, taken from the *Massachusetts Insurance Company's Tax Card*, was $17.27.

No better or more intelligent system of public schools, for a city of its size, can be found in New England than is maintained in Lawrence. They are properly graded and equipped, and are conducted, by competent teachers, in a manner which admits of no reasonable criticism. The stately and commodious High School building, recently erected on a commanding site on Lawrence street, is capable of accommodating over 800 pupils, and is one of the most imposing, convenient and modernly equipped school edifices in Massachusetts. Evening schools also are maintained for those who are obliged to work during the day, and from which the pupils graduate as in the day schools. An evening drawing school, in which special attention is given to architectural and mechanical drawing, and which is especially valuable to young machinists, has been long maintained in Lawrence. A well conducted Manual Training School is also maintained. Large parochial schools belonging to St. Mary's parish, well equipped, ably conducted and furnishing accommodations for hundreds of pupils, are maintained by the Augustinian Order, under the able, personal supervision of Reverend James T. O'Reilly. In St. Ann's parish also are large parochial and convent schools, the latter accommodating over 500 girls, under the name and patronage of the "Bon Pasteur Order," and the former, St. Ann's College, with over 500 boys, ably taught in religion and secular knowledge by the French Brothers. These schools are under the supervision of Reverend Father Portal, the able pastor of St. Ann's parish.

The beautiful and classical red stone Public Library of Lawrence, to which a


EMLY G. WEATHERBEE SCHOOL
WARD 6
A. B. BRUCE SCHOOL
WARD 5
LAWRENCE HIGH SCHOOL
JOHN K. TARBOX SCHOOL
JOHN R. ROLLINS SCHOOL
WARD 1

LAWRENCE'S HIGH PRESSURE WATER TOWER

large addition has recently been made, contains 60,000 volumes, and is acknowledged to be one of the best in the state, as well as a valuable and well patronized adjunct to the city's educational system. Lawrence is blessed with one of the most efficient and watchful fire departments in any city of its size on the continent, and Chief Rutter and his able assistants may well be proud of their honors won in protecting and saving property. The total loss by fire in Lawrence in 1901 was less than $14,000. This is one of the few cities in New England where fire underwriters can insure property without unnecessary risk or loss. The relations of capital and labor are always an important factor in any manufacturing community. The employers and employed of Lawrence have been able, usually, to settle all questions that have risen between them, in an amicable and satisfactory manner, without outside assistance, and we are within the bounds of truth when we assert that Lawrence has been much more free from labor disputes and strikes than have other large manufacturing cities in New England.

Lawrence being the "shire town" of Essex County, it possesses the great advantage and convenience of having the county building as well as the county records. A large appropriation for a fine Federal Building has been made by congress, a convenient site has been selected, and it is expected that the ground will soon be broken for the construction of one of the most imposing Federal buildings to be found in the state outside of Boston.

A $200,000 county court house is now in process of construction, which, with the city hall, the public library, municipal court house, county reformatory and imposing state armory, will add much to the appearance of the city.

Lawrence has a well kept park system of more than 132 acres, distributed over the various precincts of the city, and the Common, (so called) with its beautiful elms, avenues, pond, fountain, soldiers' monument, well kept grass plots and choice flowers, is one of the most enchanting municipal breathing spots in the Commonwealth.

Lawrence is a city of broad and well lighted streets and it receives good service from gas, electric, telephone and telegraph companies. Its extensive street electric car system, which radiates to every point of the compass, might well

THE LAWRENCE PUBLIC LIBRARY

CANAL AND CANAL STREET FROM B. & L. RAILROAD BRIDGE

be improved to meet the reasonable demands and requirements of its thousands of patrons, but this will probably come when the municipal ownership question is more seriously discussed.

Beside being a "billing point," the city is the focus of six lines of railway, and has 104 passenger trains to and from the city daily. It has ninety miles of street railway track, thirty school buildings with over 10,000 pupils, and five national, three saving, and three cooperative banks. It has thirty-two churches, two morning, three evening, three weekly and three Sunday papers. It has one company of artillery, two of infantry, and one of the best armories in the state.

Lawrence has been honored and benefitted by many distinguished citizens whose names and deeds would be given a prominent place in this sketch if space permitted. Gladly would we devote pages to the name of General H. K. Oliver, composer of national fame and the author of "Merton" and "Federal Street," sung and admired wherever the English language is spoken. He was mayor of Lawrence and later of Salem, state treasurer, adjutant general, and could rest his fame on his service in either capacity. Daniel Saunders, pioneer and path finder; Abbott Lawrence, whose family name the city adopted; William A. Russell, thrice elected to congress, was a member of the committee on commerce, and also on the ways and means committee of which William McKinley was chairman. C. S. Storrow and John K. Tarbox each deserve a spacious niche in the pantheon of Lawrence's honored sons.

Taking the past as a criterion, who shall dare to predict the future of Lawrence? Increasing hourly in population, developing daily in resources, and extending its manufacturing and mercantile enterprises to a degree never dreamed of until confronted by actual facts and figures; with mills, work shops and factories multiplying; with miles of business streets filled with the incessant roar of business activity; with the outlying sections ringing daily with the welcome sound of the carpenter's hammer, calling into creation, as if by a touch of Aladdin's lamp, thousands of cozy and palatial homes for poor and rich; with beautiful school houses and stately churches; with a hand of welcome always out-

PART OF THE COMMON WITH SOLDIERS' MONUMENT

stretched to the new industry, or the new citizen; with no room or welcome for the drowsy Rip Van Winkles, the useless 400, or the titled simpleton, Lawrence may well be called, not only the Queen City of the Merrimac, but the Paradise of busy New England.

LAWRENCE, MASS., October, 1902.

FORT WAYNE, AN INDIANA MANUFACTURING CENTER

By JOHN B. MONNING

With Engravings from Photographs by Miner's Studio

ONE has only to go away from home, visit other cities and ascertain what they are doing, to be satisfied that Fort Wayne is the best town of its size in the country. Fort Wayne has never boomed and wants no boom. Her great strides have been the legitimate results of actual conditions and not fictitious inflations. Although Fort Wayne is growing rapidly, she stands today as solid as a rock, in the pink of health and prosperity. The records of the past ten years prove this assertion. Fort Wayne has never felt the injurious effects of a boom, but has made substantial additions to its wealth year by year which few American cities can boast of.

In 1828 the population was about 500; in 1840, 1,200; in 1860, 10,000; in 1880, 25,000; in 1890, 35,000; and in 1902,

CALHOUN STREET, LOOKING NORTH FROM WAYNE STREET, FORT WAYNE

55,000. From its situation as an inland city Fort Wayne is to an unusual degree dependent for its prosperity upon the extent of its manufactories.

Fortunate in its location on the great avenues of travel between New York and the great cities of the West, which has made its shipping facilities of inestimable value, has cheapened its freight rates and made travel to the great commercial centers easy and favorable.

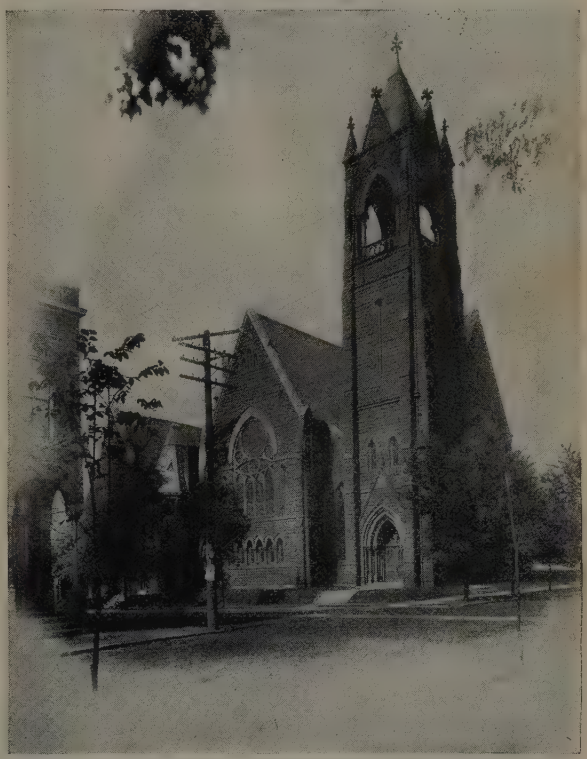
Few cities are blessed with railroads in number and excellence equal to those which center in Fort Wayne and have made of this inland city a commercial city of the first class, a distributing point for freight and passengers second only to the very largest of American cities.

Fort Wayne lies directly on the highway which commerce has established between the metropolis on the Atlantic and the great western cities with which it interchanges so much of its vast business. Accordingly it is not strange that four great trunk lines lead from Fort Wayne to New York City. The fact that eleven railways enter Fort Wayne and provide easy communication in twenty different directions is of the highest importance to the manufacturing and commercial interests of the city. The fact that the city has the advantage of railway competition has greatly contributed to cheapen freight rates from eastern trade centers and thus enhance the profits and strengthen the business of the wholesale merchant and manufacturer, who can secure their supplies at as low cost as though they resided in Chicago or Cleveland, in Indianapolis or Detroit.

The railroads which enter or pass through this city are the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago Railway Company, operated by the Pennsylvania; the Wabash, the Grand Rapids & Indiana, the Fort Wayne, Cincinnati & Richmond, the New York, Chicago & St. Louis, (Nickle Plate), the Lake Erie & Western, the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern and the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton. One of the great trunk lines of the country, the Pennsylvania, has its large railroad shops here. It is, in a measure, the Pennsylvania railroad shops that Fort Wayne can credit its prosperity to.

The Pennsylvania is now doubling its capacity and increasing its vast buildings so that it covers up a space as large as some cities. The Wabash Railroad

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH



FORT WAYNE'S PUBLIC LIBRARY

Company also has its railroad shops here, which has also helped in making Fort Wayne what it is today. It is anticipated that before long we will also be able to say that the Nickle Plate shops have been removed to Fort Wayne. Among other large manufactories we can mention the Bass Foundry and Machine Works, the largest car wheel works in the West; the Fort Wayne Electric Works, one of the largest electrical plants outside of New York state in the country; the Olds Wheel Works, the Kerr Murray Manufacturing Company, the Western Gas Construction Company, the Packard Organ Company, the Wayne Knitting Mills, the Indiana Machine Works, the Fleming Manufacturing Company, the Bowser Manufacturing Company and others too numerous to mention which have found Fort Wayne to be a city well adapted for their manufactories.

The low rates of freights made by our railroads and the splendid class of labor which can be found here makes Fort Wayne a very desirable place for manufactories. Laboring men in this city are thrifty; they own their own homes. They usually are of foreign extraction, and it has been the work of our pastors in the churches to urge all laboring men to do their duty toward their employers and by all means avoid strikes. Strikes in Fort Wayne are therefore unknown.

ENTRANCE TO LAWTON PARK, ONE OF FORT WAYNE'S PLEASURE GROUNDS

No city in the Union affords greater advantages to manufacturing enterprises than Fort Wayne; its splendid location, net work of railroads, cheap fuel, and

PUBLIC HIGH AND MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL

available sites for factories are substantial invitations for the investment of capital. The pronounced success of the industrial concerns located here has been a source of the most favorable comment, and this is especially true of those instituted within the past twelve or fifteen years. The wholesale trade of Fort Wayne is represented by large houses handling complete stocks supplying the wide spread trade; it embraces groceries, hard ware, dry goods, boots and shoes, crackers and confectionery, cigars and tobacco, wines and liquors, produce, etc. The retail interests are remarkable in their extent and variety; every line is represented in a creditable manner.

Fort Wayne as a financial center cannot be easily excelled. Never in our history was there a bank failure in Fort Wayne. We have five large banks; the Hamilton National Bank, the Old National, the White National, the First National and Nuttman & Company's, beside two trust companies — the Fort Wayne and the Citizens'. In addition to those financial concerns Fort Wayne possesses two of the largest loan and savings associations found in Indiana, viz., Tri-State Building and Loan Association and the Allen County Loan and Savings Association. Taking this all in all, it makes a financial breastwork for Fort Wayne as strong as Gibraltar.

Few cities in the country can boast as fine and well equipped and well managed electric street car systems as Fort Wayne. The water works of our city supplies spring water to our citizens at a reasonable cost. The Fort Wayne Gas Company furnishes our citizens with gas for heat and light. The Jenney Electric Light & Power Company furnishes electric lights which make night as bright as day. The fire department, the best in the state, furnishes ample fire protection. The two large hospitals, the St. Joseph and the Hope, furnish a splendid refuge for those in sickness or distress. Two large orphan asylums furnish our homeless children with bright and happy homes. Beside those the state has here a home for feeble minded youth, one of the best managed humane institutions in the land. The public school system of Fort Wayne is conceded to be the best in the state. We have beside the public schools numerous private or parochial schools. The Roman Catholic and the Lutheran schools are of the largest and best managed of any found in the state. In addition we have the Fort Wayne College of Medicine, the International Business College, Concordia College and many others; all afford unusual advantages for the education of the youth.

ALLEN COUNTY COURT HOUSE, FORT WAYNE

Our public buildings are of the best and most up-to-date found anywhere in the land:— the Allen county court house, a structure admired by architects through-

THE POSTOFFICE

out the United States; the city hall, the post office, the manual training school, the library and other buildings are all fine examples of public buildings. Fort Wayne is a city of many churches. It has every religious denomination of the day and each denomination has a beautiful chapel or church. The sanitary conditions of our city are good; with an abundant supply of pure water for domestic purposes, with streets wide, airy, well shaded and well paved, an admirable sewerage system and proper sanitary laws strictly enforced; with model dwellings; with markets filled with the best food supplies, with a climate remarkably invigorating and an industrious, law abiding and temperate population, Fort Wayne is necessarily one of the most healthful cities in America.

Fort Wayne is also well supplied with daily, weekly and monthly publications. No more potent factors exist in advancing the city's interests and reflecting the energy of our commercial and manufacturing enterprises than our press. Fort Wayne is in no wise behind her sister cities for public charities, benevolent institutions, etc. All secret societies are represented here. For amusements the best theatrical companies, lecturers and other public entertainers never miss Fort Wayne. Our Masonic Temple, a beautiful play house well equipped, has its doors constantly open. The development of Fort Wayne suburbs of recent years has produced great activity in the local real estate market.

Many buildings of a substantial character with all the modern improvements have been erected all over the city and suburbs to such an extent that it became necessary for our city council to extend the city limits three miles.

Anyone seeking information relative to a new location for manufacturing or wholesale merchandising should address the secretary of the Fort Wayne Commercial Club. Inquiries will receive prompt attention and full information will be cheerfully given.

FORT WAYNE'S CITY HALL

KALAMAZOO, THE CAPITAL OF THE CELERY BELT

By JOSEPH ADAMS

With Engravings from Photographs by J. M. Reidsema

A STREET SCENE IN THE BUSINESS SECTION OF KALAMAZOO

MIDWAY between Chicago and Detroit, upon the main line of the Michigan Central Railway, nestled at the base of richly cultivated hills, lies Kalamazoo. Who has not laughingly commented upon the peculiar pronunciation of the old Indian word? Who has not, further, with pleasure smacked his lips and commented upon the quality of its famous product, when with delight

PUBLIC LIBRARY AND FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

one's teeth have sunk into a stalk of Kalamazoo's crisp, golden topped celery?

THE COURT HOUSE, KALAMAZOO

For many years Kalamazoo has been called "The Celery City." Celery made it famous. Its fame has not alone been celery fame, but beauty fame, and today its fame is not alone confined to celery and beauty, but as a progressive manufacturing community it has taken an enviable place among the leading cities of the central states. Advancement has been constant, and today Kalamazoo has a population of 30,000 prosperous and well contented citizens.

KALAMAZOO'S POST OFFICE

As an educational center Kalamazoo holds an enviable position. Within its confines are located the Michigan Female Seminary, Nazareth Academy and the Michigan Baptist College. Its public school system, embracing ten ward schools and one city high school, ranks

ONE OF THE BAPTIST COLLEGE BUILDINGS, KALAMAZOO

with the best in the land, every practical method of teaching in the different branches of education being expounded by competent instructors.

Kalamazoo is also a church city, the various religious denominations owning thirty-nine church structures, many of which are handsome and costly. Its public library building, presented to the city by Doctor and Mrs. E. H. Van Deusen, is the pride of a grateful people, and an ornament to the city.

There is perhaps no city in the country, of equal size, that can name among its list of manufacturing industries as great a variety of successful and sound enter-

THE RESIDENCE OF MRS. FRANK HENDERSON, KALAMAZOO

prises as can Kalamazoo. Its fame as a paper manufacturing center is established throughout the land. Within the past few years eight immense paper mills have been erected. So successful has been the paper industry that within the past two years four new mills have been started. Millions of dollars are invested in the finest improved paper making machinery and employment is given to

FINE RESIDENCES IN IN WEST MAIN STREET, KALAMAZOO

hundreds of skilled paper makers. The product is confined principally to the best grades of coated and book papers.

Kalamazoo also ranks high in its output of carriages, engines and boilers, wind mills, saw mill machinery and stoves. It has two corset factories, one of which ranks among the four largest in America. It makes for the world millions of packs of playing cards, and supplies the physicians and druggists of the land tens of millions of pills and granules every year. Kalamazoo claims still more branches of American industry — an immense sugar factory, steel rolling mills, a peppermint oil refinery which is the largest in the world, the largest society regalia and uniform manufacturing institution in the country. Kalamazoo's springs and axles are used on wagons and carriages in every state; its improved gas lamp is the pride of every well lighted store and office in the largest cities; its cigars are smoked with pleasure from coast to coast and Kalamazoo harrows comb the soil for thousands of American farmers who wear Kalamazoo suspenders.

Kalamazoo is most beautifully situated. Its luxuriously shaded streets, nicely kept lawns and stately residences and public buildings give a lasting impression of thrift and prosperity. Located in the very heart of the city is Bronson park, which is a veritable paradise during the spring, summer and fall months. Looking from the park in any direction, one's vision falls upon the beauties of nature and the artistic handiwork of man. Stately residences, massive churches and public buildings, all combined, constitute a huge frame of a picture for perpetual admiration.

Kalamazoo is surrounded by scores of pretty inland lakes and streams which are the homes of the black bass, the

MICHIGAN FEMALE SEMINARY, KALAMAZOO

BRONSON PARK, ONE OF KALAMAZOO'S PRETTY RECREATION GROUNDS

gamy speckled trout and the fighting muskalonge. It is the fisherman's paradise and the summer and fall months convert Kalamazoo into a vast pleasure ground.

Kalamazoo is a healthy community, due to a great extent to its abundance of pure water, clear as crystal and ice cold, which is piped to the farthermost residence portion of the city. Its sewage system is perfect and its streets are paved with brick and asphalt. Extensive public improvements will be realized during the coming two years, there having been set aside the sum of $200,000 for street improvements alone.

As an inducement for manufacturing enterprises Kalamazoo offers shipping facilities over five different railroads. An immense water power is received from the Kalamazoo river, which generates electric power for the factory, motive power for the city street car lines, for the inter-urban electric line and electric light and power for the several surrounding cities and villages.

Kalamazoo proudly boasts of her rapid and firmly intrenched strides into place and power among the leading manufacturing cities of the middle states. Her industries are varied, products the best, her citizens healthy and prosperous and she extends her arms of hospitality to the world and bids all legitimate enterprises and deserving people welcome to take up their residence in her midst.

The Coal Strike as An Object Lesson

By ARTHUR McILROY

ON May 15, 1902, the operators of the Pennsylvania anthracite mines refused to submit to impartial arbitration the wage demands made by the Mine Workers Union of America in behalf of the members of that organization, the men who mine the coal.

What were those demands?

Briefly, they are stated by President John Mitchell of the Mine Workers Union as follows:

"First—That the men who work by contract or by the piece be given a 20 per cent increase in pay.

"Second—An eight-hour work day, without reduction, for all men who work by the day, week or month.

"And, third, that the coal mined be weighed and paid for by weight, wherever practicable, and that an equitable arrangement regarding impurities and refuse be made.

"In this connection I wish to state that the 20 per cent increase applies to one class of miners, and the demand for an eight-hour work day to another.

"At present, where the miners are paid by weight, they receive 74 cents for a ton of from 2,740 to 3,100 pounds, all being penalized for impurities and refuse. The companies sell 2,240 pounds to the ton. The trouble is that some miners have little refuse in the coal, while others have much, but few or none so much as the estimate fixed by the operators.

"The point is this: When a company sells more coal than it pays the miners for mining, we ask that the miners be paid their share of excess."

Mr. Mitchell adds significantly:

Involved in this fight are questions weightier than any question of dollars and cents. The present miner has had his day; he has been oppressed and ground down, but there is another generation coming up — a generation of little children, prematurely doomed to the whirl of the mill and the noise and blackness of the breakers. It is for these little children we are fighting. We have not under estimated the strength of our opponents; we have not over estimated our own power of resistance. Accustomed always to live upon a little, a little less is no unendurable hardship. It was with a quaking of hearts that we asked for our last pay envelopes; but in the grim and bruised hand of the miner was the little white hand of a child, a child like the children of the rich, and in the heart of the miner was the soul rooted determination to starve to the last crust of bread and fight out the long, dreary battle, to win a life for the child and secure for it a place in the world in keeping with advanced civilization.

Nor is Mr. Mitchell's testimony unsupported. Mr. Walter Wellman, one of the ablest journalists in America, who made a thorough study of conditions in the anthracite district at the beginning of the strike, for his paper, the Chicago Record-Herald, said in effect that the miners were fighting for the American standard of living — to escape galling serfdom. And later, Senator Hanna, chairman of the industrial department of the National Civic Federation, devoted to the arbitration of disputes between employes and employers, declared his belief that the strikers were entitled to what they demanded—whereupon, the employers having flatly refused to accept arbitration, or to yield a single point for peace, the senator washed his hands of the whole affair.

Further light on the justice of the demands made by the miners is given by the wage statistics of the districts. Taking 36,000 miners—the skilled workmen —it is found they have received an average of $421 per year. Helpers earned an average of $321 per year, and lumpers $327. The reader can determine for himself whether men can reasonably be expected to live decently, educate their

THE PRESIDENTS OF THE SO-CALLED COAL ROADS AND JOHN MARKLE, ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL INDIVIDUAL OPERATORS IN THE PENNSYLVANIA ANTHRACITE FIELD

children and become such citizens as will add strength to a free nation on the wages these men have been earning. It is notorious that they have not been able to keep their children in schools—for child labor, enforced by the bitter law of necessity, is general throughout the anthracite region.

It was on May 11 that the miners and their associated laborers quit work. On May 15, a delegate convention held at Hazelton voted to continue the strike until the operators should grant their demands. Since that date there has been but little work done in the hard coal region. A few thousand non-union miners, scattered about the region, have kept a tiny dribble of coal coming into the market, but the general effect has been equivalent to complete cessation of mining.

With the history of the strike from day to day, since with empty coal bins the people of the country faced on-coming winter, no one who reads the newspapers is unfamiliar. We have seen some extraordinary developments in the old, old fight between capital and labor. We have seen the country, at first indifferent, or interested only to see fair play between the combatants, take alarm for its own safety—at first slowly, then more fearfully, until public feeling on the coal question has, at this writing, (October 8) developed into something approaching a panic. The press and people are fervently calling on mayors, governors, congress and president to take such immediate steps as will insure the reopening of the mines and the digging of a fuel supply for the winter. It is highly significant of an advance in American civilization that, almost without exception, these demands have opposed the position of the coal mine operators. Nor has this universal sympathy expended itself wholly in words: hundreds of thousands of dollars have been freely, gladly contributed by men and women of all ranks and occupations, to support the striking miners and their families in their idleness. Never in the history of this or any other country has there been seen so general and spontaneous an expression of the true spirit of the brotherhood of man. Never since the abolition of negro slavery have men witnessed a more significant proof that the race does advance in the finest qualities of true civilization. Nor since the foundation of the republic has there been so well nigh unanimous a demand for government seizure and operation of a great industry as that which has been made in press and pulpit, in shop and office and street, and aimed at the holdings of the so-called coal barons of Pennsylvania.

Men who five months ago would have waxed indignant at the bare suggestion that the people, through their agent the government, should own and operate the hard coal mines from which is drawn the sole supply of a universal necessity, are now among the most enthusiastic advocates of this policy.

This is the principal object lesson of the coal miners' strike of 1902.

The people of the United States have been taught that it is no longer safe to leave their fuel supply in the control of men who have shown themselves utterly indifferent to the common demands of humanity; who would not hesitate to freeze tens of thousands of helpless poor, and exact extortionate prices from the many who are well or hardly able to procure coal at any price; who have shown that they have no realization whatever of their true position as trustees of the public in the operation of a great natural monopoly. Whatever this lesson may cost—and its cost will be direful—it will in the long run prove to be worth the price.

For the present, the public's demands will focus in one cry—for fuel at any

JOHN MITCHELL, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED MINE WORKERS OF AMERICA

John Mitchell is one of the ablest and most conservative leaders of organized labor today. He opposed the strike in the Pennsylvania mines, but since the miners voted to strike has directed its progress with masterly skill, and a statesmanlike comprehension of the larger issues involved in this conflict. He was born in Braidwood, an Illinois mining town, and got his education, after reaching the age of ten years, by night study; his days were given to bread winning labor.

price, gotten by any means short of federal cooperation with the operators in crushing the just aspirations of the coal miners. The great majority of opinions that have reached the general public favor government seizure, by process of law, of the coal mines. The famous lawyers in the president's cabinet assure him there is no law by which he can seize the mines for the people. Equally famous and competent lawyers not in the cabinet, and who have never had any alliance with the great financial interests which are the holders of the mines, say with equal conviction that this step can be taken legally. However the legality of the step may finally be decided, there seems no reasonable doubt that the people will prefer rather to create a precedent than to suffer for lack of fuel or be robbed in the buying of the scant supply which they are able to obtain. Should the strike continue for long and the fuel supply dwindle still lower, it is unbelievable that Theodore Roosevelt will allow his hands to be tied by musty precedent in this matter.

But let us suppose that very shortly, even before this number of the National reaches its readers, the strike shall have been settled, and the miners be again at work, there will still remain the necessity for the people to make application of the lessons they have learned.

What form shall this application take? Shall congress enact a compulsory arbitration law, involving the creation of a vast, costly and intricate new system of courts? Or shall the people demand of their representatives that they at once take steps to obtain ownership of the mines, putting an end at once and forever to strikes and their precedent and consequent ills?

In this application of one lesson taught by the coal strike is a great new political issue. I do not share the belief of those who urge that our industrial concerns—our tariffs, etc.,—should be divorced from politics. In the first place, the thing is manifestly impossible; in the second place, the interests of the majority demand, imperatively demand, the constantly closer union of industry and government. Great combinations of capital, grown up under the protection of the laws which they have constantly broken when it suited their own purposes to break them, have challenged the whole people to cope with them. In the persons of the presidents of the coal roads, they have openly and insolently defied the president, and back of him the people, who asked nothing more, indeed far less, than simple justice.

Back of the coal road presidents stands J. Pierpont Morgan. Back of Morgan stands the real power, John D. Rockefeller, with his Standard Oil millions which have overflowed their original boundaries and poured out, a mighty flood, into dozens of the great fields of industry. Mr. Morgan, holding absolute control of the coal roads, could have ended the strike at any minute since it began by the simple expedient of ordering the presidents of those roads to grant what the miners demanded. He was fronted, it is said, by the fact that the presidents of these roads had signed an agreement to resign their positions the minute Morgan should attempt to interfere with their plans for crushing the miners' union. Time will undoubtedly demonstrate that Mr. Morgan would better have served his backers by discharging his presidents outright and granting the miners' demands. Failing to do this, he has, more than any other one man, fostered the growth of the popular sentiment for government ownership of the mines. And if of the mines, then necessarily of the coal roads, which distribute the product of the mines.

My own opinion—colored, possibly, by the thought of the coal I bought yes-

terday at $15 a ton—is that there will shortly be a number of stiff necked coal road presidents looking for new jobs. The wish may be father to the thought. One of them, the unctuous Baer, has fairly won his place in history alongside Simon Legree and General Weyler. If Mr. Morgan's financial undertakings are so wholly independent of public favor that he can afford to carry the dead weight of hatred and contempt which this person has excited, he is truly the most fortunate of promoters. And if Mr. Morgan is so firmly intrenched against the menace which the desire for federal ownership of the mines casts upon those properties which he controls, that he can afford to flaunt Baer and his ilk in the public's face, then it is high time the public learned the inner workings of these intrenchments.

The people of the United States are freer, richer, more intelligent than in any past day. They are going that way, and they will not be long impeded by individual greed. The man, or the organization of men, that attempts to defy the people of this country, will shortly learn how poor is the dependence to be placed in legal precedents—or the lack of them. The Rockefellers and the Morgans, and their hired slave drivers the Baers, et al., could lengthen their day of prosperity by curbing their greed and cultivating the spirit of humanity. They have shortened their day by the course they have taken in this battle with 150,000 free citizens struggling with Spartan courage for the right to live and rear their families as free men should. And this is another of the object lessons taught by the coal strike.

The old rule, that "there is no great loss without some small gain," holds good in respect to the coal strike. One of the beneficent results, ultimately, will be the larger emancipation of the people from their dependence on hard coal for heating. As if it were made to order, the occasion affords opportunity to the owners of the vast fuel oil wells of the southwest to get their product on the market. In thousands of homes both stoves and furnaces will be equipped with oil burners, and oil will hereafter take the place of anthracite. Other thousands will renew old acquaintance with wood fires—most cheerful of sights on a frosty winter evening. Many, very many, who have gotten into a bad habit of toasting themselves during all the hours passed indoors, will find it is not so bad a thing to lower the temperature of their houses, or to sleep in cold bed chambers. Aside from the pitiful poor of the cities, who will suffer actual misery and among whom many deaths will result directly from the lack of sufficient heating, it is likely that the general results will be beneficial. But benefits conferred by violence are seldom welcomed in this world; and who that has a heart in him can consider unmoved the ghastly suffering of the poor that must inevitably accompany the existing situation? This thought chiefly stiffens the general resolve to put it out of the power of any man or set of men ever to renew this situation.

OPPORTUNITIES

If opportunities, like diamonds rare,
Were found but seldom, and with patient care,
What voyages to find them would men make,
With time and life and honor all at stake!

George Bancroft Griffith

SOMETIMES I wonder if there isn't a wee bit of virtue in having many tasks ahead to finish. Perhaps the thought is father to the wish in this instance, as I look upon stray heaps of unfinished manuscripts on my desk. When I try to measure or chance to meet the man or woman who always does things so completely and thoroughly that neither ever has any unfinished business on hand, there is likely to be a lack of real human interest in their undertakings. They are more like automatons than like human beings.

Spirit, sentiment and feeling are after all powerful factors, and it is interesting to study human moods, varying as shifting sunlight, revealed in manuscript. It requires no especially acute observer to read the thoughts that flash between the lines, in a way indefinable, and yet as positively discernable as the words and letters that make up the written page. Well, it is an array of these little bits of uncompleted work that sets me to philosophising; but the printer insists upon copy of some sort.

There are so many things I wish to do in the span of life that may be allotted me, that I will have to live to be 154 years old to get through; but I find it makes things go easier and even swifter to keep a variety of work in hand, and when I grow drowsy on one thing, I take up another sort and keep moving. Activity — the activity that goes after results — counts. Even the vacation days are made more restful by occupation. The cool, steel blade brutalities incident to business operations are only a means to an end. Trace the ambition of the average American to its source and you will find it often is a home—perhaps even a summer home—near the old farm; a simple bit of sentiment that clusters about old scenes. I care not what the cynics and pessimists may say, if the ambition and heroic impulse of our people are centered on home building there is no need of fear for the future. Lofty idealism may seem quixotic, but if the national home ideal remains pure and unsullied, if our hearts beat in harmony with the simple pulse of Nature and the home ideal, the destiny of the greatest nation known in history will be fulfilled.

There are millionaires who back race horses; those who yearn after yachts; others have well defined hobbies for collecting pictures, rugs or dogs, mayhap old coins and old books, but I cannot

resist paying a tribute to the hobby of a man who has forbidden me to use his name. A score of young men launched in life through his kindly interest—and that was not all. He followed the launching with the glass to his eye. Out of twenty, ten succeeded; that is, stood the stress of hard times and prosperity and clung tenaciously to the old fashioned ideal of integrity and did just exactly what they said they would do. One makes ten thousand, another makes one thousand per year, and nearly all are counted equally successful in the larger purposes of life.

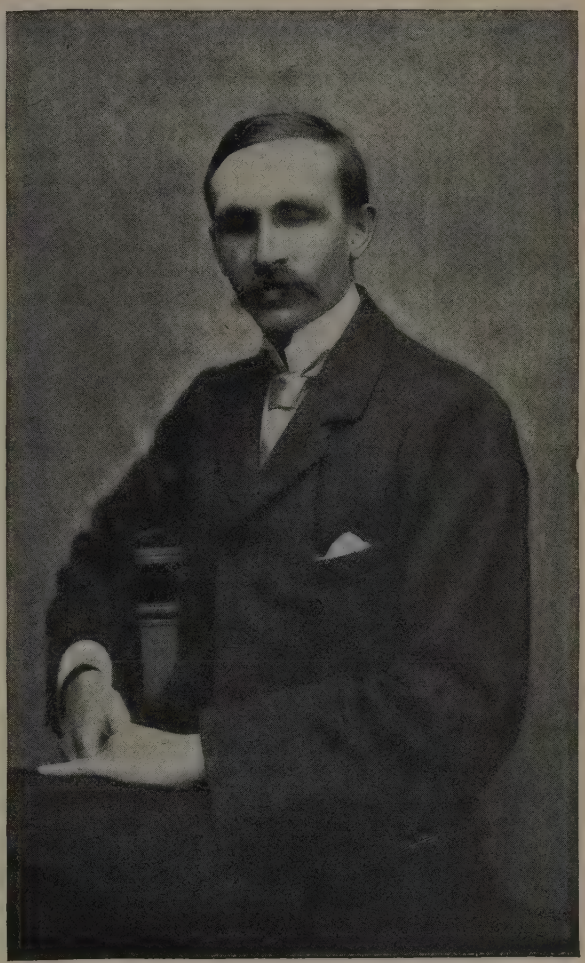
It is truly gratifying to know that we have men who, having fought their fight and gained their millions, still believe in young men. There would be more of them, but the stinging remembrance of ingratitude leaves a scar and often transfers affections belonging to human beings to the grateful dog with a wagging tail. To the patriarch who insists in putting his faith in the boys of today, as the hope of the future, and gives away his money and time and advice to assist in launching careers instead of yachts; who has permitted human interest to extend beyond his own family circle—a true philanthropist—his memory will not fade or his good influences cease to operate.

There are numerous letters that come to my desk from young men and women asking for concrete advice as to how to "get on" in the world, how to "make a good living" and "win success in life." It is the old, old story, and I am trying it on myself. It seems to me that the proposition is simply to do your level best in whatever work you have undertaken, and for which you feel fitness and enthusiasm.

Do not smile—I prescribed canvassing for the National Magazine for six college graduates. Four of them went at it with vim and vigor, and three have succeeded in earning larger incomes than

PROFESSOR H. J. CRUMPLINE

Boston music lovers are soon to have the pleasure of attending the first recital of this remarkable man. He comes with introductions and testimonials from the foremost musicians of Great Britain and the continent.



the salaries of their college professors. But that is not all. Their experience of six weeks in meeting men and, notwithstanding rebuffs, in mastering difficult situations, cultivating the art of moving men, has been to them—they say—of more practical value for "getting on" in the world than a college course. Remember this is their verdict, not mine. "And why?" I asked innocently. "It has taught us how to make friends, and how to look the world and men square in the face, asking for just consideration. We are cultivating that vital part of life's curriculum—meeting men fearlessly with our head up; tactfully and with a smile and the genial sense of humor the world loves."

This is a composite paragraph. The sentences were selected from three different letters. The young men have been engaged in plain, simple, old fashioned canvassing, with a frank, hearty story to tell why the National Magazine is worth $1.00 a year, in connection with a series of articles on "Progressive American Cities." And the National's circulation has grown like a sunflower during the dull summer months.

It was certainly interesting to hear them relate their experiences—because I have been through it. The cold, frigid stare at first; the mental duel before confidence was established; then the story of "No time to read," "More than I can read," etc., etc.; but the way those three young canvassing lawyers briefly pleaded their cases for subscriptions to the National Magazine (and they usually succeeded) proved their fitness for a practical professional career. The world takes pretty good care of those who take care of themselves; and, after all, Human Nature, pure and simple, is the great text book. If there is any one thing the National is interested in, it is helping young people to get a start; but the result must depend upon the force and capacity of the individual in the last analysis, despite the best laid plans.

Pride—common, ordinary, coquettish pride—often stands in the way. Every thing of value costs something; and when will the average young man remember that simple grit, industry and temperance, with a will power as carefully cultivated as intellect or biceps, are certain to make a dent somewhere. And the world is full of men willing to assist young people with the right kind of stuff in them; and those young people who retain that rare virtue in these days—just old fashioned gratitude to people who do try to help them on—are wise. The one word gratitude comprehends the highest virtues, as ingratitude includes all that is despicable and contemptible. Just measure yourself up occasionally and see where you stand.

On the links at North Berwick—(pronounced Berick, the *w* silent) I had my first stroke at a real live golf ball. Attired in a top hat and frock coat, I started toward the links. My friend gave me a timely warning, and I donned a golf cap and exchanged coats at the little cabin where golf sticks are repaired. On the outskirts of this picturesque sporting ground and rest retreat, is the summer home of Ambassador Choate, commanding a fine view of the sea. As a toastmaster, Mr. Choate has an international reputation, and as a tea maker he is also entitled to high honors. He "drew" the tea, and we talked "Affairs at Washington," and American affairs generally. The ambassador had a hearty laugh over my adventures on coronation day, but said at the close of the story, "Done just right." Mr. Choate's kindly brown eyes at his hearth-side would scarcely be recognized in the flashing glance that illumines his countenance in debate or public speech. He has a great, broad, gentle simplicity that suggests McKinley, is without the least affectation, thought-

LAWRENCE Public Library, Lawrence, Mass.

ful and deep in his pursuit of his favorite studies. America has reason to be proud of her ambassador at the court of St. James. He is especially popular throughout Scotland, and is better known among the people of Great Britain than any of his predecessors since Lowell. The addresses made by Mr. Choate in Edinburgh are events of great public interest. "Aye, he has always a bit to say—and he says it," was the characteristic comment of a Scotchman.

Every one in Berwick, from highest to lowest, from youth to age, plays golf. In fact, they use golf clubs for walking sticks, and the driven snows of winter but add zest to their pursuit of the game. The great links, which date far back into the misty days of Scottish history, are common property. There are twenty holes and each has a unique and characteristic name painted on the little red iron flag which marks its location. The first hole drives across a sand cove, and over the fine-grained springy Scotch turf that has no equal anywhere. The course is about seven miles long. It was a rare sight to see Mr. Balfour, premier of Great Britain, bare-headed and grim, start from the same tee and over the same course with Sandy McDune, the butcher's lad. Love and sport are true levelers — and if pursued in the right spirit, both level upward. The women's championship on these links was won by Miss Griscom of Philadephia, daughter of Clement Griscom, president of the American steamship line.

It was in this quaint town that I met Professor H. J. Crumpline, the blind musician so highly recommended by Sir Joseph Barnaby and Sir Alexander McKenzie of London. He has since come to Boston and established himself as a musical instructor, as he had long ago made up his mind to become an American. Professor Crumpline has few peers in his profession, and the farewell greeting given him on his departure for America was one of the happy events at North Berwick. Professor Crumpline was born in London in 1875. His family removed to Edinburgh when he was six years old. An accident deprived him of his eyesight in his seventh year. He fairly "lisped in numbers," and at the age of eight had composed his first piano piece. Studying several years under the best masters of the city, he gave his first public recital in his fifteenth year, at Ayr town hall, before an audience of 2,000. Three years later he was appointed organist and choir master of one of the leading provincial churches of Scotland, a post he held until his departure for Boston, September 10, 1902.

COMET OF 1882

BRIDE of the morning star, hath not my soul
Enough of envy in these nightly hosts?
Coms't thou to wake our spirits from their sleep
Of dumb, dull discontent? Bright apparition, fade
O fade not from my clinging eyes! Take me—
Take that of me thou wilt—from off this orb
Where Sin and Death are prisoned; let me join
Thy splendid train, and aid, in dawning skies,
Those happier stars that bear thy shining veil.

John McGovern

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THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH'S

A SEA TURN AND OTHER MATTERS

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OUR LADY OF THE BEECHES

By BARONESS VON HUTTEN.

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Sentiments for the Christmas Season

GREETINGS FOR "NATIONAL" READERS FROM PATRIOT, POET, SCHOLAR AND LABOR LEADER

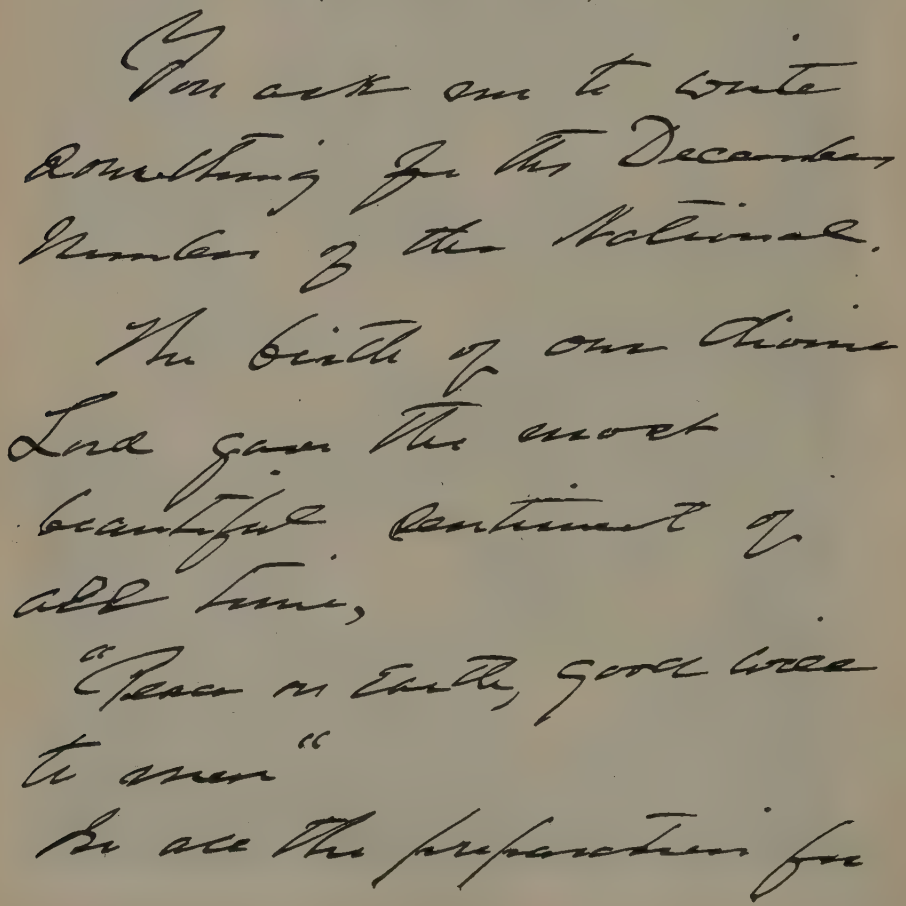
By Admiral George Dewey, U. S. N.

You ask me to write something for the December number of the National. The birth of our divine Lord gave the most beautiful sentiment of all time,

"Peace on earth, good will to men."

In all the preparation for war, in building a great navy and putting it, and the army, in readiness for war, there is underlying the abiding thought of peace and the sure guarantee of it. Make ready for war to ensure peace.

(Facsimile of the Admiral's Letter)



War, in building a great Navy and putting it, and the Army, in readiness for war, than is anything else the ability thereby to preserve and the best guarantee of it.

Would only we were to enjoy peace.

Very sincerely
Geo. Dewey.

30 Nov. 1902.

By ERNEST McGAFFEY

Under a star-strown winter sky
The snow-drifts cower, white and drear,
But deep beneath them dreaming lie
The blossoms of a coming year.

Ernest McGaffey

By JOHN BATES CLARK

Will the Christmas festivals of the future signify fraternal feeling in the realm of industry? Yes, if the wages of labor can be adjusted by an appeal to reason and not by a contest of brute force.

John Bates Clark

By JOHN MITCHELL

From the throes of industrial war has come a new and true principle for the maintenane of proper relations between capital and labor which presage peace on earth and good will to men. To all the world I wish a Merry Christmas!

Yours truly,

John Mitchell
President U.M.W.of A.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XVII. DECEMBER, 1902. No. 3

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

HISTORY has been made at Washington the past month by Theodore Roosevelt. With a courage that typifies the best ideals of Americanism—with no precedent to follow, except his own intuitive and well balanced judgment, he threw himself into the breach in the great coal strike, and brought matters to an issue. He has made history, in fact. He has placed Unionism on a sound basis, in the co-operation of labor and capital, through just arbitration. This is Unionism in its largest sense—more than labor unionism or corporation combination.

Somehow the situation in Washington during the high tension pending the strike settlement suggested the trying days of Lincoln and McKinley. It was a supreme test of patience and firm endurance. Seated in an invalid's rolling chair, with physical pain biting at every

NEW YORK ZOUAVES IN THE GRAND ARMY REVIEW OF 1902, AT WASHINGTON, IN THE UNIFORMS THEY WORE DURING THE CIVIL WAR

Photograph by Woodward & Harris

muscle, with the worriment of suspense and feeling weighing upon him, Theodore Roosevelt proved his real greatness and marked an epoch in American history. I caught only a glimpse of his face during those trying days of long distance telephones and mysterious messengers coming and going from the temporary white house, but it was radiant with patriotic purpose. To me it wore a glory far greater than the halo of a victorious battlefield, for here reason, patience and judgment had won a victory which no force of arms could accomplish. Some may call it a great victory for his party, coming as it did; but for me it was something far beyond that—it revealed, in an emergency, that the people's rights—the nation's corner stone—are preeminent amid all conflicting considerations.

—

Last month, as you may remember, I told you in these pages how I saw the coronation of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, and how at the evening's close I stood before the statue of Queen Victoria, with bared head, feeling that after all she was the central figure, whose gracious spirit beautified and sanctified it all. Awakening next morning, my first thought was, How can I ever tell it all to the readers of the National magazine in the allotted space? The difficulty is not to transmit a catalog of the things seen, but how to tell you of those subtle impressions of a great scene in English history. The flood light of centuries touched this event, linking the great movement of the past with the dawn of greater epochs to come.

—

After becoming accustomed to the four o'clock afternoon teas and ten o'clock (or later) biscuit and cheese, I began to feel like seeing more people for the National. Lord Roseberry, at Eastbourne, talked with me in his most delightful way concerning America and her future. He always has a happy way of saying things and a somewhat bored, indifferent way of doing things, otherwise he would be, without doubt, the greatest living Englishman. He has little of the ruggedness but all of the polish of greatness.

THE FAKIR—AN ENCAMPMENT SNAPSHOT
Photograph by Woodward & Harris

Then there was a delightful lunch at Mr. White's with Earl Grey, one of the intimate friends of the late Cecil Rhodes. Earl Grey is one of the trustees of the Rhodes will, and is greatly interested in the plan to provide American boys with Oxford scholarships. He is a pleasant man with a black moustache and benignantly bald. Formerly governor of Rhodesia, he has a wonderful grasp of South African affairs. He visited America

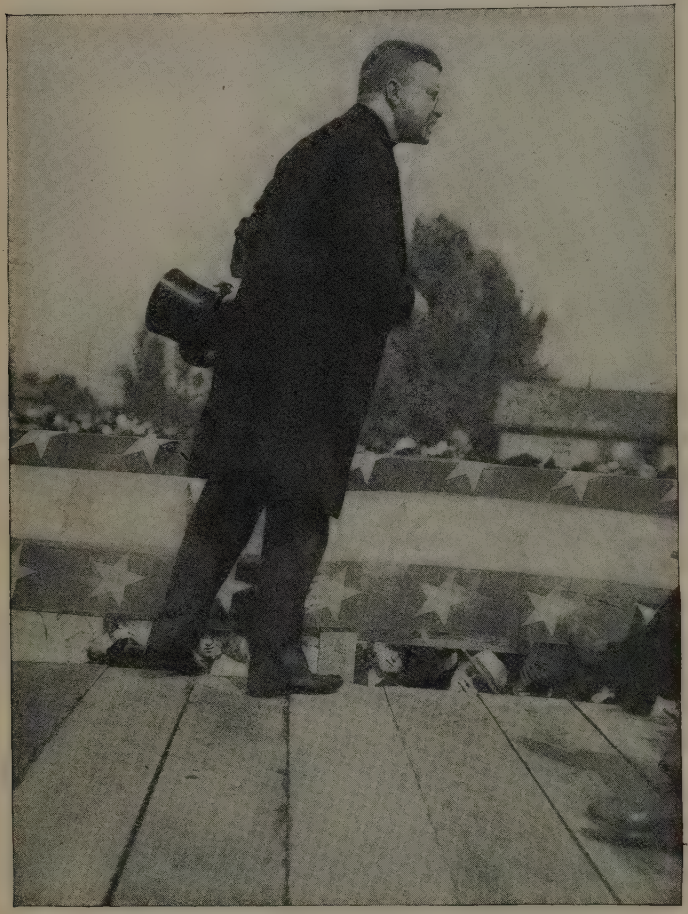
WINNERS OF THE AUTOMOBILE PRIZE IN THE GRAND ARMY PARADE AT WASHINGTON Photograph by Clinedinst

not long ago and is closely related to Lord Minto, governor general of Canada. It was my first lunch with the nobility, and I learned how to say "my Lord" without stuttering. It's "my Lord," you know, to an earl. There is a keen and pleasing way about Earl Grey that soon puts one at ease, and he was especially interrested in American educational methods. We discussed the influence of women teachers and manual training schools in America, which he thought had given American youth their keen initiative and chivalrous regard for womanhood. Earl Grey can enjoy a good American joke and recalled with pleasure meeting many of our prominent public men. There appeared to me to be a decided distinction between the Englishmen who had been in the United States or Canada and those who had not. The former seemed to be more alert, keener, and you never had to say anything twice to them. Earl Grey is one who has been here, and he sent a hearty greeting to National readers as he shook my hand and had a hearty laugh over the glory of Superintendent Baird, chief of Division A.

The Colonials are the rugged, pioneer backbone of the English nation, and they get pretty nearly what they ask for at the Colonial office. The turbaned troops from India were a picturesque feature of the procession, and during their two months' visit in England the handsome soldiers won many friends. They keep their beards in a net and are the pink of neatness. Many are well educated, and I was impressed with what England has done for India—from what they related. The disintegration of a race was averted, and the unification of the various principalities in India came none too soon to

"I DO NOT BELIEVE THAT A PARTICLE OF HARM WILL COME TO ANY AMERICAN INTEREST FROM THE ADOPTION OF A REASONABLE MEASURE OF RECIPROCITY WITH CUBA"

Photograph Copyrighted, 1902, by Robert Lee Dunn



The last day of parliament, on the afternoon preceding coronation day, had something suggestive of our closing days of congress. All was hurry and bustle; bills were galloped through. A seven minute discussion sufficed on an appropriation of $65,000,000 — but it took hours and hours to settle how Dillon had called Chamberlain a d——d liar, and another three hours to settle an Irish constabulary appointment. The routine is very different — night sessions are in favor, and from what I saw in the house of commons and in the house of lords, our own congress does not suffer by comparison of law makers. The business like air of dispatching proceedings at Washington is certainly more inspiring—with a few Marquis of Queensbury functions now and then for variety.

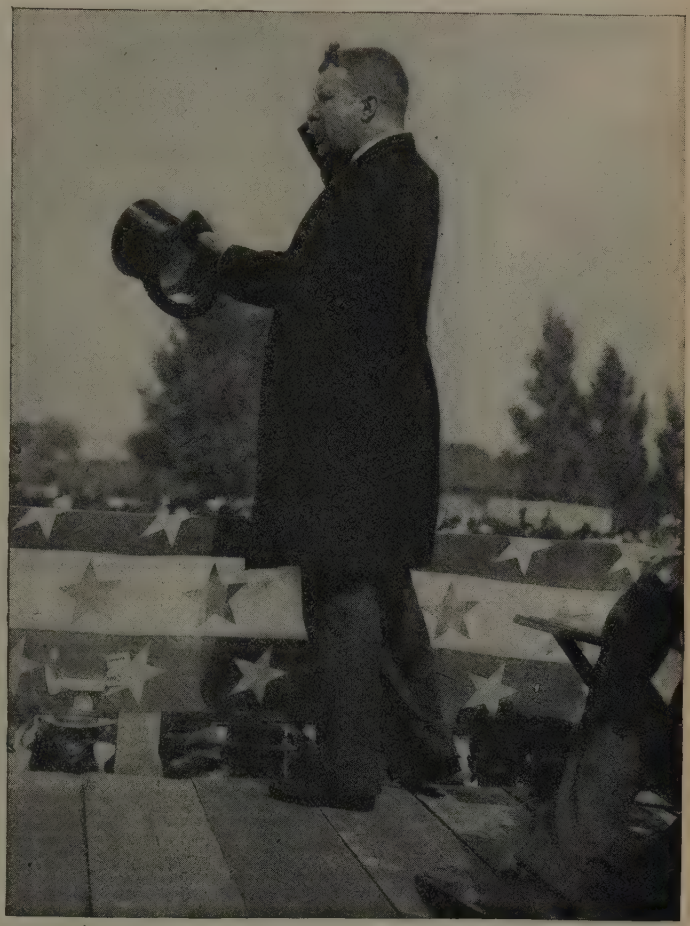
—

It was an interesting chat I had with Consul General Evans at his offices in St. Helen's Court, London. He is the same Commodore Evans and his soft nasal twang does not disguise his Americanism. He is busy getting some new pictures of our presidents for the office. The St. Louis World's Fair proclamation in lurid colors was here present and conspicuous, as at all other consulates. His daily routine often includes a touch of romance. A party of American young ladies desired to travel through Bulgaria; the authorities of that country would not allow them to travel there without a male attendant. In despair at the moment of departure, they appealed to Consul General Evans for an American, eighteen years of age, to go with them on a salary, expenses paid. With a sigh, the consul had to declare himself over eighteen, but in a few hours the consulate was filled with young Americans "just eighteen," ready for the Bulgarian mission. Of the

sixteen who first called one was chosen. The letters received from Americans and alleged Americans asking the consul general to help them out of financial troubles fill a mail pouch every day. One wants $2 to get his bicycle out; another has a harassing board bill; others want a marriage license; and some are still writing to him from America for pensions.

"A GOOD DEED DONE BY ANY AMERICAN IS SET DOWN TO THE CREDIT OF ALL AMERICANS"

Photograph Copyrighted, 1902, by Robert Lee Dunn



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The walk up through Throgmorton street, where most of London's financial trading is done, does not much suggest Wall street. There is a succession of dark, forbidding alleys, and in Shorter's court, a very rough looking place, most of the trading in American stocks is carried on. There is wild excitement here at times and it is no uncommon thing to be physically as well as financially squeezed in the small quarters. The rules on the Stock Exchange about allowing anyone inside except a member are very rigid, and the word "1400"—the limit of the membership—is passed when a stranger intrudes; and if he escapes with a stitch of clothing on him he is fortunate. They are merciless in shearing. The most talked of American in England this year was J. Pierpont Morgan. He is a dreaded personage. The Stock Exchange men sarcastically wore labels on their hats at a recent session, "We're on earth by permission of J. Pierpont Morgan," or something to that effect. They don't like the shipping merger. It is galling to national pride—and there's a good deal of that sort of thing left in England. The great financier's son, young Jack Morgan, carries on business in a modest office and is very popular.

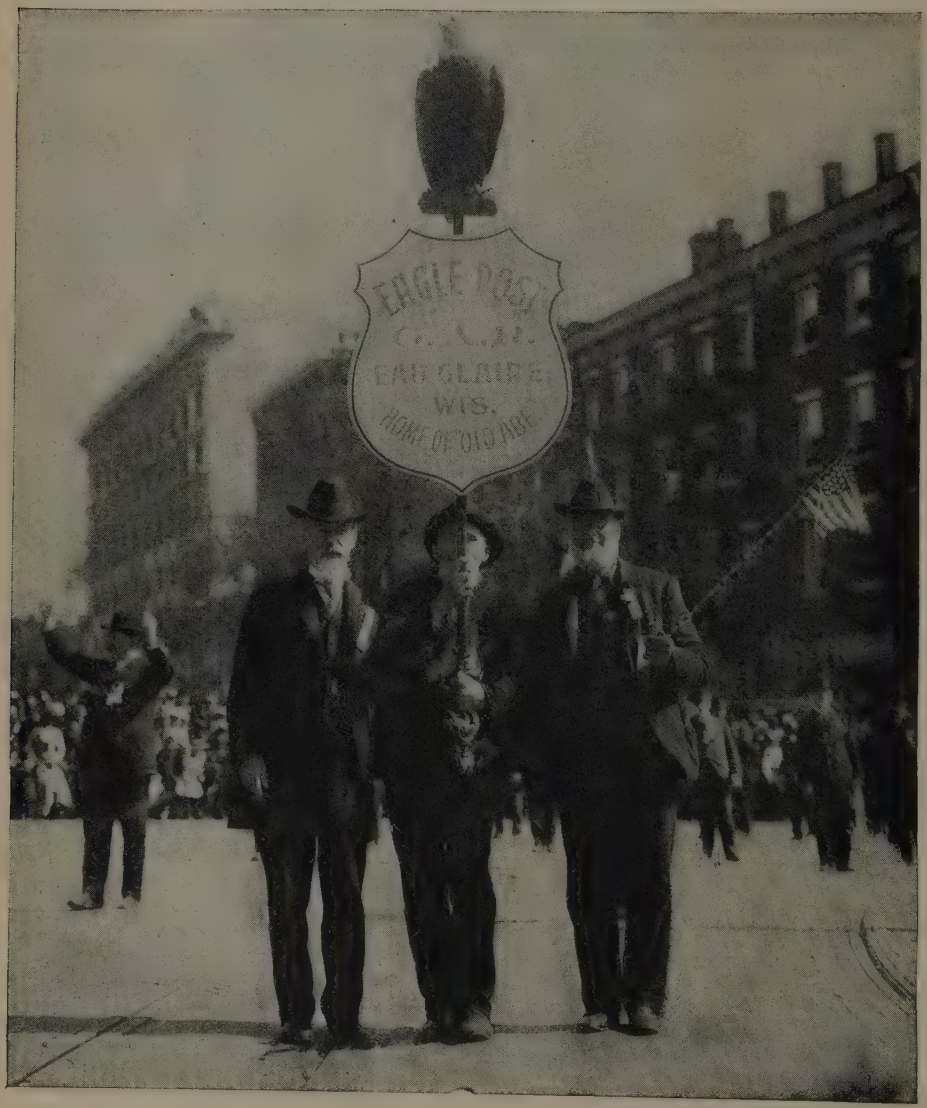
—

How can I describe the music of the coronation in Westminster Abbey—the

hearty cheers that broke forth like joyous chants; the soft cadences and rushing tempo of organ and orchestration? Sir Frederick Bridges, baton in hand, seemed to bring it forth, as if by magic, from the darkened shadows of the choir. Perhaps it was the contrast, but the hymn "Guard, Oh God, Our People," sung without accompaniment to the tune of an old Gregorian chant, seemed in harmony with the traditions and the religious phase of the ceremony. The music was something that the 6,500 people in the Abbey could all enjoy, although only a few hundred could actually witness the ceremony.

A WESTERN GROUP IN THE GRAND ARMY PARADE

Photograph by Robert Lee Dunn



THE McKINLEY MEMORIAL COMMISION HOLDING AN INFORMAL SESSION ON THE SITE OF THE PROSPECTIVE MONUMENT TO THE LATE PRESIDENT, AT CANTON, OHIO

Photograph by Fred W. Meyer, Canton

Cornelius M. Bliss
Judge Lynch Myron Herrick
Henry C. Payne
Alex. Revell
Senator Hanna
John F. Milburn
Judge Day
Senator Fairbanks
Secretary Hartzell, with plans.
George B. Cortelyou

How little one could compass the feelings of the ages, if the dead within the walls of the old Abbey could have spoken—Gladstone, Livingstone, Dickens, Browning, Tennyson, Darwin: the long roll of distinguished dead who are entombed in Westminster makes it a shrine. Here was the scone, encased in Plantagenet oak; its peaked back, and capacious seat bespeaks giants in those early days. The stone, tradition says, is the one on which Jacob slept at Bethel, and that it was brought to Egypt and from there to Sicily, to Spain, and then to Scotland. The stone is associated with the first event in the Abbey recorded after the burial of Edward the Confessor, and that was the coronation of William the Conqueror.

—

It is always interesting to meet people in Washington who knew intimately the great men of a quarter and half century ago. On my return home from Washington, I found, on the back of an old worn envelope, vagrant notes which recall an interesting story told concerning James G. Blaine. After the Civil war his old friend and partner had returned to Washington from four years of vigorous service. The old friends talked over early days down in Maine — when they were making a start in life in the newspaper business. When the soldier was about to leave the Plumed Knight said to him:

"Are you quite sure you have attended to everything, Ned?"

"Quite sure. I'm off to the old home."

"Ned, you're surely not in your right mind."

"Why so?"

"Well, you're the first acquaintance I've met since the war that has not been after some appointment—some of them I scarcely know, and here you are, an old friend, not asking for anything. Ned, you're surely not a Maine man.

Now let me give my dear old friend something. Ned, what shall it be? The commissary department—"

"Your hand and your affection is enough, Jim."

The two old newspaper chums shook hands with tears glistening in their eyes, and Blaine concluded in his concise way:

"What is this power we seek in political life, when it cannot be bestowed on those we love and in whom we have confidence, without it being considered a crime."

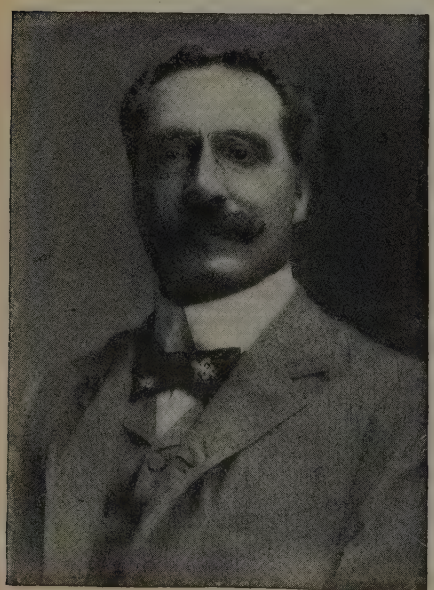
—

It was impressive to see the old naval veterans crowd about the presidential reviewing stand on Naval day at the Grand Army encampment and greet Admiral Dewey. It was a greeting that came deep from the hearts of the old comrades and touched the tender hearted Admiral. There was a glistening of tears all around when one shouted:

"We can't all meet face to face again,

SENOR DON EMILIO DE OJEDA, MINISTER OF SPAIN TO THE UNITED STATES Photograph by Clinedinst

Don Emilio has made it his first business among us to correct current false reports derogatory to the character of the young king of Spain.



GENERAL THOMAS J. STEWART OF PENNSYLVANIA, ELECTED COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC AT THE ENCAMPMENT OF 1902

Admiral, but we know how you faced 'em at Mobile!"

The Admiral, when asked about his feelings at Manila as he entered the harbor, after having positive information that it was mined with torpedoes, said:

"I remembered when with Farragut at Mobile he said: 'Damn the torpedoes—go ahead!' and that kept ringing in my ears."

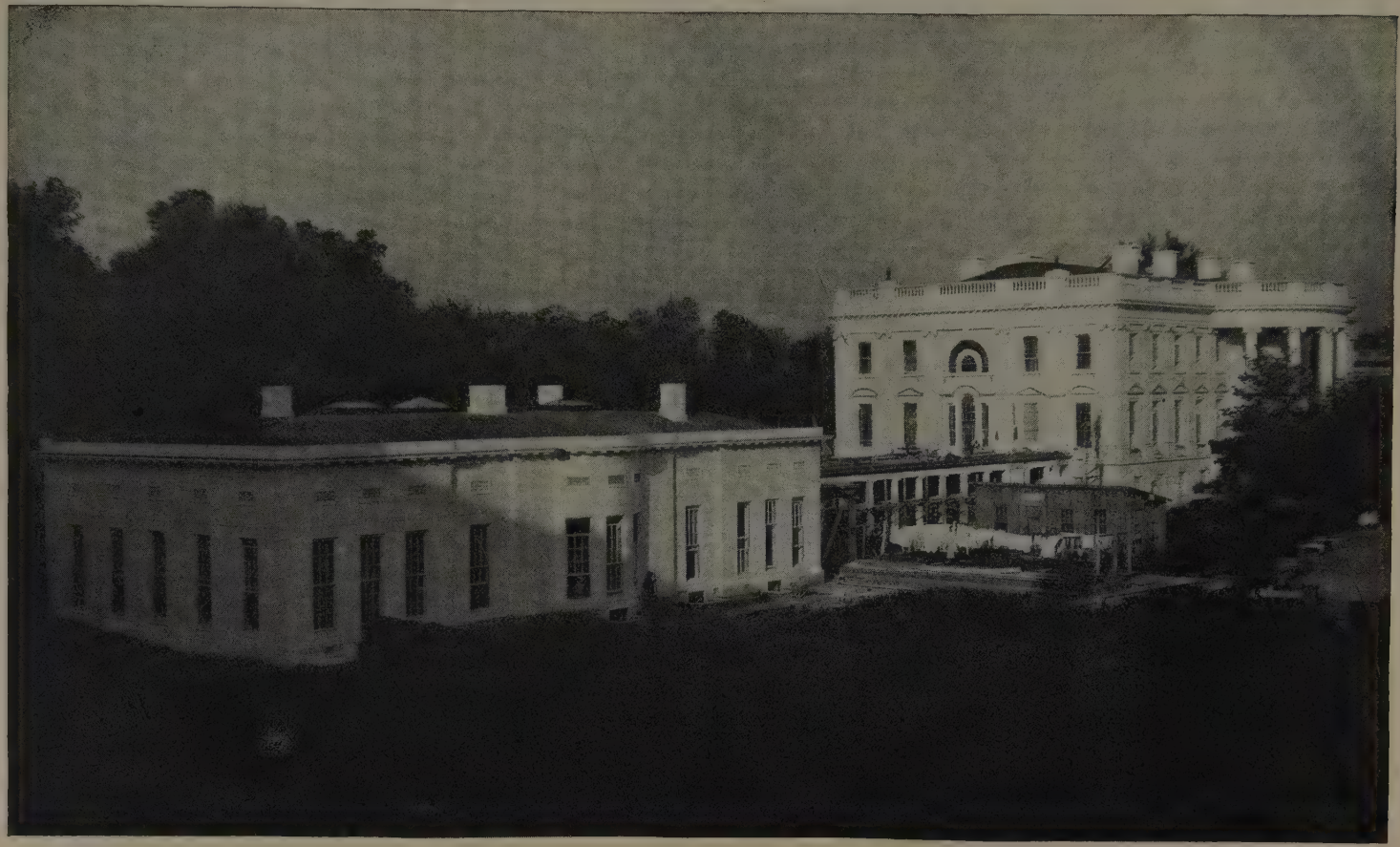
The gentle modesty of Admiral Dewey is always winsome. While he seeks to be free from the glare of publicity, there are few men living today who are so close to the hearts of the people, and he will always be the popular hero of the Spanish war. His great brown eyes sparkled as he greeted the soldiers and sailors, old and young, and he looked every inch the hero whose portrait adorns the walls of so many American homes.

—

Attired in a white duck suit, the picture of good nature and business, I found

THE NEW EXECUTIVE OFFICE OF THE NATION, AN ADDITION TO THE WHITE HOUSE NOW NEARING COMPLETION

Photograph by the Illustrated Press Association

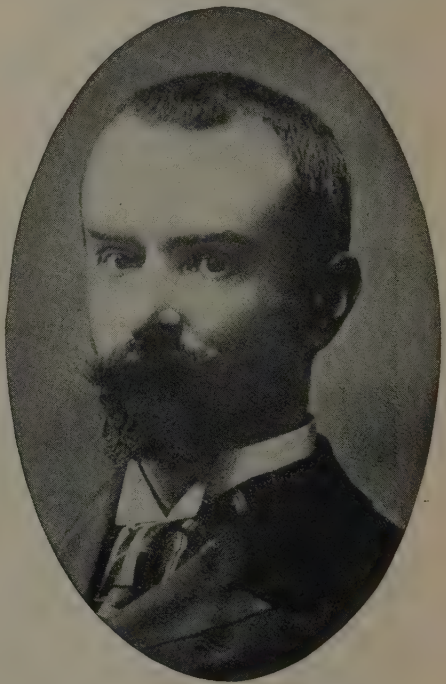


MME. JUSSERAND, THE WIFE OF THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR

Mme. Jusserand is the daughter of the late George T. Richards, one of the founders of the Boston banking house of Munroe & Co. A beautiful and an intellectual woman, she shares her husband's scholarly pursuits.

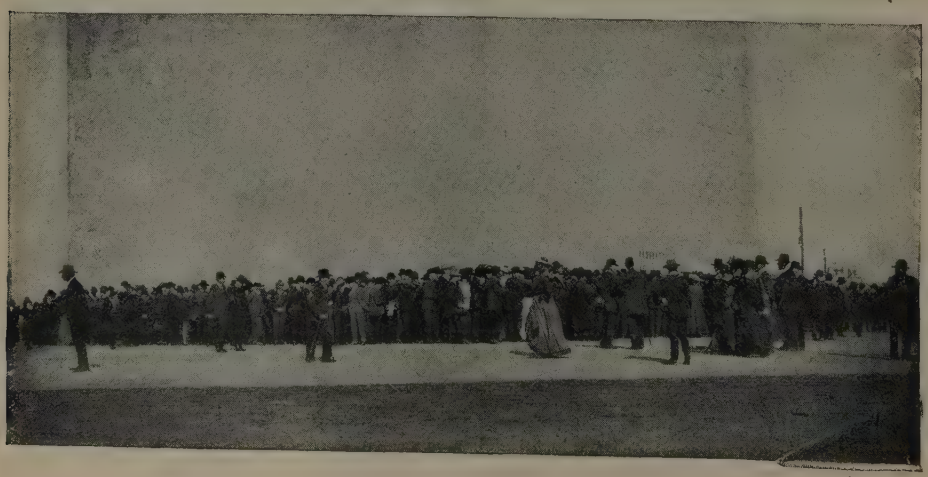
M. JUSSERAND, THE NEWLY APPOINTED AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES FROM FRANCE

M. Jusserand is a scholar and author as well as diplomat. He has been connected with the diplomatic service of his country more than a quarter of a century, much of the time in London. and he has many friends in America.



Secretary George Iddings at the American embassy at Rome. He was getting off the last of the fortnightly mail, and breathed a long sigh as he saw the last

ALL THE VISITORS TO THE GRAND ARMY ENCAMPMENT WISHED TO SEE THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT



A GROUP OF THE SEASON'S DEBUTANTES IN WASHINGTON SOCIETY

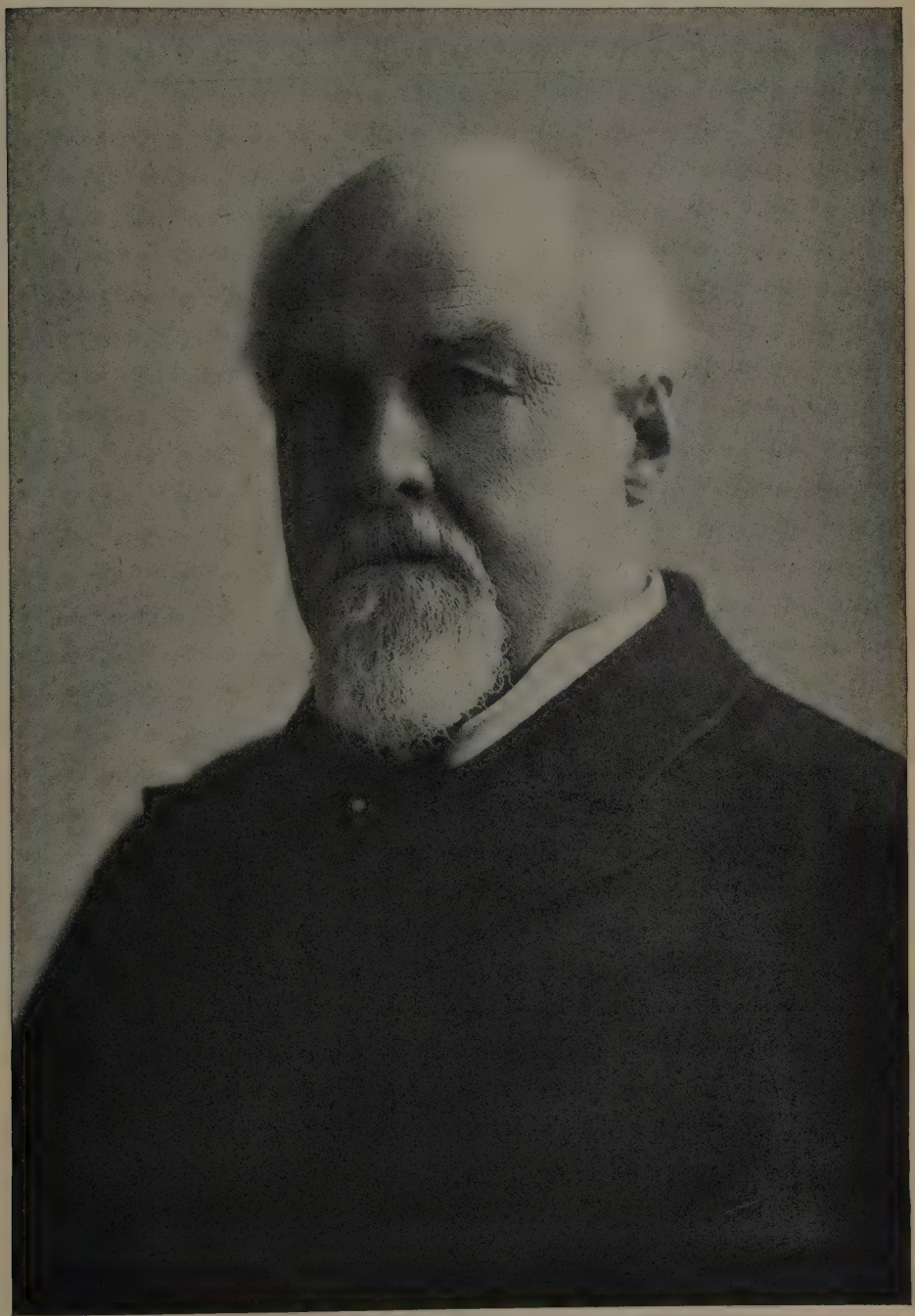
THE LATE ELIZABETH CADY STANTON

Born November 12, 1815, died October 26, 1902 Mrs. Stanton was for nearly thirty years president of the National Woman's Suffrage Association. The first woman's suffrage resolution was adopted at a meeting in her home in 1848. Since 1890 she had resided with her children in New York. Three thousand delegates from women's societies celebrated her eightieth birthday in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, in 1895. She was the author of "The History of Woman's Suffrage," (in collaboration with other famous suffragists), "Eighty Years and More," and co-editor of the "Woman's Bible."

official letter go into the portfolio. There is an stirring air of well regulated energy about the American embassies almost everywhere that is refreshing. In each I found portraits of McKinley and Roosevelt. These presidents are even better known among the mass of Italians than Washington, owing

UNITED STATES SENATOR SAMUEL DOUGLAS McENERY OF LOUISIANA

A Louisianian born. Educated in his home state and at the University of Virginia. A Confederate lieutenant under Magruder. By professon a lawyer. Twice governor of his state, once chief justice of its supreme court, and succeeded N. C. Blanchard in the senate. His term will expire March 3, 1903.

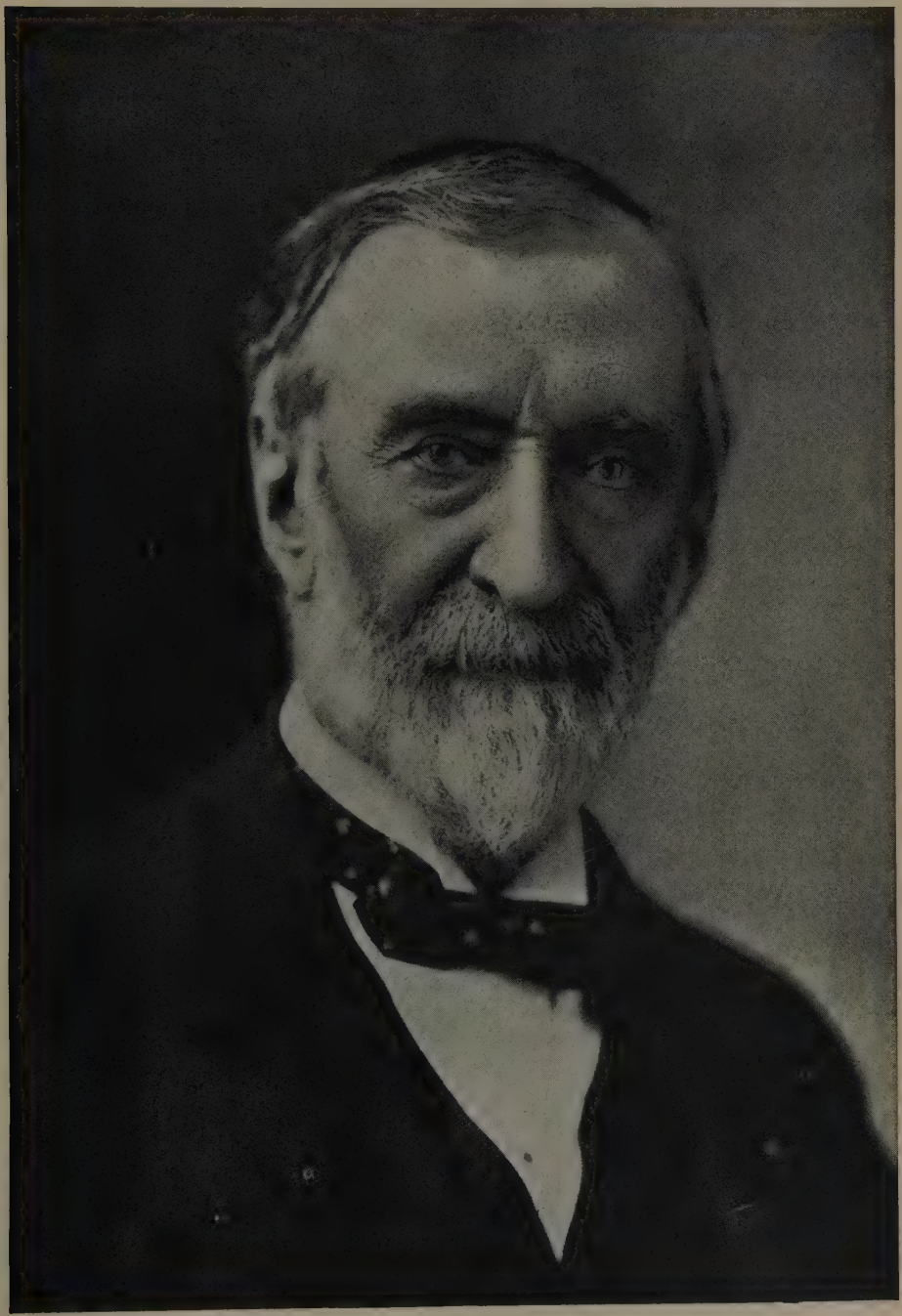


no doubt, to the thousands of Italian emigrants coming to America, who write back concerning the "fair land of the dollar." Whole villages in northern Italy, Greece and Sardinia are being depopulated. They are coming to America in communities. The average wage of Italian workmen is sixty to seventy cents a day and some live on forty cents. They are being taxed heavily even on this, and the owners of the landed estates are making strenuous efforts to stem the tide of emigration. I went to Italy very much prejudiced against Italians coming to America, but after seeing them in their homes, building bridges and roads, and farming small areas, a docile race almost run out, with little or no initiative but with considerable potential energy awaiting direction and the inspiration of better rewards, I realized that they can be of great value in the building up of American industries. Over 169,000 of them came to America last year, and the number will likely be even greater this year. The inspection is very rigid for ailments likely to be hereditarily contagious. An officer of the American health and hospital service examine each one. They spend two days on the dock being inspected — eager to come to America. The mountains of baggage piled on the wharf at Naples told the story. There were the canvas bags, sacks, barrels, and boxes of every conceivable shape, which the sturdy young mother carried on her head, with a brood of children, each carrying something, clinging to her skirts as she walked up the gang plank. She was going to her husband. There were thirty-four rejected out of about 800, and it was pathetic to see them standing by the baggage with tears in their eyes, as they waved farewell to their more fortunate companions. The young boys parting from mothers; the husband leaving his little family; the aged parents left behind — it was a sight to touch even the hardened heart. They were human (notwithstanding many Americans deplore their coming), and what a contrast in history from the time their Roman ancestors brought captives of war in chains to build

LEWIS M. IDDINGS, SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN EMBASSY AT ROME

UNITED STATES SENATOR REDFIELD PROCTOR OF VERMONT

One of three living senators who have held cabinet positions, the others being Elkins of West Virginia, secretary of war under Harrison, and Teller of Colorado, secretary of the interior under Arthur. Lawyer and soldier and legislator. He entered the senate in 1892; his term will expire in 1905.



an empire! The Coliseum, built by 100,000 Jewish captives for the pleasure of Romans, tells in its crumbling stones the futility of human bondage: our own country escaped a like fate when the bonds of our slaves were broken. The art of the "old masters" is all right, but the art of living right, building up homes and schools, is the art of all ages, and America is mastering that art, which perpetuates human happiness, rather than the cold and heartless classic art of marble, mosaic and paint. Every time I look upon the lurid colors in the paintings of Italy, I feel as if these had been painted in the blood of the race, to gratify the vanity of the De Medicis and their kind. The government owns a monopoly of the salt and tobacco business, and it seemed queer to buy salt in a tobacco store. The very salt of the seas is taxed to keep up the burdens of militarism.

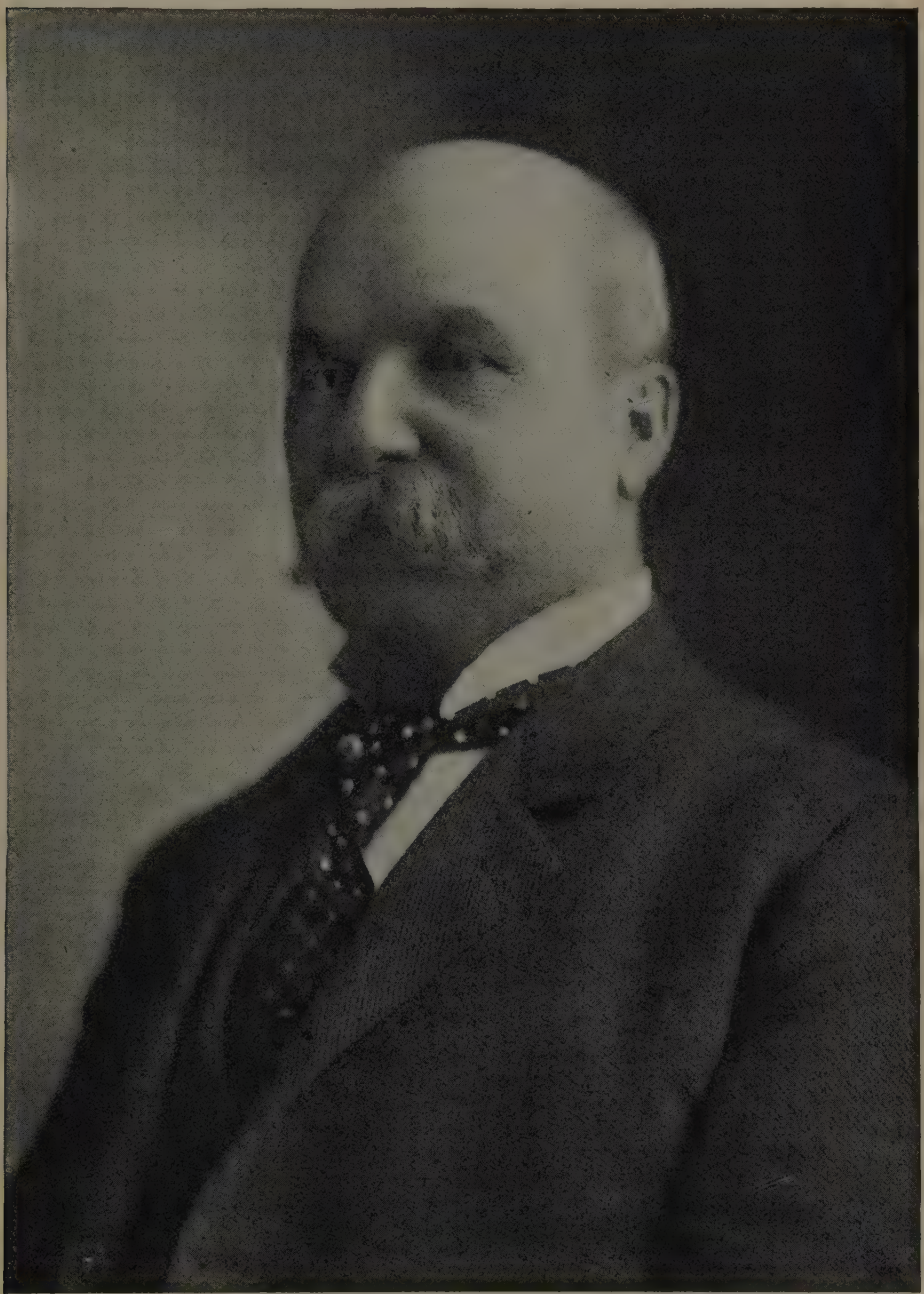
—

Richard Green, colored messenger to the secretary of the treasury, and one of nature's noblemen, received a tribute to his character the other evening such as no negro ever received before in the District of Columbia. His daughter, a brilliant young woman who has been for several years employed in the treasury department as a clerk, was married at the Shiloh Baptist church. It was filled with friends of her father's family, and among them were the highest officials of the treasury department. Every assistant secretary of the treasury department was

IN THE STEERAGE OF A LINER FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN
Photograph by Robert Lee Dunn

UNITED STATES SENATOR JACOB H. GALLINGER OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

One of the three United States senators born in Canada—Kearns of Utah and Millard of Nebraska being the others. The Gallingers came from Holland to New York before the Revolution, going thence to Canada. A printer first, then a surgeon of national reputation; state senator and surgeon-general of the state militia. Headed state delegations to two national conventions. Twice congressman. Entered the senate in 1891 and was re-elected in 1897.



present. Former Assistant Secretary Vanderlip, now second vice president of the National City Bank, came over from New York to be present at the ceremony. Scores of other prominent persons in Washington social and official life were there also. It was a sermon in itself, for it showed plainer than anything else, that the character of a man, no matter what his position, would attract due recognition. The bride received over five hundred gifts, many of them from some of the most prominent persons on the social register of Washington. Included among them were three from the present and former secretaries of the treasury. No such wedding has taken place in the District of Columbia within the memory of the present generation, and probably no such affair will be known later, and certainly not unless there arises a man of the character and manliness of Richard Green, probably the most popular colored man in Washington, and one whose acquaintance with officials is larger than that of any other man in Washington.

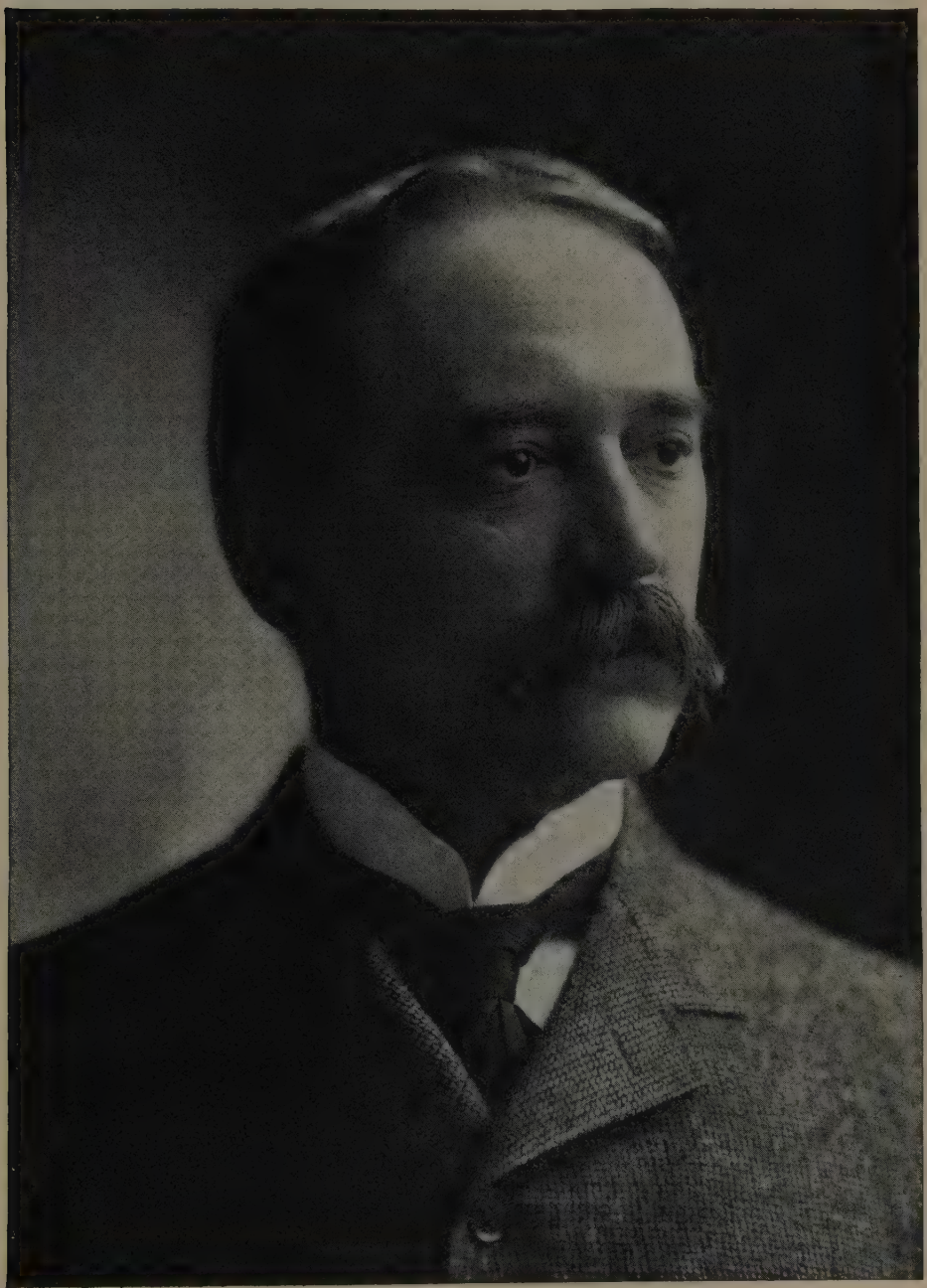
During my trip abroad last summer I encountered many evidences of interest in our agricultural department. Of course when I arrived home I had to go and tell Secretary Wilson all about it. He already knew it, perhaps, but there was a twinkle of appreciation in his eye as he looked up over his glasses while signing papers.

More money is spent for scientific research by Secretary Wilson than by Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Chicago, and Leland Stanford combined. Six million dollars expended yearly and two thousand trained scientists employed: it certainly is calculated to make our European neighbors open their eyes in

ONE OF THE TOUCHING FIGURES IN THE GRAND ARMY'S ANNUAL REVIEW

UNITED STATES SENATOR LOUIS EMORY McCOMAS OF MARYLAND

A native of Maryland, educated in St. James College, Maryland, and Dickinson College, Pennsylvania. A lawyer, and active in politics since early manhood. Served four terms in congress, lost the fifth election and was secretary of the republican national committee in 1892, later being appointed associate justice of the supreme court of the District of Columbia. Succeeded A. P. Gorman in the senate; the latter, in turn, succeeding G. L. Wellington, who opposed his party's Philippine war policy.



wonderment at the conquest of knowledge this department achieves. Over 700 separate publications and 10,000,000 documents are distributed every year, and no-where are they read more keenly than in foreign lands. A prominent official in France said to me that he could not understand what advantage all this accrued knowledge was to us, if we persisted in giving it away so generously. I asked Secretary Wilson concerning this, and he replied:

"It is by giving we receive. While foreign countries shut official doors against us, ours are wide open and we are always the gainers. Of the $2,700,000,000 of trade in our favor during the five years of McKinley's administration, $2,400,000,000 was from farm products, leaving only $300,000,000 from all other sources. We buy from foreign markets almost half as much as we sell. In 1900 we sold $844,000,000 worth and purchased $420,000,000 worth. The growth of our production along the lines of products which we have purchased abroad reads like a romance. The production of beet sugar four years ago was 16,000 tons. It has doubled every year in geometrical progression, and is now over 300,000 tons. Four years ago we produced twenty-five per cent of the rice we consumed. This year we produce it all. This is done by carefully studying conditions and experimenting and securing the proper seed. Three years ago macaroni wheat (which is entirely different from bread wheat) was imported from La Volga, Russia, where the rain fall was less than ten inches for the year. The wheat is especially suited to arid regions; and, where three years ago

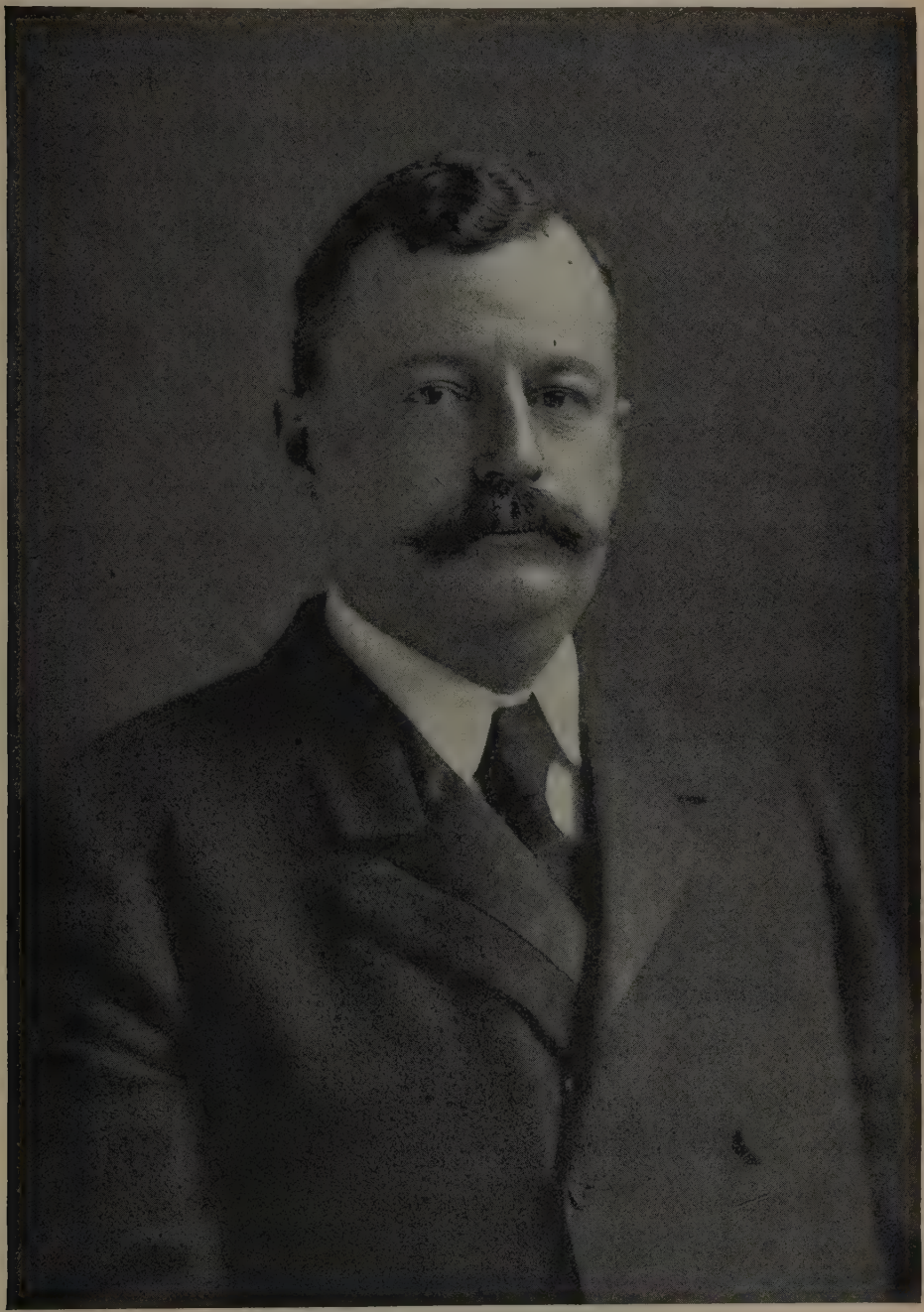
MR. BARRY BULKLEY OF WASHINGTON

Valedictorian at Emerson Institute, 1883, and honor graduate at Amherst, 1887. Secretary of and potential factor in half a score organizations of local or national scope. A successful teacher; clubman and historian of the Sons of the Revolution, being a lineal descendant of Reverend Peter Bulkley, who in 1632 settled at Concord. One of the young men who are making their mark in the administration of affairs at the Capital City.

FRANK MARTIN, ELECTED COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE SONS OF VETERANS AT THE NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT IN WASHINGTON

UNITED STATES SENATOR BOIES PENROSE OF PENNSYLVANIA

A native Philadelphian, a Harvard graduate and a lawyer. Author of a "History of the City Government of Philadelphia," written for Johns Hopkins University. Assemblyman and senator in the Pennsylvania legislature. President pro tem. of the state senate. Elected to the United States senate to succeed J. Donald Cameron and took his seat in 1897. Suave, shrewd, quiet, energetic.



$8,000,000 was spent abroad for this product, less than one-tenth this sum was spent last year and it is only a question of a very short time when we will produce all we use and begin to export macaroni wheat from our arid regions. The farmer is gorging western banks with his money, and no longer needs to borrow to move crops: that explains the land boom—a place for investment—and they have even invaded the British possessions to invest. The department has explorers constantly in Egypt studying irrigation and bringing home plants that will grow in alkaline conditions."

Secretary Wilson is a Scotchman, and somehow I thought of him and his large herd of short-horn cattle on his Iowa farm, when I wandered through the Scotch highlands. While there I met several farmers and stock growers from the West. Importing cattle and stock is not a new thing. George Washington and Henry Clay were numbered among some of the most enthusiastic stock importers, and I could not fix upon Secretary Wilson the credit of being the "original" stock importer.

The department suffers from the efforts of other governments to take away its best men. Australia is trying to coax away one with an offer of a $10,000 salary; Japan has already secured a good man. Secretary Wilson has educated 260 young men for practical agricultural soil physicists. He is looking now for an agricultural chemist who can correctly analyze tobacco leaf, and he insists that we can grow as fine tobacco as Cuba in two of our states. Some of the Texas cigars, although a little strong, have the real Havana flavor. It is simply a question of knowledge, to produce anything required for the human race on United States soil. Secretary Wilson has not visited his native land since he left it. He insists that it takes all his time thoroughly to study our own country first, and that this is no small undertaking for the whole life of a busy man. The great possibilites of the soil resources of the United States are being revealed every day by the busy men hidden in the forest on the Mall in Washington, near the Smithsonian Institute. Practical and applied science is what counts these days.

—

The graybeards at Washington have been recalling the days when Elizabeth Cady Stanton appeared before congressional committees to urge woman's suffrage, and many a handsome tribute of profound respect and regard for the noble woman lately deceased has been heard in the cloak rooms and the lobbies. Mrs. Stanton was in many ways the most remarkable woman America has produced. She had become an historic character long before her life's close. The first woman's rights convention ever held took place in her home in Seneca Falls, New York, July 19 and 20, 1848. On that occasion, and through her insistence, the first formal demand for the right of suffrage for women was made. Her friendship with Susan B. Anthony began in 1850 and through more than half a century these great women were incessantly active in a thousand movements calculated to enlarge woman's freedom and widen the scope of her activities. When, on October 26, last, the news of Mrs. Stanton's death was brought to Miss Anthony, the latter said:

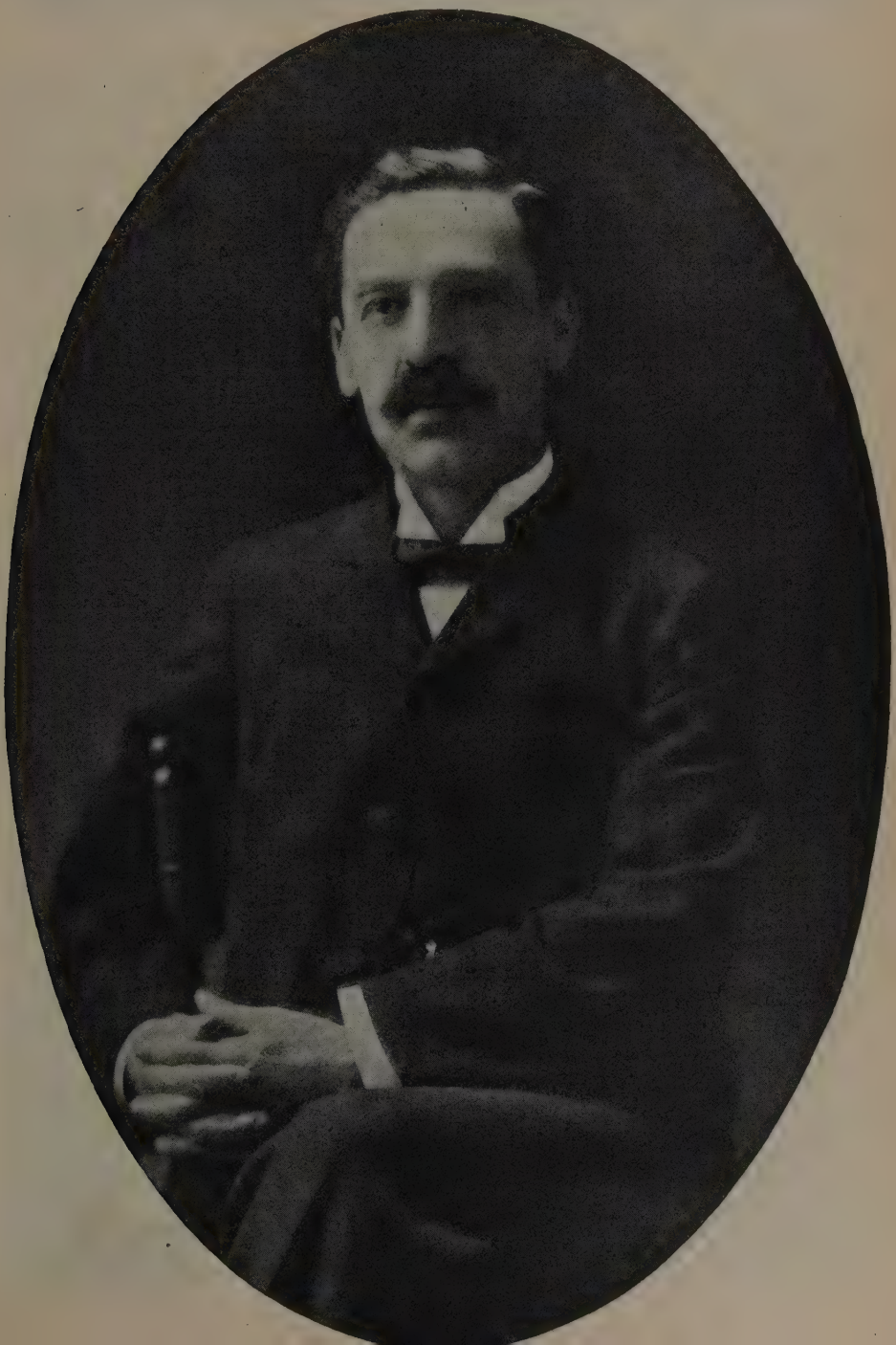
"Through the early days, when the world was against us, we stood together. Mrs. Stanton was always a courageous woman, a leader of thought and new movements. I always called her the philosopher and statesman of our movement."

"What period of your lives gave you the greatest pleasure?" was asked.

"When we were digging together. When she forged the thunderbolts and I fired them. The greatest campaign we ever made together was in '69, at the

UNITED STATES SENATOR JOSEPH SIMON OF OREGON

Born in 1851 and a resident of Portland since 1857. A public school product and a lawyer. Thrice republican state chairman, twice delegate to national conventions, five times chosen president of the state senate and elected to the United States senate October 8, 1898, to fill a vacancy that had existed since March 4, 1897.



constitutional convention held in Kansas for suffrage, and the same year in New York state.

"The last time I saw Mrs. Stanton was in June. She talked about the other side," said Miss Anthony, "but had no faith that there was any other world. She believed in the immutable law in everything, and did not believe in any special providence for herself or any one else."

Mrs. Stanton had a lively sense of humor, that frequently disconcerted her opponents. In the New York state constitutional convention of 1868, she urged that the ballot be given to the women. Horace Greeley, long time her warm personal friend, hotly opposed the idea, whereupon Mrs. Stanton caused to be presented a memorial praying for its passage, and headed by the name of Mrs. Horace Greeley. Greeley was furious, and in revenge decreed that her name should never again appear in the Tribune except as Mrs. Henry B. Stanton.

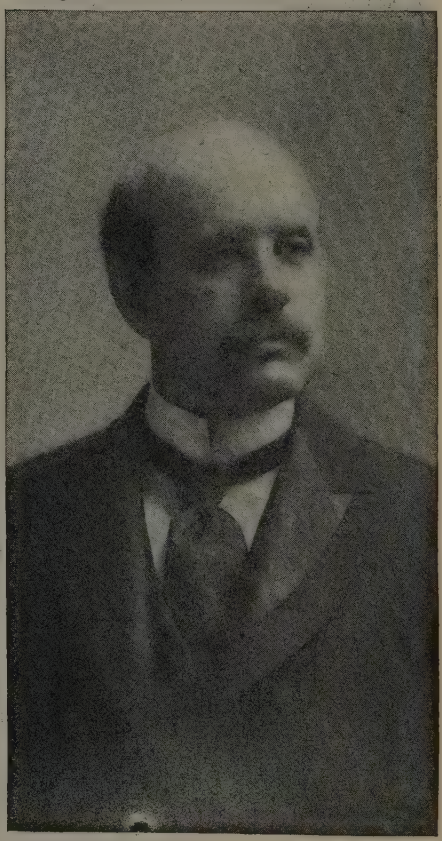
—

Walter Wellman, writing of the anthracite strike commission, which held its first sitting in Washington October 27, directs attention to the fact that this is the first time since the organization of the government of the United States that the government has ever acted in the capacity of an arbitrator in the settlement of a dispute between capital and labor. It is the first time that the government has taken an active part in a labor dispute in which it was not directly concerned. It is the first time that a quasi-judicial body has been created to bring about peace between employers and employes in which the federal government was the moving spirit. The government has before this, after the occurrence, investigated a labor dispute by means of a commission, and congress has also frequently done the same thing, and in the case of a railroad in the hands of a receiver the government has compelled obedience to its mandate, but never until today has the government taken the initiative to terminate by arbitration a dispute between labor and capital.

The operators were cordial in their attitude toward John Mitchell, though Mr. Baer insisted still that he could not recognize Mr. Mitchell as the president of the United Mine Workers of America. Mr. Mitchell waived this point, saying he was willing to be recognized merely as the representative of the anthracite miners, and to this Mr. Baer agreed.

BRAINARD H WARNER OF WASHINGTON

One of the foremost citizens of the National Capital. Builder of more than a thousand homes and otherwise active in promoting the city's welfare. A leader in great civic occasions —as when the G. A. R. encampment took place there in October, and at McKinley's second inauguration.



Love Affairs of James Carrington, Jr.

IN THREE CHAPTERS

By CARRIE HUNT LATTA

CHAPTER I

HE was just a common, every day boy, with arms too long for his sleeves and legs too long for his trousers, snub nosed, with a squint about his eyes which gave him rather an evil look but which was, in reality, a form of bashfulness, though no one would have believed it.

Who carried his hands deep in his pockets; who wore his hat as far back on his head as it would stay on; who whistled impossible tunes and sang, or thought he sang, all the popular songs in a voice half way between a groan and a screech.

Who slammed doors, always said "yep" for yes, religiously avoided the use of a pocket handkerchief, and allowed his finger nails to grow very long for "the fellers" — in case they became obstreperous—as implements of warfare.

Who bragged, boasted, nicknamed his sisters and told stories on them until thy declared, with tears of vexation in their eyes, that he was the meanest boy in the world. Who teased his baby sister until she regarded him with a strange mixture of admiration and fear, much the same as she might have felt for a roystering, rough, over-grown puppy.

Whose teachers at school watched him with suspicion and "spotted" him as the ringleader when anything dreadful happened. Whose reports were something awful to see. Who fought, giggled and threw "spit balls" with the best of them and took his various punishments heroically, though every one given at school was repeated at home with vigor.

On account of whose propensity to talk, his playmates nicknamed him "Gabbie" then shortened it to "Gab"—except the younger boys, who respectfully called him Jim.

Who did as his boy's spirit led him, and whose standing excuse was, no matter what the misdemeanor, "I couldn't help it." And, heaven knows, maybe he couldn't.

At Sunday school he kept time to the music with his feet; sang strange words, not religious, along with it; shoved, pinched and scrambled. But once in the class room he was altogether a different boy. Everywhere else the terror of his elders, there he became a source of wonder to all. The reason this chronicle may show.

Up to this time he had been, as far as any one knew, "heart whole and fancy free." He had admired two or three little girls enough to give them candy—when he had had his fill; to jerk off their hair ribbons, to show them how many crackers he could put in his mouth at one time without choking to death, and a few other such loving and lovable things. But he had not been really in love, so far as any one knew.

Who was already proclaiming in loud tones that it would not be many years until he would be making large sums of money, either as a fireman or a policeman; at which statement his sister Eugenia put up her hands in horror and declared that the boy showed his breeding less than any person she had ever seen.

Whose mother tried to be patient and let him alone, unless he actually sinned, thinking he was punished enough by others, and excusing him as best she could by saying that he was "growing." And every one who heard her say it hoped that he would become a man very soon. And the cook, taking encouragement from this statement, joyfully prepared the things she knew the boy to be exceptionally fond of, hoping in this manner to assist nature as much as possible.

Such was the character of James Carrington, Jr., at the age of ten and a half years.

* * * *

It was a bright, beautiful morning in June. The Carringtons were at breakfast. After several sharp reproofs from each member of the family, except from the little sister, who regarded him half reproachfully, half pityingly, as she offered to allow him to eat from her spoon, James Carrington, Jr., had subsided and sat with both elbows on the table, filling himself with cakes and maple syrup.

The two older Carrington girls were telling of some social function they had attended on the evening before. The mother listened attentively, but the father absently ate his breakfast with such a far away look in his eyes that his daughters directed their conversation to their mother.

"By the way, mother," said Eugenia, "we heard a bit of news last night. Nothing surprising, however, as I know every one expected it."

"Of course," said Mona, who always agreed with Eugenia.

James Carrington, Jr., lifted his head and spoke:

"I bet father couldn't tell whether he's been eatin' frog's legs or takin' medicine. He ain't looked at his plate since he come to the table. Cakes, too. I can't understand it."

"James, how often have I told you not to make personal remarks?" his father asked, with a frown.

"Jamie!" his mother said sternly. But she was not looking at him but at his father, with an anxious look in her eyes. He did look worried that morning.

"I never heard such language as that boy uses, never," said Eugenia.

"Do use your napkin, Jimmie," Mona said impatiently.

Whereupon, James again subsided and attacked another plate of warm cakes, while his sister resumed the conversation.

"Helen Hamilton told us that she is to be married the last of this month. I do think Richard Kendal is just the man for her."

"He's just lovely," assented Mona rapturously.

At that moment further conversation on the subject was prevented by a great noise. James Carrington, Jr., had jumped up from the table. His knife and fork clattered to his plate and, with one cheek full of cakes and both eyes full of tears, he kicked his chair aside and stamped from the room.

"James!" his father called threateningly.

"Oh Jamie dear!" said his mother anxiously.

"Did you ever?" asked Eugenia, with a deep sigh.

"I do think boys are perfectly awful," Mona said emphatically.

"Thimmie?" lisped the baby sister, with tears in her eyes. "Poor Thimmie!"

Then the street door slammed, and James Carrington, Jr., disappeared. Nor was he seen all the morning, or at lunch, and who ever knew of him being absent at meal time—unless the family physician had forbidden him being present.

As the day passed Mrs. Carrington grew more and more uneasy. With the baby toddling at her heels, she had looked the house over and had called her son repeatedly; but no Jamie. She tele-

phoned to her husband, but he advised her not to worry, that the boy was all right. But that did not satisfy her, and she wandered about, first looking out at a door, then at a window.

And all this day, where was Jamie? When he left the house that morning he firmly resolved to run away from home and never return, never! But, upon learning from a thorough examination of all of his pockets that his earthly possessions consisted of a stick of chewing gum, a dime and one street car ticket, he decided not to go very far. The sight of the car ticket decided him, and, after spending a nickel at a near by drug store for candy, he boarded the first car that came along.

But neither the candy nor the fact that he was doing wrong gave him relief or eased the pain in his throbbing, rebellious heart. When the car came to the end of the line he hopped off, neither knowing nor caring where he was. He walked and walked until he was ready to drop; then turning back, hopeless, dejected, he got on an in-bound car, spent his last cent for fare, and, on reaching home, slipped in and up to his own room without any one having seen him.

Once there he removed his coat and, strange to say, hung it away. With the look of a hunted animal in his eyes he crawled under his bed, to the farthest corner, and lay very still, vowing, with set teeth:

"All the samee, I ain't goin' to cry."

But the tears would run down his cheeks in spite of him. He was tired, hungry and miserable. After a while he fell asleep. Late in the afternoon he was awakened by the sound of music. Some one was playing the piano downstairs and he could hear his sisters laughing and talking. He listened drowsily and with his grimy fingers kept time to the music. But his heart was not in it. Now, some one was singing.

Listen! Oh, the irony of fate! Her voice. Sweet, clear, penetrating; how he adored that voice.

"*There, little girl, don't cry—*"

The voice rang out; then another verse, then the last one. Low, plaintive, full of tenderness.

"*There, little girl, don't cry,*
They have broken your heart, I know."

It seemed to James Carrington, Jr., that his heart broke then and there. He sobbed and groaned, stopped his ears so that the voice could not reach him and burrowed his nose in the carpet.

"N—nobody never writes no songs for boys. Every thing's for girls. 'There, little girl,' oh, oh. Boys don't g—git nothin'—but lickin's."

And he cried bitterly. Perhaps no sorrow ever cut him more deeply.

The music ceased, the street door slammed and the sisters came upstairs to their room, where they chattered and laughed. How could they laugh, he wondered, when there was a broken heart in the house?

From his mother's room came her voice, singing a sweet little song to the baby, about good little girls with golden curls.

"Oh—oh! Father's got mother, and mother's got the baby; the girls has got each other and I hain't got anybody. I wish I had a brother—I bet I'd give him a maulin' today that he wouldn't forget. Doggone it!"

He heard footsteps, and some one entered the room.

"Thimmie's gone; poor Thimmie," lisped the baby. A sound reached her ears. Her eyes grew wide as she peered fearfully into the closet. Nothing there, except Jimmie's clothing tossed about on the floor. She looked behind the door. No one there. Then she slowly and laboriously got down on her chubby knees and peeped under the bed.

"Oh Thimmie, I find you." And she laughed merrily, thinking it was a game of hide and seek.

But Jimmie kept very, very still and made no sign. The baby crawled under the bed and laid her curly head close to her brother's. He did not stir. She looked into his face and tried to lift his eyelids with her fat little finger.

"Thimmie thleep," she whimpered, crawling out from under the bed. She went to her mother's room.

"Be thstill, mamma, Thimmie thleep."

Mrs. Carrington rose hurriedly.

"Take mother to where Jamie is, Baby." And they went to Jimmie's room, where the baby stooped and pointed at the still figure under the bed.

"Jamie," his mother called.

No answer. She grew frightened.

"Jamie? Oh, Jamie dear!"

He kicked both feet out impatiently.

"Don't see why you have to scare a feller so. I was asleep." He kept his face turned away. Mrs. Carrington looked at his soiled clothing, his dusty shoes, his grimy hands, then rose and took the Baby and gave her into Eugenia's care.

"Come out, Jamie," she said, when she reentered the room. He did not move.

"Why didn't you lie down on the bed, dear, and not get under it, where it is so hot and uncomfortable?"

"I—I want to be hot and uncomf'able. I want to stay right here—forever," he said with a sob.

"What is it this time, dear?" his mother asked, with a look of resignation on her worn face.

"Nothin'," he said emphatically.

"Where have you been all day, Jamie? I've been so uneasy."

"Right here, nearly all the time. Wimmen's so easy scared. I wouldn't be a woman, anyhow."

"You've been here, under the bed, nearly all day? James Carrington, what awful thing have you done?"

"'Twasn't me that done it. 'Twas her."

"Her? Who? Eugenia? The baby?"

"Naw," he said, turning over on his face.

Mrs. Carrington rolled the bed to one side and, big boy that he was, she picked him up in her arms and carried him into her own room. She closed and locked the door and sat down by a window.

She rocked slowly back and forth, fanning him and waited. He did not speak, but kept his face hidden and sobbed bitterly. Finally she pushed his hair back from his hot forehead and kissed him.

"Tell mother what it is, darling," she whispered. No answer.

"I'll forgive you, no matter what it is." Still no answer.

"I won't let your father punish you, dear." He only cried harder.

"Or the girls tease you." He buried his face in her bosom and cried and cried.

Mrs. Carrington ceased rocking and held him close in her arms.

"Come, dear, mother cannot bear to see her boy feel so. Let me help you. Tell what it is."

"I—I ain't got nobody to love me, nobody. I thought she did, but she was playin' off and didn't at all."

Mrs. Carrington looked mystified, but waited.

"Here I've loved her all this time; ever since she come that Sunday, wearin' that big hat with a white feather. And her eyes was so-o brown and she was good to me, and didn't scold me or didn't make fun of my n-nose, neither."

Mrs. Carrington, still in the dark, rocked and waited.

"I, I was goin' to marry her, soon's I got a job. She said she loved me, but —she's a liar, that's what she is."

"Sh, Jamie, dear. Don't say such things. Who was it, dear."

"M—Miss Hamilton, that's who."

Mrs. Carrington gasped. The boy went on:

"The first Sunday she come to teach our class I was down crawlin' under the seats so's to hide one of the feller's hats. She come 'round and helped me up and says, not scoldin'—

"Oh, Jamie, what purty hair you've got." And,—Oh dear! And ever since I've licked the boys that was mean in the class and I've tried to learn about God and things—she told me she loved me. Oh, oh!"

"My dear little boy," murmured his mother.

"And, and one day I met her walking with that Kendal feller and she stopped me an' says, 'This is my best little boy and we're sweethearts.' And he says, sorryful, "If it wasn't for you, sir, I'd have some sort of a show." Then he laughed, but she squeezed my hand and told me again that she loved me."

"My poor, dear little boy," again murmured his mother.

"And now, nobody in the world loves me. Father's got to make money, and you've got to see after the girls' dresses and take care of the baby. And the girls has got each other and their fellers. And they make fun of my legs bein' so long and my nose bein' so short, and the baby's got—herself and everbody loves her—I'm goin' to run off. I'm goin' to the army and shoot everybody I see."

This outburst was followed by a perfect torrent of tears. Mrs. Carrington's lips trembled.

"I love you, my darling. You are my only little boy, and while I do have to give the girls and the baby and the house and your father a good deal of time, there is hardly a moment in the day but that I am thinking of my little boy, and wondering about him, and asking the Lord to take care of him and make him a good man. And Jamie, if you were to run away it would break my heart."

The boy did not speak, and his mother went on:

"Miss Hamilton is a young lady, dear, as old as your sister Eugenia. Much too old for you to love—in that way."

"But ain't I growin' up as fast as I can? Don't I eat all I can and haven't I been eatin' all I could ever since we had that Sunday school picnic at Blue River last summer. That day—I told her that I loved her. And she walked around with me, and kissed me, and she said, all smiley, she said—she'd—wait —for—me. Doggone it!"

"But she was only joking, dear, and—"

He sat up suddenly, both mouth and eyes open wide in astonishment.

"Jokin'?" he asked incredulously.

He shook his head. Could any human being joke on such a vital subject? Ah, Jamie, you are not the first one of your sex to be undone by a smile and a pair of soft brown eyes. Or to find out later that she was only joking.

He sat very still with a sober look in his eyes. Mrs. Carrington watched him and resolved in her heart that he should never again feel neglected.

"Jokin'!" he repeated solemnly.

"Miss Hamilton is going to be married to someone near her own age, dear. And some day, please God, when you are a man, you will meet and love just as good and beautiful a woman as she is. Though you do not realize it now, Jamie, Miss Hamilton has done you much good and some day, when you are over your anger, you will thank her for it."

"No I won't," he answered, but his voice was low and the rebellious look had gone out of his eyes. They sat still, Mrs. Carrington rocking slowly back and forth. The twilight gathered. The murmur of the girls' voices could be heard and now and then the baby's voice as she laughed aloud. After a long silence the mother spoke.

"Father will soon be home to dinner, dear, so let's go and bathe your face and brush your clothes. But Jamie, dear,

before we go, let me ask you for something. Won't you give me the love which you had for Miss Hamilton? I want it so much, my boy, more than you know."

He looked up into her eyes for a moment, then put his arms around her neck and kissed her lips.

" 'Tain't worth nothin'," he said with pretended indifference, but you might as well have it as anybody. Say, reckon you couldn't do nothin' for a feller so's his eyes wouldn't look so red. These sunshiney days always does make my eyes red."

His voice quavered and broke in spite of him. His mother stooped and kissed him. The wound in his little heart had been a deep one and it was still tender. But he was brave. He insisted on putting himself to rights, and after he had gone to his room his mother slipped to her daughters' room, where she did much whispering.

"The idea of Jimmie Carrington having a heart," laughed Eugenia.

"So awfully funny," giggled Mona.

But, on finding their mother so very much in earnest, they gradually subsided. At the sound of the closing of the street door Mrs. Carrington hurried into the hall, where she held a whispered conversation with her husband. He nodded approvingly while she talked, then leaned over and kissed her.

And the result of it was that when James Carrington, Jr., came to the table that evening, there was no comment as to his red and swollen eyes. And, though he tweaked Eugenia's ear as he passed her, stuck out his tongue at Mona, flopped into his chair and rattled his knife, fork and spoon together, no one uttered a word of reproof.

He scarcely gave his father time to finish asking the blessing before he bawled out, in his shrill, boyish voice—

"I'm so hungry I could eat a man off'n his horse. Then the horse. An' the dog that was follerin' 'em, ears an' tail."

* * * *

And this was James Carrington's first love affair. The last one ended less disastrously.

A Song of Death

By NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

I am the Lord of Life! All living things
Are mine and have been mine since Life began:
Mine, beasts and birds, and mine their Master, Man.
No strength with me avails; no speed of wings
Can save. My overtaking fiat flings
The fugitive back within the fated ban.
Destruction is the sum of all my plan;—
God's universe to naught my scepter brings!
Yet am I most beneficent: in my realm
All cares and sorrows, all Earth's miseries cease.
Men mourn because my arrows overwhelm;
They mourn tho only thus they find release.
Swift sails the ship with Death's hand on the helm,
But at the end the Port it makes is Peace!

I am the Lord of Life! All systems die.
The Universe is one engulfing tomb.
The white Suns rush forever to their doom
And lifeless Moons through lifeless spaces fly,
Wasting their pallid light on orbs that lie
A prey to Death's inevitable doom.
In all the Infinite how little room
For Life; and Monarch of the dead am I!
Yet am I merciful: when Time is done;
When memories, when records all have perisht
And every hope is gone that Man has cherisht,
When in the sky revolves no glowing Sun
And God and I alone are left — at last
The Sleep of Peace shall brood throughout the Vast!

I am the Lord of Life! Behold my way: —
Upon the fertile mountain smiling bright
With sunny terraces my wiles invite
The vine-rejoicing sons of men to stay.
They toil and when their tasks are done they play;
They build them palaces and find delight
In glorious prospects over vale and height;
They thrive and multiply, they live their day.
And then I shake the mountain: —far and wide
The marble palace-pillars topple and fall;
The lava-streams glow down the mountain-side;
The snow of ashes settles like a pall;
The stricken towns in vain for succour call!
I bring to naught their splendor and their pride;

I am the Lord of Life! Again men build
Their habitations on the intervales
Beside the stately river where the sails
Of Commerce by the prosperous gales are filled.
The humming hive of traffic is never stilled.
Wealth vaunts itself superb: nor Science fails
Nor Art; and Beauty's glowing smile regales
With every wile wherewith the Mind is skilled!
Men live, love, prosper, multiply. —
And then I melt the snow upon the mountains.
The waters gather from their sudden fountains:
Houses and marts and splendid temples crumble.
Alike in one mad maelstrom great and humble
Perish. There is no power to heed their cry.

The Lord of Life am I! Along the plain
Which stretches level like a waveless Lake
The scattered flocks of men their dwelling make.
What golden crops of the unfailing grain
Are coin-ed into comforts free from pain!
What teeming cities into splendor wake?
What pride the builders in their labors take

But soon I show them that their vaunt is vain!
A cloud of purple blackness fills the South
Shot thro with lurid lightnings: — shapeless Shape —
It grows in horror: from its yawning mouth
It roars in triumph: — there is no escape!
Rich cities, populous fields to Death are hurled
As swift it passes with wide wings unfurled.

The Lord of Life am I! In hearts of Kings
I sow ripe seeds of War. Nor long I wait
Or ere I reap the deadly harvest of Hate.
Nation at Nation insolently springs.
They battle like Scorpions armed with poisoned stings!
Fierce armies face fierce armies, each elate
To dare and do and yield to bitter Fate.
The conflict rages and my triumph brings: —
Thousands of Heroes stript of lusty life;
Heapt piles of strenuous war-steeds stiff in gore;
Sacked cities red with piteous deeds of strife;
The butchered child, the stark dishonored wife;
And still the Hate engendered calls for more!
War is my master-stroke since days of yore.

I am the Lord of Life! I smite the lands
With scourge of Pestilence, and like the grass
When thro dry fields wild flames in phalanx pass
Men perish and beasts. I call: —gaunt Famine stands
Ready to reap my grain with skeleton hands
From countries widowed of water; skies of brass
Hang pitiless. The elements amass
Their prey: the Dead are countless as the sands!
The Ocean and his raging storms are mine.
Nowhere is living thing I do not claim.
Mine are the smallest specks of life that shine;
Mine are the worlds that shrivel up in flame.
I ruin, I destroy: — DEATH is my name.
God made me and my work is all divine!

In the Corduroy Country

By EVA HAMPTON PRATHER

IT is down in the Corduroy Country, this little old town called Evergreen. It rises out of the swamps, a sandy island in a sea of palms. When you go out of it, north, south, east, or west, your horse sinks in sand like creamy sugar, and you look, right and left, along old rose hedges touched with chains of scarlet sarsaparilla and grown up with fern. After a mile or so you go down some fifty feet and strike the corduroy. The corduroy is of fine cypress and magnolia

logs cut from the swamp, and as you rumble over it, it gives out the indescribable, sweet odor of the woods. On either side of you for miles, the dark magnolia forms a solid wall, cutting off the sky, yet heavy with the rich perfume of blossoms and musical with the voices of a thousand birds. Finally you emerge, leave the corduroy behind, and rise on another sandy island holding cotton fields and farm houses, anon to sink to the corduroy again amid odoriferous walls of green.

This was the land of little Reuben, the eldest of eight young tow-heads, who lived in the corduroy, ate fried chicken and ham, and throve on chills and fever. Their mother, once a corduroy belle, had lapsed into a hopeless sloven, and their poor little place was almost entirely in the hands of a thriftless negro tenantry.

Little Reuben, who had just turned fifteen, yet was no bigger than many a ten year old, could remember when all was different; could remember sleek mules driven to Evergreen in the fall bearing great brown bales of cotton; could remember his fine, tall father cantering away on black Bessie and kissing his hand and waving his hat as he disappeared from sight in the swamps. Nay, even could remember many a Christmas Eve, when savory odors were blowing up from the quarters, that the same father had taken him on behind, and they had ridden over the corduroy into the town, to find Santa Claus and bring him home to the babies and mamma.

In those days the corduroy had been a "dry" country, prohibition reigned supreme, and the corduroy farmer was sober. But now the corduroy had long ago "gone wet," and Evergreen, they said, was thriving. On Saturdays the town was full of farmers bringing in merchandise. The corduroy roads, north, south, east and west, rumbled with the rolling mule carts, and heavy oxen brought in a hundred wagons loaded with men. By twelve o'clock no women were to be seen on the streets, and about the public square the motley crowd of black and white grew dense and troublesome. Drunken and disorderly fellows reeled out of the teeming tavern, and there were noisy rows and bickerings on every side. Generally, they killed their man before sundown. And so Evergreen became a thriving town.

Soon lawyers came to Evergreen. On every corner they hung out their signs. Then a court house, new and imposing, took the place of the old shack. In front of it there was a park with a new fountain. And beyond the square, where its white spire rose against the heavenly blue of the sky, they soon erected the Evergreen Presbyterian church, "the finest edifice for public worship in the corduroy country."

But the tall papa no longer cantered home on Black Bessie. Little Reuben wondered what became of her at first, but after a year or so he began to discover that she had contributed toward the thrift of Evergreen. The sleek mules no more dragged their great brown bales over the corduroy from his father's gate in the fall. One bale at a time went out with a dingy darkey on top of the rickety ox cart that held it. Reuben discovered that the brown bales and the mules had also contributed toward the thrift of Evergreen.

His father no longer went to Evergreen four times a year; no, he also contributed toward the thrift of the rising town, and entered it every Saturday morning in the cycle.

And so, as Evergreen went up, the country folks went down. No road was safe on Saturday. The great white blossoms of the swamps opened their golden eyes and looked on the eager, shabby men who drove their ragged carts over the corduroy and entered the town. The great white blossoms closed their eyes of gold on crowds of drunken devils,

who lay prone in those ragged carts as their mules and oxen, undriven, drew them back over the corduroy out of the thriving town.

It was a Christmas Eve after the country went wet that Reuben made up his little hard head to go into Evergreen with his father and bring Santa Claus home, as of old. The poor, degraded, shabby ne'er-do-well was cowed by the determination of the boy, and finally the weak lids fell before the blue lances shot from the fearless eyes of youth.

"I *will* go, father," said the boy, and the father mumbled, "Well!"

So Reuben was busy; he found every thing to sell that could be sold: eggs from this tenant, butter from that, turkeys from another, squabs from a fourth; and when his father and he took their places on the bench of the cart, there was a goodly load of salable stuff for Santa Claus. And they were lucky; housewives generally are out of some needables for festival seasons. They reached Evergreen early and sold out soon.

"Dear father," smiled the lad, "how happy we can make dear mother and the little chicks!"

And immediately they began to lay out "this half dollar for baby" and "this dollar for Joe," "this seventy-five cents for Annie," and "this for little Sue." They were two children instead of one.

But shopping in a country town is hard, even in a thriving town like Evergreen, and the hours flew on apace. Presently a lawyer behind one of those aggressive signs looked out and saw "Barker and his boy." Now this lawyer had planned a little Christmas business with Barker, on his own account. But Barker sober? He had not counted on that. He thought a moment, and a moment more and he was in the street.

"Good morning, Mr. Barker," said he. "What fine little man have we here?" The father turned his glowing eyes on little Reuben.

"My eldest son," said he. "Mr. Thigpen, Reuben my boy, your father's friend."

"There's my straight road," thought the lawyer, and he insisted upon going with them into the nearest shop.

"A rifle," said he to the keeper, "a fine rifle to fit a fine boy." And little Reuben was given his first new gun. A gun is the way to a boy's favor anywhere in the world; but in the Corduroy country, oh, a gun is enough to win a young heart for life! And now it must be loaded for Reuben, and they must stand and talk and talk about all the grand hunts in the swamps. And finally, it was the most natural thing in the world that the lawyer should say to Reuben:

"Now, I want to speak on a little matter of business to your father here, my son, and—well, we'll come back in a little while."

And so they went out.

Reuben sat on a barrel and hugged his new gun and thought,—

"Oh, the blackbirds sailing over the swamps and circling, circling down to the reeds! Oh, the wild ducks shooting upward from shadowy ponds! Oh, the ring doves cooing in magnolia trees! Oh, gray turkeys flocking to the sportsman's call! And then the deer! How grand to kill the deer and see the venison smoking on the board and hear it said, 'Our little Reuben brought us this.'"

He had been there a long time, no doubt, waiting for his father's return, when his attention was arrested by the sound of angry voices in the street, and yes—he heard his father cursing.

He rose and ran out.

There was a great crowd in the street. He pushed through the outer circle of dirty blacks. Yes, his father, drunken, reeling, cursing, was accusing the smiling lawyer of unheard of crimes. Reuben rushed on.

The man saw him coming, but such is the quality of the stuff that men put

down their throats to steal away their brains, that he saw not the boy, but only the rifle in his arms, and as the little fellow, pale and breathless, ran up crying, "Father! Father!" the man stooped and snatched the shining barrel from his hand. Then, before a soul could raise a finger, he aimed it straight at Thigpen's heart.

It was "Barker's aim," and the lawyer crouched and whined like a trapped dog, but then the boy jumped—jumped suddenly and straight up from the ground, and as the report rang out, opened wide his great blue eyes and fell —dead at his father's feet.

"Gawd, it's the boy!" groaned the crowd. Barker looked before him dazed. "There be seven more to home," he said thickly, and fired again. But this time Thigpen was too quick for him, and before the fire left the rifle, Barker fell, with Thigpen's bullet through his brain.

And that was the end of it. The country now "goes dry." The corduroy roads look deserted. There are no cases for the courts. The lawyers have taken down their signs. The church needs paint. The congregation has fallen off. The pastor's salary is lowered. The fountain is covered with rust. But—

Oh, the green Corduroy country, how sweet it smells in the night, only the breath of jasmine and magnolia, only the voice of the mocking bird singing his mate to sleep. And the sandy islands, in their sea of palms, shine under the snow of full cotton bolls once more. Sleek mules drag the brown bales to market and the drivers strike the banjo coming home.

A Skirmish in the Dark

By JAMES RAYMOND PERRY

WHEN Daisy and I went to housekeeping we drew a prize in the way of a kitchen maid. She was a jewel, who scintillated in whatever light you held her. And because she was a jewel we had to lose her. Men pick up gems wherever they can find them, and after a flawless administration of our kitchen affairs for six months, Katie left us and got married. Daisy wept, and I must have looked mighty sober if I looked at all the way I felt; but we gave Katie our blessing and a gold piece for a wedding present, and told her to be sure to come back in case anything happened.

"Sure, what could happen?" Katie asked.

But we didn't tell her, though we knew that young Mr. O'Malley (the thief who had stolen our jewel) was a brakeman on a freight train. However, with all the many safety appliances that railroad companies have adopted, Katie's optimism was amply justified, no doubt. In spite of our regret at losing her, Daisy and I would be the last to cease shouting "Long live Mr. O'Malley!"

Daisy and I paid sundry visits to the employment agency through which we had obtained Katie, but I suppose the agency's grab bag never held but one prize, and we had drawn it the first time. Each time we inserted our hands in the bag we drew out not a jewel but a

tawdry piece of tinsel, and finally grew discouraged, and tried advertising.—But you are not interested in this part of it, of course.

For a whole week, just when Daisy wanted a girl in the kitchen most—she was doing up preserves, and things—she had to do all the work herself. But Daisy is a most determined little housewife, and when she sets out to do anything she does it. The fact that we couldn't get a kitchen girl was not to be allowed to deprive us of preserved sweets during the coming autumn and winter. No indeed, not if Daisy knew it; and she thought she did.

Daisy is a proud little woman, as her capability entitles her to be; and of course she must have me out to see the results of her long week's work. And a very pretty exhibition they made, too. The kitchen table was loaded with rows and rows of full jelly glasses, some ruby red, others amber yellow, and yet others a rich purple; and in the rear of that jolly jelly army stood certain tall grenadiers in the shape of a dozen or so bottles of grape juice.

"I'm going to let them stand right where they are tonight, Fred," Daisy said, "and tomorrow you are to carry them down into the basement and range them on the shelves."

"Tomorrow?" I repeated, "Then you won't expect me to go to church with you, I suppose."

"No, I shall be too tired to go myself. I've worked awfully hard this week." Daisy said. "I'm going to rest tomorrow. I've arranged an easy Sunday dinner. I haven't got to bother at all with dessert. Just look at that beautiful big watermelon, Fred! Won't that make a nice dessert?"

"Luscious!" I said. "Did G. W. T. J. J. see it?" I asked.

"I don't know. He's coming to help again Monday, and I'll give him some. We never can begin to eat it all."

"G. W. T. J. J." was the colored man whom Daisy had discovered after Katie left us, and whom she hired now and then to do some of the heavy work about the house. His whole name was George Washington Thomas Jefferson Jackson, but of course we couldn't call him that.

"I should have had him take some of the jelly down into the basement," Daisy said "only I was afraid he would stumble and break the glasses. He's dreadfully awkward."

After I had duly admired the currant, crab apple and grape jellies, Daisy said:

"I'm going to bed right off. I'm just too tired to sit up any longer. You put the advertisement in the paper for tomorrow, didn't you, Fred?"

"Yes."

"I do hope it will bring a girl."

I hoped it would, too, for I very much disliked having Daisy get so wearied over her work in the kitchen. However, as I lay listening to her breathing—my wife had fallen asleep almost as soon as her head touched the pillow—I reflected that there might be some slight compensation for her fatigue. She was likely to sleep soundly, and not be troubled by burglars.

But I haven't told you about Daisy's burglars, have I? They form an important chapter in our lives, or rather a sort of serial, for the story is continued from night to night, and from week to week. The dear girl can't help having burglars any more than the Briggs' little boy Tommy can help having hives. (The Briggs are our next door neighbors). Unlike the hives, burglars occur less frequently in hot weather than in cold. Daisy has them the worst just as the more severe weather is coming on. The newspapers at that season have a good deal to tell about burglars, hold ups, etc., and reading about them aggravates the malady. However, it is a disease that may break out in any and all kinds of weather; and Daisy had had a number

of quite severe attacks since Katie left us. It is a rather humiliating thing to say, perhaps, but I think Daisy felt, on the whole, that Katie was greater security against burglars than I am. Let me hasten to add that Daisy doesn't think me a coward, either. She merely thinks that I don't treat burglars with the seriousness which the subject demands. Hence, burglars could easily circumvent me. But there are burglars, and Daisy's burglars; and it is only Daisy's burglars that I treat with that lack of seriousness of which Daisy complains. With other kinds I have had little experience. Daisy always wants our bedroom door locked at night whether burglars are epidemic or not; and when she wakes up in the dead of night, cold with fear, and says there is a burglar out in the hall, right by our very door, and she knows it because she heard him, she thinks it is very unfeeling in me to get up and unlock the door and in a loud voice invite the burglar in. She insists that no self respecting burglar would accept the invitation, anyway, and that it is foolish, and that I might get shot, and then what would she do? So, latterly, I have ceased extending my hospitable invitations to the burglars, and have remained quietly in bed, while Daisy listens with straining ears and bated breath to the oiminous creaking of the stairs, and the stealthy footsteps of the burglars outside the door.

"There, did you hear that, Fred?" she will exclaim in a hushed and frightened whisper.

"Yes, my dear, that was the hall window curtain flapping." I will answer soothingly.

"The curtain!" Daisy repeats in scorn, and then, after a moment of midnight silence: "There! do you think that was the curtain?" with a terrified clutch at me in the darkness.

"No, Tommy Briggs has fallen out of bed again," I will say, at a venture. Of course it isn't always Tommy falling out of bed. Any one who has laid awake at night knows that many unexpected and at the moment unexplainable noises occur, which are not necessarily attributable to burglars. In fact, I have often tried to tell Daisy that burglars are really more to be feared when the house is absolutely quiet than when noises are abroad, inasmuch as the experienced burglar—the determined kind, who carries artillery around with him and will use it if necessary—never makes a noise himself, and is chary about exploring noisy houses. So, if there occurs a rather loud noise, as sometimes happens, which I can find no other ready explanation for, I throw the responsibility on Tommy. He often does fall out of bed —his mother has told Daisy so—and in summer, when the windows are open, the sound may be heard quite distinctly in our room.

But tonight Daisy was tired, and in all probability would sleep soundly. A few nights before she had had a rather severe attack of burglars. She was wakeful, and the house seemed so still, she said. She knew there must be burglars around, or it never would keep so quiet. So you see my words to Daisy had helped to defeat the very purpose for which they were uttered. In the deepest of the stillness, that night, a noise occurred with startling suddenness. I suppose a rat in the wall had miscalculated the distance from one joist to the next and had taken an unexpected tumble. Daisy screamed, and for fifteen minutes afterward was all in a cold tremble. But the attack passed and for two or three nights now she had been quite free from burglars. I suppose she had gradually been getting more tired with her kitchen work and so could not keep awake to listen for mysterious prowlers.

For two reasons then, I was glad to hear my wife's regular breathing: first, because it argued that on the morrow she

would feel rested after a good night's sleep, and second, because she was likely to pass another night undisturbed by any Daisy burglar.

Soothed and lulled by these gratifying reflections, and by the further pleasing knowledge that this was Saturday night, and tomorrow would be laborless, I sank softly into sweet and peaceful slumbers.

I awakened very suddenly, to find Daisy sitting up in bed. In fact, for some reason, I sat up in bed myself, which is something I seldom do, when Daisy has one of her attacks.

"Oh, Fred," my wife cried in a horrified whisper, "Did you hear that awful noise? There are burglars down stairs!"

Now I was not sure whether I had heard a noise or not. Something had awakened me from very sound sleep, but I wasn't sure whether it had been a noise or Daisy suddenly sitting up in bed. I had a confused notion that there really had been a noise, but was not at all certain.

"It must have been Tommy falling out of bed again," I said, applying the first remedy that my mind could seize hold of. If there had really been a noise it was as likely to have been Tommy as anything, I thought.

My wife did not answer, and while we both sat there, straining our ears in the darkness, the silence was suddenly broken by a shot. At least Daisy declared that it was a shot. I did not feel quite certain about it myself, for the reason that I did not know just how a revolver, if discharged in the house, might sound. But I had to admit to myself that the noise was very much like what I should expect a revolver to make. The shock of the first shot had not passed before a second one startled us.

"There! do you think that was Tommy falling out of bed?" demanded Daisy, without, however, putting any intentional humor into the question.

"No," I said, getting out of bed quickly. I knew there were not Tommies enough for that, and that the noise they made was quite different from this.

"Fred!"—in a low, intense whisper—"what are you doing?"

"Slipping on my trousers." Even as I answered another shot rang through the house. This was not a case of Daisy burglars. That was evident enough.

"Oh, oh, we shall both be killed!" moaned Daisy.

Two more shots rang out almost simultaneously. "The house is full of them!" wailed my wife. "Oh, oh!"

By this time I had got my trousers on and was at the door. But my hand had scarcely touched the key when Daisy seized my arm.

"Don't stir a step from this room, Fred!" she implored. "Are you crazy? Do you want to get shot?" she cried in agonized whispers. To be perfectly truthful, I didn't want to get shot. And to be perfectly truthful again, I was rather glad Daisy had put a staying hand upon me. So many shots in the dead of night were calculated to rather disturb one's nerves. I suppose I am to be classed somewhere between a brave man and a coward. Like most men in that class, I wanted to appear brave even if I wasn't. That was why I had gone to the door and started to unlock it. I don't know to this day whether I should have gone ahead and hunted for those burglars, if Daisy hadn't stopped me, or not. But if I were a betting man, I should be inclined to bet I wouldn't.

"Oh, Fred," Daisy cried, throwing her arms about me. "You must stay right here with me. If they won't touch us I don't care if they carry off everything—even the piano!" (Our piano is Daisy's especial pride and joy).

My wife's words were punctuated by another shot from below, and she clung closer to me in her terror.

But by this time I had begun to do a little thinking. If they really were burglars, and if those really were shots, what was the meaning of it all? Were the burglars shooting each other? That didn't seem probable. And if not, who were they shooting. They wouldn't be discharging firearms just for the fun of it.

Another shot popped out. I was cooler now, and my ears were more critical. Suddenly I laughed aloud.

"Why, Daisy," I cried. "Those are not shots at all. I know what it is now. It's that grape juice you've been bottling. The corks are popping!"

"Oh, Fred, do you suppose that's it?" Daisy asked, a faint note of relief detectable in her tone. "Certainly," I said. "There! don't you see," — as another bottle popped—"that's not a pistol shot. It's just a pop."

"But I heard another sound when I first woke up," Daisy said. "Something heavy tumbled down and made a terrible noise."

"Oh, that was your imagination," I said confidently. "To prove that I'm right, I'm going down to the kitchen," I added, unlocking and opening the door.

"Oh, Fred, don't you think we'd better wait till morning?" Daisy asked.

But just then another bottle popped, and with our door open, though it sounded louder than before, it also sounded less like a pistol shot.

"It's the grape juice, all right," I said, and started to descend the stairs.

"Wait! I'm going with you," Daisy said, and hastily throwing a robe over her, she followed me down to the kitchen. I lighted each and every gas jet that I passed, leaving a trail of illumination behind us, and presently had the kitchen jet going.

It was plain that we had arrived upon the field of battle, for the kitchen floor was strewn with corks and bits of glass. (Some of the bottles had broken.) But it was strewn with something else, too. There lay our Sunday dessert—Daisy's beautiful big watermelon—cracked, with contents spilled out on the kitchen floor.

"How in the world did it get there, Fred?" Daisy asked. "I left it in the ice-box. Oh, some one must have been in here, after all!" she cried with a shuddering glance over her shoulder.

I thought so, too, for the door to the basement stood open, but before I could say anything there came a familiar voice from somewhere.

"Is de army gone, Mis' Daisy?" (It was characteristic of the rascal that he should address the question to my wife instead of me).

"Come out of there!" I cried angrily, and slowly from under the kitchen table, whither he had ignobly retreated at the beginning of the fray, emerged George Washington Thomas Jefferson Jackson. "If you hadn't tried to steal that watermelon, G. W. T. J. J.," I said severely, "we would have given you half of it, and probably three quarters; but now you don't get a slice, you rascal; no sir, not a seed!"

G. W. cast a scared look about him. I doubt if he had even heard what I said. "Is dey gone fo' suah—dat army?" he asked tremblingly. "Dey knocked me over de firs' shot," he went on, feeling of the back of his head, and then looking at his hands. He seemed surprised to find they were not wet. The first cork to pop had evidently struck G. W. T. J. J. on the head.

Daisy uttered an hysterical laugh, and fled to her room, while I took George Washington Thomas Jefferson Jackson by the coat collar and marched him from the scene of his defeat to the back stoop, where I gave him as vigorous a kick as my slippered toe could administer.

Ballade of Fame

By ERNEST McGAFFEY

WHERE is the glory of King and crown
Or vanished warrior's haughty claim?
How brief is the record of Fortune's frown
Or the loves and passions of squire and dame!
They do not merit or praise or blame,
Since all are shadows that come and go.
They thought to live by the might of Fame
And fame is a bubble the children blow.

The sands of time in the ages drown
The screeds of those who as prophets came;
The conqueror sleeps with the hapless clown,
And neither shall boast of a deathless name;
The strong and great, and the halt and lame,
Alike in the end oblivion know,
No matter how lofty is their aim,
And fame is a bubble the children blow.

Like leaves of the Autumn, sere and brown,
Which once were bright in the sunlight's flame,
So fade the traces of men's renown;
So fall the annals of honor or shame,
For death at the last shall seize and tame,
However his tread be swift or slow—
The picture drops from the shattered frame,
And fame is a bubble the children blow.

ENVOY.

Prince! life at best is a childish game,
However the players, high or low;
The end to each is the very same
And fame is a bubble the children blow.

DOUCETTE

IN TWO CHAPTERS

By LYLIE O. HARRIS

CHAPTER I.

A PROFOUND sensation thrilled the Vieux Carré.

Divorcee? Estelle St. Ange? *Impossible!* But when it was certainly known that Estelle had left her husband, the witty, the accomplished, the incomparable Armand de Dressac, had the statue of Jackson in the old Place d'Armes dismounted from his bronze horse, and marched out of the gate, the amazement of the French Quarter could hardly have been greater. Not only that a divorce in that society was almost unknown, but also because of the position of the divorced pair. High-born, adorable, rich —each worshipped the other, and their hearts were welded in love of the little fairy *brune* girl, whose cradle they had just begun to rock, when they separated, Armand going to France, Estelle back to her parents. But the cause, the cause? whispered society into the ear of society. But even society was at a loss to surmise the cause.

Estelle St. Ange, as everybody knew, was as proud as her proudest ancestors, and the only child of her parents who were as proud and reserved as their daughter. Thus none of the circumstances of the strange case leaked out—not a chink nor a cranny was permeated by any hint of the cause of the trouble.

Estelle, with her little daughter Félicie, and old Zozi, the baby's nurse, who had also nursed the mother, went back to the St. Ange home. The house was an old, somber, massive, Andalusian looking building, low, wide galleried and with crawling flights of steps leading up to its front doors. It stood alone in a square, on dreamy Rue Esplanade, overshadowed by mantling magnolias, and perfumed with growing flowers. Its whole aspect was one of luxurious repose. About it was an air of aristocratic ease, of motionless serenity and calm, which seemed to make silent protest against haste and hurry.

Just as her father's house seemed to withdraw itself into seclusion, so Estelle shrank from the world. Rarely was she seen, even at mass. She, who once had so passionately loved that charming and delightful society of which she had been a brilliant and magnetic figure, now lived only for her parents.

Whatever might be the cause of her separation from her husband, her outward mien gave no hint. Her countenance grew more severe, more Junoesque —her stateliness more stately. She retired into an intangible aloofness, as though she would hold herself apart from her old world. These were the sole evidences of the storm which had swept over her. But while the proud daughter held her proud head up yet more proudly, the change in her father was greater still.

Valcour St. Ange's life had grown to fruition amid spacious and pride engendering surroundings, in a noble and far

spreading demesne in the famous *terres grasses* of alluvial Louisiana. He was a typical Creole of the high class—proud and aristocratic. He was not intentionally, only suggestively haughty. Preeminently *un galant homme du monde*, fitted to illuminate the cultivated society in which he moved, he was also a diligent student, famous for his knowledge of the unique system of jurisprudence peculiar to Louisiana.

For such a man the abnegation of the martyr was impossible. The vitriol of shame would eat into his very vitals and literally devour him. Suddenly his coal black hair blanched. The tall, graceful and commanding figure in which the fire of youth had so fiercely burned, was now bent together. His face, clear cut and shapely, became a collapse of enfolding wrinkles. His eyes which had shone keen and clear, became dull and sunken. Only when the name of de Dressac was mentioned, would they flash with a sinister light.

When sometimes he roused himself from his brooding and fixed his eye upon Estelle, his whole face would quiver with agony. Was he contrasting her former brimming gayety—the old smiling grace of the girl — with the marble woman who had taken her place? Under his own eyes the change went on, and St. Ange, seeing it, cursed himself.

How fearful his fate! His long line of ancestors had shed glory upon the family name long before it migrated to Louisiana.

His pride of ancestry was almost a worship, but it had been reserved for *him* to stain their family escutcheon. It stung him to the quick and bowed his head with anguish. From despondency he aroused himself with difficulty, then his hot blood would boil, and drawing his attenuated figure up until it seemed to tower, his dark face would glow with the heat of anger, and lifting up his withered hands toward heaven, he would bitterly exclaim: "And I gave him my child! *I, her father! Oh! curse him!—God in heaven curse him!*"

During one of these tempests of passion his valet entered and put a letter into his master's hand. He looked at the superscription and, without breaking the seal, threw the letter from him as though it were a viper, and fell death stricken.

Old Zozi picked it up, unobserved, but remembering what sorrow a letter just like it had once before brought upon her master, determined to say nothing about it—at least not then.

A few months after the sudden death of Valcour St. Ange, his wife, a gentle, loving soul, with no capacity to battle against trouble, joined her husband in the old St. Louis cemetery.

Estelle was now alone. True, there was her little Doucette, such was the baby's love name, but Estelle drew herself curiously apart from the child. She never seemed to crave the baby's presence, she never fondled it, nor crooned over it in the gloaming any of those tender cradle songs which the Creole mother sings to her little ons—*Ces chansons qui nous viennent de nos grands-grands-peres*—as some one says of them. Estelle left the baby almost entirely in the charge of old Zozi, who loved the little flower like creature with a tropical intensity of passion, peculiar to the negro nurse.

"What does Zozi know?" was the thought often in Estelle's mind. But nothing in the old woman's words or manner ever suggested any knowledge whatever of the secret. Zozi had the high bred manner of the trusted old slave brought up in the house of the master and mistress, with the consequent sense of responsibility. Her manner was perfectly self possessed and respectful, but not obsequious. She was *bonne* and housekeeper. She ruled over the other servants with patience and

completeness. The other negroes looked up to her, as she was the *confidante* of their mistress. She was a type of the most exalted rank of slave. She had the highest honor which her race could attain.

With a face full of intelligence, she combined firmness, decision and gentleness. She was straight and rawboned, and possessed that wonderful art in twisting the *tignon* peculiar to her class. There was grace in her noiseless, gliding steps, and she had a refinement not rare in those of her race brought up under like conditions. Although Zozi knew her importance she never presumed. She cheerfully performed her various duties, and did as she was bid. But—what did she know? Even if Zozi did know, Estelle felt that the secret was safe enough with her, therefore she ceased to be troubled over that possible knowledge.

For her this secret was the one dread trouble in the world, and it darkened her soul. Nothing else was of slightest moment. She had forgotten that she had ever been happy. She who had once so passionately loved seemed now to have lost the capacity to care for anyone. Once she had been keenly susceptible to pleasure and pain, vivid impressions and mortal sympathies. All these emotions had been wont to follow each in rapid succession. Her temperament had been warm and poetic—she had been a plastic creature affected by this or that, yielding to every impression of beauty or sentiment—all of her waking hours those of exaltation.

But now she was as quiet and deep and still as one of the tarns in the *cypriere*, and like it her soul reflected never a gleam of sunshine. She felt frozen. She had intellectual powers but they were paralyzed. She sought only to forget. To *remember* was a personal degradation. Were it not for the child, she would soon know how not to remember. This thought, at times, was like a draught of poison out of hell. Then for days the accidental presence of the child seemed to terrify her. At such times she would fly from it, and take refuge in another part of the great, silent house, where for hours at a time she paced the echoing halls, a prey to the most somber brooding. To her everything seemed to take on mocking shapes which proclaimed her shame and threatened to give her over to maddening publicity. *She! a daughter of St. Ange!* If she could only forget!

But Doucette? "*Tu n'est pas monstre,—non cherie. Maman est bien folle, oui, mais Zozi elle t'aime, n'est-ce-pas ma belle et bonne?*" Then hugging the pretty one to her heart Zozi would sing:

> "*Li to te 'tit zozo*
> *Et moi-meme mo te fusil*
> *Mo sre touche toi— Boum!*
> *Ah, chere bijou,*
> *D'acajou,*
> *Mo l'aimin vous*
> *Comme cochon aime la boue.*"

Not that Doucette missed the expression of mother love—Zozi's was so satisfying. She was a little sprite, always buoyant and brilliant, like a tiny bit of thistle down, which danced upon even adverse winds. If, in her infancy, Doucette was shunned by her mother, as she grew older she became such a pervading presence in the house it was not possible to escape it. The wall that the mother had set up between the baby and herself, the baby pulled down.

By and by the mother's marble face began to soften, the tightening lips to relax. Doucette grew into a phantom of delight, and under the influence of her exuberant gayety, the mother sometimes became smiling and girlish again, while a lost grace came back to her face. Under the continual allurements and seductions of Doucette, Estelle's unnatural reserve at last gave way, and

although remembrance was still a burning coal, she yielded to the fascination of the child, and thanked God for the supreme gift of motherhood.

* * * *

And Doucette! The little magician, a gay golden butterfly; she was buoyant as the *zozos* she strove to catch—child of the sun—a coaxing, winning little fairy, with dark liquid eyes and hair a wave of silk with the sheen of the cocoon upon it. From her fawn like head down to the high arch of her little foot, she looked the high born child. She was quick blooded and could leap like a salmon, run like a centipede and give tongue like a fire bell.

She talked inveterate *patois,* and was on the most confidential terms with the "clo' pole" man, the nursery bogey of old New Orleans, whose weird cry makes even grown folks feel creepy. The "any ol' bot'" man knew her and adored her. The cut glass decanters had to be locked away after Zozi found her bestowing them upon that *marchand,* in exchange for some trumpery toy. Indeed, all the *marchands* of this and of that were her cronies, and she was *bonne camarade* with every *rabais* in the Quarter.

Estelle, with a little amused wonder, admitted to herself that Doucette was decidedly of the democracy. Insensibly she had absorbed the sunshine dispensed by the little fairy and the shadows were gradually lifting from her soul.

With the child's singular beauty and precocious intelligence was mingled a genius for loving and for winning love.

* * * *

She was twelve years old when the harsh clang of war resounded through the land. The Creole population palpitated with enthusiasm for the Confederate cause. They were bound to succeed!

The whole city bubbled and seethed with the intensity of preparation for the conflict. Then the men, young and old, hurried to the front, that blood red line on the border, to meet the invaders of the South.

The days flew by.

Then sad tidings began to come in—here a father slain, there a brother, now a husband, again a lover. Enthusiasm burned into a sullen glow of fire. Boys became men; girls were changed into women. Their gayeties ceased. The French Quarter was silent as a grave. The opera was deserted. Suspense constricted every heart. The streets grew rank with grass.

The whole city became somber with anxious expectations. The "Yankee gunboats" were reported in the river. The skies became lurid with the light of burning cotton on the levee, destroyed by the owners to prevent it from falling into the hands of the invaders.

But all in vain, for the tawny river bore down the menace of the North, and soldiers in blue marched through the streets of New Orleans. Then the shops were deserted and often the people went hungry, and the time came when the city was a city only of old men and bereaved women, weak and worn; an innumerable throng clad in black. And then weeping and wailing and woe to the end.

* * * *

When the fury of the war was over, Madame de Dressac, like every one else, was impoverished. Her plantation, the happy home of her negroes, where sugar had been made on a large scale, was hers no longer. Soon, too, she was obliged to give up her city home. To live in a tiny suite of *chambres garnies* was to enter another world. But from the circumstances of that time of desolation and universal ruin, no loss of position or of *amour propre* ensued to make the change more painful.

Poverty had become the hand maid of aristocracy. Those who had money were regarded with contemptuous disdain—either they were aliens, who fattened

upon confiscated goods, or worse, people who, vampire like, had sucked the life blood of their country.

But to the luxuriously nurtured Estelle, with her daintily bred child, poverty was hard to bear.

Of all their slaves, one only refused to desert them. Old Zozi remained faithful. Freedom had no charms for her without her mistress and her *bebe*.

Mother, child and servant lived together in the upper story of a plain old house which gave on the *allee* that runs hand in hand with the Cathedral and its close. A mediaeval by-way it is, craggy with balconies and peaked with dormer windows.

But how did they live? Doucette laughed and often declared how good it was to have one's "fat" to live on. But after a while even their fat was consumed.

The pawn shop of a Marius, who built his fortunes upon the ruins of the Carthage of others, had melted an inconceivable amount of this "fat," at surprisingly small cost to Marius.

Doucette, through it all, was not unhappy. She had been reared with all the conventional ideas characteristic of the Creole. Her school life had been passed within the walls of the Ursuline Convent, and she was versed in all the pretty domesticities of Creole home life, with its industries, refinements and manifold employments. In the flagged court yard, where burned one dazzling disc of sunshine, she had made her flower garden. This little garden was a very passion play of sun and sweet scents. The sun filtered into their front rooms through tangled morning glories, and small diamond shaped panes of glass fixed in with lead. The rooms were bare enough. In them were only a few pieces of massive furniture; in the fire places were old time brass andirons; on the walls, only the family portraits.

But at last arrived the black morning when Madame de Dressac had not even the few sous necessary for that day's food. Her jewels, her laces, her silver, her costly furniture had long ago been disposed of, and had brought but little, for New Orleans was not then as now the Mecca of curio hunters. But Zozi believed in works. There was no Creole *delicatesse* she could not make—therefore, *delicatesse* should support her *belles et bonnes*.

Each day, clad in the stiffest of Guinea blue frocks, her head enturbaned with a *tignon*, which had more distracting knots and butterfly wings than any other *tignon* in the Vieux Carré, with great brass hoops swinging from ear to shoulder, her tray balanced upon her head, she stepped forth from the corridor into the Allée St. Antoine, and walked erectly to Canal street.

Her stand was always in the deep embrasure of one of the doors of a great stone bank. Young clerks out for their lunch, young ladies from the American Quarter, the strangers who had flocked into the town and grown rich in sudden Aladdin fashion, were Zozi's patrons. She did not scruple to add fortune telling to her stock in trade. There were many who believed her to be a sort of Voudou priestess, who could give them charms to ensure luck in love and business and these were willing to pay for the little fetiches she manufactured in secret. Well, what harm? She said to herself, her *gri-gris* could not hurt, indeed they did good—for did they not help to feed and clothe her two angels?

The five dreadful years of revolution, which had torn down so many paper conventionalities, and the poverty which followed, had served to distract Estelle's mind from the one thought which had seared her very soul. But as Doucette began to grow into beautiful womanhood, the old horror revived, but there was no awakening of the old aversion, for the adoration of Doucette was now so great that it seemed an atonement.

Estelle now began to read certain books, just then beginning to come under the eye of the general reader.

What was there so intensely interesting in Spencer and Darwin, and their fellow writers, Doucette often demanded laughingly of her mother. If Estelle answered the question, it was only to assert that she hated those books, but that they treated of subjects in which she must be instructed. And the more Estelle read the graver she grew—the more she scrutinized Doucette—the more she analyzed every word, and motion and look of the young girl.

Was Doucette indolent or capricious, or was she seemingly unmindful of any moment save the present—did she now and then express exaggerated ideas of events or things, or absorb the superstitions which floated about them, Estelle would reprove her almost sharply. Doucette was passionately fond of dancing, of music, of every passing show, and this added to her mother's anxiety. Was there not, too, a suggestiveness in Doucette's appearance? Her lustrous, purple black hair, her great, liquid, melting, dark eyes, her ivory tinted skin, the full red lips? Her serpent like grace of movement was distinctively Nilesque to Estelle's mind, and surely others must observe it! The resemblance must impress even strangers. Still all might be well if the child did not marry. Merciful God! Who *would* marry Doucette if he knew? All the old shame burned anew within the mother's heart. Doucette had been reared in a stricter seclusion than is usual even for Creole girls. So far there had been nothing tragical in her life; indeed, she was always a gay, happy creature. True, poverty was a *betise*, and even the appetite of seventeen does not always clamor for *potage des ognons, des haricots, et du riz.* But everybody else of her world was poor, so her pride suffered in no wise.

One of the most delightful *soirees* she had ever attended, where she had met young Henri St. Amant for the first time, was in a grand old mansion on Bayou St. John, almost denuded of furniture. The refreshments offered by her accomplished and aristocratic hostess that memorable evening were roasted sweet potatoes, heaped on huge silver salvers, accompanied with orangeade made from the bitter oranges which grew in the ladies' gardens. It had been very funny, and everybody had laughed a great deal, and Henri had made some graceful compliments to the hostess and recalled the fact that it was in this very salon that she had banqueted Louis Philippe. How often, he said, had his father told the story of that royal feast.

The dress Doucette had worn at this soiree was in exquisite taste. But that same white muslin, *par exemple*, what vicissitudes of time it had known! It was even beginning to show age sadly. "*Maitresse de raccomodage*," that is my "*metier*," she said one day to her mother, after patiently darning it. "Ah, Mamoute, when shall thy Doucette see herself *en grande tenue?* Maybe when I marry me, *hein?*" "*Dieu te defend, ma fille!*" Estelle exclaimed, her face darkening. "*Mais comment donc, Maman?* Me?—*of course* I have the intention to marry me—not *now*, of course—some of these days. *N'est-ce-pas, belle Maman!*" Then, with the fervency of that sun which had quickened her blood, she kissed and caressed her mother, entreating her not to take her *au serieuse.*

She was such a joyous, brilliant creature! full of warm life and love. She was beautiful, too—beautiful in form and feature, but still more lovely with the complex, spiritual beauty of the ideal Creole woman.

It is hard to analyze the type, although a distinct creation in loveliness. It is made of dark, liquid eyes, of luminous ivorine skin, of suppleness of rounded limbs, with perfection of movement and

slender grace; of light spirits, gay repartee and saucy whimsicality. Such was Doucette, and so infinitely charming that all who met her were fascinated. Her mother had long dreaded the coming of the time of lovers. But the hour had struck.

At that famous potato *soiree*, where she had met Henri, she had kindled in the heart of that young man a mounting flame of love that was to lap the skies.

Weeks had passed since first he met Doucette, but he was in despair. It seemed impossible ever to get to the heart of that tricky sprite. She had a fashion of airily changing the conversation whenever it drifted into sentiment. Sometimes she would meet him with the benignant impartiality of a sister, so frankly would she extend her hand, so confidingly would she talk with him. But perhaps the next time they met, the precious little imp, full of shyness and reserve, would manage to make him feel that he was supreme in her imagination. Then she would smile upon him. Ah! that smile, how it maddened him! Then he grew silent from the very ecstasy of his contemplation.

Notwithstanding that Doucette had been even more zealously guarded from contact with the world than most girls of her class, still youth will seek youth, and Estelle, with all her fears and anxieties for her child, could not immure her in conventual solitude. She knew that the girl's charm and beauty would evoke love. But what if Doucette, too, should love? Then she must see her child suffer. For Doucette there could be no marriage.

The girl, even as she fenced with her lover, was conscious that at times she felt oppressed by something vague, imperceptible, intangible. It had come over her little by little, just as she had seen the fog come creeping over the river.

What mysterious thing was this? Whence those undefined yearnings and terrors, and above all, what was that sudden uplifting of the heart which seemed to widen her narrow horizon and make it bloom with tropical color?

Instinctively she had hidden her heart from her lover, but one day, it was at mass, he had surprised that heart in her eyes, and even as he did so she had been startled into self knowledge, and henceforth a halo of love encircled them.

When Henri, soon after that day, called at the dim old house in Allée St. Antoine, he asked only for Madame de Dressac. She instantly saw what ordeal was before her and her child. How her heart went out to the young man. After all, why not let them marry and be happy? But quick upon this tempting suggestion came the hounds of the Eumenides. The specter, banished for the moment, stood forth with vivid, haunting distinctness. No! she could not leave them her inheritance of woe. After all, Doucette might not love Henri.

Yet there flashed into the mother's quickened mind, recollections of faint changes, of chance dropped words, of blushes and down cast eyes. Perhaps all was not so well with Doucette.

Some spiritual telegraphy between the man and the maid had assured each of the other's love. No word had yet been spoken. Inexorable custom of the Creole world forbade it, but Henri had now come to ask for Doucette's hand.

He had not imagined that Madame de Dressac would oppose his suit. A St. Amant was as well born as a St. Ange. He was the only son of an old baronial planter, and much of his life had been passed in the solitude of a great plantation. The walls of the parlor showed many a grand and somber portrait of his ancestors. His own handsome face won immediate confidence, while his debonair and frank manner took everybody by storm. He was a sound, wholesome, practical fellow, kind and lenient to the follies of others. Moreover, he was a

close student, and lastly, his fortunes had not gone down in the almost universal wreck.

What happiness it would be to reinstate his beloved and her mother in that luxury and state which both would so well adorn!

So it was with rapturous heart that he presented himself in the little salon and asked for Madame de Dressac.

She listened quietly to his proposal, thanked him for the honor shown Doucette, but assured him it was impossible, Doucette could not marry him.

"But Madame, she loves me—I know Doucette loves me!"

"I am afraid she does, Henri. If only she did not—oh, we miserable ones!"

"But Madame, what reason?" You know me, my life, my prospects. You know I adore Doucette — and *pardon* Madame, but I am almost sure Doucette loves me—then Madame, what reason?"

The mother's heart cried out within her. Why should her child suffer. She so innocent, so lovely, so adorable? And this young man who had won her affection, why inflict needless pain upon him? She herself had endured pain and shame so long, why impose upon these two young people such a burden of bitter grief? Let them be happy. "The guilt be on my own head," she said to herself. But even as she made this pact with her conscience, a sudden remembrance smote her. She must seek counsel with Pére Ignace. A few more hours of uncertainty would not be such an intolerable affliction to the lovers. Then she said, with dignity:

"*Monsieur*, I have almost said 'yes' to your request. I do not mind saying to you, that you are the only man whom I could bear to see the husband of my daughter, but I cannot answer you now."

She extended her hand and the young man bending low kissed it rapturously.

"*Merci, Madame*—and when—"

"This evening—"

"*Alors, au revoir, Madame.*"

(*Concluded in the January National.*)

THEN ALL WERE LOOKING FOR A KING

Then all were looking for a king
To stay their foes and lift them high;
Thou cam'st, a little baby thing
That made a woman cry.

O, Son of Man, to right our lot
Naught but Thy presence can avail;
Yet on the road Thy wheels are not,
Nor on the sea Thy sail!

My how or when Thou wilt not heed,
But come down Thine own secret stair,
That Thou mayst answer all my need—
Yea, every by-gone prayer.

George MacDonald

MEN AND AFFAIRS OF MODERN MEXICO

THE MIRACLE OF THE BATOPILAS MINES

By S. GLEN ANDRUS

With Engravings from Photographs by Dr. C. W. Hawley

"BOSS" SHEPHERD of Batopilas, Mexico, is dead.

When the news of his demise was flashed over the wires recently old residents of the city of Washington knew that it was the "passing" of the greatest "Silver King" of modern times.

Every mining territory has its stories of thrilling adventures fraught with bitter disappointments, hopes unrealized and of joy and riches come in a single night to take the place of black despair.

In this respect the state of Chihuahua, Mexico, is not an exception. If ever the story of the mining camps of Chihuahua is written, there will be none stranger, more thrilling, more filled with the true romance of life than the story of the Batopilas Mining Company. Buried in the almost inaccessible canyons of the Sierra Madre mountains, where civilization has to creep in by mule back, Alexander R. Shepherd worked out the problem of life in a manner more fascinating than fiction, more daring than most heroism of history and more astoundingly wonderful than the tales of the Arabian Nights.

THE LATE ALEXANDER R. SHEPHERD

Thirty years ago the late czar of the strangest mining camp in the western world was one of the best known men in the United States. When his sudden death was announced September 12, last, comparatively few were aware of his existence and still fewer know the strange story of his achievements in the far away barren barrancas of western Mexico. Gov-

ernor Shepherd, as his intimates always addressed him, was governor of the District of Columbia during General Grant's first term. In fact, he was the man who planned and built the capital city, as it appears today. Riches, honor and power were his in a degree that comes to few men. Of a sudden all this was changed and Governor Shepherd found himself penniless with a wife and seven children to support. The story of his downfall financially and of his political demise need not be told here, for it is Governor Shepherd, the silver king of Chihuahua, in whom we are interested.

It is not amiss to recall, however, that in 1861, Governor Shepherd was president of the Washington city council, and, having grown tired of hearing that city called a mud hole, determined that it should become a place of artistic beauty. Despite bitter protest and political influence he adhered to his plans, and when he had finished the city was saddled with an enormous debt, many people had been hit hard financially and Governor Shepherd was the most cheerfully hated man in the district. He builded, however, better than he knew, for, as the years passed, all united in admitting and praising his wisdom and foresight. Upon his return to the capital city years afterward, he was met with brass bands and féted every hour of his visit. Every effort proved unavailing, for he had set his hand to the plough in far away, semi-barbaric Batopilas and Governor Shepherd was not the man to turn back from any undertaking.

As in Washington so in Batopilas, Governor Shepherd accomplished an amazing work. Arriving there penniless, twenty-three years ago, practically an exile from his native city and native country, he built up a fortune estimated from $6,000,000 to $10,000,000, made his business associates even more wealthy than himself and rounded out a career which for picturesqueness and daring has no parallel. No oriental potentate ever lived in more regal splendor than Governor Shepherd during the latter years of his life and yet his life was simplicity itself and filled with daily hardships. No potentate ever ruled more absolutely than did Governor Shepherd in his small and isolated domain, yet his government and rule were based upon a genuine love for humanity and a desire to make the lot of fellow men with whom he came in daily contact as happy and comfortable as possible. The same characteristic that led him to cause Washington to bloom with lasting beauty impelled him to make for himself, his family and workmen a garden of Eden amid the sands and canyons of old Mexico. It is not an exaggeration to say that

GOVERNOR SHEPHERD ON HIS FAVORITE HORSE, SULTAN

NOON CAMP OF A MULE PACK TRAIN ON ROAD TO BATOPILAS

Governor Shepherd was the principal owner of the richest silver mines in the world, for where but in Batopilas will there be found ore which assays from $6 to $8 per pound, or from $12,000 to $16,000 per ton? And if the ore were not of exceeding richness the story of Batopilas would never have been told, for it would have cost more to market it than it is worth. To begin, just where is Batopilas? If you take the "Rocky Mountain Limited" on the Rock Island road at Chicago, go to El Paso and transfer to a Pullman car on the Mexican Central for Chihuahua and arrive at the latter city, the journey to Batopilas has but begun. About 250 miles south and west of Chihuahua is the town of Batopilas, in the district of San Andres, nestled in a canyon of wonderful colors and which is undoubtedly an extension of the Grand Canyon of Arizona. The trip from the city of Chihuahua to Batopilas is a wonderful story of itself. From Chihuahua, the Chihuahua & Pacific railroad takes you to San Antonio, a distance of sixty-six miles. From San Antonio a rickety stage runs forty miles in the direction of Batopilas, where it suddenly stops, leaving the traveler to the mercy of the burro or the mule.

If you are in really first class fighting trim, fit to go the pace for twenty rounds, you may venture to try the six days' journey by mule back which will be necessary if you expect to see the Shepherd domains. This ride of nearly 150 miles is one never to be forgotten, for it is full of magnificent scenery, venturesome stretches of road, where one misstep would plunge you into almost bottomless chasms, is filled with indescribable sunsets and electrifying sunrises, is not without danger from attack by the fiercest tribes of mountain bandits and is a journey whose every mile opens a new world. One sleeps on mother earth with a saddle for a pillow and a rifle for a bed fellow and there is not a dull moment, waking or sleeping, for the events of the day have left the imagination vivid for the sleeping hours. Upon the last stage of this journey, the morning of the last day, a scene of wondrous beauty suddenly unfolds. You are 8,000 feet high, perched upon the rim of the barranca in which is situated the town of Batopilas. Over the valley and several thousand feet below you the mists of a foggy morning are beginning to scatter at the fast reddening beck of the rising sun. You stand upon the trail, looking down. Nothing can be seen, for the vaporous covering is too thick for the eye to penetrate. Suddenly the blanket of gray becomes thin and transparent and through its folds the valley can be seen stretching away in immense distances, its wonderous pigments of browns and blues and grays and crimsons mingling in a

picture which the hand of mortal artist cannot faithfully reproduce. In the center of this, nature's frame, lies Batopilas, apparently so near that the outstretched hand can reach it, yet full five hours' journey distant.

As venturesome as is the trip of today to Batopilas, it is nothing compared with the first journey made by Governor Shepherd. Penniless in Washington, he had heard of the stories of rich mines at Batopilas and determined to seek his fortune anew in that far away place. In telling me about those early days he said:

"The San Miguel mine and the hacienda were taken possession of by Mr. H. L. Stevens in April, 1880, and in May of the same year, I with my family and party drove from San Antonio, Texas, to Chihauhua, across the plains, the trip occupying forty days. The journey, as you may guess, was not unaccompanied with danger, as the Apaches were on the war path and were destroying entire immigrant trains and villages. General W. T. Sherman was then in command of the United States army, and not desiring to have the scalps of myself and family adorn the wigwam of some Apache chieftain, I appealed to him. His response was generous, for he gave me the following letter:

"'To the Officers of the United States Army stationed in Texas:—The bearer, Ex-Governor Alex. R. Shepherd of Washington, with family and party, is leaving Washington for the city of Chihuahua, Mexico, passing through a portion of Texas. I ask for him the same treatment you would give me.

W. T. SHERMAN, General.'

"This 'made our paths straight,' so to speak, and carried us safely through. On July 1 of that year I reached the mines and relieved Mr. Stevens, who went home by the way of San Francisco." The conditions which met Governor Shepherd at Batopilas were of a character thoroughly to test even a heart of oak. It affected but did not subdue the governor. Batopilas was at that time a miserable Indian settlement of 300 wretched souls. The valley, which is on the sea level, is in summer a veritable inferno of heat, insects and disease. It had been reported that since the seventeenth century hundreds of millions of dollars had been taken out of the mines there. On the contrary, the governor found a hacienda of forty and one-half acres, with three old stamps and two arrastras. Hampered by lack of sufficient capital to develope his concessions, two weeks distant from the nearest market for the products of his mines and in a country where abso-

VALLEY OF THE BATOPILAS RIVER, SHOWING THE TRAIL LEADING DOWN A MOUNTAIN 8,000 FEET HIGH TO THE LEVEL OF THE RIVER, WHICH IS 2,000 FEET ABOVE THE SEA

lutely nothing can grow and where every ton of freight costs $100 in transportation, the prospect was something appalling.

A short time was sufficient to make Governor Shepherd believe in the future of Batopilas, however, and he determined to make the property develop itself from the yearly output. His success in the face of almost insurmountable obstacles was nearly beyond belief. This is what he had at the date of his death, after twenty-three years of patient, pains-taking labor, years filled with hardships not unalloyed with joy: The haciendas of San Miguel and San Antonio, containing forty-five acres, with their equipment capable of treating $3,000,000 of ore yearly, mines, tunnels and workings with a total length of 226,796 feet or forty-three miles; ranches containing 70,575 acres, dam, aqueduct and water power of 500 horse power capacity; twenty-two lots in Batopilas and Chihuahua, five stations on the Chihuahua road, bridge connecting haciendas, and mineral concessions from the government of Mexico covering sixty-one square miles of gold and silver mining territory.

This cost Governor Shepherd and his business associates $11,306,434.57 and every dollar of it has been taken from the mines, which have yielded in twenty-two years a total of $13,863,304.84. Only a tiny corner of his great concessions have been worked. Casual exploration has already located over 350 veins of gold and as many of silver. The supply seems almost inexhaustible and almost fabulous wealth was at last within the grasp of the former governor of Washington. It will be years, however, before the concessions will be thoroughly explored, because the present mines have given no indication of "petering out," and until they do it is unnecessary to open new ones. Within the next few years railroad transportation facilities are bound to come within a short distance of Batopilas, and as soon as this happens Governor Shepherd's holdings will more than double in value, for in addition to the tremendously decreased cost of marketing the product, better transportation will give him an opportunity to work low grade ores as well as high grade.

THE BRIDGE AT BATOPILAS. THE PICTURE SHOWS ALSO THE TUNNEL BUILDINGS AND THE CONCENTRATION MILL, OR HACIENDA SAN ANTONIO

The mines which are now being worked at Batopilas are: The San Miguel, Todos Santos, Roncesvalles, Camuchin and Deschubridora, the output of which during 1902 was nearly $3,000,000. From 1,000 to 1,300 native laborers are employed in the mines and the town of Batopilas has grown to be a city of between 6,000 and 7,000 people. It is, however, unlike any other mining town in the country, for it is a sort of principality over which Governor Shepherd exercised a strange and yet supreme authority, the Mexican government never interfering with him. To be sure, the

city has its *jefe*, its judge of letters and minor judge, its jail and police force of fifteen men, but they were all appointees of Governor Shepherd. It was he who saw to it that the citizens of Batopilas were fed and clothed and provided with supplies which cost almost their weight in silver delivered to the people. It was Governor Shepherd who built their churches, their school houses and their homes, and who taught them to preserve municipal government and order in this rugged wilderness of the far southwest.

For himself and family, however, Governor Shepherd built a queer little municipality of his own, apart from the outer world and made capable of defence against any uprising of peons or attacks of mountain bandits. This walled city of the Shepherds is called Hacienda San Miguel and consists of twenty acres lying against the side of the mountain. The hacienda is inclosed by a solid wall of masonry ten feet high and two feet thick, entrance being made possible by massive iron gates. There is rarely a time when inside this walled American city in the heart of the Mexican wilderness there is not stored several million dollars in ore and silver bars. In fact, the hoard steadily increases, for it was Governor Shepherd's policy to build up silver monuments against the time when the steam horse should penetrate his fastness and make his silver more valuable. The Hacienda is a veritable dream of beauty. In it grows nearly every variety of tropical plant of beautiful foliage. Its streets and walks are finely paved and its small gardens and miniature lakes, its many bowers of retreat and shady nooks, were planned and constructed by one whose soul was filled with the love of nature.

In carrying out his policy of making the place as attractive as possible for his workmen, Governor Shepherd built a fine hotel for the American mechanics. Realizing that the climate would be hard upon his men, he spent $25,000 in building a modern hospital with twenty-five beds in it. This institution is equipped with electric light, running water and every modern appliance that can be found in an up-to-date city hospital. It is in charge of Dr. R. S. Wagner, who is a skillful physician and accomplished gentleman and who married one of Governor Shepherd's daughters. To maintain this hospital costs between $8,000 and $10,000 yearly, for expense is not spared and it was a work very near to the governor's heart. Under his charge, Dr. Wagner has two trained nurses whom he secured in the United States and every afternoon there is treatment in a free dispensary connected with the hospital. Last year 300 patients were received in the hospital and 6,000 received treatment in the free dispensary.

Other buildings in the hacienda are: an assay office, immense store rooms, machine shop, reduction plant and a thirty stamp mill. Having built his walled home, Governor Shepherd found it necessary to provide it with water. In order to do so he spent $2,000,000 in constructing an aqueduct of solid masonry two miles in length. This aqueduct also supplies the water for a new 130 stamp mill which was recently constructed for treatment of low grade ore, provides the power for a large ice plant and electric lighting plant and also power for the drills. The water which flows through the aqueduct actually passes under the bed of the Batopilas river and connects with a second aqueduct which provides power for the machinery in the San Miguel mine. One of his greatest accomplishments and one of which, I think, he was most proud, is the long tunnel extending two miles through the solid rock and reaching the heart of the San Miguel mine. It took ten years to construct it and cost over $2,000,000, and nothing more aptly illustrates the dogged tenacity of the late

governor. Through this tunnel all the ore is taken and it saves the great expense of hoisting it to the top of the mine and carting it down the rugged steeps of the mountain.

When I asked the master of this wonderful enterprise where he got his fuel, he smiled and replied:

"Burros bring it to me from a distance of two days' journey, and it is getting farther and farther away every year. Wood which I use for fuel costs me $16 a cord, and it is not wood to brag of at that."

One of the first things which attracts the attention in Batopilas is a remarkable stone bridge connecting the hacienda with the mining side of the river. Its huge abutments and massive proportions elicit attention. It appears that in the early days of the mines connection was frequently cut off for weeks at a time during the fierce floods that come when the snows melt in the spring and rush down from the mountain tops, clogging the river and swelling it into a raging torrent. With characteristic combativeness, Governor Shepherd determined to conquer the floods, and so he built the stone bridge at a cost of $100,000. It has withstood the assaults of years and he assured me that it would be there for all time.

As might be expected, Governor Shepherd and his family were unable to withstand the climate of Batopilas during the rainy season, when the heat is such as the native alone can endure. Accordingly, he found a picturesque spot on the top of Mt. Yerbanis, two hours climb from the hacienda and nearly 9,000 feet above the level of the sea. There he built a charming and sumptuous summer home far above the deadly mists of the valley and away from the hum of the mining machinery and the odors of the

HACIENDA SAN MIGUEL, BATOPILAS, THE HOME OF GOVERNOR SHEPHERD, SHOWING THE AQUEDUCT IN THE DISTANCE AND ENTRANCE TO THE SAN MIGUEL MINE

mills. A more charming retreat it is hard to imagine, and it was there that life was most happy for the governor.

The journey into Batopilas is interesting; the journey out with the bullion pack train is the experience of a life time. The ore is made into seventy pound bullion bars and two bars are packed upon each mule. The mule train consists of 300 mules, each laden with about $1,000 worth of bullion. The train is in charge of a *jefe*, or manager, and there is one *cargador* to every four mules. The *cargador* and *jefe* are armed with a pair of forty-four caliber Colt's revolvers and the finest repeating rifles money can buy. Evey one of them is a trained mountaineer, is quick on the trigger and can shoot straight as a sunbeam. Many have been the determined attempts to hold up the train, but the company has never lost a single bar of bullion. Nearly every foot of the journey is made in single file, for there are many places where two mules abreast would mean a sudden descent of several thousand feet for them and their precious loads. Eternal vigilance is the sole price of safety while freighting the output of the Batopilas mines. Each night when the camping place is reached the loads are taken off the mules' backs and carefully stacked. An armed guard patrols about the pile of silver all night long, and the packing up horn blows long before the morning sunbeams tip the tallest adjacent peak. A rude breakfast of black coffee and *tortillo* and the long train is again winding its way among the mountain passes. The day's journey consists of thirty-five miles, and rarely is more attempted. Occasionally one of the heavily laden mules slips over a cliff and the entire pack is delayed while the *cargadors* find a way to get the two seventy pound bars up to the trail.

One thing that struck me as remarkable was the fact that every bit of machinery used in the Batopilas mines was made at Batopilas. This is almost a necessity, for it would be next to impossible to pack some of the special machinery which is used; it is cheaper to employ the mechanics and make it in the company's own shops. The labor problem was, perhaps, the most difficult Governor Shepherd had to solve. It is next to impossible to keep the American laborers in Batopilas. They do not like the climate nor the society. Those who do remain receive from $3 to $4 gold, while the Mexican mechanics get from $3 to $4 silver per day. Peons are paid from $1.50 to $2, drill men from $2.50 to $3, mine bosses $5, and superintendents from $6 to $9 per day.

Nearly the entire output of the mines is taken to the United States by way of the Mexican Central and Rock Island railroads. Some of it is smeltered at Omaha and a great deal of it in New Jersey.

No matter upon whose shoulders the mantle of Governor Shepherd falls, his task will be a difficult one. Although the day of wonder working at Batopilas passed with the life of its master, there stills remains a business proposition which might well stagger anyone save an industrial Alexander.

THE BRAVEST ONE

The bravest one is not the one who stands
Voicing his valor from the house-top high;
But rather him who hides a broken heart
Beneath a smile. Could you do this? Could I?

Edwin Carlile Litsey

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON AMONG HIS WEST VIRGINIA NEIGHBORS

By BYRD PRILLERMAN

WHEN a man becomes great and famous, everybody is curious to know how he is regarded among the neighbors of his childhood and youth. There is probably no saying of Jesus better known than this one: "A prophet is not without honor, but in his own country, and among his kin, and in his own house."

The educated and professional people of West Virginia honor and admire Mr. Booker T. Washington as a great orator, the leader of his race and one of the foremost educators of America; but those who knew him best in childhood and youth delight to think of him as the chubby baby, the quiet boy, the thoughtful lad, and the diligent school boy. Many remember him as an industrious Sunday school teacher, a careful church clerk, a successful school teacher, a ready debater and a Christian young man.

Booker T. Washington has ever been a unique character. I one day met an old woman who lived at the place of his birth when he was born. How delighted she was to tell of his early life. She said that "Booker" was not like other children on the slave plantation; that he would not play with the other children, but would stand around and watch them play. His frequently standing in one place and looking "North" was a curious omen to many of the old slaves. When quite a small boy he and a bag of corn were tied on to an old gray horse and sent to mill. His first teacher, now teaching in Charleston, loves to tell what a dilligent pupil Booker was. Some of the old miners like to tell how he used to haul coal from them in the mines.

The minister, who is now pastor of Mr. Washington's church in Malden, relates with much interest how "Booker T.," when a mere boy, was brought to Charleston by the Malden Debating Club to speak against the Charleston Club. The latter club had defeated Malden in a previous debate, but this time Malden bore home the laurels. The Charleston Club was composed of grown men, but they conceded that "Booker T." was the force which gained the victory for the Malden Club.

Some like to tell how Miss Fanny Smith, one of the purest and best young women in Malden, became his sweetheart in youth and his wife in manhood.

One of his old pupils, now one of the most successful teachers in the Charleston public schools, tells how Mr. Washington would stop teaching arithmetic and grammar to lecture his pupils on the care of their nails, hair, teeth and clothing, and on the importance of the formation of right habits. The traces on the life of this woman can be seen today. She lives in a two story house of her own, on one of the principal streets of Charleston.

Before Booker T. Washington came to

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON GUNNING NEAR HIS OLD HOME IN WEST VIRGINIA

manhood he was great in Malden and great in West Virginia. The first time I saw him he was speaking in the court house in Charleston. I saw him acting clerk of the leading church association in the state. I saw him again when he was invited to address a teachers' institute in Charleston, he being the only colored man to receive this recognition in Kanawha county.

One can but admire Mr. Washington's simple devotion to his sister and other friends in Malden. I have seen old "Uncle" Washington Ferguson hobbling about on his cane, delighted to welcome this stepson to his old home. Then I have seen Mr. Washington walking about Malden, looking up old friends. I have seen him sauntering in the garden of the old Ruffner house, viewing the old vineyard, and inspecting the old kitchen in which he used to study. Here he was received most cordially by the daughter and grand children of Mrs. Viola Ruffner, the woman for whom, as a boy, he worked.

On June 15, 1898, Mr. Washington delivered the address to the graduating class of the West Virginia Colored Institute, in his old county of Kanawha. A large audience from various parts of the state and from Ohio, came to hear him. Hundreds of people came from Charleston. The audience was anxiously awaiting the appearance of the speaker, when Mr. Washington, in passing through one of the halls to the platform, saw an old minister whom he had known years before waiting to great him. He gave the old man a hearty greeting and invited him to sit with him on the platform, and in addition to this, before they reached the hall, gave the old preacher some money and told him if he ever came to need help to let him know.

When the great educator was introduced, he began his address by telling how much pleasure it gave him to be back among the friends of his youth, and to have seated with him on the platform the man who had baptized him and received him into the church. He spoke

MR. WASHINGTON DOESN'T ALWAYS GO FISHING FOR BENEVOLENT MILLIONAIRES

most eloquently for two hours. But I thought what he did was even more forceful than what he said.

In May, 1899, when Mr. Washington was planning for his vacation in Europe, he decided to bring his wife to Malden, on her first visit to West Virginia. When they reached Montgomery, Alabama, however, he received a telegram urging him to come to Boston immediately. As he always puts business before pleasure, he let Mrs. Washington take one route for Malden and he took another for Boston. When Mrs. Washington arrived at Charleston, West Virginia, she was startled to find her husband there awaiting her. On reaching Charlottesville, Virginia, he had learned by telegraph that he could defer his trip to Boston until Monday. That being Friday night, he had come immediately to Charleston, arriving there one hour before his wife. They drove to Malden, where they spent the day with Mrs. Amanda Johnson, his sister. Mr. Washington spent much of the time in visiting the scenes of his boyhood, and in talking with old friends on the streets.

That evening, accompanied by one of his Malden friends, he drove to Charleston to catch a train for Boston. On arriving at Charleston he asked to be driven to the home of an old friend who was confined to his room by a protracted and fatal illness. This room, made dark and dreary by the shadow of death, seemed to those present to become illuminated by the Christian spirit of the visitor, and for the time the patient forgot his suffering. Both of these men had been born in Franklin county, Virginia, and had played together and worked together in Malden, but now they must part to meet no more in this

world. Having been detained in this home until almost time for the train, the driver went dashing down the street with his passenger, when they met one of the most prominent white physicians of Charleston. Mr. Washington and this physician are intimate friends, having taught school in Malden at the same time. They recognized each other as they passed, but their drivers were going so rapidly that their carriages were nearly a square from each other before they could be stopped. Mr. Washington and the physician each ordered his carriage back. When they approached each other they alighted and grasped each other's hands in the middle of the street. Both of them had risen from poverty, and they congratulated each other on the success achieved. "We are all proud of your achievements and feel honored by them," the physician said.

Mrs. Washington spent the next day in Malden, and he came to Charleston and spoke to a large audience in one of the principal halls of the city. She left Charleston on the evening train to join her husband in New York to take a steamer for Europe, but stopped at Handley, West Virginia, to see Mr. Washington's only surviving aunt. I met this aunt afterward, and she was delighted to talk of the childhood of her relative who had attained such renown.

On his return from Europe Mr. Washington was given a reception by the citizens of Charleston, the invitation having been sent to him at Paris by the city council. On this occasion he spoke to the people of Charleston in the Opera House. He was introduced by ex-Governor MacCorkle, and Governor George W. Atkinson presided. The notable feature of this visit, however, was the public reception given to Mr. Washington in the Capitol by Governor Atkinson. The reception was largely attended by men and women of both races.

This distinguished son of West Virginia has returned to this "Mountain State" many times since he went to Tuskegee twenty years ago to begin his life's work, but his vacation here in the fall of 1901 was the most interesting of all his visits.

As soon as it became known that Mr. Washington wished to spend his vacation among the "West Virginia Hills," great efforts were put forth by his old neighbors to give him a quiet and profitable rest among them. He spent two weeks in camp on the Gauley river, where, when he would return from hunting or fishing, he often found an old friend or former pupil awaiting him.

At this time he had many invitations to speak in the state, but he declined them all except at Charleston, Malden and Montgomery. After his address at Malden he attended a festival in the old church of which he is a member. There, surrounded by so many friends of his youth, he must have felt a boy again.

When Mr. Washington and his party returned to Charleston at five o'clock in the evening, they heard that President McKinley had been shot. As Mr. Washington waited at Charleston depot for the Malden train, he anxiously watched the people as they spoke to one another in subdued tones, but he could not believe the report. Soon after reaching Malden, however, he became convinced that the sad report was true, and he immediately telegraphed a message of sympathy to Mrs. McKinley. The old citizens of Malden came around him in great numbers to get his opinion of the tragedy. Some of the white men asserted that the assassin should be lynched, but Mr. Washington insisted too much of that had already been done.

Mr. Washington may not be pleased that I have made public these private facts of his Christian life, but it has been through these that his neighbors have seen into the man's soul and have learned to respect, trust and love him.

Christmas Visitors From Over-Seas

By RALPH BERGENGREN

IT is somewhat the fashion—and the fashion is certainly a good one to follow in the Christmas season—to say that all roads, even the most thorny with bayonets, lead to a future state of mutual understanding and kindliness among the nations. Toward this perpetual Christmas the yearly interchange of actors between this country and Europe, particularly between this country and England, could hardly be dignified as anything more than a by-path. But it is at least a form of education looking toward better mutual understanding, even if it has a bearing on international rivalries no more direct than had a similar interchange of troubadours, pilgrims and students between the inharmonious parts of mediaeval Europe. Art and learning are essentially cosmopolitan. And year by year the presence of a certain number of foreign actors on the American stage expresses more of this cosmopolitan tendency and less of the curiosity of an American public stirred to profitable interest by the fame of some especially important, or especially well advertised player.

THE EARL OF ROSLYN, AN ENGLISH ACTOR NOW PLAYING IN AMERICA

With the exception of Signora Duse, none of our visiting players of the present season is world famous. Their presence, as is evidenced by an unusual quiet on the part of their respective press agents, can no longer be attributed to our personal curiosity. A certain per cent are old favorites — Grossmith, for example, or Miss Jessie Millward, who, unless I am mistaken, was known to the American public as long ago as the dramatization of *Called Back;* and that was somewhat earlier than the present popularity of the dramatized novel. Mrs. Patrick Campbell has already won her place on her own merits, and the charm and variety of a performance that stops just a

little short of greatness. Mr. Charles Hawtrey made himself and *The Man from Mars* so popular in New York last winter that he stayed there the entire season. In other words, we have come to take our visiting players at a sane valuation and without undue excitement; which is a good thing for the amenities of life between nations, and may help to eradicate false notions on both sides of the water, even while it goes a very short distance toward reducing army and navy expenditures.

MISS JESSIE MILWARD, NOW ACTING IN CAPTAIN ROBERT MARSHALL'S COMEDY, "THERE'S MANY A SLIP"

There are two, however, among these visiting players who are practically unknown to American play goers, the Earl of Rosslyn and Mr. Martin Harvey. The former is a real earl, acting in a comedy by a real captain, formerly of Her Majesty's service; and it is an incidental proof that the English actor no longer comes to America on a basis of personal gossip that neither of these facts has been placed more persistently before American readers. The latter is an actor manager who has come rapidly to the front in London, and whose name is already familiar on this side of the water. But James Erskine (the earl), to give him the name by which he made his first appearance on the English stage some three or four years ago, playing a small part in *Trelawney of the Wells*, has yet to win his spurs, either here or abroad. London has apparently not found him remarkable in either one of three capacities: as an earl, a journalist, or an actor. And he figures as second in importance in Miss Millward's company. With Mr. Harvey the case is different. He comes with the glamour of an assured London success, while about his powers there is less known at first hand than about those of any other important theatrical visitor.

Mr. Harvey was in this country some years ago in the support of Sir Henry Irving; like many another excellent actor who has appeared under like conditions, he attracted little attention. Since that time his name has now and

then figured in the letters of London correspondents, and he has been hailed by the more enthusiastic of his London admirers as "the new Irving"—a compliment which may or may not be altogether complimentary. Sir Henry Irving, absolutely as he stands at the head of his profession, is known not

SIGNORA ELEANORA DUSE, THE FAMOUS ITALIAN ACTRESS WHO IS NOW APPEARING BEFORE AMERICAN AUDIENCES

only for his wonderful dramatic creations, but for many personal mannerisms that a younger man does well to mark for omission. Mr. Harvey's own career began, however, under the Irving management and at the very bottom of the ladder. He was first a super in a Lyceum production of *Much Ado About Nothing*, playing in one evening, like other able supers, such varied parts as warrior, gallant, lute player and one of Dogberry's watch. From this beginning he has risen rapidly to the position of star and manager, and has produced, at various London theatres, a series of successful plays, of which *The Only Way*, with Mr. Henry Miller as Sydney Carton, is the most familiar to American play-goers. The original conception of this particular play came to the future London manager during his tour of America with the Irving company, and its main outline was laid down by the actor before it was turned over to the dramatist whose name is now more closely associated with its construction.

Both in appearance and make-up Mr. Harvey's Carton strongly resembles that of Mr. Miller. In fact, it is not impossible that the two actors will suggest comparison in more ways than one. A glance at the titles alone of the plays that Mr. Harvey has so successfully produced in London, and is now bringing to America, shows something of this similarity. *The Only Way, A Cigarette Maker's Romance, The King's Children,* or *After All,* a play whose story may be read in the tale of Eugene Aram—are, none of them, titles that lead the experienced play-goer to expect the involved dramatic problems of Ibsen, Maeterlinck or Sudermann. Mr. Harvey's popularity, be it whatever it may, is hardly likely to conflict with that of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who is to present, later in the season, Edith Wharton's translation of Sudermann's latest drama, *Es Lebe das Leben*, and who may appear later in Maeterlinck's much discussed new drama, *Monna Vanna*, a play of tempestuous passions and of mixed ethics.

As for Eleonora Duse, she is of the world rather than of Italy, and the fact that she speaks Italian is no more a bar to her success before an English speaking audience than is the French of Sara Bernhardt or the Japanese of Sada Yacco.

UNDER CREOLE SKIES

(From Harlequin)

IT was sweet, in the old soft weather,
Where the Creole skies were blue,
To dream and to laugh together,
And love, as we used to do.

Your cheeks were as oleanders,
And your hair was a copper crown,
And your eyes were as deep as shadows
When the night comes dropping down.

And your voice was the voice of summer,
And your touch was the touch of rain,
And your heart, like the heart of music,
Beat sweetly against my brain.

I gave you a gown, remember;
It was made of the thin blue sky,
And a kerchief made of a cloudsail
That the wind brought drifting by.

And a sash made out of a rainbow,
And a brooch made out of a star,
And lace from the looms of ocean
Where the surf goes over the bar.

And I gave you a castle, lady,
That was builded of sighs and dreams,
And looked on a fairy woodland
That was bright with a hundred streams.

And you made me a vow, remember,
As low and as true as mine,
And both of the vows, my darling,
Were made of the same moonshine.

But 'twas sweet in the old soft weather,
Where the Creole skies were blue,
To dream and to laugh together,
And love, as we used to do.

NEW ORLEANS

Henry Rightor

THE UNION STATION, ST LOUIS, ONE OF THE LARGEST AND BEST EQUIPPED TERMINALS IN THE WORLD, CENTERING ALL HIGHWAYS INTO THE WORLD'S FAIR CITY

St. Louis, a Much Maligned Metropolis

By EDMUND S. HOCH

The National's Special Representative in the World's Fair City

With Engravings from Photographs by George Stark

"IT certainly is up to St. Louis to put its advertising man to work!"

Vulgar phrasing this, but expressive. And it truly describes the condition as regards this remarkable and remarkably traduced western metropolis. The exclamation is not mine, however. It came from the lips of a well known New York engineer, now temporarily engaged in St. Louis, (a graduate, by the way, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology), as, together, we walked down Broadway, the main retail thoroughfare of St. Louis, one day recently. His feelings were not satisfied with this single expression of opinion. Continuing, after we had crossed the street and stood in front of the graceful, famous old Southern hotel, he said—I report him scrupulously: "It is a fact that when I was assigned here from the East in April last, I almost refused to come. Positively, I deliberated seriously on making my objections so pointed that they would, if necessary, carry my resignation. I had read and heard so much about St. Louis' heat and mud and smoke and dust, that I had, impregnated in my mind, a latent but well defined horror of this place, which the prospect of having to abide here made directly positive. To me, as it is to most people in the East, I am sure, St. Louis was little more than a blot on the map—a crude blot of smoke, mud and hot weather. Positively, that is the way I

regarded it. Today, I would welcome a permanent connection here. I should like to make my home in St. Louis."

We both looked up, after this recitation, at the autumn day, rising so gloriously above us, and then up and down the splendid old thoroughfare. That morning I had opened my windows to the rare air which the night and the dew and the rising sun had brewed—opened it wide and drawn in great draughts of the freshening, rejuvenating elixir, until I actually felt that I was back in Baden Baden. It was a perfect Spa day. And this was the eleventh of the kind (I had amazedly but accurately noted them) that we had had in unbroken, sunshiny, clear, crisp, ravishing succession. During years of residence in Chicago and New York, I had never experienced such a day. And I had been told on every side to look out for St. Louis weather! The summer that has just passed has been delightful. The fall, gliding with blue and white skies, rare, bracing air and the glorious fall colors, so gracefully over our heads, was indescribably more than that. And St. Louis has, I find upon investigating, an annual record of almost three months of such fall weather!

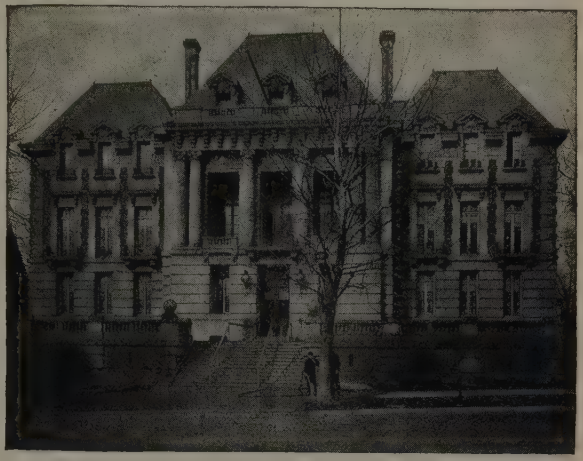
The longer I remain in St. Louis, the more I wonder why so little has been heard of the city's virtues, and so much of its faults. I marvel why the magazines and the national periodicals have not taken up this city as an item of public interest and, by virtue of the existing facts and in the ordinary pursuit of their work of spreading information, set it right before the world. There is so much material here for the magazines, so much of general interest and of extraordinary interest, so much information, so many ideas, so many improved methods and institutions, acquaintance with which would be of positive and pronounced benefit to the world, that I find it difficult to understand why the community has been so absolutely neglected —or misrepresented. For misrepresented it really has been by such publicity as the magazines and periodicals have given it. They have applied their space—when vouchsafed to St. Louis at all—to the misfortunes of the city, such as the cyclone of seven years past, reports of which have served to spread abroad the ridiculous impression that visitors to St. Louis are liable to be blown away at any time; and the story of municipal corruption in St. Louis, as note a recent issue of McClure's Magazine—corruption the like of which, and greater, is the story of every community, St. Louis differing from other cities only in the celerity with which it has unmasked and punished its traitors.

The heat of St. Louis, I have discovered, exists, to a considerable degree, only in the mind of the outside world. It is, I find, much of a bugaboo. Setting aside the past summer, which was hardly more pleasant at Bar Harbor than it was here, I have investigated into the heat records of St. Louis and of other cities for the last ten years. I find that the summer of 1901 was really very hot in St. Louis, but that it was, also, intolerably hot elsewhere. During the summer of 1901, I was in Chicago. Three of the hottest days of my life I spent there, in that year; and they were not in succession. They came at separated intervals during the months of July and August—and each was the climax of a particular period of insufferable weather. On each of these occasions, I was absolutely forced to seek refuge on the lake, though without avail, as the lake, overcome by the heat, yielded a muggy, prostrating vapor. And Chicago has the reputation, not without reason, of being a passable summer resort. During the periods in question, men and horses dropped on the streets by the score in New York. Other cities suffered proportionately. The year 1901, in fact, brought a heat-scourge summer to the country, a scourge that

penetrated and wrought suffering and destruction everywhere — *less in St. Louis, in proportion to population, mark the statement, than in any of the other very large cities of the country.* The comparison is, indeed, strikingly in favor of St. Louis, as against New York and Chicago. And the same is true for the nine years preceding 1901, according to the heat fatality records, the ultimate standard. In view of these surprising facts, it would seem that the joke of the Chicago judge who threatened to sentence a chronic Chicago law breaker to spend the summer in St. Louis, if he did not "get good," might cause a smile from several points of view.

HOME OF THE ST. LOUIS CLUB ON LINDELL AVENUE

The photograph does not fully express the grace of this structure, nor suggest the beauty of the house's surroundings, bordering as it does the rich residential district of the city.



The truth of the situation and its explanation is that St. Louis appears to the world to be hotter in summer than it really is. It is a matter of fact that the mercury can go five degrees higher in St. Louis than in New York or Chicago and still report virtually the same kind of weather in each city, from the endurance point of view. When the telegraph wires carry out to the world the seemingly frying record of 100 degrees in the shade in St. Louis, the report means, really, what 95 degrees would represent in Chicago, New York or Philadelphia. Humidity supplies the difference of discomfort in the latter cities. St. Louis lies comparatively high, is built on a series of water shedding ridges, which makes the drainage good and quick, and which gives the fresh, cool winds that blow in from the richly wooded, watered and varied country of Missouri ample opportunity to dispose of the bad vapors that naturally rise from a great city.

The naturally warm climate which surrounds it is, indeed, a benefit and an asset, instead of a detriment to St. Louis. It provides the city with abundant rich, luxuriant plant life. It has, also, filled the city with comely women, well worth the energy of man's best ambition—a fundamental fact, felt and reported in the city's splendid progress and rarely beautiful homes. It, moreover, gives to St. Louis a summer season rich in variety of life, costume and pleasure gardens, the like of which, satisfying to the sense and to the imagination, is not to be enjoyed in any other city of this country. The summers of St. Louis, finally, bring health to its citizens; as a season of warm weather is even more essential to the proper growth, order and functions of the human body than one of cold—a well established natural fact.

St. Louis has smoke. But its smoke is not so painfully apparent as generally supposed. St. Louis is an industrious city. It has factories, many of them, which contribute much to the country's necessities and welfare. It is not a parasitic city like Washington, the country's brains, or like New York. It earns what it eats, and like all who work

for their living, it shows some of the grime of labor. In the case of cities, this grime is mostly smoke. But while the smoke is here, it is not what those who have happened in on St. Louis during a rainy, heavy day in midwinter (such days as New York and Chicago have in abundance) consider it, and what, unfortunately, the world, by such and similar evidence, has been led to believe it is. I notice the smoke in St. Louis little more than I did in Chicago, and like in Chicago, the smoke abatement committees of St. Louis are very actively at work.

About the streets of St. Louis, which furnish such a general topic of mud, I find that more good than bad may be said. In the first place, the street system of St. Louis is more perfect and satisfying than that of any large city in the world. It is so perfect that the number of each house designates its exact location in relation to any given point in the city. For instance, take the address 5120 Cabanne avenue. The number of the house tells exactly how far it is west of the river (fifty-one blocks), and the name of the street denotes its position north of the line of the city's center. In the paving of its streets, St. Louis is really no worse off than most other American cities. The main thoroughfares of the city are well paved with granite blocks, asphalt or brick. On some of the residence avenues a style of park roadway with gravel surface has been preferred, and most happily, as being in better harmony with the park like arrangement of the homes, set back in spreading lawns, streets and houses hidden by luxuriant trees. Some of these beautiful roadways have been neglected and show ruts in spots, and others have been imperfectly made and show wear. Again, some of the streets in the newer neighborhoods have not yet been permanently paved, as the city has built out into new territory rapidly. What, ten years ago, was a series of waving corn fields is, today, a succession of residence blocks; long streets lined with splendid homes, some of them palatial. It is not an easy matter to follow up this rapid building with permanent, substantial streets, although this has been done to an extraordinary degree. It must be remembered that St. Louis lives in homes, not in flats. Where a flat building does occur it is built like a house, never over two stories high, and it occupies a separate lot, like a house, with lawn and light and air on all sides of it. Each of these building lots of St. Louis takes up fifty feet of street frontage, on the average (some are forty and some are four hundred.) This makes a city, with a population of 700,000 people, spread out. The street mileage in St. Louis is indeed not so very much less than that of Chicago. St. Louis' river front extends twenty miles, north and south. It is seven miles from the river to the city's western extremity, at the widest point. This provides St. Louis with some excuse for imperfect streets. But this condition is being remedied fast. Many splendid thoroughfares were laid this and last year. Legislation is being enacted for the laying of something like a hundred miles of streets next year. When I was in Chicago, last October, North Clark street there, the main thoroughfare through the north division of the city, was a stretch of rubbish, at North avenue, a point not two miles from the heart of the city. And this, skirting beautiful and famous Lincoln park. No condition analogous to this can be found in St. Louis. Its artery streets are all well paved and all kept clean and well watered in summer.

So that, when analyzed, the chronic and universal objections to St. Louis, which, heralded afar, have created in the public mind such a poor opinion of the city, do not appear to be altogether sound. These are, upon investigation, I find, largely exaggerations — gross

DOWN TOWN: SOME ST. LOUIS OFFICE BUILDINGS, OLD AND NEW

exaggerations and direct misrepresentations, in some instances. Outside of certain passing defects common to all cities, it has many advantages which other cities do not possess — so many and so marked that the city is entitled to an entirely different verdict of the public opinion; to rank high, indeed, among the interesting and attractive cities of the world.

In the first place, St. Louis is (I have reported the fact at length in a previous article), a city of rarely beautiful homes — long, rich-stretching home thoroughfares and places. It is, also, a phenomenally well arranged city, well kept, for the better part, and equipped with one of the most complete and perfect street car systems (universal transfers) in the world. It is well provided with shops and fairly well provided with hotels. It is well lighted and perfectly drained and supplied with water which is healthy and abundant and which a modern system of filtration will soon make crystal clear.

I have found, further, that St. Louis is a city of interesting, often pleasing architecture, that it is generously, abundantly supplied with public parks. I find it to be solidly built, as regards the material and construction of its houses and to have the appearance, throughout and in every respect, of a city that has risen to stay. It is an interesting city, historically and in its racial suggestions, showing the record of its growth and of its principal nationalities, in picturesque epoch marks and characteristic localities everywhere.

St. Louis has a real union station, one of the greatest blessings a city can possess. This station is a splendid public palace, by far the handsomest and one of the very largest railway terminals in the country—far larger than any in Europe. Its railway tracks are effectively segregated, led into the city in excellent order and all together, through one narrow depressed strip which extends from east to west straight across the city and which is bridged by the intersecting streets.

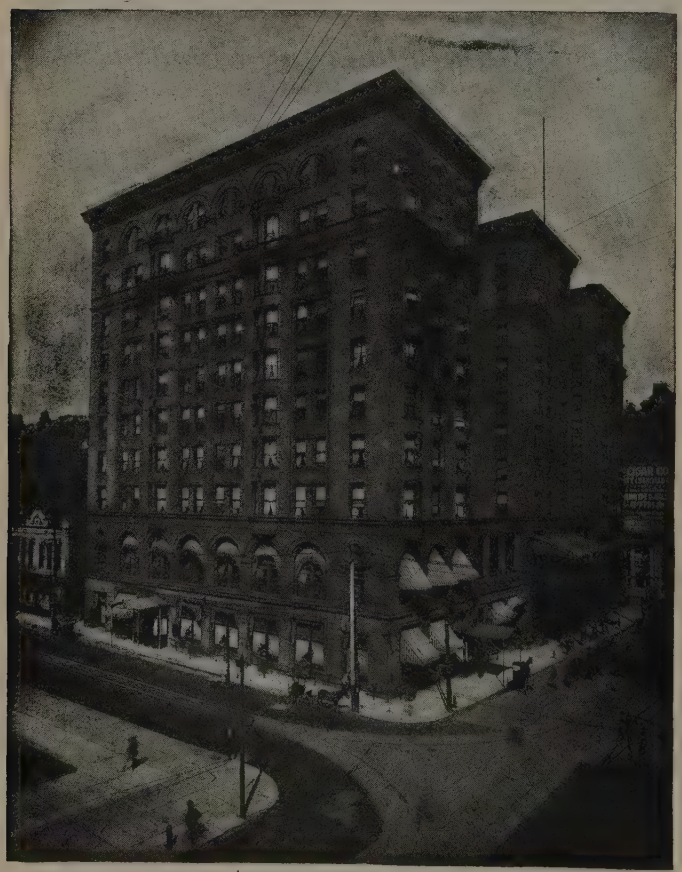
It is well supplied with amusements—

one of the most important considerations in the life and organization of a city. It has numerous and first class theatres, the most extensive and elaborate series of summer gardens in the world, beside the river, with its splendid local excursion craft and possibilities of resting, refreshing water journeys (abundantly availed of) far to the north and south.

You may get on a car in the throbbing heart of St. Louis and ride twenty miles straight out into the country. This by almost a dozen different lines, in as many separate directions! Out to lakes, rivers, country places and clubs, suburban resorts, etc.; through the rich, fresh, real country! And such country! Those who have never seen Missouri, who have ridden in trolley cars over the flats from Buffalo to Niagara, from New York to Coney Island or from Chicago to Waukegan or Joliet, know nothing of what it means to speed through the country about St. Louis, over the various splendid electric routes which radiate there. Across the rich, high ridges, these fresh, airy cars whirl you: into the fertile valleys, by field and stream, orchard and vineyard, farmyard and meadow, through thickest forest and across deep ravine, with an occasional sudden glimpse of church steeples and villages in the hills, long vistas of blue, misty ridges hovering close under the horizon far in the distance; the fresh breath of the country side—the rich, sweet, dew steeped country side, with its yield of flower, field and fruit in your nostrils and constantly fanning your cheek. What an asset these country lines and rides are to a city! What a Godsend to the poor! What a delight, what wealth for every citizen! The trips out of Washington to Cabin John bridge and through upper New York to Fort George, remind me just a little of these St. Louis countryside journeys. You will say so, too, in 1904.

ONE OF THE NEWER HOTELS THAT WILL HOUSE WORLD'S FAIR VISITORS

Note the three extending wings with corresponding courts, which secure sweet and abundant light and air to every room in the house. The building occupies exactly half a block one hundred yards square.



Is This Another of Noguchi's Pranks?

By FRANK PUTNAM

WE have had Japanese fiction of late from writers who saw Japan without knowing it, and from writers who knew Japan without seeing it, and the results were not convincing. We did not feel, reading Loti and Long and Watanna, that these persons were really acquainted with the genius of the Japanese people. Hearn, with his strange gift of assimilation, brought more of an air of reality to the pages of his Japanese writings, but even these were colored by his own somber temperament and lack of young humor. At last we have in hand a Japanese book that is certainly different from these others, almost certainly the work of a native Japanese resident in America, and undeniably possessed of a charm quite new to English letters. This is *The American Diary of a Japanese Girl,* republished by the Frederick A. Stokes Company of New York from Leslie's Monthly, with many illustrations in black and white and in colors, by Genjiro Yeto.

YONE NOGUCHI, THE JAPANESE POET
Pencil Portrait by Genjiro Yeto

Miss Morning Glory comes from Tokio, chaperoned by her uncle, "a Yale graduate of 1884," to see the wonders of "Amerikey." They land in San Francicso, and spend some time sight seeing and making acquaintances on the Pacific coast. Then they start for New York, pausing briefly in Chicago and at Niagara Falls. Miss Morning Glory, who appears as a roguish bit of femininity, sets down in her *Diary* her impressions of people, places, customs, with astonishing, but alluring, candor. She gives us opportunity to "see oursel's as ithers see us." She makes the acquaintance at San Francisco of "Mr. Heine," a great and eccentric poet, who, if I mistake not, is none other than Cincinnatus Heine Miller, otherwise Joaquin Miller, the Poet of the Sierras. In crisp paragraphs she estimates Longfellow, and Emerson and Keats and Shelley and Browning and Whitman, displaying an intimacy with the great English speaking poets scarcely to be expected of a Japanese maiden of twenty, even though she be, like Miss Morning Glory, a member of the leisure class. Incidentally, she tells us why we are not better acquainted with the poets of Japan: there everyone is a poet and poetry is a commonplace — nobody gains fame or money by writing it. The little Japanese girl meets difficulties in adopting American ways:

> I ate a tongue and some ox-tail soup
> Think of a suspicious spumy tongue and that dirty bamboo tail!

Isn't it shocking to even incline to taste them?

My mother would not permit me to step into the holy ground of any shrine in Japan. She would declare me perfectly defiled by such food.

I shall turn into a beast of the jungle by and by, I should say.

My uncle [Yale, '84] committed a greater indecency. He ate a tripe.

It was cooked in the "western sea egg-plant," to taste of which brings on the smallpox, as I have been told.

He said that he took a delight in pig's feet.

Shame on the Nippon gentleman!

Harai tamae! Kiyone tamae!

Other American customs are less displeasing:

The gentlemen of San Francisco are gallant.

They never permit the ladies—even a black servant is in the honorable list of "ladies"—to stand in a car.

If Oriental gentlemen could demean themselves like that for just one day!

An observation on American home decoration:

Today is Mrs. Schuyler's reception day. She set two Japanese screens in the drawing room, moving them from her chamber. She sprinkled a great lot of exotic bric-a-brac about.

She opened a regular Chinese bazaar which expressed very poor taste. Such confusion! I fancied she wanted the callers to recollect that she was Mrs. Ex-Consul to the Orient.

Japan teaches nothing but simplicity. Simplicity is the philosophy of art.

I wondered how she lived there without learning it.

Meriken jin has to study the high art of concealing.

The brown people look upon the scattering of things (however costly they be) as lower than barbarity. Japs believe in the sublimity of space.

Miss Morning Glory and her indulgent uncle have many odd little adventures, through which they come with colors flying, and all of which afford material for sprightly pages. She lingers in the Willow Cottage on the estate of "Mr. Heine," the poet. There the party dwells in idylic simplicity. The poet spreads dinner on the grass and reads aloud the following menu:

PERFUME OF OMAR'S ROSE
WATER OF JORDAN RIVER
MOTHER LOVE BROTH
MEAT OF WISDOM
POTATOES OF SIMPLICITY
PASSION CARROT
ONION OF WIT
DREAM COFFEE
DESSERT
TYPICAL TOKIO SMILE OF MISS MORNING GLORY

On to Chicago:

As soon as I had established myself in the hotel I inscribed—with the longest apologetical ojigi to Mr. Shelley—as follows:

"Hell is a city much like Chicago,
A populous and a smoky city."

How sad I felt to be greeted by not even one star from my hotel window last night!

Chicago is the City of Man (whatever that means.)

No drones, whatever.

I should like to know if there is any blacker house than the City Hall.

It will be a matter of a short time before the Chicago river turns to ink.

I reget to say that the gentlemen are so homely.

I thought that Chicagoans were not fastidious with anything.

"Any old thing will do!" they might say jollily.

Open, hard-working Chicago.

Has she much education?

They arrive in New York:

Hudson River?

It is my dear old acquaintance, introduced by the ever so pleasing Mr. Irving.

See its classical profundity before my face.

Where's Sleepy Hollow, I wonder!

We went to the famous Brooklyn Bridge today.

Verily New York gentlemen are interested with their papers in the car.

We wandered down Broadway. We came to a graveyard.

O, romantic New York!

I wondered how Wall street gentlemen would be struck glancing at them.

What a soft silence hovered!

Properly to appreciate the quaint humor and the poetical quality of this oddest of printed *Diaries*, you should recently have read say a dozen of the swash buckler novels of the period. Old bores—new delights.

But—

I do not believe the *Diary* was written by a woman. Too many sharp digs at the sex in it. Too much masculinity in certain dashes here and there—too marked a resemblance—illy concealed—to the style and thought of a certain young Japanese poet now residing in this country. If it were fair to attempt to pierce the shadow of anonymity that rests on the authorship of *The American Diary of A Japanese Girl*, I should say thatMr. Yone Noguchi had been up to another of his pranks. Who but Noguchi, standing at the brow of Joaquin Miller's hill top, would have seen before him

A thousand villages (that) knelt humbly as vassals

When Nancy Hart Quiled Down

By GRACE MAC GOWAN COOKE

"I WAS not!"

"I tell thee, I saw thee draw up thy apron to wipe thy silly eyes. Out upon ye, Temperance Hart, for snivelling over a good-for-naught whom ye shall never wed! Nathan Alsopp marches today with the patriot army, says you, and so you would be a-hanging about his neck, no doubt, to bid him farewells. Daughter of mine, ye surely are not! 'Tis thy father's blood in thee, to weep over a lad who is naught but a mouthy fool, and will run, I warrant me, from the Redcoats so soon as he sees 'em!"

Temperance wiped her patient eyes.

"A coward he is not," she muttered. "But why should I care? You miscalled father in well nigh the selfsame words, this morning, and the whole countryside knows well whether my father is a coward."

The girl rose to take up the well plenished basket of food which she was carrying to her father and the boys, hidden, as were most of the patriots of that time and section, in the wilderness and swamps adjoining their homes.

It was 1779, in Georgia, and this was the redoubtable Nancy Hart for whom Hart county is named, and whose county seat of Nancyville points the compliment.

This somewhat verbose though undeniably courageous heroine set her hands on her hips and volleyed after her daughter's retreating form any amount of detraction concerning this lover of the girl's, whose sole offense was that he, being something of a talker himself, and withal a brilliant, dashing fellow, had on more than one occasion taken the wind out of old Nancy's sails.

The daughter went on to blow the conch shell which lay upon a high, snag-topped stump at the edge of the swamp. One soft note meant "Food;" two short notes, "Danger;" one soft and two loud, "Come to the house." There was a further code which this rude trumpet voiced, but these three come down to us in history.

The elder woman turned, mutteringly, to her household duties. She was as famous a cook and housewife as she was a patriot. From Broad River to Tugaloo, Nancy Hart's pies and her roast turkey were famous. "Nay, she shall never wed him," the mother reiterated to the empty kitchen. "I'd as soon marry her to a Tory!" This was in the days when parents "married" their children; and Nancy Hart could not have spoken with more emphasis had she mentioned the Prince of Darkness himself, since to her the terms Tory, Britisher and Devil were one. "I wusht she hadn't a-took it so meek," old Nancy ruminated, ruth for the sufferings of this, her favorite child, beginning to work in her tough old heart. "I wusht she'd 'a' spoke up to me—I despise a thing that quiles down."

Something darkened the sunlight at the cabin door, and Nancy looked up to find a tall man in a red coat, musket on shoulder, smiling down at her. With all her bravery, the doughty and high handed Nancy was a small woman. She looked beyond his shoulder and saw the yard full of British uniforms and Tory

neighbors. "Well?" she asked with asperity, "have you come a-hunting of more spies?"

"Nay, mistress, we are after pleasanter game this time—"

"But you did not find your spy, last week," old Nancy taunted them. "Why, man had you looked about you when you came last week, instead of letting me tell you—me, that all the country-side knows for a Whig—as how I had seed a boy ride a-past here and take the Savannah road—had ye not been the fools to ride off at my word, ye might have traced the very hoof marks of the horse I give him to ride, goin' in t'other direction through the swamp! Oh, ho-ho-ho-ho!"

She burst into a great roar of laughter at the blank, black faces before her. "Fooled by a woman," she shouted. "Nay, never look so downcast. *Why, bless us,* there's brave work for Britishers and spies here. Take this old woman out and hang her to a tree, and you can boast of it in every tap room in Savannah!"

There was a muttering among the men to the effect that she went too far. "Keep a civil tongue, mistress," growled the sergeant who seemed to be in charge of the five or six soldiers gathered, "keep a civil tongue, or I warn you I can not answer for my men."

"Sergeant, Sergeant, I'll tell you what! Let's have no talk of hangings and the like; do you order Mistress Hart for to cook us one of her famous dinners. We be footsore and hungry, and this is the inn which Providence provides for us."

"I feed no king's men," old Nancy returned sturdily. You villians have put it out of my power to feed my own family and friends, by stealing and killing all my poultry and pigs—except that old gobbler you see in the yard."

"Is it so?" inquired the sergeant coolly, bringing his musket to his shoulder. "Well, then, Madam Whig, you shall cook the turkey for us," and with a clean shot he laid the old gobbler low, directed one of his men to carry it into the cabin, and ordered Mistress Hart to clean and cook it without delay.

Old Nancy stormed and swore. There was more method than rage in the demonstration; she had a wary eye upon the path toward the swamp, and desired that there should be sufficient disturbance about the house to warn Temperance of the condition of things before she should approach. She finally permitted herself to appear somewhat mollified by an offer of liquor from one of the men, took the cup, raised it high, and drank, before she could be interrupted, "To George Washington—God bless him!—and the speedy deliverance of this land from its enemies."

Nancy's vigilance was finally rewarded by sight of Temperance signalling from the garden edge that she had seen the British and would notify her father and brothers. Later, the sound of the conch shell assured her mother that this had been done. No turkey ever took Nancy Hart so long to prepare and roast; but the gobbler was a noble bird, worth waiting for. And so the British seemed to think. They sprawled upon the grass outside, and on the rude porch floor, chatting and jesting with Nancy, who had always a witty reply ready, drinking as much as she could induce them to, and regaling themselves with a supply of honey cakes which she had brought out for them.

The women of Nancy Hart's day did not have nerves. We of this time are prone to think, when we read the tale of their achievements, that they had steel springs instead. Yet Nancy felt what would have been in a modern woman a quiver of the nerves, as she drew out her preparations for the feast to their longest limit, and waited in an agony of impatience for a sound of the conch shell call which should bid the clans of Hart gather at the cabin.

She went to her most cherished stores and brought out preserves, cured figs, and dainties strictly reserved for great occasions. And when she finally bade her would-be guests to the board, there was a feast spread before the hungry Britishers which swept away all thought of caution. Muskets were stacked, shakoes doffed, and the men sat down in high good humor.

The cottage was of logs, chinked, after the fashion of the time, with mud, but neatly whitewashed within. This chinking had been removed near Nancy's kitchen table, and, as luck would have it, the muskets were piled beside it. Nancy herself was forced to wait upon the men; and as she heard first one signal call from the swamp and then another, her spirits mounted and mounted. She was always famed for her wit, but upon this occasion she fairly outdid herself, and when she finally saw Tempy's brown eyes looking through the chink beyond the British muksets, her gaiety bubbled over in song. It was, however, not the song which her guests would have selected, but the original and rustic version of "Yankee Doodle."

Much jesting ensued, over a project to make the old woman change her tune to "God Save the King." During the merriest of the wordy war, Nancy slipped a musket out to Tempy. Presently the sergeant rose and came toward her with a glass of her own home made muscadine wine in his hand, swearing that he would make her drink the king's health in it. She put her hands behind her back, closed her lips in defiance, and, even while he was making the attempt—during the laughing disorder consequent upon it—slipped another musket out to the girl's waiting hands. This left three, but one of them Mistress Nancy desired to have for her own use.

The sergeant had gone back to his seat. The company, full fed, was beginning to look about, when Nancy picked up the third musket to pass it out after the other two.

"Hold!" yelled the sergeant, leaping to his feet. "'Ware the woman! She's tampering with the guns!"

He made as though he would have sprung upon her, then stood rooted to the spot, in the very act of preparing to spring; for Nancy, whose abilities with the weapon were well known, had levelled one of their own muskets, set her feet upon the other two, and dared them all to come on.

Temperance, of less stern mold than her mother, brought her captured guns to the door and attempted to assist in covering the British. There were five of the soldiers, and three civilians. In spite of Nancy Hart's tremendous reputation, in spite of her control of the situation, there was little hope that these two women could hold the eight men in check for more than a moment or two. Suddenly Temperance looked back over her shoulder, glanced again into the room and said: "Mammy, Father won't come, all along of your calling him a coward this morning. He says, if he is a coward you can fight the British for yourself."

At this good news, the sergeant started forward. Nancy coolly put a ball through his knees, which brought him groaning to the ground, stooped with the quickness of a cat to pick up one of the spare guns under her foot, and was still mistress of the situation, though rage burned hot in her heart against her husband who had chosen this moment for the airing of his resentment, and the daughter who had voiced it.

The besieged men began to talk together. "Lord 'a' mercy!" groaned the sergeant from the floor, "'Tis but an old woman—run in upon her, boys, or she will have her wasp's nest of Whigs about your ears."

It seemed likely that this advice would be acted upon, when, with a whoop

and a rush, the windows and the two doorways were filled with blue and buff uniforms, Captain Alsopp leading.

Old Nancy looked up and saw his laughing face, with dull fury. Here was help—but from a most unwelcome quarter. "How goes it, friend?" he called, "do you need help?"

"Not from you," she retorted sullenly.

The British soldier nearest her reached forth a cautious hand toward a musket, and Nancy was obliged to take her eyes from her other captives and settle this nearer warfare. One of the men in buff at the windows made as if to leap in and dispose of the matter.

"Nay," called Captain Alsopp blandly, "leave her alone, she wants no help from her kinfolks."

Nancy had caught her soldier now, and was pinioning his arms with the kerchief pulled from her own shoulders. "You!" she panted resentfully. "Kin of mine you are not, Nathan Alsopp, and never shall be."

The captured soldiers had been held in check by the greater number of the Colonial troops; now, seeing division in the forces, and still feeling resentment at the woman, a Tory advanced upon her with his musket clubbed. Short, wiry little Nancy reached up for the tall man's arm, and hung to it, parrying the blow as best she might.

"Mother-in-law," roared Captain Alsopp's voice from the doorway, "do you want help?" Tradition tells us Nancy answered him, "Yes, son-in-law, and that blessed quick!" The more accepted legend makes of the expletive a mild oath.

Helped she was, and since we find her a few years later, cherished grandmother to a tribe of little Alsopps, we may suppose that she was assisted by the hand of her would-be son-in-law.

Tusk and Coil

By DALLAS LORE SHARP

"DID I ever have an adventure? Well, no; but still, if you can call a big scare an adventure then I have had one, at least. A museum maker's life is as humdrum, for the most part, as the average man's, though once in a while he is pretty sure to have a strange berth. The nearest I ever came to 'escaping' was from this specimen here." He pointed to a jar in which hung the head and skin of what had once been a huge diamond rattlesnake.

"It was while I was collecting reptiles on the Altamaha river. We had been along Cedar Creek and were making across the swamp toward the railroad at Lumber City. We had been out several days and every bag was full. I never saw snakes as we saw them there. If there is a snake heaven anywhere, then it lies in that stretch of swamp between Cedar Creek and Lumber City. And that is original, *bona fide* swamp, too, along the Altamaha. I had heard of dismal swamps, and thought I had seen them, but never till I camped among the cypress of the Altamaha.

"The day before we reached the railroad we caught this big fellow here in the bottle. We had to spill out a whole bagful of smaller specimens to make room for him, but he was the largest and

the most beautifully wicked rattlesnake I had ever seen. I had to have him. He was over five feet long, thicker in the middle than my upper arm, and all a-glitter with color and malice.

"There was no serpentine taper and grace about him. Not any. Power only, and malignity, compressed and concentrated. His body was sawed square off at the tail, and his thick neck swelled into the head that you see here. Put poison into those heavy jaws and a glitter into those eyes and you will have a face as devilish as ever crawled the earth.

"We had a tussle to bag him. We finally got him, however, without a rucked scale or a broken fang. Coombs, a naturalist along with me, shouldered him for the afternoon and we kept on toward the station. Along near night we struck a trail, but the blazings were few and faint and there were no signs of a cabin in sight when the darkness began to fall. It was time to look sharp for a bed. In half an hour more the swamp would be as black as the heart of the Catacombs. There is no place on earth where the darkness falls faster and thicker than in those cypress swamps of the South.

"We soon found a little knoll that was high enough to give us a dry berth, and, leaving our specimens at the foot of a cypress, we laid down within easy reach of them and began to wait for daylight.

"Sleep seemed out of the question. We hadn't even an overcoat for covering, and it was along in October. We put our backs together and warmed up a little; but the night air had a deadly chill in it. It was a grewsome place, too. The silence was awful. There is something about a tall cypress with its draping moss, something in the depth and stirlessness of the night in those great swamps, that's like the grave. It was so still that I seemed to hear the cypress needles let go and fall. The autumn had come far enough to hush the insects; but off in the dead, dark calm the cry of an owl now and then, or the whinny of a coon would give the quiet tongue.

"For a long time it was a struggle between weariness and cold; but at last weariness won the field, and we went to sleep.

"It must have been near midnight. I don't know. But the moon was high above the swamp, when I felt her light upon my face. Nothing ever touched me more softly than the fingers of that moonbeam. Nothing ever woke me more thoroughly. The scream of a wild cat, the touch of cold steel, could not have done it more effectually. And yet, I had not moved a muscle. I could not. The soft touch that woke me gripped me like death.

"I had rolled completely over in my sleep, and now lay facing Coombs. He had turned upon his back and was sleeping soundly with his face toward the sky.

"I knew by every atom of me that I was in danger. I had heard nothing, seen nothing, felt nothing, yet I was aware before I knew I was awake, that something threatened. I was scarcely an instant taking in Coomb's position, when I caught a glint of something on his breast, and saw in the dim, half light the form of a huge snake partly coiled upon the sleeper's body with its big, horrid head lifted just above his upturned face.

"It was the great diamond rattlesnake. The beast had worked a hole in the bag and crawled under Coombs, evidently taking him for a log. Finding the warmth of the body to its liking, it had gently drawn itself up on the man's breast to sleep till morning.

"But something had angered it. Perhaps Coombs had put his hand upon the cold, fanged head, as he began to feel its weight in his sleep. Now that head was raised, ready to strike the hand if it moved again.

"I was paralyzed. I could not think nor act. I could only look. Any instant Coombs might wake or stir. Then one fatal flash of that poised head! Had I been able to move, I dared not. At the slightest alarm the stroke would fall —on us both, possibly, for I was within reach.

"The great, ugly head began to swing, slowly, at first, then more excitedly. It reeled as if drunk with hate and revenge. The motion must awaken Coombs. Then, suddenly, cutting the still air with a sharp, shivering whirr, sounded the rattle.

"Without moving my lips I muttered, 'Don't stir — you're awake, Coombs— don't move a muscle — that diamond rattlesnake's on you.' The rattle ceased; but still I muttered: 'Don't move—sleep on — the beast is over your face.' He understood and slept on. Not a tremor touched his closed eyes. But the sweat glistened in the moonlight.

"The sound of my own voice broke the spell that bound me. A thousand escapes dashed through my thought. There was but one feasible—to seize the snake by the neck before he could bite. My right arm was free and the snake was within reach, but he hung over us, on the watch, ready for any such move.

"It was the only thing to do, however, and I was slowly bringing my hand forward when there was a snort and a clash of teeth just beyond me. All at once I was aware of the hard breathing of some large animal. Again the clash of teeth. Without turning my head, I saw, about ten feet beyond us, the gleam of the white tusks of a razor-back boar. His head was lowered till it barely cleared the ground. He stood as motionless as though carved out of the black of the night.

"It all came over me with a flash: the snake and boar were watching each other. Both were unconscious of us, who or what we were. It was the presence of the boar that had roused the snake. Now it was coil and fang against hoof and tusk. They were deadly enemies. All the fear and fury in both was alive.

"The whirr of the rattle started again; and the uplifted head, higher now, swung faster and wider. Suddenly the sinewy neck bent back, the head stopped, but had scarcely poised, when, with a hoarse cough, a black mass shot over Coombs, tusks clashed just above his face, spattering us both with foam, and snake and boar rolled together down the knoll.

"The spring of the boar was as swift as the leap of an arrow. The tusks closed with a crunch about the neck of the snake; but at their touch the thick coils flashed out and sprang in knotted bands about the boar's throat.

"Down they went, both strangling— the boar pawing the air in his endeavor to tear the tightening coil from his neck; the snake in its death struggle, clinching closer and closer the one vital spot of its powerful antagonist.

"I never saw such a fight. It was neck for neck—the grip of coil against the grip of jaws. The snake bent itself to the throat of the boar as one presses the spring of a locked steel trap, to make it loose its hold. It was a furious combat, and doubtful, for a moment, which would conquer. But only for a moment. The long, hooked tusks had crushed muscle and bone and struck the vitals. Soon the strangling coils relaxed and fell away.

"We sat there and saw the gaunt, black beast rip the glinting skin from the body, and, still writhing, devour it. We watched him, half dazed, till he started off with every black bristle raised, and disappeared in the gloom of the dark swamp. This head and skin is all that was left."

The Ballad of Eden

By FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES

I.

O THE birds were loud in Eden,
In Eden, in Eden,
They were mad with mirth in Eden
So fair;
O their wings were swift as flames,
Sweet and curious were their names,
And their songs were wild as passion,
pure as prayer!

II.

There were rainy days in Eden,
In Eden, in Eden,
Days of sun and shower in Eden
So fair!
Carpets must be soft as floss,
Woven of grass and woven of moss,
Where the foot of man and foot of
maid are bare!

III.

O the fashions throve in Eden,
In Eden, in Eden,
Latest styles obtained in Eden
So fair!
Cloth-o'-leaves from God's own vines,
Thread and needles from the pines,
And the wind's own way of doing up
the hair!

IV.

O but Man was strong in Eden,
In Eden, in Eden,
Like a happy god in Eden,
So fair,
And the Woman's blood was red,
All her tears were still unshed,
And her lips, with soft defiance,
laughed at care.

V.

O the world still seems an Eden,
An Eden, an Eden,
O the world is always Eden
So fair;
Though the serpent's glittering eyes
Have a cleverer disguise,
While you're walking through the
orchard, have no care!

VI.

Still for us the earth is Eden,
Is Eden, is Eden.
Still our Earth, dear love, is Eden
So fair,—
And we taste all fruits that be,
Even from the Knowledge Tree,
Though its branches have been grafted
with Despair!

VII.

O though life wax old in Eden,
In Eden, in Eden,
Love is still the lord of Eden
So fair;
All the blossoming is for us,
And our happy creed runs thus:
Failure visits only those who fail to
dare!

VIII.

So we fear no sword in Eden,
In Eden, in Eden:—
Who shall drive us from our Eden
So fair!
Is there built a gate—a wall?
At a lover's kiss they fall,
If we love, new Edens wait us every-
where.

As Seen by the Typewriter Girl

By WINIFRED L. MALLON

THE typewriter girl had a little room opening off at the right of the Lawyer's private office. When she leaned back in her chair she could look diagonally across one corner of the office and see through the open communicating door into the reception room beyond. The door opening on the left of the reception room into the corridor came within her range of vision, also one corner of the huge leather divan and the table covered with magazines and papers.

When she first came, it had amused the typewriter girl to watch the different clients and the various means they employed to pass the time until the Lawyer was disengaged. Of late, however, this diversion had failed to divert, and when, for the fifth day that week, the mercury climbed up to ninety-seven, and the typewriter girl, at three o'clock in the afternoon, wrote the last word of an exceptionally long brief, she was in no mood to find amusement in this well worn pastime. Very few people, indeed, had been in. No one was in town who could manage by hook or crook to get away. It was the hottest summer in years, and for days past business of all kinds had nearly come to a stand still in every office in the building.

The typewriter girl drew her last page from the machine and pushed back her chair with a groan of relief. The Lawyer had said that he would return to the office at half past three, so she wheeled her chair away from the table and proceeded to go over the brief in search of possible mistakes.

The rapid click of the typewriter silenced, the office seemed very still. A big fly buzzed angrily against the window and the hands of the clock over the door had crept around to fifteen minutes past three when there was a rustle of skirts in the corridor and a lady stood in the doorway of the reception room.

She was small and dainty, with wide brown eyes and light fluffy hair escaping in wavy distraction from under a big black hat. The typewriter girl, looking up from a long and painfully involved phrase, caught only a glimpse of her hesitating on the threshold, her skirts caught up in one hand and her lace parasol grasped in the other; for the new comer, with an air of tragic determination in every line of her small person, walked quickly across the room and seated herself in one of the big leather chairs near the window.

The typewriter girl keenly disliked meeting clients. It was a duty that only devolved upon her in the absence of the office boy, so she walked softly across and opened the Lawyer's private door leading to the corridor. The office boy was nowhere to be seen and she reluctantly turned to go back, casting a longing look through the open door where, although the sun was blazing down fiercely on the softening pavements and the faint breeze had almost died away, at least was freedom.

She went back through the office to her own room and was collecting the papers on her table when there was a quick step in the corridor outside and a man came into the reception room.

Tall, broad shouldered, splendid in

his youth and strength, he was good to look upon, but the effect of his entrance upon the other client nearly caused the typewriter girl to drop her papers, for before her astonished eyes the little lady sprang to her feet, one trembling hand clutching at her throat, her brown eyes flashing and her small body quivering from head to foot. The young fellow in the doorway, his face turning slowly white beneath the tan, stared back at her with miserable, angry eyes. The little lady spoke first:

"How dared you follow me?" she said passionately.

"I didn't," he said shortly.

"You know you did," she cried. "You knew perfectly well that I quite meant what I said. And you knew my first thought would be to come to Uncle John's lawyer because he had known and trusted him for years and would tell me what to do. And now you follow me and—"

"I tell you," the young man interrupted, "I did not follow you. I thought"—his voice dropped. "I did not know where you had gone," he said rather low, "but I thought probably to your mother, at Deer Park. And I couldn't stay there at the shore to have people asking questions, so I came up here where I wouldn't be likely to meet anyone I knew."

"Yes," she said, "of course. And you didn't see me come in here and follow me, just to make me the trouble of going to another lawyer. But I don't intend to do that. I shall insist—"

"Look here," the young man said sternly. "I did not follow you. I did not know where you had gone. I came into this office because in passing I happened to notice the name and had heard of this man as one of the best in the profession. I did not know your Uncle John knew him and I never dreamed of finding you here. Even after what you said, I did not realize that you were sufficiently anxious to get rid of me to come here alone like this," the little lady winced, "but I thought I would stop in and ask — and try — well," savagely, "find out a little about how such things are done. I shouldn't think, myself, a decent lawyer would handle a divorce case. And I thought it would be easier for you if I — but I needn't have taken the trouble," he said bitterly, "You seem to know quite well what you are doing. As for your going to another lawyer, that's quite unnecessary. I'll go at once. Please understand that I have no desire to interfere with you in any way. Whatever story you decide on, I will stand for. If you have grown to hate me so soon, the quicker you are rid of me the better."

The typewriter girl, listening with absorbed interest, gasped at the word "divorce" and glanced involuntarily into the office, half expecting to see the very furniture turn 'round in horror. The Lawyer most distinctly did not handle divorce cases.

The young man turned to go. Then the little lady spoke, and the typewriter girl leaned forward.

"I don't think, — you needn't — it won't be necessary for you to go to another lawyer, will it?" she began. He looked at her in surprise. "It's so hot," she said nervously. Then as he still stared blankly at her she recovered herself a little. "There is no reason that I know of," she said with dignity, "why we cannot both consult this gentleman. I have no objection, personally. And you are here, now," she stopped, uncertainly.

"I shouldn't think that would do, exactly," he answered. "It doesn't sound right, somehow."

"I don't see what difference it makes," she said impatiently. "We don't know anything about what we have to do."

"The Lord knows I don't," the young man put in.

"Neither of us," repeated the little lady severely, "know what we have to do; and I should think it would make no difference whether we see the same lawyer or not. And we know this man is good."

"Yes," he assented gloomily.

The typewriter girl sat down. She decided that she was quite justified in remaining where she was. She glanced at the clock and saw that the Lawyer had five minutes more in which to keep his appointment. In the next room there was an uneasy silence, broken at last by the young man.

"Where are you staying, Anne," he said.

After a slight pause the little lady answered distantly. "I do not see why that should interest you, or why you ask."

"Don't you?" her husband said grimly. "All the same it does interest me. And I do ask."

"The little lady's parasol tapped the floor a moment. "Well then, at Uncle John's," she said, defiantly.

"He's out of town," said the young man promptly. "And so is your aunt."

"With the housekeeper and the servants," continued the little lady sternly.

"Oh."

There was another silence. Then the young man broke out. "Look here, Anne, must it be this way? Wouldn't it do if I went away for a while? You could stay with your mother or some of your aunts and forget all about me. And I wouldn't come back until you were quite willing. I don't know what has been the matter between us lately—but perhaps if you didn't see me for awhile—. It would be almost as if we were not married. No," he cried, "not that. It can never be like that between you and me. Why, Anne, I love you, and you're my wife—"

The little lady caught her breath sharply. "Yes," she interrupted, "that's it, you see. And you can't evade it by a make believe separation. As for loving me," her voice shook a little, "perhaps you did once. You certainly don't now. No. There is no use making me talk about it. This is the only way. Then we'll both be perfectly free. We can even—marry again," her voice broke entirely. "Oh," she cried, "will that lawyer never come!"

The young man sprang to his feet. His eyes were blazing. "Anne! How dare you say that?" he said, between his teeth. "How dare you! Why child, you are my *wife*. Do you think anything can undo that? You can get your divorce; God knows, if you feel like that I'd have no right to try to stop you. But understand this, you may never see me again or hear of me, but all the same, as long as I live you'll be my wife. Do you hear?" he said fiercely. "*My* wife, I tell you, *mine*." He stopped, his breath coming sharply, and the two stood staring at each other with tense, strained faces. From the next room came the sound of a door opening and closing and a man's heavy tread. Then a chair was pushed over the polished floor and a desk lid shot up with a bang. The Lawyer had returned. The typewriter girl started up. She felt that she must do something; what, she did not know. But it was too late. The young man had turned with a groan, and the little lady, vainly trying to bite her quivering lips into steadiness, was facing the Lawyer who stood in the doorway.

"Which have I the honor of meeting first?" he said, briskly.

Only a faint murmur of conversation was audible a few feet from the desk, which rose like a wall across one corner of the Lawyer's private office. The typewriter girl sat waiting miserably. In the other room the young man sat on the big leather sofa, gazing straight before him with a look in his eyes from which the typewriter girl turned away her own with a choking in her throat.

It seemed hours, but it was just ten minutes when the Lawyer's chair rolled back and he stood up, saying heartily: "I hope so, too. Yes, that's it. I think you'll have no trouble at all." As his client, visibly agitated, passed into the reception room he spoke again, encouragingly. "Perfectly simple case, perfectly simple. There should be no difficulty. Not the slightest. Good afternoon." He stood in the doorway and looked expectantly toward the young man, who, with one glance at the drooping little figure coming toward him, lifted his head and walked resolutely past her, following the Lawyer in his turn.

As they passed from her sight, the little lady whirled around. The typewriter girl caught one glimpse of a white, frightened face; then, casting the parasol from her, the little lady sank down in a quivering heap in the corner of the big leather sofa and with both arms thrown 'round the heavy, unyielding cushion, she buried her face upon it and her small body shook with sobs. The typewriter girl gasped helplessly.

In the office the clock over the door ticked on relentlessly. This time the Lawyer and his client could not apparently come to a conclusion. The indistinct murmur of voices went on steadily rising and falling. The fly on the window buzzed louder and louder. Out in the reception room the small figure lay embracing the hard cushion, a picture of utter woe. The typewriter girl felt that her nerves were fast giving way.

At last both men stood up and the Lawyer said, with a shade of weariness in his voice: "Yes, that will be much the best way. You see there is very little to go upon at present. Just make up your mind and when you have done so let me know and I'll be very glad to act on your instructions. Eh? Oh, no, not at all. Often the case. Good afternoon."

This time the Lawyer did not accompany his client to the door. He dropped back into his chair and began to pull some letters from his pockets with one hand while he cleared a place on the desk for them with the other.

The young man crossed the office and went into the reception room. The typewriter girl held her breath. He walked slowly over to the table and mechanically took up his hat and cane. Suddenly his eye fell on the little lady in the corner of the sofa. His hand dropped.

"Anne," he uttered incredulously. "Anne!" The little lady sat up suddenly, and at the sight of the flushed, tear stained, lovely face a spasm crossed his own, and his hand closed hard on the edge of the table.

She dashed the tears from her eyes and tried to speak. "Jack," she began in a choked voice. "*Jack!*" She stood up clutching at her throat, her eyes searching his in an agony of question. "Jack!" she gasped, "what did you tell him—ask him? No, no," with a little moan, "don't touch me. Only tell me!"

But he had checked the involuntary movement toward her. His eyes turned away. "I was a coward, Anne," he said huskily. "I tried. But I couldn't. I—I pretended I wanted advice about making my will. I don't think I did it very well. I think—I seemed rather a fool." His voice died and his gaze wandered over the room; then with an effort he looked at her. "Anne," he said half under his breath. "Why, Anne." She had not moved, her eyes still shone through tears, but her face had changed.

"Wait," she said breathlessly, "wait; I told him I had lost my pocket book. Jack, I couldn't either. He," she caught her breath hysterically, "he told me to go to the police station. Jack, I *hadn't* lost it." She stopped then. "Oh, Jack," she wailed. "Anne", he said brokenly, "Anne." The next moment she was sobbing in his arms.

Then the typewriter girl rose up, col-

lected her papers and with sternly averted face walked in and laid them on the Lawyer's desk.

When he had looked them over hastily he told her that she need not stay any longer that afternoon. He meant to leave soon himself and he should not need her again. So the typewriter girl went back to cover her machine and make ready to go. This time she did not look away as she passed the communicating door. There was no one in the reception room.

The typewriter girl was smiling to herself as she went down the steps and out into the hot, sunshiny afternoon.

The Mystery of Billy Smejkal

A Story of Chicago's Prison for Juveniles

By THOMAS W. STEEP

I.

"T' WAGON'S comin', fellers. Ho! t' wagon's comin'. She's comin'! She's comin'! Ho-o-o-o!" Saying this at the top of his shrill voice, Sputts turned from his outlook with an expression of fierce glee.

"Say, on t' level? On t' level?" inquired Jimmie Szag.

In all the institution there was but one window which sometimes held the promise of a change, and that was the window from which could be seen the dusty road eading from the city.

With its turreted buildings and ramparted grounds, the child's prison held aloof at the outskirts of the city in an external aspect of smug pulchritude; to those who knew nothing about it, or viewed it only from the dusty road where the factory district met the prairie line, it appeared a fit place for the unfortunate-born. It lay with unruffled serenity, drab in the suns of summer and white in the snows of winter. Inside, the prison's heavy, frowning brows excluded the sunshine, or even a fair glimpse of the free sky. The multifarious identities of the boys in the prison merged with composite effect, like the attributes of a single individuality—the habit of one was the habit of all. The institution wore bars across its windows and resounded with the clink of locks and keys; upon its cemented floors fell the feet of juvenile prisoners in lock step march; its sullen walls echoed only unlawful mirth, or, in moments of silence, stood in mute mockery of virtue —it was a prison. The children came through no fault of their own. Certainly they were born into innocence, if nothing else. A few of them came with acquired wickedness; none of them went away without it. For, as drops of fresh rain that fall into brackish water become also feculent, so little souls, be they ever so white, tarnish in contact with sullied ones; and though stirred by the quicklime of opposing impulses, the place was a stagnation of boyish traits. Under the restraint youthful customs of frank mischief and open freedom were perverted into habits of shy cunning and sordid truculence. Dressed in the same blue denim garb, workers in the same shop, sleepers in the same dormitory, curbed into submission by the same discipline, prisoners in the same prison, each boy regarded the others as but prototypes of

himself. Only in the arrival of a new prisoner did the prison yield a break in the monotony. While all of the boys bore the brand of humiliation, it was, of course, in the nature of things that some should be temperamentally meek and submissive and some bold and belligerent. Sputts, the pugnacious, the sturdy physiqued, freckle faced, mangy headed, was one of the bold ones, and he ruled with tyrannical injustice. But Sputts became monotonous even to himself, and the arrival of a new victim was hailed as an infusion of new life. That was why the boys paid particular attention to the single window, in the far end of the shop, from which could be seen the dusty road leading from the city, and that was why, at a propitious hour every morning, Sputts peered out the window and scanned the road, as an ancient pirate might have scanned a highway of the sea.

Sputts had gazed out the window for half an hour when he climbed back and excitedly faced the other boys, a volley of "Ho!'s" issuing from his mouth like bullets from a battery.

"T' wagon's comin', fellers. Ho! t' wagon's comin'! She's comin'! She's comin'! Ho-o-o-o!"

"Say — on t' level? on t' level?" repeated Jimmie Szag.

"Sure, on t' level!"

The shop was in a tumult of expectancy.

II.

Several boys came in the wagon; but all but one had been old offenders, and these afforded only slight appeasement to the vulturous curiosity. The lone stranger, gawky looking in the loose hanging garb and the heavy brogans, in which fashion the prison had branded him, made his appearance in the work shop in the company of a guard who escorted him to a bench, there to assort and pile up work done by the other boys.

The new comer was a lean, angular boy. The oppressive strangeness of the place seemed to have filled him with an inarticulate misery. As he hazarded sly, mistrustful glances at the other boys, he trembled shrinkingly; and when he turned again toward the wall in front of him gullies of dirty tears streaked down his pallid cheeks and fell in wet spats on the bench and on his hands. Something like a sob, a guttural convulsion half smothered in his throat, escaped him. Yet he did not speak.

Sputts had his eye on the new prisoner. He began to amuse the other boys by shaking his fist behind the stranger's back. Then he gave gesticulatory demonstrations of how he would castigate the new boy, how he would flounce the new boy, and how, finally, he would tramp the new boy on the floor and silence him in the dust of ignominy. His pantomime caused general tittering; and when the guard had gone and Sputts began to deploy in a sidewise direction up the shop, all eyes turned toward the new prisoner.

One by one the boys fell into a circle about the stranger. Sputts, in the center, kept moving in, but the singular part of it was that the new prisoner, with his back toward them, appeared oblivious to their presence. Sputts had expected easy assault on a cringing, helpless, timid gazelle. So the indifference of the new comer angered him. He moved closer and nudged the stranger on the elbow.

"Say," said Sputts; "wutcheinfer?"

But the stranger remained silent, his back toward them.

"Say, wutcheinfer?"

"Punch him in t' ribs, Sputts," suggested Jimmie Szag. "Punch him in t' ribs!"

At this the new prisoner turned his tear stained face toward them, his eyes opened curiously, his chin quivering. For several moments he observed his

tormentors with a blank stare. Sputts, disconcerted, slipped his foot out and kicked the stranger's shoe.

"Say, wutcheinfer?"

"Punch him in t' ribs, Sputts. Oh, punch him in t' ribs!"

But the look of patient endurance, of glum stolidity, of almost pathetic superiority, with which the new prisoner drew himself aloof, gave Sputts a keen sense of astonishment; and, as the superintendent inopportunely passed through the shop just then, and the boys, perforce, scattered, Sputts went back reluctantly, with gnawing consciousness that his mates had cause secretly to ridicule him. Sputts had been used to exert an authority that aroused in him an inordinate conception of his worldliness, and he lived in the assumption that he had traversed the whole travail of life from nonage to dotage, and he was not one to be balked. Now here was a stranger, inscrutable, who refused to expose himself to submission.

Already the boys were beginning to make fun of Sputts. Jimmie Szag was turning surreptitious somersaults. From other quarters came insinuating grimaces.

"Oh, youse fellers jes' wait till I git t' chance, t'en I'll lam 'im," cried Sputts. "Oh, won't I *lam* 'im!"

The new prisoner, though he must have heard the threat, paid no heed to it. He worked now with less timidity. He seemed preoccupied with that which was within him rather than with that which surrounded him. He was as one who was nursing a secret. His every movement became an act of importance; a gesture of his arm, a twitch of his head, a wink of his eye, fell under scrutiny, and in the next few days he was regarded as one shrouded in dense, fuliginous mystery.

"Oh, youse fellers jes' wait till I git t' chance," reiterated Sputts; "t'en I'll lam 'im. Oh, won't I *lam* 'im!"

III.

One evening, at sundown, when the prisoners were allowed to play in the recreation grounds, they pressed from the building in streams, assorting themselves into their respective clans. The new prisoner, emerging into the open, slinked through the crowd, a figure of immutable silence, and, seeking to avert the scrutiny that had been laid upon him, slipped close to the wall to sit down finally on a bench beneath a lone tree that seemed to be as solitary as he.

He kept silent company with the silent tree, and watched coyly.

Soon the boys began to discover that the only attractive part of the ground was where the new prisoner sat, and, Sputts in the lead, they congregated tauntingly about the tree. Toward them from the prisoner came the same blank stare. Jimmie Szag was in for prompt action and Sputts, fearing derision, twisted himself into a pose of combat and said:

"Say, wutcheinfer?"

The new prisoner arose and braced up against the tree trunk, defiantly.

"Wutcheinfer?" "Punch him in t' ribs," shouted Jimmie Szag. "Oh, punch him in t' ribs!"

With this Sputts stumbled forward as if by accident. "Wut's yer name?"

The new prisoner pushed his assailant forward. "My name's Billy Smejkal—an' I kin lick yeh."

The crowd, electrified by this first parting of the stranger's lips, went wild. "Oh, Sputts, he sez he kin lick yeh. He sez he kin *lick* yeh!"

Constrained by the situation, Sputts plunged in. There was a tumbling of two tightly embraced bodies, a splutter of gravel, a widening of the circle of spectators; frequently there were pauses, during which two irate faces looked savagely at each other; then more jeers from the crowd, and another mass of inextricably mixed arms and limbs

rolled over the ground. Finally the tocsin voice of Sputts sounded a peal of imploring—it could be seen that Sputts was the nether one; and in another moment Sputts lay flat on his back, flayed as he had never been flayed before. Billy, the new prisoner, displayed majestic dignity in getting up to shake the gravel from his clothes; and Sputts skulked ingloriously to quieter parts.

After this the stranger relapsed into his former taciturnity. But it was evident that he had gained prestige. When, in response to the bedtime gong, they sauntered back to the building, Jimmie Szag loitered near the stranger and took occasion once to remark: "Say, Billy, yeh laid him out great, yeh did—jes' great."

But to all external appearance Billy was voiceless.

In the dormitory the dishevelled condition of Sputts' bed coverings indicated that he had retired without much loss of time. He had covered himself up, head and all. The other boys, with some awe, watched the new prisoner as he got into his cot. After the lights were turned out, animated whispering continued until sleep intervened and the place was in quiet.

IV.

Admiration for the new prisoner and surprise at the defeat of Sputts, the bully, aroused in Jimmie Szag such conflicting emotions that he found it difficult to sleep. Several times he had fallen into oblivious dozes only to wake up again and consider over the whole situation. The whipping of Sputts had appealed to him as the accomplishment of an impossibility; also, what was the reason of the stranger's speechlessness? Throughout the day all the new prisoner had said was: "My name's Billy Smejkal—an' I kin lick yeh." Not a word after a glorious victory, not a quiver of pride, nothing but the humble, retreating muteness.

Late in the night Jimmie became conscious that he had heard a sob. At first it affected him as only a part of a dream, but the sobbing, rising and falling as if the sufferer were enduring extreme anguish, awakened him at last and he sat up. All the sleepers lay quietly; but across the room, in the light of a window, stood the figure of a boy.

Throwing aside his coverings, Jimmie leaped out of bed and stole stealthily through the room toward the window. The boy was weeping with heart broken bitterness, burying his face in his hands and sniffling convulsively. It was the new prisoner. Instinctively Jimmie laid his hand on him, who, at the touch, turned.

"Wut yeh cryin' at?" asked Jimmie.

Jimmie's sympathetic tone seemed to console the stranger. He checked his tears, dried his face and looked out the window. "I ain't cryin' at nuttin," he said.

"Oh, ut's sumpthin'. Yeh wouldn't cry fer nuttin'."

" 'Tain't nuttin' much—jes' kind of—say, wut's t'em lights down there?"

"T'em on t' top of t' wall? Thet's t' watchmen, t' guards wut keeps t' pris'ners from 'scapin' over t' wall at nights. They'll pot yeh if they ketch yeh tryin' t' 'scape,—blow yer head off. Bang!—jes' like thet."

Jimmie's confidential impartations stirred comfort and loquacity in the new prisoner. He was beginning to feel that his tongue was his own. "Gee! I wouldn't try teh climb over t' wall at nights," he said; "would you? — not at nights! 'cause they're watchin' all 'round, ain't they?"

With little relevance, with almost no relevance at all, the new prisoner deviated, as if to the sole question of his existence, "Say, is tyferd fever ketchin'?" "I dunno," said Jimmie. "Is ut a sickness?"

The electric arc light in the courtyard

below sputtered idiotically to itself. The new prisoner watched it and fondled the bars that were across the window.

"Yes," he said; "my mudder had ut—she died wid ut. She didn't die sudden. She had ut a long time. She sez to me, she sez, 'I want yeh teh be a good boy, Billy,' she sez; 'don't never do no drinkin', er no liein', an' don't never steal nuttin' wut don't belong teh yeh.' Thet's wut she sez—jes' like thet, 'don't never steal nuttin' wut don't belong teh yeh,' she sez. T'en she was dead. T' landlord was glad she was dead, I bet. Oh, he *was* glad! 'cause he couldn't put us out when she had t' tyferd fever. They planted her t' day before I come here, an' I went teh t' fun'ral. Gee, I was hungry. Oh, I *was* hungry! 'Cause when we come back teh t' house after t' fun'ral all our things was out in t' street—in t' street. Ain't thet funny?—*right out in t' street!*"

That satisfaction which follows the confiding of a secret, the lifting of a weight from off one's soul, came to Billy. Vindication soothed him; a sense of absolute justification for his crime crept into his heart and brushed away the sorrow that had been there.

"Say, Billy," said Jimmie; "wutcheinfer?"

"'Tain't nuttin' much."

"Wut fer?—ut's *sump*thin'."

"Fer hookin'."

"Wut'd ye hook?"

"Gee, I was hungry. Oh, I *was* hungry! An' all our t'ings was in t' street—*right out in t' street!*"

"Did yeh tell t' judge?"

"Nope. Oh, you bet I didn't tell! 'cause if he'd know'd 'bout t' tyferd fever, oh, wouldn't he been mad; oh, wouldn't he been mad!"

"Wut'd yeh hook?

"Jes' some iron from t' railroad teh sell fer scrap."

"Is *thet* all?"

"Yep, thet's all. Didn't I said ut? Didn't I said 't'ain't nuttin' much?' Jes' like thet I sez,—'tain't nuttin' much.' 'Cause, oh, I *was* hungry. An' all our t'ings was out in t' street—*right out in t' street!*"

FOR WHAT I AM

LOVE me for what I am—oh, never let
Thy reverent hands a pedestal uprear,
And place me there, a goddess, high, severe,
To fall before and worship; nor forget
The unlovely, marring blemishes that yet—
Upon the soul unveiled before thine eye—
Disfiguring and uncorrected lie.
Oh, never let my life become to thee
Unseeing adoration's deity,
Nor make thy heart a temple and a shrine
To hold my image, as a thing divine;
But knowing me a woman, ever thine,
For all I am and all I aim to be,
Unblinded by thy passion, love thou me.

Lilian Muldowney

Great-Grand-Mothers in Atlanta Journalism

By CAROLINE S. MAHONEY

ATLANTA has the unique distinction of having on her leading papers a group of great-grand-mothers who are doing regular editorial work. These women were born to wealth and reared in what was known as the "lap of luxury days" in the South, yet they braved the storm of the sixties and have blossomed in a literary way into as much importance as they have always been socially.

Twenty-three years ago, at the suggestion of her son-in-law, the renowned Henry Grady, Mrs. King began her editorial work on the Weekly Constitution, which has by far the largest circulation of any Southern publication. In all these years she has never failed to furnish her two pages of good copy, and there is, perhaps, no Southern woman of the day more generally beloved than "Aunt Susie" of the Constitution. Mrs. King inherited her literary talent from her father, Judge Augustine Smith Clayton, who was an author of importance in the early part of the nineteenth century.

MRS. WILLIAM KING

For many years she has been the honored president of the Woman's Press Club of Georgia, one of the strongest and most influential clubs in the South, and is Georgia's vice president of the International Woman's Press Union, the International Sunday School Primary Union, the National Congress of Mothers, and is president of the Primary Sunday School Union of Georgia. Among the progressive women of Georgia, Mrs. King is as typical as was her son-in-law, the peerless Grady, among men. More could not be said. That in her are combined the best elements of the old as well as the "new" woman is exemplified in the fact that, despite her multifarious duties, she is an ideal wife, mother, grandmother, and great-grand-mother to the third Henry Grady.

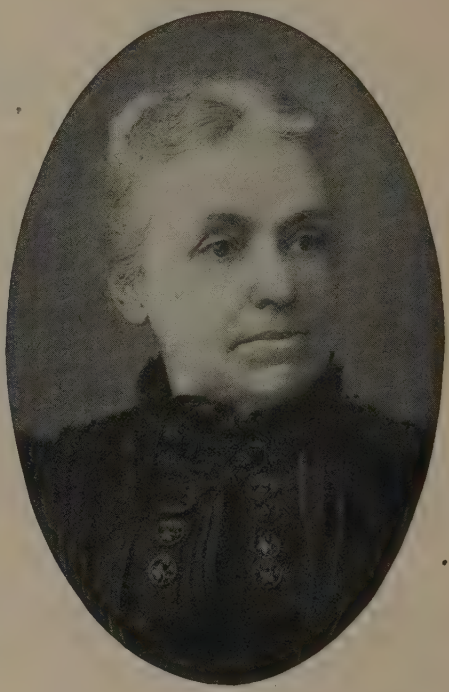
Georgia's "grand old woman," Mrs. Rebecca Latimer Felton, has made more impress on the political life, character and history of the state, these past thirty years, than many of our best known men. Mrs.

Felton was born seventeen miles south of Atlanta, educated in the state, married Dr. W. H. Felton in the fifties, and cooperated with him in his political career, being his ablest help-meet and advisor. During Dr. Felton's congressional life in Washington, his devoted wife was ever at his side as counselor, secretary, companion and friend.

Mrs. Felton was the first woman in the South to own and edit a paper, which publication was said to be about the crispest sheet that ever appeared in the Empire State of the South. This statement gains ready credence when you turn to her daily "Ginger Jar" on the editorial page of the Atlanta Journal. Mrs. Felton is the terror of "two-by-four" politicians, and uses her stiletto pen for puncturing all shams, political, social, religious. The affectionate regard in which Georgians hold her is evidenced in the fact that she has been sent many times to represent Georgia at the International expositions, and is a popular lecturer and commencement orator.

MRS. W H. FELTON

MRS. MARY E. BRYAN



In the South, Mrs. Felton was a pioneer in the reformatory question, first advocate of textile education for girls, first open advocate for compulsory education, and has been zealous in her efforts to remove the worst blots on Georgia's escutcheon—the disgraceful laws regulating the age of consent and child labor. Mrs. Felton is a thorough woman's woman, and is always to be found on the side of the weak and defenceless.

On the editorial staff of the Sunny South, the literary Sunday supplement to the Constitution, is Mrs. Mary E. Bryan, who twenty-eight years ago stood at the helm of that publication and for many years after made it one of the most important exponents of the Southern press. Later, Mrs. Bryan went to New York to edit Munro's publications, and in Gotham the popular novelist and

charming club woman began a most brilliant career, her various triumphs being noised in London, Paris, and many other literary centers. After a long period of success in the metropolis, Mrs. Bryan was recalled to her pretty Georgia home to rear some orphaned grand-children, and she is now engaged on a literary work of more serious importance than her early and popular novels. This heavier work Mrs. Bryan intersperses with her editorial labors, and her friends still expect much of this truly remarkable woman.

When this magnetic, dark haired, bright eyed, vivacious woman is spoken of as a great-grand-mother it requires some explanation. Mrs. Bryan was married at fifteen and her eldest daughter and grand-daughter followed her example. Like the above mentioned women, Mrs. Bryan is an active memberof the Woman's Press Club of Georgia, being vice president, and is member of all progressive organizations in Georgia and a charter member of the famous New York Sorosis. Among the most distinguished women the South produced during the century, Mrs. Mary Edwards Bryan stands well in the vanguard.

NOTE and COMMENT

By FRANK PUTNAM

CHRISTMAS again, with the usual preparations. Happy is the man or woman who has some little folks around, to preserve the magic of the season. Father slyly slipping parcels home and into Mother's hands: (she has a knack of keeping them out of sight until the right moment). Mother herself stealing an hour now and then, when small but keen eyes are not watching, to finish the flouncings—or whatever-you-call-'ems—on a doll's dress. The boys and girls, eagerly, with an elaborate show of secrecy, concealing their young purchases or creations and changing the hiding places every fifteen minutes. The whole household full of an air of mys-

MRS. CRAIGIE (JOHN OLIVER HOBBES) AUTHOR OF "LOVE AND THE SOUL HUNTERS"

FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "THE NEEDLE'S EYE"

NEWSPAPER REPORTERS INTERVIEWING PRESIDENT BAER OF THE READING, AND HIS ASSOCIATES, AT THE DOOR OF THE TEMPORARY WHITE HOUSE IN WASHINGTON

tery and joyous expectation. Christmas, the birthday of the greatest, wisest, kindest, purest soul the world has ever known: your friend and mine, whose wisdom went before us to smoothe our pathway through the world; whose wise admonitions, if heeded, make us happier and more useful; the god-father of all the little children, and the patron saint of their one especial day of all the year.

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John McGovern, of Chicago, scholar and novelist, has published a little book of poems. Twenty-five years he has been revising, mellowing, strengthening the expression of his thoughts and his aspirations in these lines. What a contrast with most makers of verse—eagerly impatient to see their productions in print, to have the world's opinion upon them. And what a precious little book it is! How richly freighted with great thoughts nobly spoken! The old fires still burn. The Poets are still the true leaders and inspirers of the race. Humanity is moving forward to events mightier than any yet conceived of by man. Pilgrimages through the universe. Today, as ever, the Poets point the way and reality follows the dream. It is very good and satisfactory to know that we have material wealth and power and pride of place; but all of this is worthless if we do not get increase of spirituality, widened vision and clearer perception of the portents that are all about us. McGovern is a poet; he sees farther than most of us. This work is very valuable. What did you think poetry consists of? Rhymed lines? Linked melodious prettinesses, pleasing to the languid ear? Never! Poetry is the chant of the soul that sees new light;—it is the rallying call of truth eternal; the bugle blast of the ascending army. The pretty rhymes are good; they soothe the senses and harmonize with

domesticity. But they are not poetry, nor are their makers poets. It is not length of writing, nor conformity with styles and models, but the great thought nobly uttered that distinguishes poetry. Singers we have, and rhyming preachers, in every valley, but there are few poets on the hill tops. McGovern has waited long, but he is a poet and worth waiting for.

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Tell your friend you mean to spend your life fighting for money and power, and he will, if he be an average man, applaud your decision: tell him you mean to dwell in the country, gaining a simple livelihood from your labor, and he will either not believe you mean it, or will conclude you are a beaten competitor in the city's race. Most people do not know they are the slaves of their modern improvements, so-called. They build houses larger than they can occupy—for show; they pinch and scrape year after year to pay for them, and after that continue pinching to pay taxes, repairs, and other maintenance charges. A large house demands expensive furniture. Then fine dress. And the demands increase. The man keeps his nose on the grindstone, the woman wears herself out taking care of the fine feathers. No time to just live and enjoy it: got to make a show first—going to take a real rest, and cut off all the little vanities next winter—next summer—some other time, when matters are not quite so pressing. I am not exactly a loafer, but I like Walt Whitman best of all our American writers, because he had sense enough to "loafe and invite his soul" once in a while. I am tired of hearing the everlasting preachers of the "strenuous" life. Go slower, and you'll go farther and enjoy it better. Don't live to work: work to live. Bread and butter work, I mean. Leave a little time for the sort of work you find your chief pleasure in.

A PORTRAIT BUST OF THE LATE H. SOPHIE NEWCOMB, WHO GAVE AN ESTATE VALUED AT $2,000,000 TO FOUND AND ENDOW NEWCOMB COLLEGE, NEW ORLEANS' GREAT SCHOOL FOR WOMEN

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How much beauty is there in your life? How much of it do you see every day? Going down street to a suburban railway depot on a fine October morning, ahead of time, I took note of the people who came later. To the left of the depot is one of the prettiest groups of old oaks

in all New England. Back of them other graceful trees. In the foreground a number of beautiful shrubs, and a velvety lawn. One man paused to scan this scene; with eyes aglow and an expression of rapt delight on his face, he stood three or four minutes taking it all in. Ten or a dozen other men and women came along that way, and not one of them glanced upward. They had just risen from breakfast, and were going to earn the price of dinner and supper. Only one of them had drawn from the scene an inspiration to lighten and beautify his thoughts during the day.

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Jack London, the Kipling of the Klondike, has three new books of fiction in the Christmas lists—a volume of short stories, published by Macmillan; a boy's book of adventure, from the Century Company, and a novel—his first—from Lippincott's. Mr. London's novel, *A Daughter of the Snows,* is a red-blooded book, vigorous, compelling. The heroine is a starter, to put it mildly—but she escapes. The other people of the book are typical Arctic circle folk—fortune hunters on the edge of things. The National will shortly publish one of the most thrilling short stories that Mr. London has ever written—a tale of the North, the scene of his best work in fiction.

MISS ALICE MACGOWAN, AUTHOR OF "THE LAST WORD," ONE OF THE MOST BRILLIANT NOVELS OF THE YEAR

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An amazingly large number of successful novels are being produced by the women writers of America and England nowaday. Four of very recent date are especially praiseworthy: Grace Duffie Boylan's *The Kiss of Glory,* Alice MacGowan's *The Last Word,* Mrs. Craigie's (John Oliver Hobbes) *Love and the Soul Hunters,* and Florence Morse Kingsley's *The Needle's Eye.*

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The Kiss of Glory offers a new reading of Biblical history, and incidentally gives a new and better character to Potiphar's wife. The story of Joseph is told with power and sympathy.

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The Last Word is brilliant—no lesser word will fitly characterize it. Every woman should read it to fortify her resolution, every man to broaden his knowledge of the sex. For example, the decent but somewhat mullet-headed hero of the story has cornered the heroine (an adorable Texas girl working for a New York newspaper) and has demanded that she quit work to marry him. The lady demurs. Her work, she says, is her

"soul's health and dignity. These talents that have been given to me—these talents that it is death to hide—you would have them lodged with me useless. It would be all one to me if you possessed millions of dollars. To my thought, my understanding, there is no way of making life good and clean and satisfactory, but by each day earning the right to be here."

"A woman's house, is not that her sphere?" (asks her misguided lover). "Cannot she find work there—employment for her powers?"

"Well, say we were to have a home," I conceded, "a home, a place for us two to live in; to rest and be acquainted with each other, and be happy in; should it usurp the larger activities of either of us? I shall not cook its food nor scrub its floors nor wash its windows any more than you perform the equivalent of these labors at the office. My real work—"

"The work—the work"—he repeats in a dazed tone—"You can't give up your work? you need it to make you happy? Why, dearest, haven't I told you that you touched me with heaven's own fire, made of me a better, a larger, as well as a happier man? If you believe

me but ordinarily grateful for such a boon as that you must see that I shall wish always to make your happiness. Happy? the angels will envy us!"

To be put in a heaven — oh, to be fairly chased into it—and told sharply, by inference at least, to stay there now, like a lady, while somebody made my happiness for me! He had not understood one word of my appeal. He might as well not have heard me.

Two pages of the retort discourteous, then:

"And so, when I call you an angel," commented the man with something very like a sneer, "it is because I begrudge you everything?"

"Yes, it is. You grudge me the least breath of freedom, and that is everything. I am to have for my life, for my body and brain and soul, nothing, except what comes through you. When are you going to give up YOUR work?

Hoity toity—and there it is, this problem that the sex is putting up to us with more insistence in every generation. I'm glad I'm not my son's grand-son: he'll likely have his own troubles with the problem. But—can you blame 'em?

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MISS GRACE HAZARD OF ST. LOUIS, ANGELA IN THE WESTERN "FLORODORA"

The western Florodora Company has a new Angela this season in the person of a little western actress who can sing. Grace Hazard, who stands possibly five feet in her silken hose, is decidedly the "hit" of the big production this year, if the papers along the line of march taken by the organization can be believed. Her singing of *The Fellow Who Might* and *The Galloping Duet* are just about the most infectious fragments in the jingly, tuneful music play. Miss Hazard is a St. Louis girl and is now singing for the third year on the professional stage. She was the Book Agent in *Yon Yonson* two years ago, and, last season, toured the country with the Grau Opera Company in *Wang*, *Isle of Champagne* and *El Capitan*, taking the roles originated respectively by Della Fox, Elvia Croix and Edna Wallace Hopper. During the last two summers she was the head-liner of the Valley Opera Company at Syracuse.

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Mary C. Crawford has written, and L. C. Page & Co. have published, a very entertaining volume entitled *The Romance of Old New England Rooftrees*. Miss Crawford tells briefly twenty-four stories of persons and places in New England history. There are many pictures of historic houses, and quaint old portraits of the men and women who

A LITTLE ESQUIMAU MOTHER AND BABE

The photograph was taken by Winthrop Packard of Boston at East Cape, Siberia, during his recent travels in the Far North. The open door of the hut lighted the interior. The mother and babe peered out from their cosy bed of skins—the father, presumably, encouraging them with smiling glances over the photographer's shoulders—and a time exposure to the pale rays of the arctic sun did the rest, giving National readers a photograph almost unique.

figure in these little stories. Of especial interest to our women readers is the sprightly and sympathetic chapter on Mistress Ann Hutchinson, Boston's first club woman.

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In all New York City, it was said recently, there is no public monument to any woman. Mr. Arthur Brisbane, the editor of the New York Journal, asked the readers of his paper to suggest the names of women worthy to be honored with public monuments in the American metropolis. As a reader of the Journal, I suggest the name of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, mother of Abraham Lincoln. Not New York only, but every great American city should possess a public monument to this mother who gave to America the noblest man that has appeared in the history of this continent. —

The people that honors its mothers is safe against the assaults of time. Indiana leads the way in honoring Nancy Hanks Lincoln, an ideal mother. On October 1, at Lincoln City, Indiana, the Nancy Hanks Lincoln Monument Association, headed by Governor Durbin, dedicated a shaft erected to mark the last resting place of this good woman. General John C. Black of Chicago was the orator of the occasion. In part he said:

We come, O woman and mother, here to build our memorial to thee. Thine earthly garments were damp with the dews of the wilderness; thy feet were torn by the thorns of thy pathway; but in thine arms thou didst nourish the babe of thy sacrifices, him the master of his time, the beloved of the centuries to be; the servant of justice and the liberator of the oppressed. And so for thine own sake and for thy child's sake we are here to do this fitting honor.

Here she gave that child in the simple log cabin now

gone to ruin his first lesson: here in his father's presence she sowed the seed of truth and justice, afterward to mature a mighty harvest. Here she stood and pointed upward, little comprehending, if at all, the future that awaited.

And this is all her story! But the years passed on—the nation was in the throes of a great war for its prolonged existence; at its head was the child of this woman. The struggle was to decide, as the cherished chieftain himself said, "Whether a nation dedicated to liberty could live or whether a government of the people, for the people and by the people should perish from the earth."

We see that son bowed by the weight of cares such as rarely have fallen upon human shoulders. He wielded the power and enjoyed the affection of a great people. Armies moved at his command and navies obeyed his orders. Disasters recurring filled the earth with loudest clamors against him.

Calumny belied him and hate spied upon his every act, but ever louder and louder sounded the bugles of advancing victory—and in the midst of this vast strife, from the stress of public trials and the pain of personal woes, we hear the worn and weary President, he whose lips spoke doom to rebellion and liberty to the slave, we hear him declare:

"All that I am or may be I owe to my sainted mother."

—

Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks were married in Kentucky, June 12, 1806. The bride was twenty-three years old. She was tall, her skin was dark and she had dark brown hair and gray eyes. Her face was sharp and angular, with an expression of melancholy. In disposition she was amiable and cheerful, and she had received some education. After her marriage she taught her husband to read and write. The exact time of the arrival of Thomas Lincoln with his family in Spencer County, Indiana, is in doubt. It was about October 15, 1817. A year later a great many people of the settlement were afflicted with a disease

MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF NANCY HANKS LINCOLN, MOTHER OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, ERECTED ABOVE HER GRAVE AT LINCOLN CITY, INDIANA

that was called "milk sick." With this Nancy Hanks died. The husband, Thomas Lincoln, performed the duties of undertaker and sexton. He hewed from the forest the rude boards with which he made a coffin. Into it the frail body was tenderly placed and carried upon his back to a scantily covered knoll an eighth of a mile away. The boy Abraham and his sister stood weeping by each other as the grief stricken man lowered the body into its resting place. No minister could be procured at the time to perform the last rites. Until now the grave has never been suitably marked. It should become a national shrine.

His Christmas Boots

Some Remarks and Reminiscences by Uncle Ben

AFTER the average child has spent about four bellowing, kicking, squalling years, he is ready to be engulfed in his first ambition. If I should ask each one who reads this, What was your first ambition? few of you could answer—and so I will answer for you. It was an ambition to see Santa Claus. Am I not right? We all had it, and as little tots stayed awake all night, shivering in our nighties, trying to catch a glimpse of Santa making his mysterious passes into our long black stockings. Childhood fancies, how sweet they are; and what a black cloud arose before us when we learned for the first time that there is no real Santa Claus!

Gladly would I recall the advent of the first Christmas to a certain curious bald-headed individual, who managed to arrive on earth just in time to be precipitated into the great holiday festivities.

As I look back I see him—a little stranger in a strange land, making goo-goo eyes at boys and girls alike, kicking large holes in the atmosphere, war whooping and hip-rah-rahing like an Indian as he ungraciously demanded to be put off at Buffalo or any other old place. But Mother Earth is kind; she faithfully follows him around in his maneuvers, bringing his kinsfolk along. He cannot lose the earth or his kinsfolk, and Christmas overtakes him eight months after he resigns himself to his fate.

Not being able to converse in the English language very well, and spurning to anwser the ootsee, tootsee baby talk that gurgled forth from those around him, he only made faces at those who felt privileged to poke his ribs and tell him that "Santa is coming." And when they said, "O, hasn't he the dearest frown," he felt like leading mother out into the hall and telling her to send them home. But whether he would or not, everyone insisted he was a good baby, and having duly filed their recommendations, Santa brought him a rattle—not that he was not already making noise enough! They merely wished to change the kind of pandemonium. The rattle worked well—it sounded like himself, five years later, dragging a stick along a picket fence. It put to rout almost everything that had legs. It even jarred a tooth out of his tender gums, which was a good thing, because the tooth had been wanting to air itself for some time. Santa also brought him a little rubber doll. He was especially fond of dolls, and promptly chewed this one as soon as his new tooth was in working order.

The second year he had a vague idea that Santa was scheduled to arrive at a certain time, but let it go at that. He had not yet learned to want anything more than a full stomach, and as rubber

dolls were not particularly appetizing, he willingly left Santa to be the judge of his deserts.

Christmas morning he was presented with a tin horn, which had a plaintive mew. This was disappointing to his ears; but he soon found excitement enough. With his foot on the house cat's tail, and with horn in hand, he tuned up and played a duet that brought a climax in the affairs of the household. He was getting in some very effective shadings and tremolos, when everybody who had feet came rushing in declaring the cat would scratch his eyes out. But the cat never came back with its tale of woe.

And so passed another quiet year. When he wasn't busy catching fire at the stove, he was falling down stairs for amusement. He believed in action, not only for himself but for others as well. Those who had charge of him became expert sprinters.

The third Christmas he felt his gray matter wriggle for the first time at the mention of Santa's expected visit. He had his brother sit down and write a letter for him to Santa Claus, requesting a train of cars, a ball, and a rocking horse. Santa got the letter and delivered the goods, much to his delight; and each in its turn met a sad fate before the week was spent.

But he had become greatly interested in Santa Claus. When told that Santa did not like naughty boys, he was as good as pie. He devoured every picture book until the genial, be-whiskered face of Santa Claus rose before him like a pillar of fire. This enthusiasm grew upon him, until with the approach of Christmas of his fourth year, he was unsatisfied and felt that he must see Santa Claus, and here his first ambition took root. I will tell you its outcome.

Having made repeated requests to be allowed to stay up and see Santa Claus, he was in each case over-ruled and hustled off to bed at the usual early hour, after first hanging up his stocking. But he did not sleep. He could not sleep, although he pretended to do so. Beside his bed was a pair of cute baby boots, red leather tops and copper toes, a present to him from an uncle in London, and which, strange to say, he highly valued. It occurred to him that if Santa would fill his stockings he might also get him to fill his two pretty boots as well. Suiting action to the thought, he cautiously arose from his trundle bed and crept from the nursery into the hall, where the big open fireplace glowed with the embers of the yule log. Under each arm was tucked a huge boot, and down he sat, waiting and waiting. It did not occur to him that Santa would singe his whiskers by shooting down such a place, or that he would be covered with chimney soot. Had Santa rolled into his presence, black enough to polish with a shoe brush, he would have been enthusiastically weclomed.

But the tired eyes soon closed, and the fond mother, who had watched his brave disobedience from an adjoining room, carried boots and all back to bed without disturbing a childhood dream. When morning came the boots were still clasped tightly in his arms, and in them were bags of candy and of nuts. Santa had filled his boots after all.

* * * *

Back in the old home two little boots are to be found on a shelf in mother's room. Once each year they are polished anew and take a part in the Christmas festivities for the story that they tell. I have been every year, and hope to go this year, to worship at the shrine of those red topped, copper toed boots.

THE COAL STRIKE ARBITRATION COMMISSION IN SESSION AT WASHINGTON

T. H Watkins General J. M. Wilson Judge Gray, Chairman E. W. Parker E. E. Clark Bishop Spalding Carroll D. Wright

What is Compulsory Arbitration?

By JOHN BATES CLARK,

Professor of Political Economy, Columbia University

LET us have peace. We have been saying this impatiently but helplessly, as new strikes by the score have been daily announced and as one great strike has cut off our supply of fuel. Some day we shall say the same thing with dignity and with effect, and the result will be a system of arbitration that will have the power of the state behind it.

How much is involved in this? Will it mean the reversal of our entire attitude as to the relation of the state to industry? Whenever, in the past, the question of establishing a system of compulsory arbitration has been raised in the United States, it has been answered by a prompt and decisive *No*. The example of New Zealand has recently had some effect on our opinions, and events in our own country have done still more to change them. We no longer look with complacency on a system under which a strike may cut off the supply of a necessary article while the public can only

look on and express its feelings. The strike which makes fuel scarce and dear, the one which causes food to perish in ware houses and that which interferes with the carrying of goods, a process on which industries generally depend, affect public interests in a vital way. But the more important fact is that if the consolidation of industries shall go much farther than it has, almost any strike will cut off the supply of a commodity; and that is something that the public should never submit to. If the article is a necessity for the poor, the injury which the stoppage causes is grave; but even though it be not an absolutely necessary article, and even though the consumers of it be not chiefly the poor, the sudden closing of the sources of supply harms a vast number of persons against whom no one has a grievance. Such injuries should be prevented, and arbitration is the thing that can prevent it.

But is fixing incomes by any kind of court a thing to be tolerated? Would it not involve bidding good-bye to the natural mode of adjusting wages and fixing them by a process that is liable to be arbitrary and capricious if not corrupt? Decreeing that masters shall pay so much to their men and that the men must accept it, is deciding the greatest case in equity that can arise, and we cannot help asking whether any court is worthy of such a trust.

This trouble is, however, reduced, if not removed, by the fact that the general rate of wages is not submitted to a court. It is fixed even where arbitration is provided for, mainly by free contracts between employers and employed. The tribunals stand ready to act where the contracting parties cannot agree; but in most cases they agree, and the prevailing rate of pay results from such bargains. When the tribunals are called in they have, as an aid in making awards, the rate of wages that the market affords, and that, in general, is determined as it is under our present system.

When an award is made, what does it require of the parties in the dispute, and how is it to be enforced? How much compulsion is needed to make men and employers accept it? Should we say to the man, "You must work for this amount of pay, and in this industry? You may not remain idle, and you may not go elsewhere?" That would be high handed, and, as the favorite expression in this country is, it would be un-American. It would certainly be impossible to enforce such a decree if it were resisted.

On the other hand, should we say to the employer, "You must pay wages at this rate and must actually run your mills? You may not go out of the business and employ your capital elsewhere?" Such a decree would be more enforcible than the former one, since in such a case there would be only one party to coerce; and moreover, if the running of the mills were essential to the welfare of the public, there would be something to be said in favor of compelling them to run. Nevertheless, forcing a corporation to operate its mills if it does not want to would be a measure having in it more than a touch of the policy that is called un-American.

The fact is that nothing of the kind will ever be needed. Let the men go elsewhere, if they will. If the employers wish to sell out and go into other business, let them do it. There is just one thing that the men must not be allowed to do, and in this lies the only compulsion that needs to be applied. The men now claim the right not only to be idle themselves but to interfere with others who are willing to work, and this is tolerated because the public does not wish to have any part in breaking a strike until it knows whether the strikers' demands are or are not just. The world is large, and there are always idle men in abundance somewhere to be found. A

great force of men can easily be made up and carried to a point where a strike is in progress. If it be true that, as workmen believe, the power to strike and to strike effectively is essential to their welfare, since it is the only means by which they can make bargains on equal terms with their employers, it would seem that they would be greatly handicapped if, whenever they struck, idle men could freely be brought from remote corners of the country and installed securely in their places.

What would be the attitude of the public if the strikers' claims were adjudicated and found to be not just? Would the same feeling exist and hamper the authorities in an effort to protect non-union men? Would the public be willing to see the supply of goods for its own necessities discontinued and its business thrown into confusion in order that a body of men might demand more than it is fair that they should have and prevent other men from taking what is fair?

Certainly not.

In any such case public opinion would call loudly for the enforcement of the law. *And that is the only coercion that needs ever to be applied in the case of the workman.*

The case of the employer is not so hard to deal with, and there is no probability that anything will have to be done to him, beyond what is done under the law that is now in force in New Zealand. We may say to him, "If you run your mill at all during a period of one year or two years, as the case may be, you must pay the rate which, as we have found, is a just one," and he will not refuse to pay it. To the men we say, "We give you precedence over all others in your claims upon your positions. At the reasonable rate of wages, you have the option of retaining them, and may keep them or leave them as you prefer; but if you leave them, you do so for good and all. You have, thenceforth, no claim upon your employer that a stranger would not have. If he takes other men into his mill, they will be protected as they should be." Such an alternative presented to the workmen would recognize the claims which they make to a tenure of place, but it would make the tenure contingent on just dealing. The forfeiture of this tenure will be enough to bring any body of workmen to terms. If justice is what the contracting parties want, arbitration, with only this amount of compulsion behind it, affords the means of securing it. The really compulsory feature consists in making sure that the court will act.

The claim that "there is nothing to arbitrate" must not be tolerated. If we are ever to have peace, and the prosperity that depends on peace, we must get it by ensuring throughout the industrial world a reign of justice, and that requires institutions for securing justice.

POWER

A WOMAN'S hand behind the throne,
And a kingdom rocks and sways;
For kings are ruled by their gracious queens
Today, as in ancient days;
A republic rests
On a woman's breast,
Who has, and holds, her own.

Alice Hamilton Rich

FLORENCE, Italy.

From a French Family Point of View

By POULTNEY BIGELOW,

Author of "Au Pays des Boers," "History of the German Struggle for Liberty," etc.

THE journalist of the boulevards we all know in the flesh—we see him at the little round tables, with his narrow shoulders, his long, thin neck, and a complexion indicating the want of wholesome exercise—and possibly soap and water. His eyes are bulbous with straining after new forms for old ideas. He is a man whose world is a strip of pavement bounded by the Madeleine at one end, and Montmartre at the other. He follows the fashions as they are dictated by a circle in which poison is mistaken for food. One day he hates England, the next he hates Germany; yesterday he hated America, tomorrow it will be Russia. Why he hates he does not know, but he follows the law governing morbid minds—he must hate and he must live—therefore he is a journalist.

I mused, as I sat on the top seat of a third class suburban train going out from Paris toward St. Cloud, one beautiful Sunday morning. My fellow passengers were mainly working women with their husbands, cousins and sweethearts, all well supplied with infinite conversation, laughter and lunch baskets. Not a newspaper amongst them, not a thought of political jangle, nothing but wholesome delight in each other's society.

My French friend met me at the station, and I found, to my surprise and satisfaction, that Sunday was a regular day of family gathering at his country place. He had paid me the highest compliment known in France—he had invited me to his very hearth-stone!

And what a family!

Belle-mere permitted me to show her to the head of the table and I was made to realize that what the little empress regent is in China, and what the American wife thinks she is in New York, that, and much more, is the graceful and talented mother-in-law of my warrior friend, *le* Colonel. My friend, let me hasten to say, is a soldier whose name throughout France, nay, in every cafe of Paris, is like that of Lugard or Roberts in England—of Dewey in America. He has been the leader of triumphant expeditions in the heart of Africa, has conducted — successfully — diplomatic missions to foreign courts, has made his mark as an author and bears every decoration which martial vanity can crave. But *belle-mere* rules, at such a function as this—rules him, his wife and all else under his house roof. If you want to see the woman triumphant, come to France and let me point her out. "*Mais voyez-vous monsieur,* with us the family is everything. You Americans cannot understand us, for you have no families; you live in hotels."

You may imagine that this made me sit up straight; here was a new opportunity for learning something about the United States. We talked about trusts, we talked about Alsace Lorraine, Germany and the emperor, the Russian alliance, the exposition, the American invasion, the Jews. There were twenty of us at table, the other nineteen being all of the intimate family. The *beau-pere*

was a famous amateur in art, the *beau-frere* was a gallant lieutenant in the French navy; there were nephews, nieces and cousins.

The table manners of the children were beyond praise—I know families in New York where such good manners could have been explained only on the hypothesis that the children were deaf or dumb or about to die. American children in general, in so far as they arrest the attention of Frenchmen, who see them only at hotels, appear howling savages by contrast.

Belle-mere led the conversation, but there were moments when it seemed to me that at least ten out of the twenty at table were talking at the same time, without addressing any one in particular; but these moments were rare and referred to some delicately patriotic theme, such as a bit of international boundary, or friction on the upper Niger. As to trusts and the American invasion, the opinion of *belle-mere* was shared by all — that France has nothing to fear from huge industrial aggregations seeking to bully and crush out small rivals. "*Nous sommes le pays des moyennes*" —of small industries—she said many times, and this idea was elaborated for me by the Colonel, who observed gravely:

"France is today perhaps the only country in the world completely sufficient unto itself. We could build a wall around France and feel its inconvenience less than any other country. We have no very great industries, we have no overwhelming deposits of coal, iron, or precious metals, and we cannot create trusts on the American plan—*ce nest pas dans nos moeurs*—we do not regard them with favor. But the Frenchman throughout France represents the highest average of European thrift, comfort and happiness. The Frenchman thrives best when he and his wife together manage the little farm, or the little factory, or the little shop which occupies them completely and of which they understand and control every detail from the top to the bottom. When you go beyond that to great factories, hotels and steamship lines, or even to such famous stores as the Louvre or Bon Marche, you may be impressed with their worth, but they are few in number."

At this point, the father-in-law ventured the opinion that in such great establishments as the stores above mentioned, it would be found that their profits were by no means such as to discourage the little shop keepers who persisted in the time honored grooves.

"*C'est la politique qui nous ruine monsieur*," came from a brother-in-law across the table. "Our people are poisoned by political ambition. The Frenchman is really a man of peace, of tolerance; he loves his family, his neighbors, his village—he is the easiest man to govern in the world, for he is obedient to authority and will submit to any hardship when it is a question of serving his country."

Belle-mere traced much evil to the universal education which became popular immediately after the Franco-German war. She spoke of the national schools for children as I have heard many of my English friends characterize the board schools of London. She thought these institutions discouraged the children from following the trade of their parents, through cramming them with knowledge which makes them aspire to clerical, rather than to industrial positions.

I hear no good word for the Russian alliance. It appeared to be the sense of the house that this strange fraternization between a czar and a president was tolerated as an act of self denial, much as Queen Louise pocketed her pride in 1807, when she courtesied to Napoleon at Tilsit.

To me, a nation is prosperous or poor, intelligent or stupid, according as its individual members live and act. I find, after a considerable experience, that statistics and medical bulletins lie on

the same shelf as historical novels—they are of that species of half truths that do more harm than a frank falsehood. More than once have intelligent Frenchmen told me that in their hearts they prayed for an understanding with their German friends across the border, but that no newspaper had the courage to voice this sentiment—least of all a minister with political ambition.

When I broached the question of a United States of Europe, it was received as something too good, too heavenly to be realized by mortals. Every child that crosses America recognizes the immense advantage which lies in the mere absence of custom houses—and every German now sees that the present greatness of his country is largely owing to the abolition of customs friction within the empire. *Belle-mere* and *beau-pere* — the whole family, which, to my mind, is a composite picture of intelligent France, raised in one voice innumerable objections to any such a scheme.

"*Mais, monsieur, c'est que nous Francais nous avons nos traditions!* — we must remain separate, we must have our army and navy and colonies; we cannot work with other races; and we do not fear other nations — neither the competition of Germany nor England nor America, for we have within our own borders all that we need ourselves. We have the most beautiful climate in the world and everything that we have we turn to good use. The people from abroad come to buy what we make—come to refresh themselves in body and mind and spend their money amongst us. We welcome them all, we make their life as agreeable as possible, but we remain French."

As I jogged back to Paris that evening, the train again was filled. Laughing men and maidens, with empty baskets and happy hearts, returning from a day in the country well prepared to take up, on the morrow, the burdens they had cast away the night before.

From the tops of the Rocky mountains, gazing across thousands of miles of railway tracks, we look upon the little mediæval patchwork called Europe as a picturesque paradox—a super-civilized slice of the world, tottering under taxes for military purposes and ruining itself industriously by persistency in governmental methods which the United States abandoned on adopting the Constitution of 1789. Uncle Sam is calmly planning the commercial conquest of Europe; nay, is already dividing the spoils. Our wealth has no limit; our millionaires choke every millinery and jewelry shop in the *Rue de la Paix.* The Parisian is so busy taking in American money that he can hardly wait upon his own customers from the provinces.

Meanwhile, *belle-mere* sits at the head of her table in the midst of her family and talks of America as complacently as we talk of Mars or a tribe in the interior of New Guinea. *Belle-mere* does not complain, for she does not envy us our gaudy gowns nor our check books. Why should she? She has the lunch basket and the jovial laugh. While these last, France can snap her fingers at all the world outside.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Women sit or move to and fro, some old, some young,
The young are beautiful—but the old are more beautiful than the young.

Walt Whitman

STUDIES OF BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

IMPECCABLE, PEDANTIC PECK

(Dedicated to Harry Thurston Peck of the Bookman)

HO, brothers of the scribblers' guild!
Drowse not beneath thy roof of thatch;
Wake up, crawl out—and straightway build
A fence around thy garden patch!
For lo! a strenuous hen is loose—
Exerting all her wits and powers,
To work grave damage and abuse
Upon thy beds of precious flowers!

She has an ever restless claw—
Guard well thy clumps of tender prose!
And most insatiate is her maw—
Protect thy verse in even rows!
She heeds not how thy posies grow,
Of bud or bloom she does not reck;
She cares for naught on earth below—
But just to *peck*—and just *be* Peck!

On tender plants and slender shoots,
She wages war--in search for slugs;
She scratches out the very roots—
In delving deep for grubs and bugs.
If one she finds that's big and fat,
She *crows* as she would split her neck!
A sober *hen* to act like that—
Impeccable Pec-uliar Peck!

Her sight is poor; she can't oft'times—
Though she'd not own it—nay, not she!—
Tell vague and hazy frozen *rimes*,
From straight and stalwart poet-*tree*.
With self-complacent smirk or smile,
She strains her eyes, for spot or speck;
Tis worth a journey, mile on mile—
To see dear old Pedantic Peck!

In authors' stuff her bill she pokes—
And *this* will die, and *that* will live;
But suddenly she gasps—and chokes
Upon a "split infinitive!"
All morning, all the morning—which,
She can't decide, to save her neck!—
She grubs the literary ditch—
This sweet old Pecadillo Peck!

So, brothers of the scribblers' club,
Drowse not beneath thy roof of thatch;
Wake up, roll out—and watch her grub
Thy posies out, and peck and scratch!
For should the night devour the day,
And worlds and system fly a-wreck,
She'd preen complacently, and say:
"My name is *Peck*—just let me *peck!*"

MALTA, Ohio *James Ball Naylor*

PROFESSOR WOODBERRY'S "HAWTHORNE"

A NUMBER of excellent books have been written about Hawthorne. Some of them are principally devoted to biography; others to criticism. Professor Woodberry's, although leaning by preference to the side of intellectual analysis, is the best proportioned life of the novelist yet written: the book is concise, sympathetic and adequate.

It is difficult to say anything new or illuminating about Hawthorne's character and genius. The subject has been threshed over by two generations of sophomores, space writers, and savants; and all we know even now is little more than the fact of the great romancer's illusiveness and baffling originality.

Professor Woodberry comes to the

task well equipped. He is one of the most versatile men now living. Not only is he a shrewd critic and charming essayist; he has produced, in the life of Edgar Allen Poe, one of the most noteworthy of American biographies, and has earned in more than one volume of verse his right to the name of poet. Clear eyed, and dowered with imaginative sympathy, he is singularly well fitted to write of the man who has possessed, unless we except Poe, the most mysterious and complex personality among the great authors of our country.

One of the admirable gifts of this biographer is his instinct for selecting the significant detail. In the limits of the three hundred pages which must suffice for contributions to the *American Men of Letters* series, he cannot, of necessity, add incident to incident, as an artist adds line to line, until he thus builds up an unforgettable portrait; he must rely on little suggestive touches. And it must be admitted that this method has its advantages. Whole pages about the delicate purity of Hawthorne's love for Sophia Peabody, for instance, would be less effective than the single confession of the lover, quoted on page ninety-nine, that he "always washed his hands before reading her letters." Other illustrations might be cited of this gift of intuitive choice among the bewildering mass of materials at the author's disposal: it amounts almost to genius.

The spirit of Woodberry's Life is that of warm and admiring appreciation, but it no-where takes the color of indiscriminate eulogy. The picture of Hawthorne as the ideal husband and father is sympathetically drawn, but one is impressed equally with the fact that the novelist was over sensitive, adverse to criticism, and sometimes irritable to the point of irascibility. He was not even above revenging himself on neighbors and townsmen whom he disliked, by way of thinly disguised caricature.

In his estimate, also, of the value of Hawthorne's literary work, Professor Woodberry is nothing if not cautious. Hawthorne's shorter tales, according to our critic, were frequently marred by provincialism, and showed a lack "of urban ease, certainty, and perfection of manner." His early descriptive sketches, while revealing acute ocular observation, are curiously like school-boy compositions on a glorified scale. "It is in the historical tales that his imagination first acts with seeing power. . . The composition, the development, the focusing, are in Scott's manner: it is from him that this dramatic presentation of history in a single scene or by a succession of scenes, carrying on a story, is derived; partly pictorial, partly theatrical, always dramatic; this is the method which Hawthorne applied, the art of the author of *Waverly*, who was its great master in English fiction. . . . It will be observed that Hawthorne reached artistic consciousness and the mastery of aim and method slowly and along no one line of development; rather his genius seemingly put forth many tendrils, seeking direction and support and growth, and gradually in these hundred tales he found himself and his art." Professor Woodberry, after speaking of the idea of isolation and solitude common to these briefer stories, continues: "The most surprising thing, however, is that his genius is found to be so purely objective; he himself emphasized the objectivity of his art. From the beginning, as has been said, he had no message, no inspiration welling up within him; no inward life of his own that sought expression. He was not even introspective. He was primarily a moralist, an observer of life, which he saw as a thing of the outside; and he was keen in observation, cool, interested. If there was any mystery in his tales, it was in the object, not in the author's breast; he makes no confessions either

direct or indirect—he describes the thing he sees."

Professor Woodberry's most noteworthy and original criticism is contained in his estimate of *The Scarlet Letter*, a work generally conceded to be the greatest of American novels. He takes issue with the common verdict in the following trenchant paragraph: "The romance is a partial story, an imperfect fragment of the old life, distorting not so much the Puritan ideal—which were a little matter — but the spiritual life itself. Its truth, intense, fantastic, terrible as it is, is a half truth, and the darker half; it is the shadow of which the other half is light; it is the wrath of which the other half is love. A book from which light and love are absent may hold us by its truth to what is dark in life, but in the highest sense, it is a false book."

The Marble Faun, on the other hand, "is perhaps Hawthorne's most complete expression of life. . . . . Hawthorne's personality pervades it like life in a sensitive hand. It is the best and fullest and most intimate expression of his temperament, of the man he had come to be, and takes the imprint of his soul with minute delicacy and truth. It is a meditation on sin, but so made gracious with beauty as to lose the deformity of its theme; and it suffers a metamorphosis into a thing of loveliness."

The total effect of this biography is that of cordial while tempered praise. Woodberry is right in making the secret of Hawthorne's true greatness rest in his "intense self-consciousness of life in the soul—in a word, spirituality of life," which was perforce imaginatively reflected in his writings. "The moral world, the supremacy of the soul's interests, how life fares in the soul, was his region; he thought about nothing else." And yet his perfect domestic life, sanctified by a love which suggests instant comparison with that of Robert Browning for Elizabeth Barrett, is even more truly a field for wondering and grateful admiration than his remarkable intellectual gifts. Professor Woodberry closes his volume with these words: "Perhaps even more than his genius, the sweetness of his home life with her (his wife) as it is so abundantly shown in his children's memories, lingers in the mind that has dwelt long on the story of his life." *F. L. K.*

BOSTON.

MAXIMILIAN IN A POETIC DRAMA

IN these days of literary charlatanism and slight achievement, a genuine, serious effort in the art of writing is a rarity. In these days, also, of greater or less subservience to the classical in the line of dramatic art it takes courage to write a drama and choose for its characters men and women who figured in the history of recent years.

In these days, also, of a dearth of genuine poetry it is uncommon to find any man attempting a drama in blank verse—here in America at least. Since Boker's *Francesca da Rimini* we have had Elwyn Barron's *The Viking*, Henry Guy Carleton's *Memnor* and what else?

Now comes Edgar Lee Masters of Chicago with a five-act tragedy, entitled *Maximilian*, in English heroic verse. Mr. Masters is already known to the world of letters by a volume of poems and by much other writing. The play is founded on the world known *coup d'etat* of Louis Napoleon III., in making Maximilian emperor of Mexico. The flight of Carlotta, the execution of Maximilian and his Mexican subordinates, the treachery of Bazaine and the expulsion of the French troops from Mexico by the United States government comprise the main features of the drama.

The author has constructed upon these materials a genuine play. It is not par-

ticularly a play for the closet, but more especially for the stage. The action is spirited, strong and clean cut, and holds firm to the very last. The characters, especially Maximilian, Carlotta and Bazaine, are vigorously and splendidly drawn. The blank verse is of a very high order indeed, and when Mr. Masters occasionally allows his characters any speeches of length they are notable examples of high poetry.

There is powerful argument throughout against imperialism, and in the conversation between Bazaine and Labastida the process by which stronger governments become embroiled with weaker ones is thus set forth:

BAZAINE—"This country owes us money," cries the first.

LABASTIDA—They have despised our flag," another says.

BAZAINE—"We must protect our Ministers and subjects."

LABASTIDA—"A stable government must be established."

BAZAINE—"The natives pass our envoy on the sidewalk."

LABASTIDA—"Some schoolboys bit their thumbs at our legation. They will not trade with us; they have abstained—"

BAZAINE—"From opium and Bibles. They protest—"

LABASTIDA—"Our goods are cheats. They wound our missionaries."

BAZAINE—"With questions like, 'Whence came the wife of Cain?' "

LABASTIDA—"They are not civilized—they kill each other."

BAZAINE—"With knives. They're prone to revolutions. Blood must cease to flow."

Some exquisite poetry is in the lines where Maximilian and Carlotta confer together. Here is one example:

CARLOTTA (handling a string of pearls)
You make me weep with these!
Ah, Ferdinand,
These are the peaceful days at Miramar,
Turned by the alchemy of memory
And by these shifting shades of fleeting glory,
Holding within themselves those perished sunsets
Which burned along the Adriatic wave
Until they mingled in that moonlit sky
Of white pellucid air—which makes the pearl.

Mr. Masters has followed history in the main events of his tragedy and, I presume, has manufactured history when it became necessary to suit his purpose. The major events of Maximilian's career in Mexico are given. Minor events may or may not be, so far as this drama is concerned, a faithful following of historic truth. But, in my opinion, in *Maximilian* there has been produced a blank verse drama equal to Boker's *Da Rimini* in construction, action, delineation of character and poetry; and excelling Boker's fine tragedy in vital human interest. It is entirely problematical to my mind whether this play will receive the credit to which it is entitled; whether the critic will care for it; whether the public will read it; and whether it will be staged at an early day. But this, it seems to me, is at least sure, that Mr. Masters has written a fine and splendid drama, and that his characters are real creations, not manikins; that he has been brave enough to eschew the classics and take his material at first hand and not from the tombs of mythology; that he has power as a dramatist and certainly rich gifts as a poet.

Ernest McGaffey

CHICAGO.

THE IMPORTANCE OF NATURAL FOOD

FEW books published during the last year have exercised a more potent influence for good than *Wisdom and Foolishness*, by Henry D. Perky, founder and president of Oread Institute, at Worcester, Massachusetts, and president of the Natural Food Company, whose establishment is one of the show places at Niagara Falls. Mr. Perky's book deals with the subject of foods, and for its sound sense and simplicity deserves to be read and consulted by everyone, especially by women, who, as the cooks of the world, control the world's health and accelerate or retard its progress. Within a hundred pages the author has compressed more practical and inspirational suggestions on the business of

home making and domestic science than have appeared between the pages of any other book of recent date. It is as full of meat as a kernel of wheat.

The thought that dominates the whole work is that though we do not and at present cannot understand all the methods by which nature produces fit food for her children, we may safely accept and enjoy them; indeed, that we may not safely ignore them, in the pursuit of combinations not found in nature. Mr. Perky emphasizes his disapproval of what we are accustomed to designate "acquired appetites," and urges reliance upon natural tastes.

Mr. Perky pleads for the teaching of the science of foods in the public schools, saying:

"The trouble is with our schools, which exclude in their curriculum the things most essential and fundamental. A true domestic science, a knowledge of how to make, provide for and keep and perpetuate the home should be taught in theory and practice in all our schools. When parents become intelligent, exemplary and in earnest in this matter they will be compensated in the physical, mental and moral upbuilding of their children."

The splendid success of Oread Institute, a model school of domestic science, built up on the plans and under the close personal supervision of Mr. Perky, is ample demonstration of the soundness of his views. *J. M. C.*

BOOKS WORTH READING

A Sea Turn and Other Matters, short stories by Thomas Bailey Aldrich : Houghton Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Searching For Truth, by an anoymous author, understood to be a successful business man : Peter Eckler, publisher, New York City.

Under Colonial Colors, a tale of Arnold's expedition in 1775, by Everett T. Tomlinson: Houghton Mifflin & Co.

The Heart of the Doctor, a novel by Mabel G. Foster: Houghton Mifflin & Co.

Milton's England, by Lucia Ames Mead (Mrs. Edwin D. Mead): L. C. Page & Co., Boston. With many illustrations from old engravings.

Master Frisky, by Clarence Hawkes: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York City. A delightful little volume of quaint, sympathetic stories of Master Frisky, a Scotch collie and his small furred and feathered friends. Four of these stories first appeared in the pages of the National Magazine.

Glimpses of China and Chinese Homes, by Edward L. Morse: Little Brown & Co., Boston. Illustrated.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. A biography.

Three Little Marys, stories for children by Nora A. Smith: Houghton, Mifflin & Co..

Condensed Novels and New Burlesques, by Bret Harte: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Uncle Charley, a novel by Miss Zephine Humphrey: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Field Book of American Wild Flowers, by F. Schuyler Matthews: G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City; with numerous reproductions of water colors and pen and ink studies from nature by the author.

A History of English Literature: by William Vaughan Moody and Robert Morss Lovett: The Macmillan Company, New York City.

The Struggle for a Continent, edited from the writings of Francis Parkman, by Pelham Edgar, Ph. D.: Little, Brown & Co.

Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall, a novel by Charles Major: The Macmillan Company.

Letters From a Self-Made Merchant to His Son, by George Horace Lorimer: Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

Brinton Eliot, From Yale to Yorktown, a novel by James Eugene Farmer: The Macmillan Company.

Little Women, by Louisa M. Alcott: Little, Brown & Co., Boston. With fifteen full page illustrations by Alice Barber Stephens.

A Little Captive Lad, a novel, by Beulah Marie Dix: The Macmillan Company.

Our Lady of the Beeches, a novel, by the Baroness Van Hutten: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Strongest Master, a novel, by Helen Choate Prince: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Diary of a Saint, a novel, by Arlo Bates: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Heritage, a novel, by Burton Egbert Stevenson: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Lois Mallet s Dangerous Gift, a story for girls, by Mary Catherine Lee: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A Treasury of Humorous Poetry, edited by Frederic Lawrence Knowles: Dana Estes & Co., Boston.

Journeys With Dumas: The Speronara, translated by Katherine Prescott Wormeley: Little, Brown & Co.

In The Green Forest, a fairy story written and illustrated by Katherine Pyle: Little, Brown & Co.

Grimm Tales Made Gay, sprightly rhymes by Guy Wetmore Carryl, with pictures by Albert Sterner: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Avery, a novel by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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One of My First Investments

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

SOMEHOW or other I always associate sweet memories with the time I took out my first life insurance policy. And this event becomes doubly interesting just now, because in a short time the fifteen years will be up and I find I have actually saved some money.

How much? Well, you let a good bright insurance representative talk with you three minutes and he will tell you the story.

He was a bright eyed, rosy cheeked young man—this first life insurance man who captured me. First we became acquainted: he could talk well upon almost any subject, but when it came to life insurance his black eyes fairly sparkled with eloquence—the rate book came out of his vest pocket.

"Your age?"

"Nineteen."

And he had it to a cent on his tongue's end. He pictured what it would be twenty years ahead. Twenty years! To a young man under twenty that seemed like a life time, but when he began on the particular and peculiar merits of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company—President Palmer could not talk with more assurance and conviction. There it was in figures, logic and eloquence; demonstrated that there was none other.

I confess it seemed like a solemn step in life when I decided to take out a policy. How well I recall the $11.92 it required every three months out of my earnings for a life time. Next to marriage, it is perhaps the most sobering step that comes to a young man in crossing the threshold

Ah, me; it has been years since then, but what an event it seemed in that back room of a country lawyer's office, when he wooed and won me to the folds of the Northwestern. When I signed that application, that $11.92 kept ringing in my brain, and there was a new appreciation of the dignity of manhood's estate when I signed the papers.

"The beneficiary?" the young representative inquired, quizzically.

"Well—" I blushed; "her name is likely to change shortly; but I might make it to my mother."

"Never mind, we'll fix that," he replied, screwing up his mouth with a wise look and shooting direct at the box filled with sawdust. Anyhow, we felt that the affairs of the universe were pretty well regulated as we parted that night, and he never ceased to emphasize that I had done just the right thing.

Years have passed. That young man has galloped forward to success; the same jolly, magnetic, entertaining fellow as of yore; and he laid the foundation for it all, undoubtedly, in those days, when he argued how much better old line insurance is than that on the assessment plan; and, despite all he had to say—not one harsh word for other companies—there was glory enough for him and his own company.

To this day I can not tell you what kind of a policy it was; I read it thinking all the time of the bright face of the soon-to-be beneficiary and somehow a sacred confidence in that company was born, which has never been shaken all these years, as I would add policy after policy as my income justified. The only

regret is that I did not take more when younger, as I find the premiums advance at a frightful rate as one approaches "fat and forty."

That first medical examination! There were questions enough to take in the family record from the time of William the Conqueror; there were all the ills of humankind in that list. Rigid, I thought, but what a record of the real American life the archives of an insurance company could reveal! At first it runs like the "story of my life" told on a blank, a question mark at the end. Now the "twice-told tale" has become a part of my life routine. For, after a doctor has thumped me, quizzed me and —well— pumped me, I feel that I'm good for another fifteen-year endowment, as I believe they call it.

The right-down heroic impulse which leads many men to protect the dear ones by life insurance, is inspiring. It is a protection that nothing else supplies. In ancient times, predominant physical force was necessary to ensure the home security. Today these Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company policies and those of other companies have broken the force of the blow that falls, when fatherless little ones cling to the skirts of the heart broken wife.

Seriously, there is a deeper moral and national influence growing out of this subject of life insurance than is generally realized. It saves the souls on earth and achieves the greatest philanthropy extant in a practical and business influence. Life insurance is no longer a makeshift, taken up by superannuated failures. It is a profession as honorable and distinguished as the law or ministry, and, more than that, is a science unto itself. It has been a great sustaining factor in our national growth, strengthening the bulworks of the homes and in touch with the varying phases of life and expansion. The investment phase especially is worthy the careful consideration of every young man.

Yes, that wedding did come off, the name of the beneficiary was changed, and the pleasant recollections connected with that first life insurance policy will always remain associated with the sweetest and tenderest memories of life.

It was years later before the beneficiary knew she was a beneficiary, and the first earnings on that policy gave her a bank account to start with. It has been gaining and the spare change invested.

The $11.92 receipt every quarter, with Mr. Skinner's gorgeous autograph, has grown many times, and has lost all its terrors. The amount has never been irksome, although at times it may have required an extra push or two. And this incentive to push, always with definite points in view, has been largely characteristic of the nation. Life insurance has certainly played an important concrete part in the history of the nation. And to me an old favorite, reliable company like the Northwestern Mutual Life of Milwaukee, with its agents scattered everywhere, is an institution of even more than national consequence.

When I came to Boston, a stranger, I looked upon the office of General Agent Louis E. P. Smith, corner Milk and Congress streets, as a home. The spirit of co-operation and a deep sense of co-ordinated interests appear especially strong among Northwestern policy holders; and it is this spirit, inspired by such men as President Palmer, that has given to life insurance the vital, colossal influence it wields today.

No. I am not writing life insurance—I am writing about it—and the subject is one of personal interest to every reader.

If you happen to talk this matter over with Mr. Smith or any of his representatives in Boston, or any representative of his company anywhere, just mention my name. It may reach President Palmer's ear, and I am sure he would appreciate it.

A Chapter in the Evolution of Music

INTERWOVEN with the home life of America is the love of music, and the home life of America has made this nation what it is today. We may not have produced the masters of technique; we are too young as a country for that, but in no nation is there a more soulful appreciation of music in its highest and broadest sense.

ADELINA PATTI

The future historian will have to reckon with music as a potent and concrete national influence. The isolation of pioneer farm life has been made endurable by the musical instruments associated with memories of the old home, and those left behind. The mass of sheet music on the piano reveals the happy days of courtship. The volunteer church choir meetings of country town and village are more, in a broad sense, than the music sung; for here the love of music is nurtured and stimulated from the rollicking refrains of the Sunday school songs to an aspiration to render an oratorio in abbreviated form. The choir rehearsals at various houses are a phase of social life that is far reaching. The piano is no longer a luxury in the household; it is a necessity.

MADAM CALVE

From the heavy pursed millionaire to the laboring man and hardy pioneer of the prairie and forest, the necessity of music in the home is recognized as quite as essential as that of school books.

What a sweet picture of American life clusters about the advent of the piano in the home! The picture has its lights and shadows that touch the many chords of life, for the piano seems to have become as much a part of the American household as the sewing machine, and it involved another problem which called for Yankee ingenuity. The hours and hours of drudgery and practice required to master the instrument are not always to be spared in these days of increasing activities. The children might find time, but those dear ones who, denied early opportunity to obtain a musical education, can but pick out a hymn with one finger, must be satisfied without this training.

The inventive genius of America has been for some time past endeavoring to solve the difficult problem of constructing an instrument that should enable busy men and women to express their own interpretation of the music score without first devoting years to practice. Something far removed from the mechanical grinding of a hand organ or a music box; something that does not fail to express the individual mood of the player, for music is the means by which we most naturally express our moods. The bustle and hurry of modern American life, coupled with an innate desire for the best music, has created a demand upon inventors that has brought forth the successful Apollo piano player of today, which brings to the touch of every lover of music, whether skilled in

WILLIAM MASON

CHAS. GREGOROWITSCH

technique or not, the finest of the world — aye, the richest inspired harmony of the centuries, be it in the humble homes or in the great musical centers.

And the inventors builded better than they knew. The advent of the Apollo attracted the attention of such famous artists as Adelina Patti, Madam Calve, Emil Paur, Ernest Van Dyck, Lillian Nordica, Schumann-Heink, William Mason and others, who are exceedingly generous in praise of its assistance to them in their work. Like the arithmometer in the up-to-date banking houses, which does away with the irksome task of adding figures mentally, the Apollo holds for these celebrated artists the absolutely correct rendering of any score, however difficult, with expression, and modulations to suit the fancy of the player. They speak enthusiastically of the transposing mouthpiece, which makes it possible to play the score in any key that may be desired, thus making it adaptable for playing accompaniments to voice or strings.

The best music of Europe is heard in America, and its influence upon the hearers when played by the Apollo is as great as under the intricate orchestration of the masters. The best influence of music is the love and feeling it inspires. Many persons who have been given up as hopeless by music teachers in trying to master the difficult compositions, are not now turned away blind and grasping for appreciation and enjoyment of music. Rather, they can taste the music to which the great composers gave their very lives and souls.

EMIL PAUL

In some homes are pianos that have been idle for years. Some are sacred to the memory of those little ones whose first lessons were cut short. What a flood of memories the silent piano in the darkened corner of the room brings to one, as it recalls the timid touch of those delicate fingers. The Apollo Piano Player has brightened many a home like this, for it enables them to pass pleasant hours in the enjoyment of delightful music. As is more often the case, the piano has been installed when there has been a desire to master it by music lessons and steady practice; but in the bustle of American life it is neglected after the first simple pieces are learned, and naught comes of it. There is always a lasting regret as one grows older and feels the need of music as a part of the enjoyment of life, but it is then too late to renew the determination to master the technique which takes years of hard application. Here the Apollo comes to one's assistance. What delight! What ecstasy! It fills and thrills with unexplainable delight. The music of the famous composers is executed with all its emotional shadings.

SCHUMANN-HEINK

I well recall my first experience with the Apollo. As I entered the home of a friend I saw the piano. In the same room with the instrument was a little daughter of the family. We had passed on to the library. Soon we heard the stirring refrain of one of Sousa's latest

marches.

"How well she plays," I remarked. There was a peculiar look, but I noted nothing. Later followed a dreamy nocturne of Chopin's which I had known young pianists to struggle with for months, and even years.

"What a wonderful touch," I ventured to remark again, and suggested that we go in and listen to this prodigy of a piano player.

There was a merry ripple of laughter as we entered and found the player placing a new roll for another nocturne.

The point I make is this: that the real enjoyment of the best class of music is enhanced by the introduction of a piano player into the house. The many weary, weary hours of thrumming practice which wears off the zest and appreciation of the average listener is eliminated. It may be a bold statement to make, but I believe the advent of the piano player, and especially of such instruments as the Apollo, has done more to elevate, broaden, and develop the musical taste in America than all other agencies combined, because it is more general and far reaching in providing the right kind of music, which is played correctly and with a correct interpretation of what the composer intended to convey.

LILLIAN NORDICA

"An hour of music every day," is the best tonic possible. A touch of music sweetens the hours of rest after weary toil.

What an opportunity for the busy man who loves music. Out door sports are pleasant, but irksome to tired bodies. Music drives dull care away and paves the way for peace and serenity. It is impossible to receive the real enjoyment of music except when in the happiest frame of mind. And what a ray of sunshine follows the Apollo and its perforated music rolls on its every appearance. It is heretical to suggest it, but I believe Americans, with their music in perforated rolls, have quite as much, if not more of the real enjoyment of music than the people of Europe, where the music manuscript score is as common and as easily read as the printed page of a newspaper. They live in it, breathe it, study it, master it; but do they enjoy it as the American does, with his Apollo at hand?

EARNEST VAN DYCK

* * *

As a tousled headed youngster, the youngest in a family of four boys, I can well remember the dear twilight of Sunday evenings, when we gathered around the melodeon and sang the old familiar hymns.

What a home that was! The sturdy pioneer spirit that preceded the railroads in covered wagons, and planted our home on the wind swept prairies of Dakota, bleak and cold with blizzards at times, which, however, were unable to penetrate the thick, warm sod walls of the massive adobe sod house —a pioneer's home in which we treasured two things that seemed to link us with civilization and happiness — the old worn and

JEAN GERARDY

MADAM SEMBRICH

thumbed hymnal and the melodeon. Both of these are still relics in the family, and even at this late date they seem to bring the breath of good cheer and contentment, to those of us who can so delightfully associate them with the past.

The prairies of Dakota are broad and low and the sun seems to ponder and hesitate before disappearing beneath the horizon, giving long and glorious twilight evenings. Here, in the gathering darkness, the cares of the day were laid aside, and the inspiration of music, however humble, was with us.

Out of the quiet serenity of the vast stretch of prairie the music traveled. And how happy we were. There was little mingling with neighbors; they were miles away. The wind whistling dismally and mournfully at times, always seemed to catch the inspiration and join with us, while the trees about the house swayed in sympathetic rhythm.

CLARENCE EDDY

Each Sunday was supperless. With a free entry into the pantry, good between the hours of five and bed-time, there was no excuse for hunger. Rather, what a privilege! It was helping yourself to what you could find — and what wouldn't taste better under those conditions?

VLADEMIR DE PACHMANN

There we sang, with all the ardor of youth, the old familiar "Coronation," "Hebron" and "Duke Street"; and as the years have passed and the hair grown gray, those Sunday evenings seem to be silhouetted in the memories of childhood.

What brings this picture back to me? I have just got some new rolls — "Coronation," "Hebron" and "Duke Street," — and the Apollo does the rest. The repertoire of the Apollo is universal; it touches every phase, mood and kind of music, and it runs the gamut of soul expression. Like Orpheus' lute and little Tommy's Christmas drum, its appeal is irresistible.

INFLUENCE OF MUSIC

ORPHEUS, with his lute, made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing;
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung, as suns and showers
There had made a lasting Spring.
Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care, and grief of heart —
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die!

William Shakespeare

PROGRESSIVE AMERICAN CITIES

BEVERLY—SETTLEMENT, TOWN AND CITY

By CHARLES A. KING,

Secretary of the Beverly Board of Trade

SINCE the first settlement in Beverly in 1630, the industries of the settlement, town and city have been in five epochs—farming, foreign trade, fishing, shoemaking and machinery. Roger Conant, the first governor of the Massachusetts bay colony, John Woodberry, Peter Palfrey, William Trask and John Balch received a grant of one thousand acres without division lines. Palfrey sold out to William Dodge, and Trask surrendered his share of the grant, which was assigned to Thomas Scruggs, whose daughter Rachel married John Raymond; a part of the land is still in the Raymond family. These men were dissatisfied with the condition of affairs in Salem, came over the river to the "Bass River side" and made their homes. John Woodberry erected the first fulling,

THE FIRST AMERICAN COTTON MILL AT UPPER BEVERLY. BAKER'S TAVERN, AT THE EXTREME LEFT OF THE PICTURE, IS STILL STANDING

THE WHARVES FROM BEVERLY BRIDGE

grist and saw mill in this section in 1838; but it required thirty-five years for the people in the new settlement to become independent enough to cut loose from the mother town of Salem and elect their own selectmen and other officers, and it was not until October 14, 1668, that the new town was incorporated and named Beverly, after old Beverley in England. Even to this day, the Free Masons in the old town in old England and in the new city in New England meet on Christmas day, drink toasts to each other's prosperity and exchange cablegrams of congratulation.

The settlers devoted their energies to farming when they were not protecting their homes from the Indians, who were less troublesome than in other parts of the colonies; but in a few years they began to go to sea in their own ships, and long before the Revolutionary war the merchantmen of Beverly were known in every port. The first five armed vessels fitted out by the government in 1775 were Beverly ships. This was the beginning of the United States navy, and William Bartlett was the first naval agent. Privateers were many; nearly all of the rich men of Beverly at that time made their fortunes in this way. In 1786 there were sent out from this harbor sixty vessels carrying 492 men; nineteen of these ships were engaged in trade with the East and West Indies. Many of the residents became rich through this trade as well as privateering; although the latter was the quicker method. The fortunes which they retired upon were very modest compared with those of the millionaires who are now living beside the sea at Beverly Farms.

At one time the town had hopes of becoming a cotton manufacturing center, and a tablet marks the site of the first cotton mill in America, erected in 1788. It was run by horse power, and the people had expectations of the industry; but this, as well as another mill, erected later and run by water power, proved unprofitable and the textile business was never revived. At that time nearly every family manufactured the cloth that they wore.

FOUR OF THE BUILDING ASSOCIATION FACTORIES

People who lived along the shore fished for food for themselves and families, but it was nearly half a hundred years before they began to salt and sell any great portion of their catch, although John Winthrop, Jr., set up salt works (evaporation plan) in 1638, the first in New England. In the last century, however, fishing became a distinctive industry, and in 1788 there were some

forty vessels engaged in the trade. During one year forty men of Beverly were lost at sea from fishing vessels. In 1840 the fishing business had reached its height; at that time there were seventy-eight vessels of various sizes, and nearly 500 men employed. There were also twelve wharves and sixteen stores connected with the fishing interests, and it is only a few years since the last of the fish drying racks were removed; the wharves have been given up to coal and storage and nearly all traces of what was once the source of the wealth of the town has disappeared. There were several allied industries, a number of sail makers, a rope walk, coopers, pump and block makers and the town wore a nautical aspect. The oil clothing industry, which still flourishes, grew out of the needs of the fishermen. In 1832 a whaling company was organized, but the town never was regarded a port for whaling vessels, although many of its people were employed on vessels gathering oil. For years it was the ambition of every Beverly boy to go to sea as soon as he was old enough, and most of them made one voyage in a fishing vessel or a trading ship; one was sufficient in many cases, although a number of them became navigators or owners of vessels, and rejoiced in the title of captain, which clung to them through life. It is not safe to forget a sea faring man's title.

The first Beverly shoe maker whom history mentions was Andrew Elliott, who became town clerk (the first one) in 1690. He was a modest cordwainer. Joseph Foster, who moved from Ipswich before the revolution, had a shoe factory of sufficient size to be mentioned in the records, but it was not until the beginning of the last century that the business amounted to a local industry. Wells Smith erected a factory in 1837, which was probably the most pretentious up to that time and had quite a number of employes, but just how many no one appears to remember. It was nearly time for the Civil war before the small shops gave place to larger factories which finished the shoes begun in the little individual shops. Mention is made in the early records that a portion of the cargo of West Indies traders was of boots made in Beverly. CAfter the ivil war brick factories displaced the wooden structures and machinery began to displace all hand labor. The factory erected by the Building Association in 1892 was said to be the largest single building devoted to shoe making in this country at that time and it had the most modern machinery. For a quarter of a century Beverly ranked as one of the big shoe towns. Shoe findings and shoe machinery naturally followed the manufacture of footwear and the coming of the lasting machine company marked a new era in the town's industries. At present the city contains as many men whose occupation is given as machinists as there are shoe makers, although the women who work in the shoe shops are as numerous as the men. The coming of the United Shoe Machinery

BIRTHPLACE OF LUCY LARCOM, ON WALLIS STREET, IN BEVERLY

A SUMMER COTTAGE AT BEVERLY FARMS

Company will double the population and quadruple the number of machinists. Its plant will cover more ground than all the shoe factories put together, and its pay roll will be larger.

Members of the coming generation, who seek employment at home, will become machinists, as did their fathers learn shoe making and their grand-fathers follow the sea as fishermen or their great-grand-fathers become ship owners or traders in foreign parts. The great cities and iron steamships took away the trade once enjoyed by the sailing vessels. Gloucester centralized the fishing of New England, and shoe making has been gradually going West. Machinery promises to remain the local industry for years to come.

During the last 230 years there have been other industries, such as the manufacture of britannia ware, begun in 1812, but which has disappeared; pottery, which still flourishes; and market gardens, which multiply and help supply the Boston markets with vegetables. One of the latest industries is the manufactory of automobiles, which is rapidly increasing its output.

Nature has done much for Beverly, and it is known as the "garden city by the sea"; it forms a picturesque link in the chain of beautiful places stretching along the north shore. In one part of the city there is ever the hum of busy life and everything suggests activity. A mile or more away from this work-a-day world, in the summer, one finds himself in a locality of rest and quiet. As he proceeds toward Beverly Farms the summer homes of the millionaires of Boston, New York, Chicago and other large cities become more elegant and the grounds more elaborate; evidences of wealth multiply. But unless one penetrates the forests which line the street on either side, very little of the real magnificence is seen. The finest houses face the ocean or are buried in the forests which gives an ideally secluded place of rest for the owners.

Beverly has a population of the "better class"; it is said that there is not an adult in the city who cannot read or write. The people as a rule are well paid for their labor and the intelligence is up to the New England standard of years ago. There are churches of several denominations, school houses which do credit to the city and one of the largest attended evening schools in proportion to the population in the country. It has many fraternal, benevolent and social organizations. The town and city have never been niggardly in appropriations for municipal improvements, such as pure water, macadam streets, lights, library, fire department and in fact everything that goes to make a city a desirable place to live in. One noticeable feature is that it is not a "one-man" town: no individual owns a lot of stores or tenements. It has been remarked that in few places do people so generally own their homes, modest though they be compared with the mansions at the

Farms, which cost from a quarter to half a million dollars each.

Being a part of the first settlement in New England, the town is naturally rich in historic interest, and the Beverly Historical Society has, in a substantial building of its own, many articles and documents valuable for their associations. Of all the places of interest to the visitor none are more sought than the former residence of Nathan Dane, L. L. D., the birthplace of Lucy Larcom and the site of the first Sunday school in America, which celebrated its ninety-second anniversary October 12 of the present year.

Much of the later prosperity of the town and city is due to the efforts of the members of the Beverly Board of Trade and Building Association, two organizations working together, and having a membership in common. The Board of Trade was organized in August, 1888, principally through the efforts of Samuel H. Stone, and the Building Association came into existence with the necessity of some one furnishing money to rebuild burned factories. The organizations have been potent factors not only in getting new business but retaining old firms who needed increased accommodations, and incidentally obtaining better transportation facilities and helping along industrial prosperity. It has 157 active members. While many men have helped in the work of inducing the new industry to locate here, the principal credit is due to Sidney W. Winslow, president of the corporation, who lives in the city and has made it a substantial gift in this way.

A PROPHECY

Proud word you never spoke, but you will speak
Four not exempt from pride some future day.
Resting on one white hand a warm wet cheek,
Over my open volume you will say,
"This man loved *me!*" then rise and trip away.

Walter Savage Landor

REASONS FOR DRINKING

If all be true that I do think,
There are five reasons we should drink
Good wine—a friend—or being dry—
Or lest we should be by and by—
Or any other reason why.

Dr. Henry Aldrich

On the Overland Limited to California

By H. I. CLEVELAND

NORTON was looking at "265." This being fascinated by a locomotive is something older than Kipling's story, or the creations of Spearman. It has a psychological phase which no author has yet satisfactorily explained. It antedates the catapult and the trireme. It is the unexplained something in the human mind that always wishes to know "what makes the wheels go 'round."

Possibly that is why Norton stood before "265" in the station shed of the Chicago & Northwestern railway at Chicago, and gaped at the huge drivers and shining brasses, as thousands had done before him. He was bound for California with a heterogeneous party, a small part of which was formed by myself. Although it was almost train leaving time—the hour for the Overland Limited to speed westward—Norton still kept his eyes on "265." She was to have nineteen other companions, or successors, before the Overland touched Los Angeles; but she was the initial point, the beginner.

Far back in the sleepers of the Overland Limited were Norton's friends—the Japanese merchant from Matsuyama, the Cuban freedom fighter of Martinez, a capitalist of New York, an advanced Russian from Port Arthur, Miss Mollie of the University of Chicago, and Miss Kate, fresh from medical research in Berlin. Norton himself, spouting over the splendors of "265," but chaperone, leader, guide, counsellor and friend of the entire party; was born in Chicago, educated in Virginia, graduated under fire at Cavite, and entitled to his moral epaulets if not more gaudy ones when Pekin's walls fell. Norton's story will tell itself.

He, like all the others of his party, but myself, had never crossed the continent to the Land of Sunshine; not one of them but myself had ever gone over the Divide at Sherman, plunged into the Red Desert, seen the sun flashes at Elko, or taken the wind from off the top summits of the Sierra Nevadas. To them, so far as experience was concerned, Nevada was the Soudan and California an illusion of the Nile.

All were en route to the Coast—for the first time—for various reasons. Thus the Matsuyama man was after a trade connection — this Manila affair of Dewey's opened some remarkable new markets; the Cuban was interested in the Bakersfield oil wells; the New York financier intended to inspect the new harbor of San Diego; the Russian was studying American life for his government; Miss Mollie meant to visit friends in San Francisco and Los Angeles; Miss Kate was destined for the Universal Brotherhood home at Point Loma, and Norton—well, he was interested in Miss Kate. Aside from my past companionship with the party, I had no particular object in revisiting the foliage glories of Los Angeles except that I wished to see Rieder. Rieder loves pictures. So do I. Therefore we meet, sometimes here, sometimes there, to look at pictures together.

Norton was still studying "265" when I came forward and assured him our party was complete in the compartment

FAMILIAR STATION SCENE ON THE NORTHWESTERN'S "OVERLAND LIMITED"

observation car but for his presence. He shifted his pipe in his mouth, gave the express engine a last lingering, loving glance and turned back with me. We were going out of the chill and damp of Chicago's fall and winter into the warmth and rest that laid beyond the Sierras. If there were differences of opinion between Miss Kate and Norton they were not to interfere with our pleasures en tour. Our conductor thought the same for an instant before we reached our car he called "all aboard," and we were scarcely on the platforms before the wheels were turning. An instant longer and we were crossing the blue-green Chicago river, to touch before we saw it again the Mississippi, Missouri, Platte and Sacramento, to say nothing of the Pacific.

Travel is no longer a serious problem. You pay, you are taken care of. You choose according to your means and are cared for according to what you choose. Norton interrupted my reverie on this point by a break-in:

"I have never crossed to California—I never wished to until now, but when my father first came into this country he staged from Auburn, New York, to Pittsburg, flat-boated it from that point to Shawneetown, traveled by wagon to Chicago, and thence by horseback and foot to Clinton, Iowa. He used a horse from Clinton to Omaha, stage to old Cheyenne, horse, foot and stage to Bridge's, emigrant train to the present site of Ogden, horse to the Sierras, foot and horse to Truckee, and wagon to San Francisco. The journey cost him, as he told me, a thousand dollars in gold. He was ninety days on the way. Now?"

"Now," said I, quite calmly, "unless you throw yourself off the train through shyness of Miss Kate, which would be foolish, we shall make the journey from Chicago to California in three days and have every luxury known to travel at our command. Your car and compartment are finished in rosewood and mahogany, electric lights flash everywhere, a telephone is at your command in the car at every important stop. You have your private buffet, smoking room, barber shop, bath, library, observation point, and a score of other conveniences. You are whirled along at a mile a minute, or faster rate, over the best ballasted and steel laid trackway in the West."

Ahead of us "265" was doing her duty. We were speeding down the Northwestern's double track of steel toward the Mississippi. We were following the way that Lincoln had crossed, Douglas, Scott, Taylor, Jefferson Davis, and a host of famous others. Norton lounged in his broad compartment. I found Miss Kate and brought her out to the large, electrically lighted platform. We were nearing Stirling. The panorama of the landscape was flying by us. I said to her:

"This overland journey is one of the most remarkable trips anyone can take if one knows just what one is passing through. You have seen the best of

TOURIST SLEEPER OF THE NORTHWESTERN'S OVERLAND ROUTE
Photograph by C. & C. Co., Masonic Temple, Chicago

Germany, France and the Swiss country. From this on, see the best of your own country. It may aid you to understand a universal brotherhood somewhat different from that at Loma. To you all this land is new, but it contains more history, romance, things that out-rival all fiction, than any other way to the Golden Gate."

Miss Kate nodded her head to show that she understood, and at that moment, so far as I was concerned, our journey began. The other friends joined us, even Norton.

"In my country," said the man from Matsuyama, "no road runs anywhere but what it touches some spot dear to the hearts of my people. We have history in Japan, we are old in things done, young in things to be done."

"In Cuba," interjected the former insurgent, "crosses and piles of stone mark at every turn our history. We too, are old."

"And for that reason," asked Miss Molly, "all this," indicating the landscape, "is new?"

Norton was forced to break in. The marvelous history and beauty of the region through which we were passing was somewhat familiar to him. So, while the safety semaphore signals passed by, he told these strangers to the young-old West the story of Black Hawk, of L'Huillier, of the building of the railway over which we journeyed with money raised from the wheat grown by pioneer farmers, of the financial and physical battle to open this way, of the manhood and womanhood that had finally banded the waters that beat up to Chicago's beaches with those which hammer against the shores below Cliff House and the seal rocks.

We were at the Mississippi when Norton's story was ended; past the corn and wheat land of Illinois, entering the corn and cattle land of Iowa.

It seemed to me that the drawing room and parlor cars contained every nationality under the sun, although our own party did very well along that line. Our Japanese friend was having an animated conversation with his secretary as

BUFFET AND BARBER SHOP OF THE NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY'S "OVERLAND LIMITED." FLASHED WHILE RUNNING SIXTY-FIVE MILES AN HOUR
Photograph by C. & C. Co., Masonic Temple, Chicago

to the proper tip for a car servant. A little later, with that freedom which belongs to his country, but not to our own, he insisted on changing some of his under garments in his open berth. Our Cuban acquaintance was discussing the ability of President Roosevelt as an equestrian. The Russian had a Northwestern and Union Pacific map spread before him for comparison with the great Siberian route of his own country. He reached out his hand and touched an electric bell. A porter answered his call and brought him cable blanks, pen and ink. Whirling westward on the Overland, he was yet able to touch, by wire, the utmost limits of his distant Russia.

Before we left him he had written a letter to distant friends and placed it in a government mail box within the car. What struck me, though, as more remarkable still was this little incident that happened just as we were passing on: a cablegram came to him. We had made a flying stop at a small station. An agent handed the conductor a sealed envelope. It was addressed to the Russian, "care of the Overland Limited

KINGS OF THE KITCHEN OF THE NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY'S "OVERLAND LIMITED," FLASHED WHILE RUNNING SIXTY-TWO MILES AN HOUR
Photograph by C. & C. Co., Masonic Temple, Chicago

"OVERLAND LIMITED" DINING CAR, FLASHED WHILE RUNNING SIXTY-FIVE MILES AN HOUR
Photograph by C. & C. Co., Masonic Temple, Chicago

Number One, West bound, Ames, Iowa." It was placed as safely in his hands as though he had received it at the Victoria in Chicago, or the Holland House in New York. In the next sleeper we met a Greek who knew Prince George, a Norseman who had fished with King Oscar, an Englishman who had but recently left the coronation, an American familiar with great financiers, and a Central American who knew Castro of Venezuela. We were a little world unto ourselves.

We Americans come together a little quicker when traveling than any other nationality. We were swinging along over double track and not yet come to Honey Creek and that quick descent to the Missouri river, when the lady who was making a roffea hat from the queer stuff that comes out of Madagascar, was already talking with a bride and groom journeying from the Mississippi to Wyoming's plains.

"I say," said Norton, as he looked down at his blue-prints and our train rumbled onto the transfer bridge over

the Missouri, "we have crossed two states already, become acquainted with everybody else and not had much to do with each other. At Los Angeles we part, perhaps not to meet again. Let us know each other better."

Then he lifted his eyes and looked direct at Miss Kate. That is the American way when one is telling the truth. As for me, I glued my eyes on the waters of the Missouri below us, while Miss Mollie started an animated conversation with the Japanese on the verbs of his native tongue. It takes an American girl to never lack a topic for conversation. Miss Kate flushed. Although I was not looking at her, I knew she did by the noise made by the rustling of her skirts. A woman's skirts are betrayers as to her state of mind.

The Russian bridged the awkward pause which followed. He said:

"I have been here before—where this yellow river flows, where this Omaha is, right where all this steel and track is to hold us on to Cheyenne, up to Tie Pass, and even to where Laramie is and Evanston. This world is broad but not broad enough for a young heart. You are young," bowing to Miss Kate, "but may one who considers himself old speak something to you of his youth."

He was clever—this Slav who received cablegrams on a train going West as fast as steam and brain could carry it. He suspected or knew that somewhere, sometime past, Miss Kate and Norton had parted company, that their coming together again on this journey was certainly partly accidental and that as yet whatever was between them had not been overcome. Miss Kate said softly that the Russian might speak.

He was slow at starting. In fact, we were well out of the Union station at Omaha, touching the long way of the Northwestern-Union Pacific Overland route across Nebraska and into the far West, before he said to Miss Kate:

"They say we Russians are insular, that we live within ourselves, yet it is true that no Russian gentleman of any standing even without travel would consider himself a man of the world if he did not know of every country of the world—as much as our Japanese friend knows of Singapore and Calcutta and Aden beyond, as I know of this tableland we are passing over.

"I was twenty when I first saw this Nebraska and that is thirty years ago. Such a train as this, such a road as the Northwestern or the Union Pacific or the Southern Pacific was unknown. They had names, but as to service—peste—only those traveled who must. I came to Omaha incognito. I was serving—who?—my Russia. I crossed to the Platte on the best train then westward bound, sans electric fans, electric lights, rich upholstering, genial service, accommodation. Everyone was learning, luxury of travel at moderate cost unknown.

"In my service I herded cattle along the Loup, I grazed them where Cody now has his ranch, I rode down the Niobrara ranges, where Omaha, Blackfeet, Cheyenne, Comanche and Sioux had battled with each other for supremacy. I touched old stage coach routes, old trails, all by modern sign marks visible from our Limited even at this moment. Only you must know to enjoy. I lived where the American aborigine and American pioneer had prevailed, untainted by Spaniard, Frenchman or man of England."

The man from Matsuyama sat in with us and our wealthy friend of New York city. The Russian continued:

"Strange as it may seem to you, I spent little time on these Nebraska rolling hills but what I thought of our great Siberia. The name makes you shiver? It has so affected others. But there is more to Siberia than a mere prison place. It is not all cold, ice and snow. It has a glorious sunshine, wonderful grasses,

great feeding plains, agricultural land of the best, mines, manufacturing centers.

"If you take what you have between here"—we were then near Grand Island —"and San Francisco and transplant it to the Siberian belt, except for some slight changes in temperature, both as to heat and cold, you will have almost twin areas. This Overland route of yours, though, has one advantage over our trans-Siberian route and that is—the landscape is a mass of color from Missouri to Sacramento, from lake to ocean. Our way has more of the dullness of your south

YOSEMITE FALLS

western plains, and it is a bit lonesome, but like your middle route it has every resource for a world's supply. Siberia will eventually feed Asia and eastern Europe and the South."

Conversation such as this makes travel seem more like a pleasure dream than a reality. Intellects quicken, tongues speak cleverly, knowledge gains. The Overland Limited becomes a great school of information, while luxury of service but adds to the comfort and enjoyment of the hour. The flashing by of the station sign of Ogallala reminded us how swift our course was and Sidney's houses brought up many reminiscences of stage coach days.

We were not so overly far from Cheyenne when the Russian, going down to the Limited's barber shop with me for his shampoo and bath, said:

"Your American women make me think so much of those of my own country. They are so independent, so well able to care for themselves. Our Japanese cannot recover yet from the shock of knowing that two ladies may safely journey from your lake Michigan to California without some relative to care for them. In his country all women are dependent, sheltered until they are helpless."

"In America," said I, "the women come first. No nation, not even your own, does her so much honor as ours. The first, the highest, the truest ambition of every American of honor is to care for his women — his mother, his sweetheart, his wife or his sister. No corporations understand this better than the railways. They have studied this phase of American travel so closely that a woman may journey where she will, alone, and have the entire protection of the railway thrown about her. From engineer to president of the road she may feel, although she is an utter stranger to them, that they will care for her legitimate needs and accord her the courtesy due her sex. It matters little whether she is in these luxurious compartment cars, in the comfortable tourist sleepers, in the easy chair coaches, or the day coach of any train, she can travel where she will, unmolested."

The Cheyenne plains interested all of us. Car platforms, observation points, were crowded with passengers eager to catch the first glimpse of Fort Russell, and the far ways, where some of the greatest cattle herds of the world have ranged.

"What will we have for dinner?" asked Miss Mollie, coming back to real life.

"What can the plains give us?" said Norton.

A bell call brought us a bill of fare. Miss Kate glibly called off the menu—

"Bass, cutlets, oysters, steaks, cold meats, salads, omelets, fruits, cheese and a demi tasse."

"Or Chateau Yquem," said the Russian.

"For that matter," said Norton, "let it be Chambertin and a sauterne."

The dining car was full of merriment that meal hour. All of our party and the many other passengers had been out long enough to feel that we knew each other. Our limited was on time, our service perfect. We had left the plains, and although many, many hundred miles yet distant from California, we were entering the mountains and facing the solitary glory of the peaks.

The Russian whispered something to her and she smiled and immediately engaged the Japanese, the Cuban and the New Yorker in a lively conversation over altitudes and the charm in breathing rarified air for a change. Then our Slavic friend retired to the rear observation platform taking Norton with him as if he were oblivious of the fact that Miss Kate was out there alone at that very moment. "Miss Kate," said the Russian, "we shall be in California in a few hours—in a wonderland, I am told,

where the most wearied find rest. You say you are going out to investigate the Universal Brotherhood, to see if in theosophy—that is what you call it, I believe—there is not new life comfort to be found. Will you let a man who has passed the meridian of life suggest that life comfort is often at our elbow, only we do not see it?''

He rose as he finished, but not so quick but that Miss Kate had swished by him and entered the car. Norton passed to the other side of the observation platform and looked grimly across the plain. The Russian shrugged his shoulders, tossed his cigar away and himself entered the car. Apparently his peace-making efforts had failed.

PREMIUM STATION SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD, RIVERSIDE CALIFORNIA

From this on we were a party intent on knowing all that we were passing through. The Russian, beyond mere civilities, almost ignored Norton. To Miss Kate he was exceedingly attentive as to those little things women naturally expect from a man. We passed through the great fossil beds of western Wyoming, we saw the Hanna coal mines, we had a glimpse of the Fort Steele and North Platte country and 720 miles from Omaha crossed the Continental Divide. We saw the Point of Rocks, Cave of the Sand, Hermit's Grotto, Sancho's Bower and came to the beautiful Green River. From here, the Cuban told us, the famous Powell expedition of 1869 descended to the unknown wilds of the lower Green and Colorado rivers. At Evanston we were half way between the Missouri river and the Pacific Ocean. Echo Canon, Castle Rock, the Sphinx, Hanging Rock, Pulpit Rock, were all ahead of us; all the wonders of the Wasatch and Uintah ranges. Ogden canon flashed upon us and then the city itself. We were in Utah, close to the habitations of the Mormon church and the beauties of the Great Salt Lake. We did not divert for Salt Lake City, an easy journey, but kept on westward. We said farewell to Great Salt Lake at Monument, and a little later were in the Great American Desert. Nevada was crossed at at top notch speed. We might have stopped for Lake Tahoe but our time was limited. We dropped down through Truckee and the Sierra country, or climbed up and dropped down. Now we were in the snows and now we were where the fruits and flowers blossomed and bloomed. We had such transitions in scenery and climate as might only be expected in fairyland. The Overland Limited paused just long enough at the many exquisite spots to give us a glimpse and then whirl on. We were in the Sacramento valley and at Bernicia, at Oakland, the ferry, the bay crossing, San Francisco. Summerland spread before us. Everywhere we moved, as travelers, courtesy awaited us. These Californians live in a languorous climate but they are the personification of politeness. The railway officials out-do themselves in their efforts to have the

traveler know the best of this lovely land.

We were at Matilya Springs and the hanging rocks, great freaks. On the Catalina Islands we saw fishing of wonderful magnitude and scenery I shall never forget. Decanson Canon I have reason to remember because I turned an ankle there. At San Luis Rey we met Father O'Keefe, loitered under that beautiful railway station of the Southern Pacific at Riverside, danced in the hotel Coronado and heard the moan of the Pacific outside; drove into the Yosemite and stood below the great falls; lost ourselves in the beauty of Mulberry street, Riverside, under the umbrella and pepper trees, and came to Point Loma lighthouse, where the arch of the Universal Brotherhood rears itself to the sun. Still, Miss Kate did not linger here. She seemed to have lost interest in theosophy. Norton had sunk into despondency.

We went up Mount Hamilton and passed through marvelous Lick Observatory, we lingered under orange trees and talked of other days when the pines overbranched us in a colder climate. We saw the evening sun gild the dome of the capital at Sacramento, we walked in San Carlos mission, where monkish feet had so many years preceded us. Staging was tried with its wild dashes down long hills, and the sharp turns that came afterward. I even ventured to walk up to Robert J. Burdette's home in Pasadena and make myself known to the genial humorist.

Chinamen and Japanese of wealth and standing welcomed our acquaintence. Our Russian friend's "open sesame" came in handily at their doors. He appeared to be in touch with the whole world. The sunsets of the Golden Gate fascinated us night after night and the beach scenes were alluring at every point. San Diego's new harbor and works were given half a day, while the fields of calla lilies and poppies, and the carnation beds covering acres, filled us with delight.

The Russian carried us down to the Mexican border, to Tia Juana and we kept a foot in each country. The Sutro baths enchanted us, the ostrich farm, Modjeska's lovely home, the Magnolia avenue of Riverside, the date palms more than a century old and the relics of San Luis Obispo.

Stanford's educational pile occupied a day, as did also the oil fields. We had mountain scenery, plain land, meadows in bloom, canyons, gorges and glens. Big trees, little trees, flowers we had never heard of all brought forth their entertainment. More than thirty thousand people from all parts of the world had come the ways we had during September and October, all seeking rest, comfort, beauty of climate, a change from the monotony of mere living.

One lady we met at Santa Barbara said:

"You came over on the Limited? I wished to but desired to save every penny for my fun here, so I took a tourist sleeper. Do you know I came through with every convenience one truly needs in traveling. We had our car attendant, good berths, dining car service, clean cars and very good company. Four of the gentlemen in our tourist car had seen service in Luzon and two were fresh from South Africa. They had any number of good stories, and the journey across was simply a delight. I stepped out the sleeper at Los Angeles just as spick and span as when I left home."

Our journeying carried us into the Sierras again and then to the Coast range. We saw the Tehachapi peaks and Point Concepion. We had the sea breeze morning, noon and night. We lived in the open air—you can do that in California.

The Limited had brought us to where more than 300 days of the year are

cloudless and where at Santa Monica we found the water with a temperature of seventy-two degrees while our own lake Michigan was freezing. Another thing which pleased us, especially the Russian, immensely, was that all life we came upon was mostly city and country life combined. In the many trolley car rides we enjoyed, we never seemed to be either out of town or country.

We were back in San Francisco at last, ready for the homeward start. The play day was ended. The last night, after a journey to Mare Island and the naval yards, the Russian proposed a carriage drive to Cliff House. We drove out in silence. We passed to the balcony above the sea and looked out to the distant horizon line, silver white in the moonlight and beyond which lay the islands of the southern seas. The spirit of California, something not to be understood until you have been under its influence, was upon us. Some shifting of positions threw Norton and Miss Kate together. The Russian and I strolled away. After a time we came back and found them still standing where we had left them, only Norton's head was up and his eyes were bright.

"I thank you," he said to the Russian. "I did not misunderstand you at Sherman, but one was slow in giving in. I was wrong. We both thank you."

He held out his hand and Miss Kate's laid in it. The Russian put his hand over both.

"Was it the climate," he asked, "that finally brought it all about?"

"Certainly," said Norton.

We were not silent going home, through the long drive over the avenues of Golden Gate Park. And we heartily agreed with Miss Kate's final proposition that we vary our eastward trip. We took the Overland Limited out of San Francisco for the first night, then we tried the day coaches and after that the tourist sleepers and the chair cars.

On the Limited we had our compartment sleepers, on the tourist sleeper trains we had palace cars and other fine accommodations. We got off at stations, talked with any one who would talk, inspected mogul engines, made the acquaintance of trainmen and other officials. We saw American railway travel from every point of view and by every kind of train the Overland Route operates. We came to understand why western railway service, especially that of the Northestern, bears the reputation of being the best in the world. We came to comprehend all the vast machinery of management that is necessary to send a train out for the traversing of half a continent and have it end its journey in safety and with its passengers at home with each other and cared for as they would be in a first class hotel.

CLIFF HOUSE, SEAL ROCKS AND PACIFIC OCEAN, SAN FRANCISCO

The Making of the Everett Piano

By FREDERICK WALLACE

"The man who hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.
The motions of his spirit are dull as night
And his affection dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted."

THE justly celebrated Gabrilowitsch has recently been giving a number of performances at and near Boston. Those who have had the good fortune to hear them have had a musical treat, indeed, a treat to be remembered. Music so beautiful, so sweet, so clear, rarely meets and charms the ear. The rise and swell and fall of melodies, the rapid flow of sound, all under such mastering guidance; now rushing along like a winter's torrent, now meandering like a summer's stream, until the very air feels instinct with music. Aside from the triumph of the artist, I was interested in the conquest of the American artisan who made this possible. I wished to know something about the instrument on which he played—the Everett Piano.

I no longer wonder at the thrilling effects heard from such an instrument when in the hands of a great master, exercising boundless control over its wonderful capabilities.

When I called upon Mr. John Anderson, who is the superintendent of the Everett factory in Boston, I was received in the most kind and courteous manner. My errand was soon explained. A few minutes' conversation showed me that I had met a man of wide travel, of close study and of hard work. He was born in Sweden, worked and learned in almost every capital of Europe, brought

GRAND CASEMAKING

GRAND REGULATING

POLISHING DEPT.

STRINGING DEPT.

SOUNDING BOARD DEPT.

his knowledge to America, and here concentrates it under the generous help of the Everett Company, in perfecting the most charming instrument in the world. But I must not forget to say that the wide, solid foundation of the Everett Company had been laid many years before Mr. Anderson's time, by

MR. JOHN CHURCH
MR. FRANK A. LEE
MR. E. V. CHURCH
MR. A. M. WRIGHT

And they must be given the first praise, for carrying on to its present success this clear, bright, sharp factory, which has established a world wide reputation, a reputation patiently waited for and splendidly won.

MR. JOHN ANDERSON, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE EVERETT PIANO FACTORY

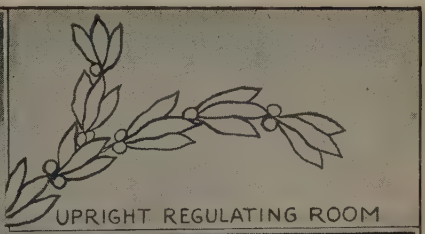
Under the guidance of Mr. Anderson I started out on my tour of inspection. The present building was erected in 1887 and covers a wide area stretching from street to street; its appearance is imposing, as our illustration will show. I will honestly admit that my tour of inspection became rather involved. Room followed room, gallery followed gallery in such endless profusion that I had to gather my wits about me to take note of it all.

First, I must mention the "wood working room." Wood from every clime was here: the old oak from England, the fine American maple, and so fine, so exquisite in tracery, beauty and color. Then the mahogany from the hot climes of the South; the very wood seems to carry warmth, luscious and red. Yet the West Indies and South America must not pride themselves too much upon their wood. A new factor has come into the field and African mahogany holds the sway. I do not know anything beyond what I saw at the Everett factory, yet for beauty of vein and wealth of color African mahogany was far and away the first.

Perhaps the reader will say: "What is the use of writing about wood when we want to know about the piano?" Well, I can only say as the old author said about his books: "I love to see my friends well dressed," and consequently he loved beautiful bindings for his books. The wood is the binding of the piano you so much admire. It all has to be selected with the greatest care, and the closest attention.

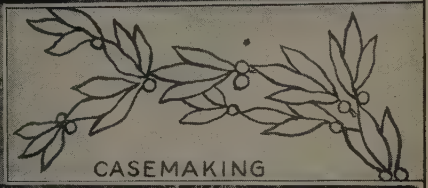
But the wood in its native state is not all. It passes into a polishing room, where busy, energetic hands bring out almost unseen beauty. What

ACTION FINISHING



UPRIGHT REGULATING ROOM

VARNISH RUBBING DEPT.



CASEMAKING

ACTION MAKING ROOM

a mystery all this hidden beauty is! How is it produced? What natural law causes it? We do not know. Whence that strange tracery in it? The wandering veins? The knotty formation? Philosopher, tell me why? I have seen similar veins and tracery in marble, especially gray and red marbles, where the marks of oyster shells are often distinctly visible. This is no doubt the result of a different law to the beautiful markings in wood, yet surely

"All nature is but art, unknown to thee:
All chance direction which thou canst not see."

But I must not linger too long upon the dress of the piano. Its excellence is inside. The sounding board may well be called the soul of the instrument. It claimed my next attention. It is a very simple thing yet requiring great care in its construction. In fact, it must be perfect; any flaw or split would be fatal. It is made of soft wood, spruce, I think, but very well chosen and fixed together in a very peculiar way.

And in sympathy with the sounding board necessarily comes the action. After the tone producing qualities the "action" plays perhaps the next prominent part. It must be quick, fine and sensitive, have extreme flexibility, delicacy and power to bring to the well attuned ear the most powerful as well as the sweetest sounds, and be as "swift as thought." I observed what attention and what care was given to the manufacture of the actions the Everett factory.

Then in close connection with this room came the wire strings. In this perfection must be absolute. Nothing less will do. I need not dwell upon such an obvious necessity. Here I must make a quotation from Mr. Anderson. "If there is anything mysterious in a piano, it is the scale!" The length of the strings and their relative length, the distance of each from the one next to it, so that each shall have singing room. If the point to be struck is a trifle too high or too low, a defect in tone results. Then where to locate the bridges, and how to lay out their delicate curves. In short, how to present to the laws of sound a contrivance best adapted to their use. Yet, when all is done, the only test is tone.

I was also greatly interested in such little matters as hammers and dampers. They are made with surprising care and still with great rapidity. I carried one or two off as trophies, to the amusement of the workmen.

Before I bring my readers to the finished instrument, we will first step for a moment into what is called the "plate room." The plate, which is made of the finest obtainable metal, is smoothly finished and bronzed to the bottom. Excess of weight is avoided, as what is not clearly demanded for strength is an injury and interferes with vibration, and vibration is everything.

Just a word upon the bridge, which is naturally a very delicate part of the work. The tone of a good violin may be spoiled by having a bridge too high or too low, too thick or too thin. The bridge of a piano is exactly the same, and serves the same purpose, transmitting the vibration of the strings to the sounding board. The importance is obvious. Doubtless the famous old violin makers were aware of all this. Stradivarius must have given intense study to it, as, in fact, he did to every part of his instrument, to bring it to its great perfection. The same methods are clearly followed by the Everett Company.

Before I leave these huge departments, these busy hives of activity, for the quietness and repose of the show room and the office, I wish to say how much I admired the fine order, the scrupulous cleanness, the intelligence of the workmen and workwomen. How every eye and hand was intent upon its work! Working with a thoroughness and completeness which reminded me of my read-

ings of the workmen of old, who wrought with the same care what man could see and what he could not see. And why? Because God saw everywhere.

Notwithstanding the great advance which has been made in modern machinery, with all its fine adaptation and developments, still in the construction of such a complex artistic instrument as the Everett piano the human hand must be there, and be guided by a most artistic brain. In fact, art is visible at every step. It is a veritable school of art, with every man an artist.

I was allowed by one of the workmen to look into his tool chest, and I was simply delighted to see a model of order and arrangement, every small chisel and file in its place, and ready to the hand of the master. It spoke volumes.

On our way to the office I inquired of Mr. Anderson whether they made any second class instruments. "No," he said, "that would be to travel down; we travel up. A second grade would injure our morale; we must and can have no place for inferior work. All is and will be done as well as man can do it. Perfection is not attainable, but we mean to get as near to it as determination and perseverance can go."

I then inquired whether there were any particular secrets in their business, which gave them any advantage over others. The reply was: "We have no secrets; our secret is excellence at every point, and we are satisfied with nothing less than the best—the best material, the best workmen, the best brains. The result is the Everett Piano."

I then inquired what points are most desired in a piano. Mr. Anderson smiled and said: "Everyone has his own opinion, certainly every musician, but the tone is what all aim at. Now you may judge for yourself." He opened one of the beautiful instruments standing near and struck a few chords, was then quiet, anon he touched the keys again. There was no attempt at music, but I was simply amazed with the sound.

I have heard the breeze tremble into melody over the strings of an Æolian harp. I have heard the roar and moan of the wind amongst the trees of the forest. Yet the sound was not more pure or more perfect than what came from the touch of those swift and delicate keys, pearly and clear, deep, full and round! I was charmed and listened to the sounds again and ever with greater delight.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC

There be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me:
When, as if its sound were causing
The charmed ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lull'd winds seem dreaming:
And the midnight moon is weaving
Her bright chain o'er the deep,
Whose breast is gently heaving
As an infant's asleep:
So the spirit bows before thee
To listen and adore thee;
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

Lord Byron

An Epoch-Making Step in Life Insurance

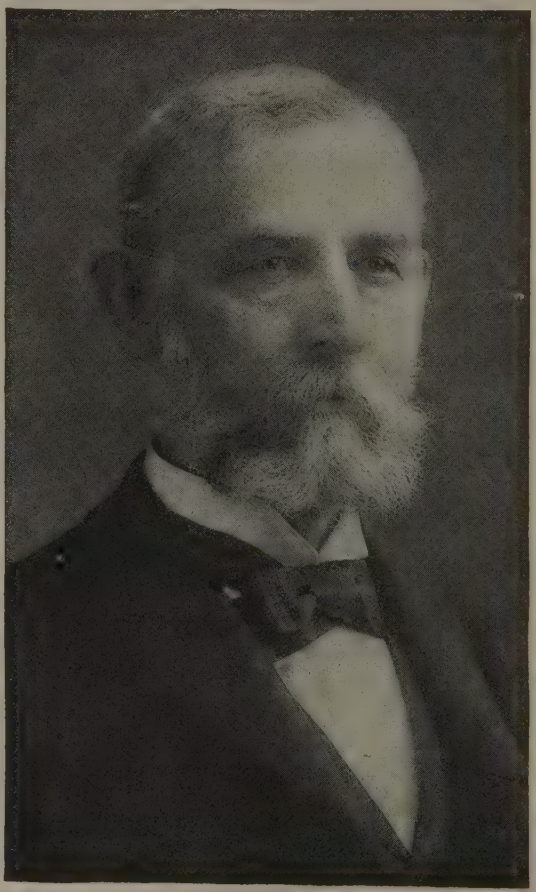
By G. F. BARIGHT

THE attention of prominent financiers and of managers of insurance companies and of trust companies all over the country is centered in the unique plan which United States Senator John F. Dryden, president of The Prudential Insurance Company of America, Newark, New Jersey, has evolved for the future protection of the tremendous interests entrusted to that organization.

The attention arises not only from the effect of this plan upon those interested in this particular company, but from the fact that it promises to establish a precedent which will be followed in the future by by many financial and other institutions acting in a fiduciary capacity.

Mr. Dryden's plan, while far-reaching in its effect, is simple in its operation. It consists in eliminating the individual character of the ownership of the great insurance company and placing its control in the hands of The Fidelity Trust Company, one of the largest and most successful institutions of its kind in the United States.

When The Prudential Company was smaller a step of this kind was not contemplated, but now that the company has attained its present vast proportions, President Dryden has for some time felt that some unusual steps should be taken to guard against the possibility of any change of control in the future, which might tend to alter the administrative policy of the institution, and thus effect a change in the methods or aims of the company itself, its relations to its four and a half million policy holders, or its army of nearly fifteen



UNITED STATES SENATOR JOHN F. DRYDEN OF NEW JERSEY, PRESIDENT OF THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

thousand field and office workers.

He has realized that this will be the inevitable result, if at any time in the future, when the control of the company would undoubtedly be divided among a very great number of persons, any outside interests should gain control for speculative or other purely selfish reasons. To prevent this, his present plan, which is creating so much comment, was perfected. It consists of placing the control of the Prudential Company absolutely in the hands of the Trust Company, and, in turn, taking the control of the Fidelity Trust Company over into the hands of the Prudential. Thus a dual relationship is formed between two distinct corporations, each protecting the other and standing as a bulwark against encroachments of outside interests.

In actual operation the Fidelity increases its stock from $1,500,000 to $3,000,000, the Prudential Company purchasing the majority of this increase. The Fidelity, with the money thus secured, turns around and purchases from the Prudential a controlling interest in that company, the majority stock holders disposing of a sufficient amount of their holdings to affect this operation.

Nothing just like this unique plan has appeared thus far in high finance, and it reflects great credit upon Mr. Dryden's sagacity and far seeing wisdom.

It is plain to see that thus the permanency of the present policy of the company, which has made it one of the great life insurance companies of the world, is guaranteed.

Another feature of this transaction, which has attracted attention, is the connection of the Equitable Life Assurance Society. This company purchases a minority interest in the Fidelity Trust Company and is thus led to throw a large part of its business into the latter's hands. The Fidelity, by reason of this connection, secures a large amount of increased business from the Equitable, which is greatly to the advantage of the Prudential, since the latter receives a majority of the profits from the Fidelity's business. This is not to be understood, however, as in any sense a combination of the interests of the two life insurance companies. They are thoroughly distinct and the Equitable has absolutely no voice in the management of the Prudential, and by this arrangement is as effectually prevented from having any in the future, as would any other outside interest. The whole plan commends itself, by reason of its simplicity and manifest advantages, as a most excellent one, as a means of preserving the present interests of the Prudential Company, and protecting its policy holders of all future time, and it will undoubtedly be frequently copied by other institutions, wherever similar conditions exist.

GRACE FOR A CHILD

Here, a little child, I stand,
Heaving up my either hand:
Cold as paddocks though they be
Here I lift them up to Thee,
For a benison to fall
On our meat, and on us all.

Robert Herrick

How I Located My Plantation

Personal Experiences of a Rubber Planter, Who Spent Several years in Tropical Mexico.

By E. C. BYAM

IN the year 1895 I met in Los Angeles, California, a gentleman who had spent several years in the Republic of Mexico and his glowing descriptions of its latent resources were so fascinating that I decided to see for myself the actuality.

Rail communication with the City of Mexico being a matter of a few days, I went to that city and remained for about a year, charmed with its picturesqueness, its glorious climate and the absorbing interest of its thousand years of tradition and romantic history.

I soon discovered that my friend's "glowing descriptions" paled into insignificance before the contemplation of the actual facts, for the latent resources of that great country are more varied and abundant than will be found in any like territory on the face of the globe. Stretching through eighteen degrees of latitude and with elevations from sea level to 18,000 feet, there are to be found all the climates of the earth merged together and its soil produces everything from tropical orchids to Arctic moss—from bananas to No. 1 hard wheat.

Possessing a population largely of non-consumers, Mexico does not offer any bonanzas in the industrial or manufacturing line, though there are opportunities in this direction which will pay good profit. It is in the exploitation of its wonderful agricultural resources that Mexico is destined to surprise and astonish the world in the near future. Blessed with a government as safe and stable as any on the globe, a peasantry docile and unambitious, there is offered the American an opportunity, today, to place his gold where it will be secure and safe and that will in a short time be returned to him many hundred fold.

Fearing that I might be hasty in the selection of the many opportunities offered, I first devoted my attention to learning the language, a very necessary acquirement. Having clearly seen that in agriculture lay the greatest opportunities, I made searching inquiries as to what particular branch of that industry would best repay the time and effort. I soon discovered that it was in tropical agriculture that the greatest profit lay, and of all the tropical products none offered greater inducements than the cultivation of rubber.

Rubber trees will *grow* almost anywhere, but that there should be some particular soil and climate most favorable to its quick growth and abundant yield, I was certain. To find that place was my next purpose.

I may here mention that the conditions to be sought for in order to secure the results above mentioned are, first and most important, a rain fall distributed throughout every month in the year and amounting to at least 150 inches annually; second, a rich, well drained soil at a low elevation where the temperature will range from sixty degrees to a little above ninety degrees.

The highlands of Mexico possess a climate like September in the north, and are dry to rainless. The Gulf slopes, above the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, are hot but are subject to a dry season extending over several months, and the Pacific slopes are affected in like manner throughout their entire extent, as I found by investigation. Beyond the Isthmus of Tehuantepec the main cordillera commences to again assume its grandeur and soon attains elevations above 10,000 feet, and it is at the foot of these mountains,

in the section closely bordering on the confines of Guatemala, that I found the ideal conditions I sought.

The Isthmus of Tehuantepec, with its long, dry season possesses rail communication with the outside world, moreover; but I was not seeking a winter resort but a place to grow rubber and grow it quickly, abundantly and profitably.

After two years' search, I decided that in the Department of Palenque, Chiapas, were to be found the best lands, the best climate and the best conditions generally for planting and growing rubber, and am confident that I am more than repaid for the time spent in investigation, for I believe that in the Tulija valley the rubber tree will mature quicker and yield infinitely greater return than in any other section of Mexico.

A few leagues above the port of Frontera, on the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, one enters the Tulija river, and, following its winding course, finally reaches the little town of Salto de Agua, the name of which clearly suggests its situation, as a few miles above the town there are a series of rapids caused by the river breaking through a range of hills a few hundred feet high. Above these rapids there opens out a valley that finally broadens to a width of about four miles some twenty miles above the town. Here in this valley I found those ideal conditions so long sought for. Watered by the summer thunder showers during the months from May to October, the winds then shift from east to north, and from off the Gulf Stream there comes a mass of vapor that, striking the flanks of the great mountains beyond, brings succeeding showers from October on to May again. The well drained soil is formed from countless centuries of decayed tropical vegetation grown on the spot and also brought there by the washings from a like growth on the slopes of the mountains surrounding.

On these same mountain slopes, and within easy reach, is found a laboring population of many thousands, a docile crew, as near to sheep in their disposition as the human kind can be.

Space forbids me to attempt a too lengthy setting forth of my many reasons for taking up the culture of rubber. Suffice to say that from one acre of land planted to rubber trees (200 to the acre), I know that in six years I shall reap a harvest valued at many hundreds of dollars. When I tell you of trees that when six years of age yielded from three to five pounds each; that from a fifteen year old tree there has been taken twelve to fifteen pounds, you will perhaps begin to realize the wonderful possibilities of profit to be derived from rubber culture.

You may wonder why and how a cultivated plantation can compete with the wild product of Brazil. The cost of a pound of Brazilian rubber placed on the market is upwards of forty to fifty cents and more, while from my place I can produce and market it for less than ten cents.

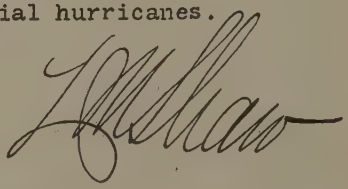
As indicating the wonderful fertility of the soil, I may here mention that we have in our section a kind of plum tree the seed of which does not germinate, all planting being done with cuttings. By taking a branch from the tree, after blossoms have opened, it is only necessary to plant the branch in the ground and the fruit from these same blossoms will develop and ripen. I know of a small field of sugar cane that has yielded sugar for over thirty years from one planting, and has never received any other cultivation than that of cutting the cane in its season.

My plantation may be isolated, it is true, but I know that in a few years I shall be able to live in any part of the world I please, and give no further attention to the plantation than that of receiving its revenues.

SALTO DE AGUA, CHIAPAS, MEX., Oct. 12, 1902.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING TO THE NATIONAL'S READERS FROM SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY LESLIE M. SHAW

Those who observed the launching of the National Magazine anticipated an early wreck, but the buoyancy of the craft and the skill of its pilot has secured for it a rate of insurance as favorable as any. Long may it successfully ride the literary waves and ever escape financial hurricanes.



THE coal strike may have its mixed blessings. The scarcity of the black diamonds necessitated the lighting again of wood fires in deserted grates. The fancy brass coal furnishings were put aside and wood—real old fashioned wood—has taken its place. It is delightful to retain a picture of the first glow of warmth on the faces gathered about the hearthstone, even if the general effect be like a first acquaintanceship — chill at the back. There was a sizzle and crackle : first and the flames appeared to vie with each other in giving forth good cheer. The old sea drift logs gave forth flames reflecting hues of the great deep—now blue, now green, with a glint of mellow sunshine and silvered moonlight. The old rocking chair was drawn up and such a delightful reverie I had, after the others had retired! In fact, the meditation was so delightful that pen and paper were cast aside—they did not seem to be appropriate. The logs purred their soothing song, with an occasional crackling staccato, as the tempo of the flame

music accelerated and retarded. It was all so quieting, so restful in the flickering shadows, that I longed to find words to extend Christmas greetings to the readers of the National Magazine in the spirit of peace and good will which I felt. The petty annoyances of the day were past; the world seemed good; God in his divine tenderness has been gracious and kind, even in the troubles we have had to bear.

Christmastide again! The back log, blackened and charred, has lost the luster of early evening, but the close knit embers pour out grateful warmth, that harmonizes with and suggests the relations that exist between editor and reader, as year after year the pledge of friendship is fixed in a renewed subscription. Each year the National Magazine feels that it has become more fixed in the affection of its readers, and the readers are certainly more fixed in our sincere appreciation. In the light of this fireside I read a mass of letters that have come with renewals. It would be dishonest for any of us to say that a kind word of good cheer is not appreciated, and with the National Magazine this accumulation of appreciation has been the inspiration and the vital asset in building up the business.

These letters come from every state and territory, from all parts of the world. One subscriber in Alaska sends a greeting that lies directly over one from the tropics. An elderly lady of the South sends a sentiment that mingles with that of one from the very borders of Plymouth Rock. From Arizona and New Mexico, the plains of Dakota, the forests of the Northland and the prairies of the great middle west—such a composite of splendid patriotism and lofty ideals is inspiring. The sod houses of the pioneer, the great farm houses, the new modern homes in the smaller cities, the palatial homes of the exclusive rich, all speak for one and the same thing: American home life.

This, then, is my Christmas theme—American home life. Dumb, indeed, must be the heart that could not respond to such a sentiment. And in my reverie I see great things to hope for in the ensuing year. It is a time worn custom for editors to wish their readers a formal "Merry Christmas," to scatter holly and mistletoe on the covers, and to make the title page glisten with Christmas stories (in type since July) and illustrations bulging with the portly good nature of Santa Claus. How would it do for the readers of the National to begin a new custom and reciprocate, by mailing a brief word of Christmas greeting to the editors of periodicals with whom you really feel acquainted and like. You see we are not speaking a word for the National alone, but the entire craft. There may be other editors you feel more like sending the greeting to; but cheer up some editorial den, anyhow. It takes only two minutes and a two-cent stamp. Uncle Sam does the rest.

So much for the editorial fraternity in general. Now a word between ourselves. Whatever your opinion may be of the National Magazine, we desire it made known to your friends in a personal way. That is the ultimate object of all advertising. Sometimes it requires millions of dollars; other times a good opinion, once established, goes rolling over the country like a tidal wave, with an accumulative momentum that is irresistible. The National Magazine has given you the best it had—always—and our effort is to give you better each month. The coming year is full of promise in articles, stories, poems and pictures—a mirror of Today and Tomorrow—but above all I feel the obliga-

tion of keeping in close personal touch with those phases of American affairs that relate, directly and indirectly, to home life. Each magazine ought to be largely epistolary—that is, a letter to you concerning the affairs of today, from our point of view. When you pick up the National from the periodicals that cometo your table, you will feel that the address to you does not end with the name on the wrapper. You see we desire our place close to the hearthstone; I want to tell you of the things I see, the horizon widening with each year's experience. Since last Christmas we have prospered—thanks to you. Every word you say for us, every advertisement you answer, every time the thought of the National Magazine passes through your mind, you are helping us; and very earnestly we hope that we may deserve all the rich fruitage of frendship which the readers of the National have bestowed upon us.

As I draw the old rocking chair closer to the hearth, I sit and try to picture just how Christmas will find you. The fireplace, no longer quite so sparkling and bright as when it was fulfilling its summer mission as an ornament, is charred and blackened; the smoke floats up the chimney in lazy clouds, and I wonder if you will find all the happiness, the goodness, the sweetness in life I have found. We all sometimes feel that we would like to divide our happiness all around, and I am sure we would, if we could put it in the shape of stocks and bonds, where values are nothing in comparison. True, we have our sorrows, our deep disappointments—they measure oftentimes in proportion and ratio to our happiness, and sweeten it all.

A fair warning and confession to all readers: I escaped a few weeks from the office this year, and you will have to let me tell you from month to month about what was seen and heard abroad. It may be an old, old story to the blasé traveler, but for others the impressions of a Yankee editor in Europe may contain something of new interest.

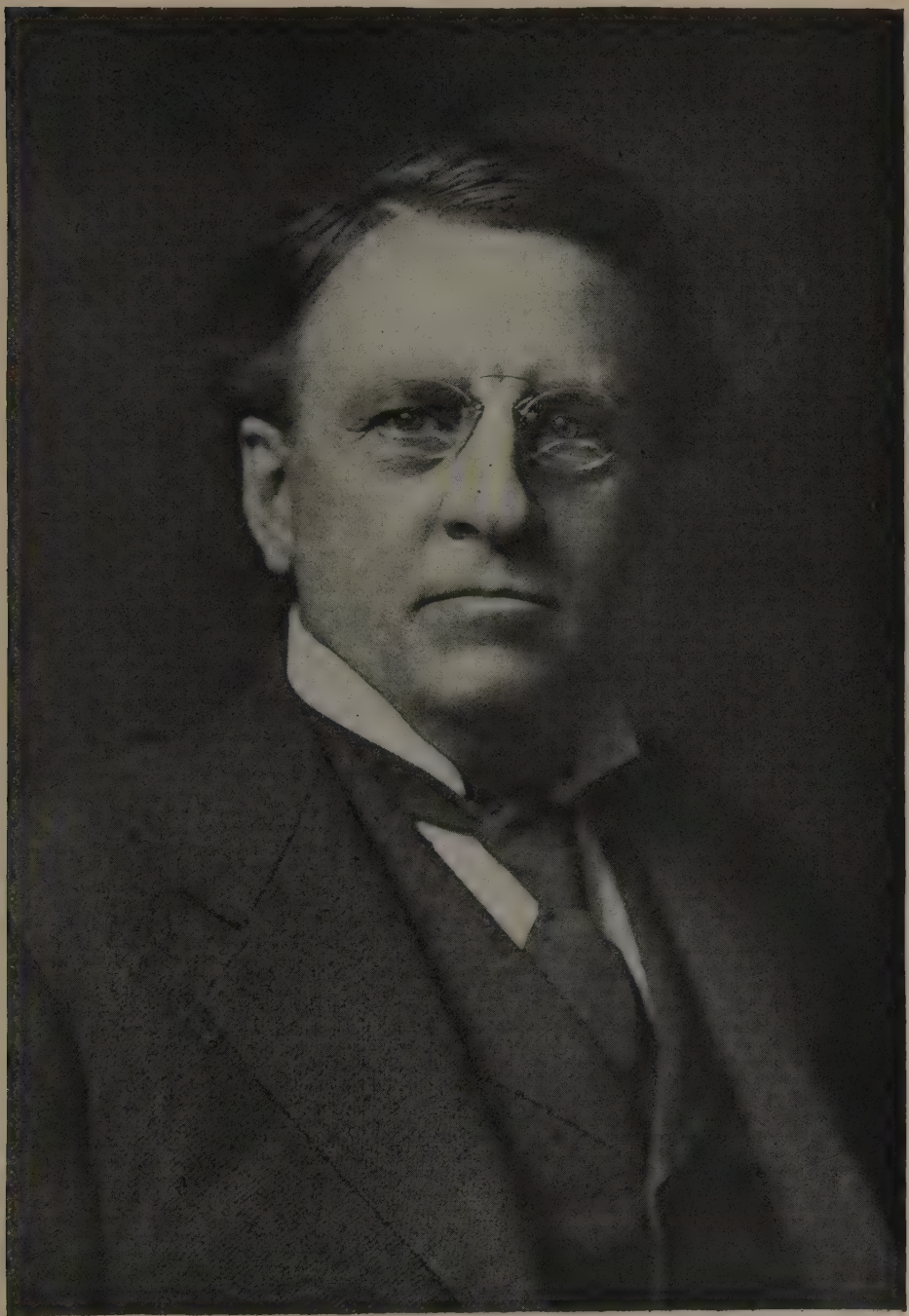
One word in conclusion. Let every reader be as honest with us as we try to be with you. If you don't like the National, tell us the reason why. If you do—ditto. Let us clear the atmosphere of all misunderstanding and try to do some thing collectively and individually that will make the year 1903 brighter and better.

To give is to gain. The harp with only one string remaining surmounting a world, so powerfully pictured by G. F. Watts, the veteran English painter, tells the story of Hope, — a beacon light to the discouraged and an inspiration to all. The harp of Hope has its place beside every hearthstone, and may this harp sound the full measure of Christmas joy and good cheer in every home, is the Yuletide greeting that comes from the National, freighted with sincere affection and appreciation.

On November 11, the newspapers printed a dispatch from the City of Mexico, stating that on January 1, next, President Diaz will retire from his office, and will be succeeded by Senor Jose Ives Limantour, now minister of finance. The same dispatch further stated that Limantour had arranged with the Rothschilds, the famous European bankers, to place Mexico's finances on a gold basis. This is interesting, as corroborating like statements made by S. Glen Andrus in an article published in the November number of the National. The succession of the soldier Diaz by the financier Limantour is significant of the trend of the times. The dollar rules the world. The sword stood for destruction: the dollar represents productive labor.

UNITED STATES SENATOR JOHN C. SPOONER OF WISCONSIN

Indiana, like West Virginia, is represented in the senate by native Ohioans, but just by the way of proving that the Hoosier state can produce senators, she gave Spooner to Wisconsin and Clapp to Minnesota. Senator Spooner was Major Spooner when the Civil war closed. At the close of his first term in the senate, he was the acknowledged leader of his party on the floor and one of its most valued counsellors. He will be re-elected this winter. Wisconsin is proud of his great ability and national fame



Jesus Christ

By EDWIN MARKHAM,
Author of "The Man With the Hoe," etc.

Jesus, savior of men — the one most evident hero and leader of the race. Fraternity, the human need, which he lived to reveal and died to vindicate — fraternity, the essence of all gospels and the fulfillment of all revelations.

Edwin Markham

West New Brighton,
N.Y.
December, 1902.

The Sailor's Christmas at Sea

By REAR ADMIRAL W. S. SCHLEY, U. S. N.

THE RICHMOND,
WASHINGTON, D. C.,
NOV. 25th, 1902.

You have asked me for a Christmas sentiment for the National Magazine, and in reply I would say there is no class of our citizens whose lives separate them more from the pleasures and joys of this blessed season in our homes than the noble and loyal American sailors. The day never passes with them, wherever they may be, without precious memories of these at home gathered around the Christmas festivities. I have seen many a silent tear steal down the bronzed cheek of noble sailors in exile on public duty when some one at home had remembered this day in his hard life. And I have heard many a "God bless" the dear ones at home as the sun rose upon those whose tables bore the best dishes that the cook's ingenuity could compound from the ration provided.

It is not easy to feel satisfied with little on that day when all the world rejoices in much, but the sailor by hard years of discipline has learned to fast when there is little and to feast only when there is plenty.

May the feast of Christmas this year be more enjoyed by him and by us as an era of peace and good will throughout the world. This is the best Christmas gift of all.

Very truly yours,

W. S. SCHLEY.

[The Rear Admiral's letter in facsimile.]

The Richmond
Washington D.C.
Nov. 25th. 1902

Dear Mr. Putnam

You have asked me for a Christmas sentiment for the National Magazine, and in reply I would say there is no class of our citizens whose lives separate them more from the pleasures and joys of this blessed season in our homes than the worthy and loyal American Sailor. The day never comes with them wherever they may be, without precious memories of their dear home gathered around the Christmas festivities; I have seen many a silent tear steal down the bronzed cheek of worthy Sailors in spite of public duty when some one at home had remembered this day in their hard life; and I have heard many a "God bless" the

dear ones at home as the sun of this happy day rose upon those whose cables bore the best wishes that the truest sincerity could compound from the richest provided!

It is not easy to find satisfied with little on this day when all the World rejoices so much, but the sailors by hard fare of civilized have learned to feast when there is little and to feast only when there is plenty!

May the feast of Christmas this year be more enjoyed by him and by us as we ever to peace and Good will throughout the world! This is the true Christmas Gift to all!

Very truly Yours

W. J. Worley

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XVII. JANUARY, 1903. No. 4

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is seriously considering the advisability of putting away his rifles, hunting knives and buckskin clothing until he leaves the White House. If he abandons the chase for the time being, it will not be because he loves the sport less than of yore, but because he does not wish to figure in the future as the central character in a wild west performance.

"From the pictures in the papers," said the President shortly after his return from the Mississippi bear hunt, "one who did not know the facts would suppose that I always go hunting accompanied by a brigade of writers and a battery of photographers. The truth of the matter is that I'd go absolutely alone if I could.

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"On the Mississippi trip I was in the hands of my friends and had nothing to do with the arrangements at the camp. Had I been conducting the hunt myself, I might, perhaps, have managed some things a little differently. In the first place, as soon as I reached the camp, I discovered that my hosts did not look upon me as an able-bodied man perfectly willing to rough it with them at any stage of the game. They had an idea that I ought to be kept packed in cotton wool, and there was a constant fear in their minds that if they spoke in a loud tone of voice or made an unguarded movement I would fall off my pedestal and be broken in three or four pieces. They were exceedingly solicitous about my health and insisted upon having a floor built for the tent in which I slept. I was a good deal more anxious to have a bear than that floor.

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"It took about half the time down there to convince my friends that I was just a plain, ordinary hunter very anxious for results and not at all afraid of the night air. But I had a splendid time, even if I did not get a bear, and am very glad indeed that I made the trip. The next time I go hunting there or anywhere else, I shall take more time. Luck often counts against a hunter very much in a short space of time, but it is bound to equalize itself eventually. It is the same with almost everything else; the element of luck will strike an average in the long run."

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Robert H. Hazard, of Washington, reporting the President's trip for the National, says life at the hunting camp on the Little Sunflower was made as simple as possible when the President's entertainers became convinced of

his desire in that direction. Big Ben Johnson and Swint Pope attended to the cooking and waited on the table. Wallace Freeman, a third colored man, watched the horses and incidentally stood guard out on the trail to repel the invasions of uninvited photographers and newspaper men who were bent on "catching" the President in rustic garb. Several parties of these gentlemen started for the camp from Smedes, Valley Park and Vicksburg, but none reached the goal. One expedition that planned to storm the citadel by water came to an ignominious conclusion with its boat on a sand bar. The only party that even came within sight of the camp experienced a change of heart and turned back when they "met up" with Wallace Freeman and his Winchester.

MADAME WU, THE WIFE OF THE FORMER MINISTER FROM CHINA, WITH LITTLE GEORGE WASHINGTON, THE SON OF SHEN TUNG, AN OFFICER OF THE CHINESE EMBASSY AT WASHINGTON

Photograph by the Illustrated Press Association.

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Swint Pope, mentioned above, is the magistrate or justice of the Smedes district, and, during his employment as cook by Mr. Stuyvesant Fish, president of the Illinois Central, made out several "informations" against Mr. Fish's railroad. Pope has given general satisfaction in his official position to both whites and blacks. It is said in the neighborhood that no white man could be found to do the work as satisfactorily for the same pay.

The hunters started out from camp each morning shortly after day-break and stuck to the trails until two or three o'clock in the afternoon, when they returned for lunch. The President was usually the last to come in. The party would probably have bagged more than the three bears they did get had they not all been so exceedingly anxious for the President's success. Two or three of the hunters had opportunities to shoot at specimens of the game but refrained in the hope that President Roosevelt would get a shot.

If the other members of the party had any lingering doubts of the President's ability to take care of himself, they must have been thoroughly convinced of their error on the day camp was abandoned. As upon the twelve-mile journey to camp, the return to Smedes, where the President's train was side-tracked, was made on horseback. President Roosevelt headed the cavalcade. Seven or eight miles of the way led through thickets where the trail plunged into ravines, through bayous, and under masses of overhanging pines that seemed bent on dragging the horsemen from their saddles. Beginning at a trot, the President soon increased his horse's speed to a hard gallop, then to a "dead run." The others strung out behind him like the tail of a comet.

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Out of the first reach of woods rushed the lengthening troop, and pounded along the road to Kelso, by cotton fields, by gin houses, by negro shanties. Kelso was reached and passed, and into the woods again dashed the flying squadron, brushing aside or dodging branches that threatened to sweep them from their mounts, making gallant efforts to maintain their seats as the horses slipped, stumbled or leaped trees—and all straining every nerve to keep up with the big white figure ahead, whose flapping coat and waving arms made him resemble some huge bird scudding through the trees.

Smedes was reached forty minutes after the start from camp. The trip usually takes more than two hours. The horses looked as though they had been dipped in the river, and most of the party were gasping for breath. The President, however, was apparently as

W. K. VANDERBILT JR. IN HIS RACING AUTOMOBILE Photograph by the Hearst Syndicate

As in ballooning and other branches of advanced engineering science, the French are ahead of the rest of the world in the manufacture of automobiles—of racing automobiles, at any rate. Mr. Vanderbilt races in a French machine and has driven it many miles at a pace close to 60 miles an hour.

fresh as when he started on that break-neck ride. "I've had a splendid time," he exclaimed, "I wish I could take a ride that like every day."

President Roosevelt is now hard at work in his new office. It is a plain, unpretentious, one-story brick building, painted severely white and located at the end of the old White House conservatory, around which so much romance clusters.

A first impression on entering the building is that it is the business office of a prosperous American corporation. While it has the aspect of a business office, it nevertheless does not seem at all in proportion to the requirements of the executive offices of our great government. It suggests one of those temporary offices erected for the World's Fair and other such expositions—"for present use only." The entrance is from the South side, and the large vestibule has an oval ceiling well lighted. Around the large circular table and on the lounges on either side of the room are a large number of visitors every day from nine a. m. until one p. m., the time recognized as the "office hours" of the President, and the scenes suggested the waiting room of a prominent lawyer or physician.

At the right is a room in which is a heavy table very much the shape of an egg. Upon this table the press representatives write the messages that are flashed to all parts of the world. To the left is a small anteroom, where reigns Captain Loeffler, the veteran door-keeper of the Presi-

MRS. J. H. HAMPSON, OF THE CITY OF MEXICO

Mrs Hampson is said to be the most beautiful woman in the American colony at the Mexican capitol. She is a former Baltimore girl, is a graduate of Mt. Vernon Seminary and was barely out of school when she married Mr. Hampson, who is president of the Mexican, Cuernavaca & Pacific Railroad. Although a social favorite, Mrs. Hampson is more devoted to her two children, a boy of four and a tiny girl, than to society.

dent, who has served in that capacity since the time of President Grant. In the pigeon holes of his oak roll-top desk are the cards of the visitors and a schedule of the official appointments for the day.

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Leading directly out of this room is the President's private office occupying the northeast corner of the building, overlooking the Potomac and affording a very good view of the White House grounds. Adjoining this room, and through large double doors, is the cabinet room. The walls of both rooms are finished with olive tapestry with olive curtains to match hung from solid brass rods. The fire-place, built of Colonial brick and trimmed with red sandstone, looked cosy and inviting. The only picture in the room was a photograph of the ill-fated Maine in a circular steel frame. The old hickory logs in the fireplace were ready for lighting; but the most noticable feature of the furnishings of the executive fireplace was a very red brush to keep the fireplace in order. Even the bristles of this remarkable brush were of the hue which calls to mind the colors of the President's college, Harvard. The table in this room is of mahogany — solid, massive. At each side of the President's chair are four large drawers, perhaps eighteen inches by three feet, filled with blank stationery. It was at this desk and on this stationery that the notes for this article were written.

MISS ELIZABETH TYREE

She will make her debut as a star in "Gretna Green" at the Madison Square theater, New York City, under the direction of Henry B. Harris

Photograph by Sarony

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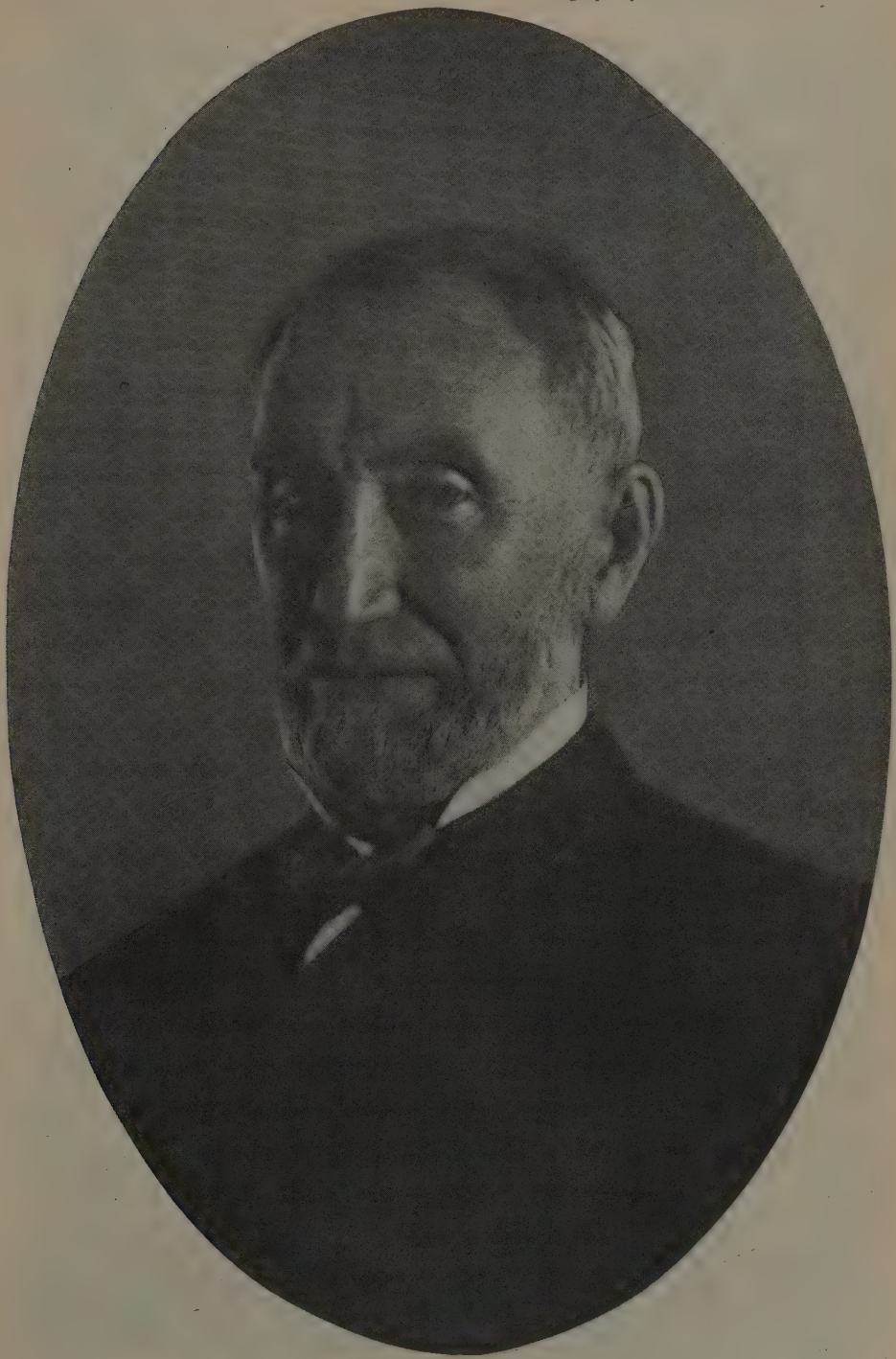
The chair in which the President sits when at work is very plain—cane seat and back, with an adjustable revolving apparatus, so that he can spin around and talk in all directions at the same time. On this day the President's desk was entirely clear, as he was at that time "hunting for bear" in the wilds of Mississippi. Calendars flank either side of the fireplace, in which Sundays and the holiday, November 27, were emblazoned

CONGRESSMAN JOSEPH G. CANNON OF ILLINOIS, WHO WILL SUCCEED DAVID B. HENDERSON OF IOWA AS SPEAKER OF THE NATIONAL HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Photograph by the Illustrated Press association



MINNIE ASHLEY, PRIMA DONNA WITH "THE COUNTRY GIRL"

Photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio

in the favorite lurid red. In the center of the desk is a square box for papers, used to round up the important documents of the day. The only book on the desk was a report from the War department, bound in morocco and marked "The President," a recent offering from the Secretary of War. There are two settees and several large chairs covered with olive leather. It may be well to note that these are of horse hide.

The floor of the room is of hard wood covered with a handsome Oriental rug (made in America;) and it is a curious fact that there is only one rocking chair in the entire executive offices, and that is located very near the President's desk.

In the ceiling of the cabinet room there is a beautiful cluster of twenty electric lights, surmounted by a reflector of brass, and this is pointed out as one of the artistic points of the new White House offices.

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The cabinet table is large enough to admit the placing of ten chairs about it. The President sits at the head next to the folding doors. The fireplace in this room is the same as that in the President's rooms, of red sandstone and Colonial brick. A few other modest seeming cane-seated chairs were in this room,—strangely out of keeping with the massive leather furniture.

Adjoining the President's room is the office of Secretary Cortelyou, furnished in the same business-like way as that of the President, and next to his is a small, but "well chaired" anteroom, which is the first stage in the progress of those who desire to see the President, except for the senators, members of congress and members of the cabinet, who go directly into the room from Captain Loeffler's office.

On the South side of the vestibule is the telegraph and telephone office, where Colonel Montgomery presides, as busy in peace as in war. The busy click of the instruments at all hours of the day indicates that Uncle Sam is doing business every minute as time goes on.

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The remaining room of the business offices of the United States of America is occupied by the White House executive clerk. His force consists of about fifteen stenographers, all provided with

THE PRESIDENT READING HIS ANNUAL MESSAGE TO THE CABINET.

Photograph copyrighted, 1902, by Clinedinst

Knox Payne Moody Hay Roosevelt Hitchcock Root Shaw Wilson

new desks, and who are kept very busy answering the letters which pour into the White House offices at every mail by the wagon load. It was interesting to watch the clerks opening the mail for the President. The handwriting of the various addresses was a study. I noticed the scribbling, scrawling hand of the school boy; next I could fancy that of some pert boarding school miss; then the typewritten business letters, on some of which the President's title was abbreviated to "Pres.," showing the haste and brevity of the average American business man.

MISS MARION CORLETT HALLETT, WINNER OF THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE SCHOLARSHIP AT OREAD INSTITUTE, WORCESTER, MASS.

It is also interesting to look over the large accumulation of foreign mail that arrives by nearly every steamer. It may not be known that the President has a large number of foreign correspondents, and inasmuch as his franking privileges do not extend beyond the bounds of the country which he represents, I fear a great many of these letters remain unanswered, because if there is any one thing more than another characteristic of the present government, above all others, it is its business-like methods. As stated before, it has the suggestion of a prosperous corporation that anticipates very shortly increasing its business to such extent as to necessitate more commodious and permanent quarters.

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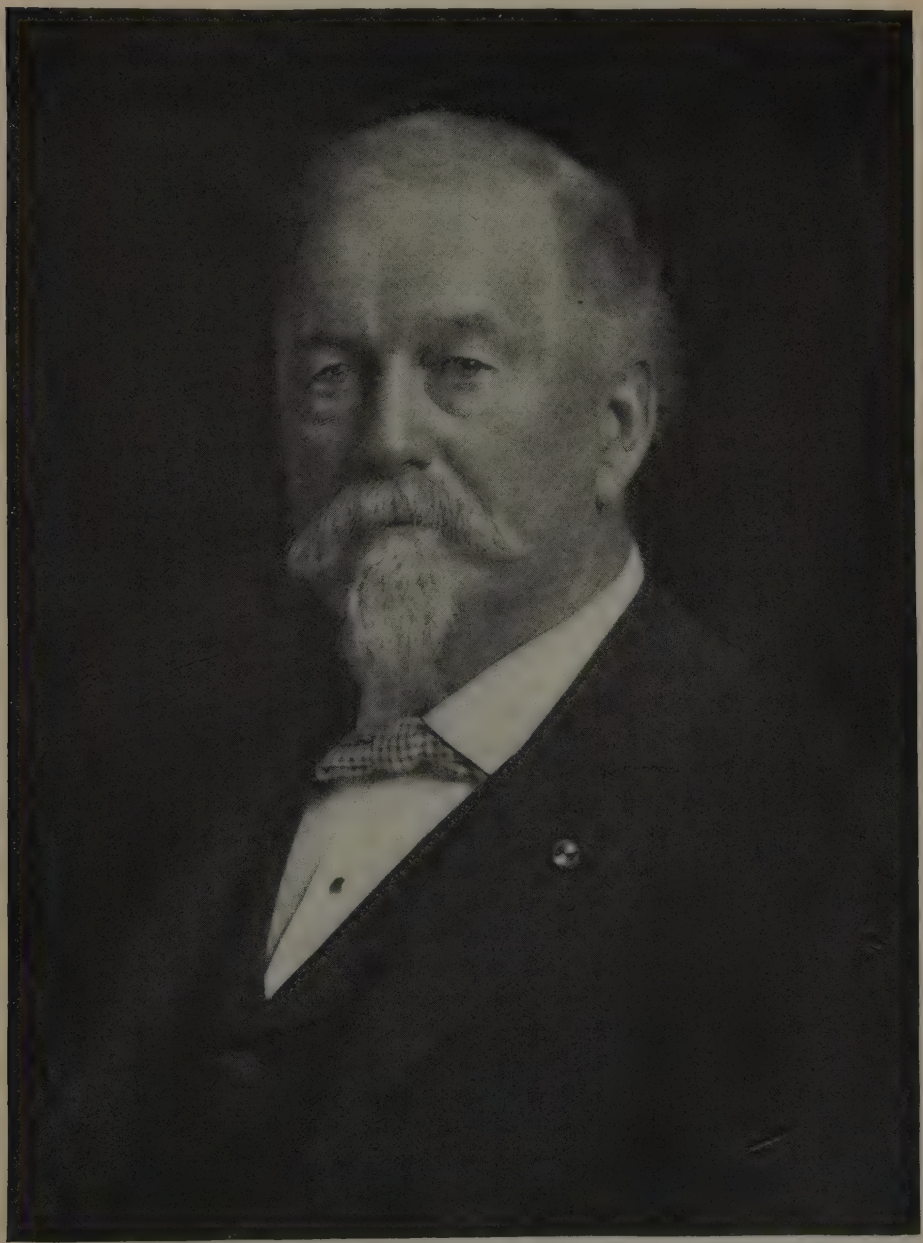
It was almost pathetic to walk from this building and notice the absence of the White House conservatory,

UNITED STATES SENATOR JOSEPH ROSWELL HAWLEY OF CONNECTICUT

Although his term does not expire until 1905, General Hawley probably will never again occupy his seat in the senate. He has already served there with distinction for a period of twenty-two years. His long illness is of such a nature that his physicians offer no hope of ultimate recovery, and his resignation from office is among the probabilities. As lawyer, editor, volunteer soldier, governor, president of the Republican national convention (1868), president of the Centennial Commission, congressman and senator, General Hawley has served his state and his country with distinguished zeal and intelligence. He was born in North Carolina and served in the Union army during the Civil war.



one of the loved landmarks of the history of the nation, for in that conservatory during presidential receptions in times past I have heard of many a romantic episode. Beneath the witching reflections of the electric lights, and in the shadows of the luxurious waving palms, I fancy there has been many a "woosome" word spoken by the young naval cadets in gold lace and braid, for if there is any place known in history as the "national wooing ground," it is the White House conservatory. Very few of the exotic novels of the day but have that reference to the sweet and dramatic moment in the conservatory, where the two have wandered away from the "madding crowd," for a word alone together, and it is those words alone together which have decided the fate of many a brave young naval officer; it was here, perhaps, that he said goodbye to her before he sailed away to the Orient. It was here, perhaps, that he said the last farewell before he fell in battle during those bloody days of the Civil War; it was here, perhaps, that some of those famous heroes of the War of 1812 spoke last words to their sweethearts at one of Dolly Madison's brilliant receptions.

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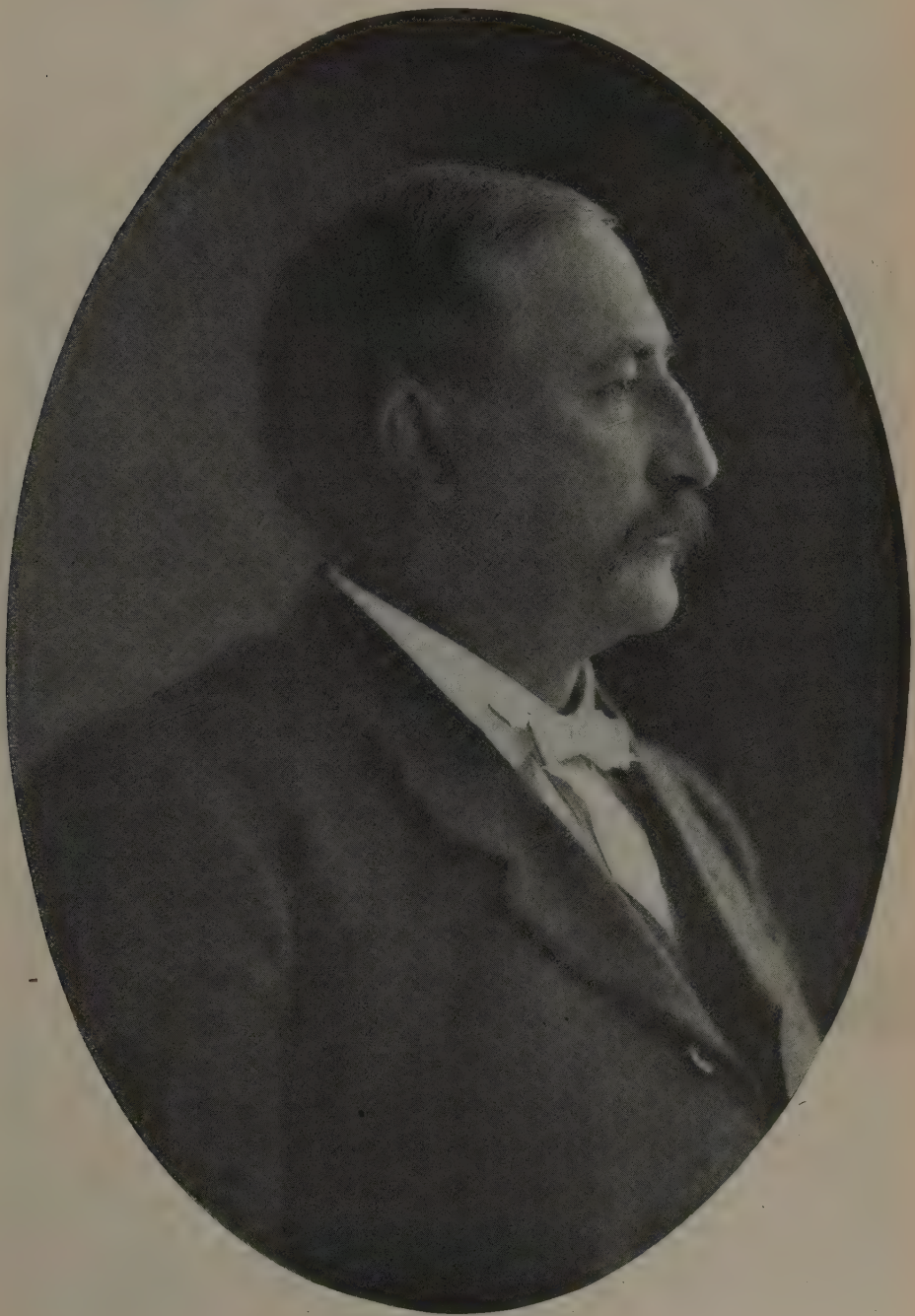
We take pleasure in presenting, in this

GRAND DUKE MICHAEL OF RUSSIA AND HIS CHILDREN

There is talk in England that this member of the Russian royal family who defied the Czar and the conventionalities by marrying the Countess Torby, and whose country seat is in Staffordshire, England, may yet figure as a claimant for the Russian throne. The Czarina's failure to bear a male heir may lead to complications.

UNITED STATES SENATOR HENRY HEITFELD OF IDAHO

One of three native Missourians in the senate. The others are Cockrell of Missouri and Turner of Washington. Mr. Heitfeld is a farmer and stock raiser, and has been a resident of Idaho since 1883. From his eleventh year until 1882 he was a resident of Kansas. His only prior political experience was as a state senator in Idaho. His first term will expire this year. When Senator Heitfeld goes to the World's Fair at St. Louis he will return to the city of his nativity, and where he got his early education.



A SENSATIONAL PLAY IN THE YALE-HARVARD FOOTBALL GAME OF 1902

From a snap-shot on the side-lines, by Clyde Hayden of Harvard

Yale had scored her second touchdown in the first half. Captain Chadwick made thirty yards through Harvard's center and was downed by Mills, Harvard's left end. Washington, as usual, sent a large contingent of "rooters" to New Haven, but Harvard lacked the inspiration of President Roosevelt's cheers.

number, the portrait of Miss Marion Corlett Hallett, of Stirling, Illinois, the winner of the National Magazine scholarship at Oread Institute, Worcester, Massachusetts. Miss Hallett, at our request, outlines briefly the course of study at Oread and, incidentally, expresses her satisfaction with it:

"Oread Institute is a school of domestic science. It is endowed by Henry D. Perky, a man of wealth and philanthropy, who feels it his pleasure to maintain this establishment. Consequently, he has devoted his time and money to continue the most successful school of its kind in America. Every year he bestows a scholarship on each state in the Union; and the young woman who is able to secure one of these possesses a great privilege in being able to spend a year at Oread. The National Magazine was so liberal as to offer a scholarship. I feel unboundedly grateful to the management of this periodical for the privilege I am enjoying this year.

"The curriculum includes the following subjects: cookery, chemistry of food, marketing, house economics, practical housework, laundry, sewing, sanitation, physical training, elocution, English composition, physiology, physics, chemistry, bacteriology, emergencies, history of foods, feeding of infants and children, pedagogy and psychology. It is very complete and the students are thoroughly taught to be home-makers."

In a very limited area of the state of Pennsylvania centers the anthracite coal supply of the United States. Owned by comparatively few individuals, the conditions are such, connected as they were with the coal strike, to make this situation more far-reaching in its influence on public questions than the mere settlement of a coal strike.

The original titles to these lands are held in a warrant issued and signed by William Penn and his brother. These wild lands, even after the discovery of coal and until anthracite was made merchantable, sold at twenty-eight cents per acre. James II. sold the lands for an old debt, to the Penns, and chuckled to himself that he had made a good bargain. William Penn certainly thought so when he had to face the Indian question and repurchase the lands.

Today the question of federal and state governments withdrawing from the market all coal lands discovered is widely advocated, following in the footsteps of European powers. This is a step toward socialism that is fraught with very grave responsibility.

If the state owns the lands, the incentive for discovery and developing coal mines will be lacking. The post and parcel system of England has been creating such a deficit that they have long since ceased to keep books with a business exactitude and have turned it over to the department as a lump proposition. Government ownership is fascinating as a theory, but first let us see how, relatively, the government stands as an industrial manipulator. The evidence thus far presented is not altogether one-sided.

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It was interesting during the summer vacation abroad to look into the homes from which so many thousands of Italian immigrants come to America. In the provinces of Aguila and Chichi, near Naples, the men are expert in all kinds of stone cutting work, and their work always shows their great power of endurance. In the southern provinces the people are chiefly descended from Greeks and Albanians—some from the Saracens. Thousands of emigrants are leaving Sicily to go direct to New Orleans to work upon the sugar plantations, where they displace unreliable negro labor. It is estimated that about thirty per cent return, bringing with them their savings of a few years, and are independent in Italy. The land in Italy is comparatively cheap, as taxes consume most of its earnings. Five acres is a large farm, but rainfall is uncertain and the most faithful efforts are not always certain of reward. The famous irrigation plants in use centuries ago are now abandoned and forgotten. The people seem to be good hearted and good natured, but they are very suspicious one of another. The Sicilians are very proud and fearless.

It was interesting to talk with the lads on the streets of Naples. They have picked up considerable English and are looking forward anxiously to the time when they can board one of the big steamers at the wharf and go to America.

"We study English veree, veree mucha in school—to go America," they said, and one of the instructors in the schools told me that it took only the mention of America to awaken interest in a class room.

It was also my good fortune to have an interesting talk with Mr .P. Alvino, who has much to do with the present immigration. He spent some years in America, and keeps in close touch with affairs here. The tendency of immigrants during the few years last past has been to remain in America and bring their families here, but there is no gainsaying the fact that the Italian always retains a deep love for his native land, however hard may be his conditions, and however much he may oppose his government's onerous taxes.

The death of Colonel Ochiltree removes a picturesque figure from Washington life. Although it has been some years since he served in congress and actually lived at the capitol, he was closely associated with national men and affairs. As a *bon vivant* and dinner guest there were few his equals. How he could tell a story! His reputation in this respect was international. During the past summer he was the guest of Mr. Thomas F. Walsh at Vichy at the time I was there, and if there was any American that had quite captured the Frenchmen's hearts it was the big-hearted Texan. Serving in the Confederate army, he became later the intimate friend of President Grant, who nursed him through a severe illness at the White House. He was the intimate friend and business associate of Mr. Mackay and many other prominent millionaires. It was pathetic to hear him, in his last days, talk of old friends then deceased as if they were still alive. One of his characteristic remarks I can never forget: "True friendship, young man, is immortal — and when your old, old friends have all gone, you feel as if you were ready to take the next train."

MISS ADELINA L. CALDERON, DAUGHTER OF THE MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES FROM PERU

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The history of the United States congress cannot be written without making the name of Thomas Brackett Reed preeminent. He was, above all things, a national legislator in the largest sense of the word, and typical of the spirit that gave birth to the "Continental Congress." It does not seem so long ago that we saw him arise from the speaker's chair, gavel in hand, and count a quorum as quick as his flashing black eyes could sweep the horizon of the legislative chamber. The power of the man was equaled by that of few individuals in the history of congress. The "Czar"

UNITED STATES SENATOR MOSES EDWIN CLAPP OF MINNESOTA

One of the two natives of Indiana sitting in the senate, the other being Senator Spooner of Wisconsin. A lawyer, successively elected county attorney (St. Croix county, Wisconsin); attorney-general of Minnesota (three terms); and senator (succeeding the late Senator Cushman K. Davis), in 1901; his term expires in 1905. He got his legal education in the University of Wisconsin, and it puzzles him sometimes to determine which team to cheer for when the Universities of Wisconsin and Minnesota meet in their famous football battles. Perhaps he settles it by "rooting" impartially for both teams—between which, to date, honors are pretty nearly even.

was fearless; he had the consciousness of being right; and "Reed's Rules" are almost as much a part of national law as the constitution itself.

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In one short week he passed from the apparent "blossom of health to the paleness of death." Only a few days before, he was cracking jokes and flinging *bon mots* with Mark Twain on Twain's birthday. He had come to Washington directly after this dinner to try an important case in the supreme court, and with the intricacies of this case occupying his master mind he was stricken. His plans were to work hard and have a play spell, for Reed loved to visit Washington as a spectator and comment in unfettered way on men and affairs. True, there was a bit of irony here and there, but he always had something to say direct to the point. Like Blaine, the famous speaker was disappointed in the ambition to reach the presidency. The game of statecraft is a mystery. Circumstances and conditions cast aside the best laid plans and qualifications. When Speaker Reed laid down the gavel, he retired with a dignity and manliness that enhanced the country's admiration of the real man. He died in the city where he won his great name in history—loved and honored.

MISS MORGAN HILL, A WASHINGTON DEBUTANTE OF 1902
Photograph by Clinedinst

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As the congressmen gather in Washington, they have many interesting incidents to relate of the fall campaign. Congressman Landis of Indiana made speeches at all hours of the day and night and came out with flying colors. In one instance he spoke after midnight in a glass factory blast furnace to the workmen. As the men stood about stripped to the waist, perspiring from the heat, the glare from the furnace was the only light that flashed upon the face of the speaker. Spite of time and place he was given the most enthusiastic applause.

The Shriveling of the Earth

By ROBERT B. ARMSTRONG,

Private Secretary to the Secretary of the Treasury

MEASURED by the yard stick, the world today is as great as in the days of the Pharaohs. A hundred years ago it still retained that formidable girth. Today, measured by the hour glass, the planet has shriveled into a mere miniature of its former self. Under the compressure of electricity, steam and steel bridges, a spectacle is presented of practical time and space annihilation.

Seas have been dried up, continents pushed together, and islands wedded that this might be. Nations once isolated are now in earshot of one another, and the markets of all peoples line a single street. American wheat fields are days, not months, away from British bake shops. French wines are hours, not weeks, removed from American dinner tables. New York is on the outskirts of London, and Paris not a block away. Deep sea cables and land wires hem the buyers and sellers of the world into a vortex of competition, whose diameter is a minute, and within whose circumference is gathered all the products and all the purses of mankind.

Into this vortex American energy has plunged, and the splash has been called "American Invasion." Compared with future possibilities in the game of international barter the recent activities of American men of affairs abroad are merely preliminary and almost experimental. That American ingenuity and vigor have contributed much to the dwarfing of the planet is an earnest that Americans will take a keen advantage of every opportunity to produce a still smaller periphery to the globe. Meantime the shortened circumference has brought complications which have a bearing of great importance on the commercial prospects of the United States.

A century has been a revolution in time annihilation. And America, young as it is, has caused many sparks to fly in this greater activity. In 1800 the world was sluggish. Thoughts traveled in saddlebags, and men crawled at a snail's pace over land and sea. In America there was no such thing as expedition. Kentuckians knew nothing of the election of James Madison to the presidency of the United States until three months after the last ballot had been counted. There would have been no Chesapeake & Ohio canal, but for the argument that by means of it the decrees of congress were to be speedily transmitted to the cities beyond the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies.

The pony express was the acme of rapidity in the days of George Washington, who required more time to ferry a message from New York to Brooklyn than an American does today to flash a message around the globe. Imagine the amazement of Benjamin Franklin if he could have stood the other day, as many modern scientists did, and seen one of the most remarkable exploits of time annihilation on record. It was a test of thought transmission half way around the globe. A thirty-word dispatch sung over the wires to San Francisco, then to Vancouver, from there to Nova Scotia, whispered under the waters of the Atlantic to London, and back to New York. Every wire had been cleared for the test,

and before the operator had reached the last word of this test message another operator in the same room was taking the first word of the same dispatch, hot from the cable, direct from London.

The whole world has caught the electrical contagion of America, and the globe is enmeshed in thought-freighted wires. The brine-swept cables tied together, end to end, girdle the globe eight times. The wires that swing and sway in the wind over every land, all told, would make eight steel pathways to the moon.

The telephone has withered the space that separated cities and towns, counties and states. Trillions of steps have been saved by this voice conductor, for two billions of telephone messages are exchanged every year. Over plains, above the buffalo wallows of fifty years ago, farmers telephone along barbed wire circuits. In Kansas City, every day in the year, a business firm talks for five minutes with its branch in Boston. Chicago stock traders do business on the New York stock exchange and complete an entire transaction in thirty seconds. London brokers, eager to deal quickly on the Paris Bourse, finding the channel cables congested with business, cable to Paris via New York, and win many a pound sterling by this long distance but absolutely prompt transaction.

Sanguine as he was about the success of his steamship, Robert Fulton would undoubtedly have been a bit amazed at the spectacle, the other day, in mid-Atlantic, of two great ocean greyhounds of rival lines, tremendous speed and palatial appointments, carrying on a chess game by means of wireless telegraphy. What the future of this wireless telegraphy is to be, one can not safely promise. Conservative men refuse to subscribe to all the bewildering predictions made for this latest of time and space annihilators. Yet commerce today is taking out patents on the dreams of yesterday. The commonplaces of this decade were a half century ago cynically declared to be extravagant and impossible vagaries. Skepticism is no longer safe. News that a cable is being laid miles below the surface of the Pacific on an ocean bed ten thousand miles in width is accepted as a matter of course, without a syllable of unbelief. To speed human thought along the ocean depths is no longer a theme for poets, but a matter of cable tolls.

Measured in thought transmission this old planet is no bigger than a dot. Steam and electrical, pneumatic and hydraulic inventions, have so annihilated space that there is but a small earth to clamber over. According to Dr. Emory R. Johnson, Professor of Transportation in the University of Pennsylvania, it takes steps only one-fifth as long to get around the world today as it did in 1800. In the sunrise of the century it took all but sixty-five days in the year to get once around the world. That was when men traveled in sail-boats, post chaise, on horseback, and on foot. Ocean steamers came in 1838, and they cut the ancient time table in two, for then it took only one hundred and sixty days to embrace the girdle of mother earth. In 1869 the Suez canal shrunk the world still smaller, and an enterprising man was able to get around the world in one hundred days. Since then Jules Verne has been outdone, for by the development of the speed of steam vessels and railroad trains, one can box the compass and get home in sixty days. And the end is not yet. American enterprise, brains and energy will take another tuck in the girdle of mother earth, and in a few years one may be able to run around the planet in six weeks without becoming breathless in so doing.

American commerce is vitally interested in the fact that a traveling man can flit about the world in from sixty to ninety days; that he can make a half

dozen trips a year, and sell goods all the way from Japan to Madagascar. Industrial America is no less interested in the fact that you can telegraph from San Francisco to Hong Kong, or from Nova Scotia to London, get an answer, and sell the bill of goods, start the goods on their delivery, and they will nearly reach their destination before word can be sent from San Francisco to Honolulu direct, by way of the Pacific, that the goods are for sale. With the completion of the new Pacific cable, Honolulu, in thought transmission, will be no farther away from San Francisco than Oakland is, across the Golden Gate. Manila, then, in the transaction of all business, will be as near to Wall street, the purse of America, as are the commercial ports of Europe and South America. Thus the planet is still shrinking beneath the onslaught of modern methods.

All these things mean new conditions for the American merchant of today, and the American merchant of the future. Every facility at his hand is at the hand of his competitor. The successful American will have to be quick on the trigger. He must stand with his ear to the telephone, his finger on the telegraph key. He must be extemporaneous in all business, and never meditative. The American merchant, if he will succeed, must speak quickly, and, above all, speak first. The time for deliberation and waiting for foreign markets to come to him, has gone. The shriveling of the earth has forced his competitors onto his street, and it behooves him to be original if he would win.

Two things he must have: First, absolutely accurate and timely information as to the industrial pulse beats and commercial temperature of the world. Secondly, he must have a system of distribution by which he may take advantage of this information, and deliver to their destination, with the least delay, the products most suitable for the needs of that particular community.

In the United States, today, it is practically impossibe to go far wrong on crop conditions. The United States government keeps track of every inch that a stalk of corn grows, and it knows with certainty the condition of the bread basket of the country. Under the supervision of the agricutural department the government each month issues the most careful and remarkably complete report that has yet been devised, of the condition of the growing crops in the United States. Absolutely impartial, unbiased by bullish or bearish sentiment of the compiler, the report is an invaluable sign board to the commercial and industrial interests of the United States.

While the government stands, tape measure in hand, recording the growth of crops within the borders of the United States, there is practically no information of a similar nature regarding that of the granaries of other countries of the world. Russian, Argentine and French wheat fields are almost as far away today, so far as information is concerned, as when the circuit of the globe required three hundred days. It is true that there are crop reports of foreign fields and vineyards, prepared by private houses, and cables come daily giving the condition of foreign corps from the view-point of some private individual. Manifestly, in the very nature of things, these cannot be impartial. What is true of the crops and the crop conditions is true of all other commodity-producing interests of the United States. There is a lack of direct, minute, accurate information as to the commercial and industrial health or sickness of the world at large.

The United States has ready at its hand all the machinery for the collection and immediate distribution of this information. In the event of great famine, war, pestilence, or other crises, our consular representatives are empowered to cable the government in-

formation that might be of value to American commerce. Such a service by cable might well be extended to include daily or at least weekly statements of the growing crops in all parts of the world, as well as every possible suggestion for the investment of American capital; in the employment of American energy and brains. Our chief consular agent in each country could easily organize, if so empowered, through the consular representatives of other towns, a complete and actual crop service, a summarization of which could be cabled at stated intervals.

This could be so arranged that it would cooperate with and form a part of the crop service of the United States as now issued. The United States government is tardy in this movement. Some of its own citizens have already undertaken, on their own motion, what the government should do for all. A commercial institution in San Francisco has arranged to secure cable dispatches concerning the citrus crops in Sicily and other Mediterranean countries. This knowledge is of much value to the fruit growers of California, and enables them to dispose of their products on the most advantageous basis. Norway has far outdistanced the United States in this important aid to commerce and industry. That northland of progress has established a national trade intelligence bureau to procure information from various countries for the purpose of promoting the welfare of Norwegian commerce, navigation, industries, agriculture, fisheries and handicraft.

While it is true the State department, through its consular representatives, collects information by mail which is valuable to the commerce and industries of the United States, it is equally true that much of this information is of no practical use to the industries interested because of the delay between the time the information is first secured and its final delivery. By the proper organization and utilization of the present consular force, the United States government can secure for the aid of its farmers, its artisans, its manufacturers and its miners absolutely accurate and timely information of the utmost value. If the United States is to be a world power, its greatest achievements will be commercial ones. No modern army attempts to win a battle when it knows nothing of the country in which it is trying to operate, and nothing of the resources or equipment of the opposing forces. The United States government should not expect its merchants or manufacturers to go into a commercial battle less carefully equipped. That the federal government is beginning to realize this duty to its citizens is indicated by the action of the Agricultural department, which, under the authority of the last session of congress, has taken steps to widen its scope of operation. It is negotiating with representatives abroad to obtain information concerning crop conditions in Europe and South America, India, and elsewhere. However, this service as now planned is to be only occasional. Such a service should be extended to specific reports at frequent intervals not only of crops, but of all great commodities.

Little is known of the conditions of wheat growing in Russia. Still less is known of the manner in which this wheat is put upon the market. Argentine wheat fields are fenced about by mystery likewise. So are many of the commodities of the great continent of South America. The harvesting period of every year demonstrates more and more the necessity of a complete service such as outlined here. To insure impartiality, thoroughness and expedition, the government, and the government alone, should undertake this work. Such knowledge disseminated broadcast would open up the world to American exploitation and put to an end the

present somewhat haphazard enterprise through which many American products are sent where they are not wanted, and through ignorance withheld from places where a demand does exist.

The whole consular service of the United States should be permitted to utilize the cable and telegraph. Information should be given to American commercial interests while it is still hot; while the need still exists which American industry, American brains, and American energy can fill.

Opportunities for American commercial supremacy with a dwindled and shriveled earth furthermore consists in the control, directly or indirectly, so far as possible, of a system of distribution, world-wide, developed by American methods to the highest of American standards.

"Let me organize a line," said one of the greatest of steamboat managers to me recently, "and I can shrink the time tables of the Old World fifty or a hundred per cent. The trouble now is that you cannot be certain of connections unless, for purposes of establishing records, you cable ahead for steamships to wait for you and order trains to be on time. This, while it has been done, requires great expenditure, is impracticable for the ordinary traveler, and out of the question for the shipment of freight. Let the American government place swift steamships at my disposal to meet me at seaboard termini and then, with the ordinary trains of Europe and Asia today, which are not particularly speedy, I will undertake to circle the globe by the very longest route in less than fifty days.

Opportunities for the investment of American capital at home are beginning to be circumscribed as the country becomes developed. America has done wonders in its short life in shriveling up the earth which lies between the Atlantic and the Pacific. American brains have squeezed California and New York close together. Looking for opportunities to secure remuneration from invested capital, Americans find, or should find, an attractive field in the heterogenous transportation system of the eastern hemisphere. A good many spots still exist on the old half of the world that refuse to crowd together; hard lumps that have resisted all attempts at time-annihilation.

Distribution has not been reduced to a science on the eastern lobe of the earth. Railway systems are independent, each making time tables for its own purposes, without regard to any other system. Steamship lines are not affiliated with great land transportation plants. Multitudinous reshipments prevail as a rule, and the economy of the long haul is often ignored either wilfully or through ignorance of its possibilities. The small "goods" car and the unsystematic handling of freight and commodities of all kinds on the railroads of Europe are too patent to require much argument.

Recently, in Belgium, I asked a prominent engineer who had traveled a great deal in Europe and was familiar with the conditions in America, by actual investigation, why his country still retained freight cars of insignificant size. He replied:

"Well, they are as big as the country. They haul away all we produce. They bring us all that we can consume. Why should they be changed?"

I endeavored to show the opportunities throughout Europe for transportation on an American basis. I suggested a car ferry across the Channel to England similar to the one operated all the year around across the Great Lakes between Milwaukee and the points across the inland sea on the shores of Michigan, and that the consumptive power of Great Britain would easily justify the employment of large cars, more modern locomotives, and the longer haul from the wheat fields of Russia, Hungary and

Austria. My Belgian friend assured me that all this was impracticable; that those things might do for America, but never for Europe. He admitted that there was no close alliance between railroad and steamship companies, and as a matter of fact the transportation of the old world was in large measure heterogenous instead of homogenous, as it should be.

This Belgian man of affairs, however, declared that there was an insurmountable obstacle to the unification of transportation systems because of government control. He urged that even American ingenuity and American dollars could not overcome the sharply marked and jealously guarded frontiers of Europe. I urged that the Americanization of European transportation need not be direct; that the adoption of American methods, improvements, and expedition by government-operated roads would prove as beneficial in the modernizing of European transportation systems as the purchase of the roads by American capitalists. What is true in these portions of Europe is also true in the Orient. The railways of Turkey, Persia, and India could each receive an injection of modern ideas with great benefit.

Germany is applying American ideas to her railroads, and the trains of Great Britain are being operated upon American schedules. France is improving her land transportation in a similar way, but these are sporadic rather than united efforts. Africa affords a mighty field for American enterprise. Her dollars and her brains may play a great part in the pushing of Cape of Good Hope toward Egypt until Capetown is a suburb of Cairo. The Cape-to-Cairo railroad project, the creation of the master brain of Cecil Rhodes, is to be realized within a few years, and a mysterious continent is to be opened up for civilization and exploitation.

The United States is overlooking this great African opportunity. Cape Colony alone imports $84,000,000 of goods annually. Of this the United States sends only $9,000,000. Egypt imports $70,000,000 each year, but buys from the counter of the American merchant only $1,000,000 of this amount.

South America is as big, potentially, as Africa, measured both by the yard stick and the hour glass. Comparatively little is known of the resources and equipment of that land beyond the equator. Admitting American merchants know the requirements of South American consumers, they have not the distributive facilities to supply the wants.

Africa and South America are great interrogation points. They have great possibilities in the future commercial world. If the United States is to have a portion of the glory and profit of developing these continents it must have ships to get the goods to them, and have the right kind of goods to put in the ships.

Hawaii, the Philippines and the Far East, with the American flag in the ascendancy, invite the application of American time-annihilating methods and the investment of American dollars. Thus, around the entire earth, are opportunities for American commercial greatness. Awaiting development are two continents and an archipelago, to say nothing of a hemisphere that for centuries has been marking time. Let the United States government supply world wide information as to agricultural, commercial and industrial opportunities, and American citizens will compress the earth still smaller by a system of distribution so perfect that it will carry American products to the marts of every land.

Love Affairs of James Carrington, Jr.

IN THREE CHAPTERS

By CARRIE HUNT LATTA

CHAPTER II.

JAMES CARRINGTON, JR., stood before a mirror in his room. He was combing his hair: he parted it exactly in the middle with great nicety and patted and smoothed it until it looked like it had received a coat of varnish.

He carefully adjusted his tie, a blood red tie it was, flicked an imaginary speck of dust from the lapel of his coat, glanced with a look of satisfaction at his carefully manicured finger nails and sighed from pure joy as he caught sight of his highly polished shoes.

"Ah-h," he breathed, "life is worth living—when you ain't broke."

He took a locket which hung from his watch chain, opened it and gazed lovingly at a picture therein.

He held it close to his eyes, then at arm's length. And as he stood thus, gazing rapturously, an anxious voice asked:

"Oh James, dear, do you hurt anywhere?"

His face flushed scarlet. He closed the locket with a snap, refastened it to his chain and turned to his mother.

"Why no, I'm all right, mother."

"I, I didn't know, dear. There was such a look of—of agony on your face. At least I thought so."

"Huh! Agony nothin'. Can't a fellow look happy without his family sending for a doctor?"

She placed her finger on his lips.

"Never mind, dear. I'm always a bit uneasy about you, you've grown so tall and slender. What is that? Another watch charm? I would not spend too much money on that sort of thing, dear. Of course, since the girls are married your father's expenses are not so great; still, it will cost ever so much to send you to college."

"Aw, I don't know whether father will have to support me much longer or not. Anyhow, I don't know whether I could stand to leave—er, to leave home or not."

"Dear boy. It would be hard to have you away," she answered, kissing his cheek.

"Seems like such a waste of time. I could have a fine time making my own money by the time I was through college. —"Gee whiz! Four years wasted."

"Wasted? Oh, Jamie! You know we've our hearts set on your going to college."

Jim regarded the locket thoughtfully, then, upon being reminded that he would certainly be late for school, hurried away.

His mother looked after him with a perplexed look on her face. What had brought that peculiar look to her son's face? And waste of time? Well, she would not worry her husband with that. There was plenty of time.

She went down stairs and entered the library where her husband sat looking over some papers. He smiled and nodded to her, then went on with the papers.

"Is there any letter or note, or complaint about Jamie this morning?" she asked, looking at several letters on the table.

He laughed aloud.

"Nothing at all, my dear. He must be doing better or some one would be writing. His teachers are keeping wonderfully quiet for some reason or other. A silence like this is usually followed by a perfect avalanche of complaints. I wonder what his next escapade will be?"

"But Jamie is doing so much better, you know, James. The thing which worries me most is the fact that the boy washes himself so clean. Why, he almost shines, and you know he's always seemed to loathe even the smell of soap. Oh dear! I never knew but one boy of his age to be so very clean—and—he—died."

Mr. Carrington laughed heartily and leaning over smoothed the lines of care from her forehead.

"And," she went on, "his pockets are all bulged out with papers of some kind. He must be taking great interest in his studies to be writing so much. I know he's going to surprise us by doing good work and let us see all of it at once. That's it, because the other day when I took his coat to mend it he came running in and took the papers all out. And he asked me if I had read any of them. Of course I hadn't. Don't you think that is what it is, James?"

"Maybe so. We'll hope so. Possibly the papers are notes, love letters, you know. Maybe he's in love."

Mrs. Carrington gasped.

"Love letters? In love?" She looked thoughtful.

"Heaven forbid," she ejaculated fervently.

"Amen," Mr. Carrington said earnestly. But his eyes twinkled.

The next day Mrs. Carrington sat in the sitting room at the home of her eldest daughter. On her knees she held what looked to be a roll of white flannel, to which she talked in a strange language, commonly known as baby talk.

"Isn't she a most beautiful baby, mother? I am so glad and thankful she isn't a boy. Boys are so awful. What a horrible time you've had with Jamie. I was talking with Charles this morning about him and I asked him how long it takes the average boy to get past the age when he thinks he is by all means the most important thing in the world. Charles said he didn't know, that he never was like that, and of course he wasn't. But most boys are."

Mrs. Carrington smiled.

"If this dear little baby had been a boy, my dear, you would have been just as proud of him as you are of her.

"Well, maybe I would, mother, but I cannot think it. Did you know that Jamie is angry at me, mother? He has not been here for two weeks. When he was here I told him that he uses so much perfumery, and it is such dreadful stuff, smells like medicine, that it makes my head ache. He said all right, he'd stay away. But before he went away he sneered at my precious baby—said she looked like a puppy, mother, a puppy. I told him he might stay away—but of course I didn't mean it. Tell him to come over, will you? Though it was a dreadful thing to have said about a dear, helpless little thing like my precious Elizabeth."

"He didn't mean it, dear. I'm sure he didn't. He is doing so much better, you just don't know. He keeps himself so nice and is using better language.

His teachers do not send any more letters of complaint. The last one was from the principal, threatening to expel him for all time. He is doing so well your father and I feel much encouraged."

"But he is so rude, so ill bred. He hasn't a bit of polish. I told Charles that the boy needs to go into society."

"Society! Jamie? Oh, daughter!"

"Just a wee bit, to begin with. Let's start him by giving a party for him, mother, do."

Mrs. Carrington looked anxious.

"Do you think a party would help him? What good would one party do him?"

"Why, he could have another later on. And the young people we invite for him will invite him to their little companies. Oh it's just the thing to do. Make it a birthday party, he'll be seventeen in two weeks. Invite some of the very nicest children, let them dance and give them a dainty little supper. Sis and I will help you."

"I will speak to your father about it," Mrs. Carrington answered, without enthusiasm. Then added, hopefully:

"Perhaps Jamie might refuse to have it."

"The idea! All children dote on parties."

A few days later the subject was broached to James Carrington, Jr. At first he scoffed at the idea, saying that only girls and 'sissy' boys give parties. Then he grew thoughtful. He opened the locket he wore and immediately there rose before him a vision. A vision of a girl with black curls tied with a scarlet ribbon. With laughing, dark blue eyes shaded with heavy, curling lashes. With rosy cheeks and smiling lips. Dancing with him, at his home, at a party given by him. Her party dress would be of white— no —pink. Or, possibly, red. Oh joy!

"Let 'er go, mother," he bawled, doing a double shuffle on the newly polished floor.

"Let who go, dear?" his mother asked anxiously.

"The party, of course. I'll write down a list of the folks I want to invite."

"But I want to help you do the inviting, dear. I have written a few names down; there's Virginia Steele, of course, and I expect we'd better ask her little sister Flossie, too. She dances beautifully and is such a dear little thing."

"Kids! Babies! If it's to be a baby show I won't be here, mother."

"But the Steeles are such charming people, and I'm sure Virginia has always been a very good friend of yours. Why, you've played with her all her life."

"I'm too old to play with any one any more, mother. Let's invite the fellows, the boys and girls at school. I'll tell you, make it a class party. There's thirty-one in my class, just enough to have a time."

"Thirty-one! Your class. Oh Jamie. You see, dear, we couldn't accommodate so many. No, no. Let's have a nice party of your oldest friends. But I'm afraid Virginia will be offended if you do not invite her. You've always been such good friends."

"I can't help it, mother. She's too young. If she gets mad I can make up with her easy enough."

"Don't be too sure, my dear."

Jim retired to his own room and finally appeared with a long list of names over which they argued. After three days they came to terms, except in one matter. And that was as to sending an invitation to a person of whom Mrs. Carrington had never heard. But Jim was firm. Either she—it was a young lady—would be invited, for his company, as he expressed it, or he would not be at the party.

And, having succeeded in making his sisters thoroughly angry, disgusting his father beyond measure, causing his

mother much anxiety, he carried the invitation, addressed by himself, and placed it in the hands of the fair Kitty O'Donnelly, who blushed, smiled and promised to be present.

The following days before the party were glad ones for James Carrington, Jr. He walked on air; he sang; he whistled. He was thinking with pride of the glad moment when he would introduce Miss O'Donnelly to the members of his family. It was high time, he thought, for them to meet.

He cautioned his mother particularly as to her appearance that night, urging her to wear her prettiest dress and assuring her that she was beautiful—when she curled her hair. If there was anything he adored it was curls, especially black curls. He even inquired as to whether his mother thought his small, squirming and newly acquired niece, in whom he had, until now, taken but little interest, (being too old to care for such small persons) would, eventually, have curls. Though the prospect was, at the present time, a gloomy one as the little one's head was, where it was not bald, covered with a tawny fuzz.

There was only one thing which marred Jim's anticipation of the party. And that was the manner in which Miss Virginia Steele acted upon being informed, (she had inquired into the matter), by Jim himself, that she would not be invited to the party because she was too young.

"Jim Carrington, I've had three parties, and I've invited you every time. And you came. But you'll be sorry for this. And if you ever have another party and invite me I'll never come, not if you beg me on your knees. So there!"

And she stamped her little foot, and then cried. And whoever had seen Virginia act so before? It hurt Jim's feelings—but the idea of her talking so to him. He wouldn't be sorry, either.

Then the birthday came—the evening—the party. The guests arrived; sometimes one by one, sometimes in bunches. Jim's eyes wandered anxiously toward the tall hall clock. Half past eight—nine.

He grew white and restless. He was nervously hilarious, and watched the clock. Where could Miss O'Donnelly be? And she had promised to come early.

Half past nine. Jim was dancing with his youngest sister. He was sullen and rude and finally flung himself aside with the remark that his sister couldn't dance any more than a rabbit. And, to get even with him, this same sister told the entire company why her brother was so despondent.

Then James Carrington, Jr., disappeared—retired to his own room, and no persuasions, threats nor bribes could dislodge him. He assured his mother, through the keyhole, that he was deeply wounded, but was not, could not be, angry with the beautiful object of his affections—of whom his youngest sister had, only a short time before spoken in a most disrespectful manner, calling her "cat."

But Jim's desertion of his young guests did not seem to spoil the party. They danced and giggled, did justice to the dainty supper (the only part of the party Jim was sorry he missed), danced some more and departed.

The next morning Jim rose early. He was treated like an outcast at the breakfast table, except by his mother, who smiled sadly at him. His youngest sister informed him as he left the dining room that he was a mean thing. But Jim made no answer. His mind was on something else.

He got to school early. He waited breathlessly. She did not appear. Maybe she was ill. Possibly she had been kidnapped. Then she came. Smiling, serene, a picture of health. Smartly dressed in the reddest of red blouses and

wearing the fluttering accordion pleated red skirt which Jim thought so pretty. With her curls, except one, which hung caressingly around on one shoulder, tied jauntily with a great bow of scarlet ribbon.

Jim gazed with rapture. She glanced at him, nodded, smiled—and deliberately flashed a look out of the corner of her beautiful eyes—at a new boy in the class.

Jim clenched his fist and resolved to be the new boy's most bitter enemy.

When an opportunity arrived he made his way to his sweetheart's side. Why, Oh why, had she disappointed him? Did she love him no longer?

Again she smiled—and flashed another look at the new boy. Why, the idea! She hadn't said she didn't care for him, had she? And she had not gone to the party for a very good reason. The toothache. And if he expected her to go to a party with her jaw all swelled up he was mistaken. And if he wanted to get mad at a girl just because she had the toothache he just might. And she turned her back on him and smiled, actually smiled, at the new boy, a perfect stranger, too.

Jim stood with bowed head. It was almost enough to cause a man to contemplate self destruction, he thought. It took him three days, cost him three large boxes of candy, a friendship ring and three red carnations, beside numerous avowals of undying affection, of declaring a willingness, nay, an anxiety, to risk his life for her, to get back on terms with Kitty O'Donnelly.

And even then he realized that he had a most dangerous rival in the new boy.

For a time things moved along smoothly with Jim. He was almost a model of self sacrifice and humility both at home and at school. He was busily planning to finish the high school course as soon as possible so that he might work, thereby earn a suitable home for the adorable Kitty, who received his homage, and gifts, the latter keeping his financial condition in a most deplorable state, with great serenity.

The new boy was beginning to give Miss Kitty presents, rather handsome ones; but as long as she allowed Jim to wear her locket, containing her likeness, and wore the friendship ring, from which hung a gold heart, and a bracelet on which two gold hands were tightly clasped, he felt that he must be first in her affections.

Then came the crisis. A happening which caused James Carrington, Jr. to have a strong box, with a heavy double lock, made. And into which he placed, very tenderly, several pieces of rather inexpensive jewelry, many letters, a package of trinkets carefully tied together, a bow of scarlet ribbon and a lock of shining black hair. Also, if one believed what he said, a broken heart—his own — completely smashed.

It came about by Jim, or, as Miss Kitty called him, "Jimsy," hinting, in a dim and shadowy way to be sure, but nevertheless hinting, to her of marriage. Of a beautiful wedding, of her resplendent in a gorgeous wedding gown of red.

And she had smiled, blushed, nodded and looked mysterious. Of course she wanted to go to dancing school for a little longer, in fact there was nothing like a dancing school. But after that—

And however the secret, when no one but themselves knew a thing of it, ever got out, no one could tell. But it did, and the consequences that followed!

One day just at noon as school was dismissed, and as the young people and teachers swarmed from the doors, stood on the steps and gathered in groups to talk things over for the day, a woman came up the walk and stood in their midst. A peculiar looking woman with a decidedly Irish face and large red hands which looked as though they had served their time long and well in hot

soapsuds. She wore her dress pinned up as though afraid of getting it soiled, and her sleeves were rolled to the elbows. On her head she wore a small checked shawl and in her hand she carried an open letter.

She paused and looked about defiantly, and in a loud and excited tone she demanded:

"An' which is Chimsy Carrington?"

There was a look in her eyes which boded no good for the person answering to that name, and Jim, white and trembling, hesitated. But one of his companions pushed him forward with the remark:

"Aw, show yerself, Jim."

The woman came straight to him and placed the open letter in his hand.

"Be yez th' felly as wrote thot?" she asked.

Poor Jim was too frightened to know whether the letter was written in Hebrew or Chinese, but something told him that he was the fellow who had written it, and he said so.

"Thin take thot an' thot," she cried, slapping him first on one side of the face and then on the other. "An' thim, an' thim, an' thim," she went on, tossing small pieces of jewelry, a valentine and many letters at him as fast as she could take them from the bosom of her soiled dress.

"An' if ye iver mention merrige to me Kitty agin, Oi'll not answer fer the consequinces. Howly Saints! Gimme thot locket. Thafe! An' sure Oi thought it wor lost." She snatched the locket from his chain and turned from him. Eagerly she scanned the faces of the pupils about her, then, catching sight of a figure in the doorway, a figure with a very white face and with trembling lips, she hurried toward it.

"An' there ye are, me foine leddy. Wait till Oi get you home."

And with that, holding in her hand the locket which contained the cherished picture, she made for the beautiful Kitty O'Donnelly, who dodged in a manner which showed that she was not altogether new at it, and they were both soon lost in the distance.

James Carrington stood dazed. He heard the hum of voices about him and realized in a hazy kind of way that his school mates were moving away. By and by some one gave him a resounding thwack. Heavens! Had that woman returned? He turned a terror stricken face to see—and met the grinning countenance of the new boy. The look of fear turned to one of hate. But—he was in no condition to fight.

The new boy poked him in the ribs and laughed.

"Come on, old fellow. Cheer up. It's nothin'. It's better for both of us to have loved and lost than—"

"Shut up, you snub nosed toad," Jim roared, facing him with clenched fists.

Then he stood and watched the new boy walk slowly away. He stooped and gathered his possessions from the ground, stuffed them in his pockets and went toward home. Tears filled his eyes and trickled down his cheeks. In vain he gulped at the lump in his throat

"Life on the plains is so deadly dull," he muttered, quoting from a certain yellow back book which was hidden in the bottom drawer of the wash stand in his room.

"Ugh! Br-r-r!" he sputtered. "Could that person really be Kitty's mother? Must have gotten her good looks from her father, as her mother hasn't any," he whispered savagely. And with his heart fairly bursting with rage, mortification and grief he reached home. And that night, with his face buried in his mother's lap, he told it all. And she comforted him.

But that is how it happened that James Carrington, Jr. went, willingly, to college some two years sooner than ever he dreamed of going. There he devoted

himself almost exclusively to athletics, so that he could, he said (if the occasion ever arose, defend himself—even against a woman.

* * * *

"Dear Jamie is always so much in earnest," remarked Mrs. Carrington with a smile, as she folded a letter she had just received and gave it to her husband.

"Isn't he?" Mr. Carrington answered dryly, glancing at his part of the letter, a short note, asking for money, at once, as the writer was in debt a dollar and seventy-five cents and had only a quarter.

* * * *

Some time later James Carrington, Jr. stood before an open fire in his own room. By his side was a small, heavy box, open. From it he took several pieces of slightly tarnished jewelry, some letters which had turned a bit yellow, a torn valentine and a bow of scarlet ribbon. One by one, he threw them into the fire. There was a look of mingled regret and amusement in his face.

He looked reflectively at the little heap of ashes, and turned to close the box. What was that which slipped between the box and the lid and was almost hidden from sight?

He took it up and placed it, half tenderly, in the palm of his hand. It was a soft, silky curl of shining black hair.

THE HIGHER PIONEERING

The face of the earth is a wide stretch of ground,
And the best of the world is forever unfound;
And new worlds galore, in their solitude dumb,
Await the Columbus who never will come.
There are sights no one sees that await to be seen,
There are streamlets of silver and grottoes of green,
If you'll leave the high road—houses, peoples and goods.
And the main-traveled turnpikes and take to the woods.

Oh, the highways were built for the idle and blind—
But I have an unexplored planet to find.
I must leave the worn road, I have no time to spare;
I have pioneer business to do everywhere.
There are oaks in yon forest no woodman has sought,
And their branches are loaded with apples of thought;
There are thick tangled arches that span lonely streams,
Whose creepers are bending with clusters of dreams.

I want some good stories; my life has shrunk dry;
Let me talk with the earth and commune with the sky;
Let me list to the song that the pine giants roar—
Ah, here's a new meter unheard heretofore.
The loud brook is babbling: I'll hush and draw near—
Ah, news from old Nature I'm lucky to hear!
As down the loud gorges its rapids are whirled
It sings of the health of the life of the world.

Let me go where my Beckoner bids me to stray—
I will travel no path and no road for a day;
I will leave, too, the highways thrown up for the mind—
Where the Beckoner calls me I travel resigned.
By the base of the mount and the shore of the stream
I will think no man's thought and will dream no man's dream;
But, in my wise freedom, I'll deem them as naught,—
And I'll dream my own dream and I'll think my own thought.

For why in these woods should I journey apart?
I go in these forests to find my own heart,
And leave the wide scramble for praise and for pelf
To hear the best things I can say to myself.
The footfalls of pavements are sweet to my ear
And the roar of the city is music to hear;
Let a man meet with men: but his life is not whole,
Till he goes in waste places and talks with his soul.

Rank vines, undiscovered, spring forth from its sod;
There are ungathered grapes in these Gardens of God.
There are arbors of silence for souls to rejoice,
Where we take off our sandals and wait for the Voice.
There are rivers of healing well worthy of quest;
There are Mountains of Vision and Valleys of Rest;
I talk, in their silent serenities curled,
With the soul of my soul and the heart of the world.

SAM WALTER FOSS

A WEDDING TRIP.

By Sophie Hammond

DRAWINGS BY C FOSMIRE

IT was the second day out from Havre. The sea was demonstrating how disagreeable, in a quiet way, it could be; and the deck was emptying rapidly into the staterooms.

Powell, smoking with his back to the rail, was realizing what a bore it was to be crossing with a mob of French people, and not an acquaintance on board. That girl with the wind-blown hair over there was an American; but how the dickens—

The occupant of a steamer chair near him got up suddenly, and the movement made him turn. As his glance fell upon the pallid old lady who had risen, he smiled quickly.

"Miss Lockhart!" he exclaimed. "Why, I didn't know you were aboard. I'm afraid you're finding this motion unpleasant. Can I—get you anything?"

The old lady clutched the rail, turning a shade more livid.

"Thank you, Captain Powell," she gasped stifly, "but my niece will assist me."

The girl had put down her writing and come hastily forward.

"Oh, Aunt Emily, I'm afraid you're not feeling well," she murmured anxiously. "Let me send for—"

"Help me to my state room, Madge," said the old lady with dignity. "I am ill."

When the niece came back to her scattered writing materials an hour later, Powell turned from his contemplation of the sea.

"I hope your aunt is better, Miss Lockhart," he said with polite solicitude.

The girl raised her eyes, and looked at him curiously for a moment.

"Thank you," she said formally, dropping them again; "just now she is asleep, but I am afraid she is suffering a great deal."

"Oh, she'll probably be all right by morning," Powell observed reassuringly. It's this nasty rocking that knocked her up."

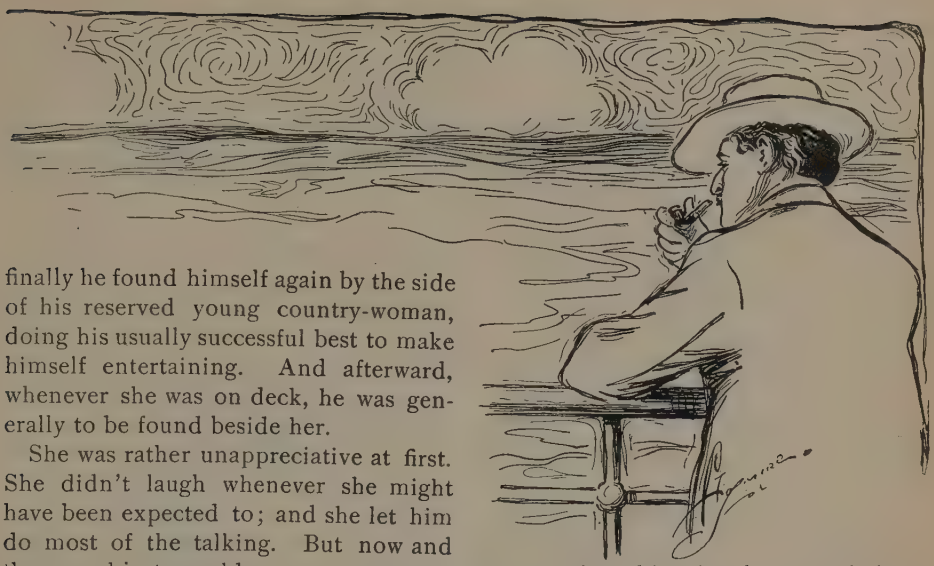
"When Aunt Emily goes below it is long before she reappears," she said. Then she looked at him again. "It was in Florida that you met her, wasn't it?" she asked.

"Yes, last winter. We were both on a search for health. I don't think she remembered me at first."

She had taken up her portfolio and opened it on her knee.

"Oh, she knew you perfectly," she said; and resumed her writing so ostensibly that Powell, after a moment, shrugged his shoulders and walked off.

But there really wasn't another soul on the boat to speak to. He couldn't talk French to the French women; and looking them over, he decided that he wouldn't if he could. For a while he wandered about, bored and aimless. But



finally he found himself again by the side of his reserved young country-woman, doing his usually successful best to make himself entertaining. And afterward, whenever she was on deck, he was generally to be found beside her.

She was rather unappreciative at first. She didn't laugh whenever she might have been expected to; and she let him do most of the talking. But now and then a subject would come up so particularly interesting that she was drawn into it in spite of herself, and after several such relapses the stiffness couldn't be regained. He told her stories of the army in the Philippines, and of the adventures, thrilling and ludicrous, of his own regiment; they talked of the Old World sights they had both just seen; they discussed religion liberally, ethics gingerly, politics warmly. They were both clever; the universe was about them, inviting criticism; they dissected heaven and earth. And if sometimes a trick of her eyelashes, or the sunlight in her hair, got in the way of his logic, he honestly didn't recognize the symptoms.

When they were more than half way across Miss Emily put in a brief appearance on deck. Powell had counted on a good deal of friendliness from her, for she had shown him quite marked attentions at Tampa, where his wound had made him something of a lion. But the *mal-de-mer* seemed to have worked havoc with her disposition, and she responded to all attempts at conversation with a resentful snappishness that was disconcerting. So that the regret caused by her second forced retirement was not unalloyed.

It was the chance remark of a passenger passing him in the moonlight — "Only two more days aboard,"—that brought Powell to a sudden realization of what the fates had been weaving.

He sat up straight and stared out across the ocean.

"I've been forgetting everything," he muttered. "I ought to have told them, of course; but 'pon my word I didn't think of it. Well, if there's any harm done"—he drew his breath sharply—"it's only to myself."

There was a brushing of skirts past him.

"I can't persuade her to move," said a girl's voice plaintively, as its owner sank into her steamer chair. "I really believe she is worse now than she was at first. To think of her having come abroad for the sea air, and being forced to stay in that stuffy little purgatory all the way across! And it's been such lovely weather, too!"

"Perfect," Powell acquiesced, glancing up at the brilliant sky. "A contrast to when I crossed in the other direction a month ago,—on my wedding trip."

His companion looked up.

"Your wedding trip!" she repeated with a slightly puzzled smile. "What has happened to the bride?"

"I don't know," said Powell savagely,

"or care!"

The girl laughed.

"How ghastly!" she murmured.

"Oh, I'm in earnest,' said Powell, jerkily. "Didn't you read in the papers about that old millionaire who left half of his money to the son of one friend and half to the daughter of another, on condition that they'd marry each other, and not let any of his accumulations get into the hands of people he didn't know? Well, I'm the man in the story. We'd never set eyes on each other, but we both wanted the money, so we complied with the proviso."

"You—married her? asked the girl, paling a little.

"Six weeks ago in New York. It must have looked a queer affair to outsiders. One doleful morning my lawyer and I drove to the magistrate's office, and as we came in one door another lawyer, with an old gentleman and lady, and three girls all in short skirts and shirt waists and brown veils, entered by another. We all bowed; and then the magistrate called our names, and I and one of the girls—it might have been any of them, for all I knew—went up to the desk, and answered a few questions, and wrote our names. The lawyers gave us each a deed of separation to go in force at the door. Then we all bowed again, and the family party got into a carriage and drove off, and I—I had a two months' furlough, you know—for the honeymoon—came abroad to get out of the talk."

His listener's color had faded entirely.

"Her name was Margaret Kennedy, wasn't it?" she asked slowly. "I went to school with her. She—"

"Oh, you needn't hesitate," said Powell with a short laugh. "I've had several fetching descriptions of her. She's a Jew at a bargain, I know by experience. And her voice, and—er—looks, impressed me even through the veil."

"She wasn't pretty, certainly, or very popular; but she was well born, of course, and thoroughly well bred"—she was speaking with an evident effort now.

"Oh, there is the steward," she said, rising. "I—I must see if he hasn't something I can coax auntie to eat."

Powell gazed after her, his face rather colorless, too.

"It can't be that she—Bah, I haven't the right to even think of such a thing. She'd resent it desperately," he said under his breath, turning again to the sea. "Wonder if I can get through the next two days without behaving like a cad?"

But in the morning Miss Emily emerged from her seclusion, probably against her will, and the day passed quite unconstrainedly. When the last morning came Powell was silent and stern, and Madge was absorbedly solicitous of her aunt's comfort; but the final parting was conventional enough.

As their cab bore the aunt and niece away from the docks, the girl drew a quick sigh.

"A soldier and a gentleman!" she murmured, with a little laugh; but there was a glow in her face, nevertheless.

The city awoke under weeping skies. Powell, in his club widow, gazed gloomily down on the dripping streets. The disgust that his whole appearance bespoke, however, was not for the dismal prospect, but for the years that were stretching, in his imagination, interestless and wearisome ahead of him. He was sick of the army, he told himself, and, worse, sick of civilization. As for that pile of money in the bank—he loathed the thought of it.

One of the club servants brought him a letter, and he tore it open indifferently; but his face changed as he drew it out.

"I would not write this", he read, "except that you would learn it from some one else. It was your own mis-

take in the beginning, you will remember, in taking for granted that my name was the same as that of my mother's sister. And in self defence I could not do less than leave you under the delusion, though my aunt strongly disapproved. I am sorry that the only time we are likely to meet, I should seem to have

"Her name was Margaret Kennedy, wasn't it?"

been passing under false colors. But for the future, I beg you will believe, I shall take as good care of your name as you shall yourself.

"Margaret Kennedy Powell."

Without a change in his attitude, Powell stood staring down at the paper in his hand. Then he winced sharply.

"What a fool I must have looked!" he muttered, the dark color rising in his face.

Miss Lockhart was deep in the apprehensive delights of unpacking her bric-a-brac when a maid, entering, announced

"A gentleman for Mrs. Powell."

"It's the landlord," said Miss Lockhart sharply. "I expected him. Mind, Madge, if he asks another cent, you go!"

Her niece had risen from beside a trunk, with changing color, and put her hands nervously to her hair.

"Very well, auntie," she murmured vaguely, from the door.

In the hall below she paused before the drawing room portieres; then parting them, stopped short on the threshold.

"Captain Powell!" she exclaimed in a low voice.

He came quickly forward.

"Oh, you knew I would come," he said unsmilingly, taking her hands.

She laughed.

"You've made a complete fool of me, I know," he said, flushing. "It must have been tremendously amusing. Heaven only knows what I said; but you've paid me out for it in the last two hours. I've been a victim of complications from the first. But—oh, Madge, —I needn't begin at the beginning, need I?"

She drew away her hands, and lifted her head in the air.

"Certainly," she said.

Ol' Cap Mingo

By JAMES BALL NAYLOR

Author of "In the Days of St. Clair," etc.

HE drops in to see me almost every evening—and always and invariably at a time when I am busy at something that I consider of extreme importance. In this he manifests a genius and perspicuity occult, malevolent and diabolical. He reads and claws over my papers, cuts my magazines — an unpardonable offense in my eyes — and smokes my cigars. And yet I tolerate him. Why? I don't know; I *do*—that's all. Perhaps I like the voluble and tiresome old eccentric, in spite of his persistent intrusiveness and unforgivable shortcomings. Again, I don't know.

I hear his heavy step upon the stairs; I recognize his clumsy shuffle in the hall. Then the door opens softly, a few inches; and he peeps in—two bright blue eyes gleaming under bushy brows. Not a a word does he say; nor do I. The door opens wider; a foot and leg intrudes—a big, shaggy head, and round shoulders. He's within the room; and the door is closed. The manner of his entrance savors of dark intentions — deeds of

violence; and in any other would be disconcerting, uncanny, alarming. Still he offers no grunt of greeting; nor do I offer a hint or gesture of welcome. He waddles to his accustomed chair, rolling his eyes in my direction, as he drags his feet across the floor. In his great, rough, brown overcoat he resembles nothing so much as a portly cinnamon bear. Once seated, he quietly removes his cap of threadbare velvet, places it upon the floor beside him, picks up a newspaper from my desk, extends his feet to the blazing gas, deliberately produces and adjusts a pair of spectacles and lolls back in his chair — emitting a long drawn grunt of satisfaction as he collapses into a rotund heap.

Invariably this is the manner of his coming, the method of his arrival, and always he takes the same chair, hitches it to one exact and identical spot, and settles himself after the prescribed fashion. The light from my study lamp shadows his shaggy head—his iron gray mane and beard and massive shoulders upon a blank space of wall near him—a lamplight silhouette, a veritable Viking.

I go on with my writing; he goes on with his reading. When I have come to a convenient stopping place, I look up and say:

"Good evening, Jim."

He was christened James Madison Whissen. That is, if ever he *was* christened, which I rather doubt. At any rate, that's his name. But he never gets it.

His friends—and the term includes all who know him—call him "Jim Whiss."

"G'd evenin'," he grunts surily, from whiskered depths, in reply to my delayed greeting. Then, somehow, we drift into conversation; and I always learn something from him.

"Keer f' I smoke in here?" he jerked out one evening not long ago, after conscientiously going through the stereotyped preliminaries I have just described.

"You *have* smoked in here," I answered somewhat tartly, "and ought to *know* whether I care or not."

"'Umph!" he grunted. Then, with a series of jabs into his overcoat pocket, he produced an ill-smelling pipe, fondled it between finger and thumb, and remarked, "*Got* nothin' to smoke but this ol' pipe; an' it smells louder'n a steam boat a-puffin'!"

The hint was so ingenious—and so palpable — that I silently opened the drawer of my desk, took out a cigar, and handed it to him. Without a word he accepted it, bit off the tip, lighted the satiny roll of tobacco and puffed away luxuriously and dreamily for some minutes. I philosophically accepted the inevitable and patiently awaited his pleasure.

At last he rolled his eyes in my direction and muttered:

"Died last night — 'bout 'leven o'clock."

"Who?" I asked, stretching my legs and yawning.

"Who!" in a tone of deep disgust—"Ol' Cap Mingo."

"I never knew him, I guess."

"S'pose not," Jim growled; "seems you never *do* know anybody of any *consequence*."

"Who was he?"

"Who was he! Ol' Cap Mingo, of course; I told you once. Lived in the big brick house near t'other end o' the bridge. Great ol' feller — funny ol' codger."

"Tell me about him."

"Re'ly want me to?"

"Certainly."

"Humph! All right. Ol' steamboat captain an' river man—must 'ave been up'ard of eighty. Been in all kinds o' business, though; made an' lost two 'r three fortunes—an' finally died poor as a nigger's houn'.

"Some folks says he was educated fer a preacher but fell from grace w'en he was young, an' went to steamboatin'. One

thing's certain — he could quote more scripture in the way o' cuss-words, 'n any feller 'long the valley. Yes, sir! Curious critter—was ol' Cap Mingo; big an' hairy as a bear—an' had a voice like a towboat's whistle. Years an' years ago, he used to run the Otter, from here to Zanesville, up in the morning' an' back in the evenin'. An' you bet she alluz left the wharf here on time—five o'clock, to the tick o' the watch! He wouldn't wait a second on nobody n'r nothin'. People set the'r clocks by the whistle o' his boat. Some folks, we'n they'd be a minute late, an' git left, 'd snort an' rip around an' raise Cain gener'ly; but it didn't do no good. All ol' Cap 'd say was:

"'The Otter b'longs to Captain Sam Mingo; an' he runs er' to suit hisself. She leaves at five o'clock—wind 'r calm, rain 'r shine; an' folks that ain't on board by *that* time, can *walk!*'

"Ol' Aunt M'lissy, his wife, was a good, easy-goin' soul, an' a Christian; an' Cap's ways an' doin's was a great cross to 'er sometimes.

"One evenin' she says to him: 'Sam, I'm thinkin' o' goin' up to Zanesville with you, tomorrer.'

"'You're talkin' to Captain Mingo, mam,' he answers, swellin' out his chist.

"'Well, Captain Mingo,' she laughs, humorin' him as she alluz done, 'can y'r wife ride on y'r boat, tomorrer?'

"'If you're on board at five o'clock, Mrs. Mingo,' he answers, without crackin' a smile.

"'S'pose I'm a few minutes late?' she says.

"'The Otter leaves the wharf at five o'clock, Mrs. Mingo.'

"'But, maybe I won't wake up in time,' she complains.

"'The Otter blows her first whistle at half past four, Mrs. Mingo.'

"An' that was all she could git out o' him.

"Well, the next mornin' w'en she got to the wharf, the Otter was jest pullin' out. Aunt M'lissy waved 'er han'kerchief an' screamed:

"'Sam Mingo, what d' you mean? Come back in here!'

"'Who is it?' ol' Cap bellers from the hurricane deck—fer it was still dark as nigger pray'r meetin'.

"'It's me—M'lissy!' she yells.

"'Well, Mrs. Mingo,' he answers, as the boat swings 'er nose out an' starts up the river, 'you're jest thirty-three seconds too late. The Otter leaves at five o'clock.'"

Jim's cigar had gone out, through neglect. He stooped, grunting dismally, and relighted the charred stump, at the gas fire.

"An odd character, indeed," I remarked by way of suggestion.

"Odder'n a white blackbird," he muttered, his coarse voice rumbling up from what seemed immeasurable depths.

Then, after a few vigorous pulls at his cigar, and a dubious glance or two from the tail of his eye at its glowing end, he resumed reminiscently:

"Finally broke up in the steamboatin' business an' took a gover'ment contract down on the public works, at the end o' the river. Sent his wife home a certain 'mount o' money ev'ry month, to live on. Was down there some three years; an' w'en he come back he hadn't saved a cent.

"One rainy day he was loafin' 'round the house, an' doin' a good 'eal o' grumblin' 'bout his bad luck, an' M'lissy says to him: 'Captain Mingo, what's the matter with you, anyhow?'

"'*Sam* Mingo, now, if you please, mam,' he answers 'way down in his boots. 'A man that hain't got no money n'r nothin', n'r no luck neither, hain't got no right to a handle to his name. Plain *Sam* Mingo, from this on, mam.'

"'Well, what's the matter with you, anyhow?' she wants to know.

"'Broke — busted — that's all,' he

growls. 'Been workin' three years, an' hain't got a penny—not a red. Won't never git another start, that way. 'F I had a thousan' dollars 'r so, right now, I would git a sheer in that new boat that's bein' built at Marietta, an' soon be on my feet ag'in'.'

"'You don't read y'r Bible often 'nough, Sam,' M'lissy says, smilin'. 'You might have more money if—'

"'Oh, the devil!' he snorts. 'Religion don't make money fer nobody but preachers!'

'How do *you* know?' his wife laughs. "'You've never tried it.'

"'N'r I ain't *goin'* to,' he answers, marchin' over to the winder an' lookin' out at the pourin' rain.

"'Well,' she says kind o' slow, an' 'er voice a-tremblin', it wouldn't do you no harm to read y'r Bible once in a while, anyhow. It'll please me; an' you *might* find something' in it that'll comfort you an' cheer you up.'

"'Humph,' he snorts, shruggin' his big shoulders.

"M'lissy went out of the room; an' ol' Cap stood at the winder, a-mumblin' fer quite a spell. But his wife's words had stuck in his craw; an' he couldn't git red of 'em. Finally, bein' lonesome an' havin' the blues so bad, an' not havin' anything else to do, he sets down, takes the big family Bible on his lap, an' opens it up.

"Well, sir, there laid a fifty dollar bill, snuggled in between the leaves! Ol' Cap took it out an' turned over another leaf 'r two; an' there was another one. An' 'fore he got up from his chair he took some seventeen hundred out o' that Bible. His wife had saved ev'ry cent of it out o' the money he'd sent 'er to live on."

Jim yawned, stretched, and struggled to his feet, his cigar stub showing red between his bearded lips.

"Going?" I asked.

He bobbed an affirmative.

"And the old fellow's dead, eh?"

"Died last night, 'bout 'leven o'clock," he answered as he closed the door.

On Dark Days and Friendship

By LEAVENWORTH MACNAB

A CHEERLESS sky looked into the cheerless face of the ocean. An aimless breeze wandered among the dry reeds and danced over the dead grass in the hollow where the Boy sat. He was staring across the shivering sand dunes and the fretful waves, staring into a future that took on all the bleak, hopeless tints of the day.

"'There is a rapture by the lonely shore,'" quoted the Gentleman as he and the Girl broke softly in upon the somber day dream.

"Is there?" said the Boy. "I suppose then you've found it. I believe that there's nothing but happiness in the world you inhabit." His eyes were still fixed on the ocean and the irritability in his tone told that he resented the intrusion.

"There should be only happiness in the world I inhabit; but, much as I hate to confess it, shadows do obscure the light from me at times. I have not climbed above the clouds yet."

"I am surprised to hear you admit that. Your philosophy, I thought, forbade one's making such an admission. I came out here to get away from your philosophy. One can be one's self with the waves and the fog. I grow tired of the masks of cheerfulness, some times,

and of the friends who are hidden from me, behind them. The sorrow-freighted ocean will always listen to me and sympathize. She has known the griefs of ages. To her arms millions, weary of the tortures of living, have fled and she has whispered comfort and carried them to eternal peace.

"I want to be alone. I know how distasteful my moods are to you. Fair weather people can never understand the storms of doubt and discontent that sweep at times over me. They only increase the fury by their calm content.

"But what's the use of talking. Don't let me spoil your day. Leave me alone, please."

"So you don't know me yet," said the Gentleman quietly—there was a hint of sadness in his tone—"and I have been thinking that we were very close to one another. I am your friend, and friendship cannot come into our lives until all masks are cast aside and soul knows soul. There are no such things as fair-weather friends. The one who demands that we wear a mood that may please his fancy when we encounter him, has no claim to the name friend. The compact of friendship breaks down all formal barriers and gives us access to each other's lives. And only insincerity can break the compact.

"I am sorry for you when I see you in moods that make you miserable, for I have run the whole gamut of moods and know the torture of discord they can awaken. And I am not free from them yet. We never are as long as we remain human and worth while.

"But don't fancy that friendship is so brittle a thing that moods or sorrows can break it. It is on the dark days of life that friendship oftenest bursts into bloom. Whatever your burden may be never fear to ask a friend to share it. He will always be glad to help you over the rough places, and the heaviest burden is light when some one bears it with us for friendship's sake.

"None of us is strong enough to walk the way of life alone. We are all weak and hopeless at some stages of the journey and must reach out through the gloom for a hand clasp. I am glad it is so; these hand clasps form a chain that reaches on to God.

"After awhile you'll grow above the storms you speak of. That will be when you fully realize that life has a fixed purpose and that the tempests of passions and doubt and discontent have their rise in our ignorance of that purpose. The gold you gather, the fame you win, and all the glory that the toil of hand and brain can weave, count for nothing in the ultimate reckoning. It's the work you do for work's sake that brings peace and harmony and all the everlasting things that gold or glory cannot buy. But you'll never, in this living—and I hope not in the next or any living—grow above the comfort that is in friendship.

"When loneliness and doubt, or any of the ten thousand cares that crowd in upon us, come, don't put on a laughing mask or don't seek the solitudes; but remember that dark days are friendship's best days and that two can always carry a burden better than one."

"See," cried the Girl, breaking in on the silence that followed the Gentleman's talk, "the fickle old ocean has forgotten her grief and is flirting with the sun. Let us walk across the dunes. They will be glorious in the red sunset that is coming."

"And we'll have dinner at a queer little place I discovered yesterday," said the Gentleman, "and then—"

"You'll play some of the wonderful things Moskowsky's moods have given us, while we mount up on the melody and take a peep into heaven."

"I wish I were not a fool," said the Boy, as he started merrily toward the dunes, and the Girl and the Gentleman joined in the laugh he started.

MEN AND AFFAIRS OF MODERN MEXICO

*THE DEVELOPMENT OF TROPICAL AGRICULTURE

By S. GLEN ANDRUS

WITHIN the next ten years agricultural industries in the republic of Mexico will produce greater profits than her mines of silver and gold and her smelters combined.

This astounding prophecy was made to me by Colonel J. A. Robertson of Monterey, who perhaps better than any other American knows the conditions today with reference to mining, agriculture and manufacturing in Mexico. During the past few years over $500,000,000 of American capital has been invested in the republic and this figure will be greatly exceeded in the next five years. Mexico's mountains and hills are over-run with prospectors from the States; the valleys and hot lands are being invaded by an army which represents many millions of foreign capital and her resources are being subjected to rigid inspection by men who stand ready to spend vast sums in developing them.

The Mexico of twenty, even ten years ago, is gone to return no more, and the awakening of a nation is being accomplished by an in-pouring of foreign capital in a rapidly increasing volume. Almost limitless resources, which have lain dormant for centuries while a stagnant nation, steeped in idolatry and ignorance, was passing through a slow process of evolution, are fast being developed. Until recently, however, foreign capital in Mexico has sought the mines, the railroads, the manufacturing and the cattle rather than the agricultural industries. Investors are now beginning

COLONEL J. A. ROBERTSON OF MONTEREY

* The fourth of a series of illustrated articles prepared for the National by Mr. Andrus. The first, "The King of All the Cattle Kings," appeared in the October number; the second, "The Passing of Mexico's Man on Horseback," in November; the third, "The Miracle of the Batilopas Mines," in December.

to realize that Mexico grows wild many of the staple food products for which the markets of the world stand open and receptive. Far-seeing capitalists know that a movement is on foot which promises to result in a new treaty placing Mexico and the United States on a basis of trade reciprocity. It is not, therefore, strange that capital should be eagerly turning to the tropical and subtropical areas of the republic where the indian has for ages tapped the rubber tree in its wild state, plucked bananas from trees which needed no cultivation, and taken his coffee from plants which grew in riotous profusion without the aid of man.

Chances For Home-Seekers

There is today, throughout the United States, a surprising interest in Mexico from the standpoints of the investor and the practical farmer. Every one is asking what are the opportunities presented in the republic for the home-seeker—the man who has saved enough to buy a small farm. What are the chances for and against such home-seekers? Do the climate and general conditions favor him, and is Mexico worth consideration by the man seeking a home in a new country? These are practical questions which touch humanity deeply and should be answered honestly. To begin, I want to go on record as saying that I cannot conceive of any intelligent person taking an extended trip in the tropics of Mexico and through the cooler portions of the country without becoming enthusiastic regarding the chances offered both to the investor, the home-seeker and the tiller of the soil.

I do not mean to say, however, that either class will find Mexico a primrose path. There are difficulties to be encountered and overcome, and conditions strange and new to be met, understood and mastered. There are snares and pitfalls set for the unwary, and he who would avoid them must go forewarned and armed with a fair knowledge of the country, its customs, its people, its climate, its resources and its soil. But to the man who is seeking a home with perhaps only $2,500 capital, Mexico offers a pleasant prospect if he goes about his home-seeking intelligently. The same logic applies with equal force to the investor, be he large or small from a financial standpoint.

The republic could easily support ten times her present population, almost, it might be said, without being compelled to seek foreign markets to a great extent. Within the next five years 1,000,000 thrifty agriculturists could be settled on suitable farms in Mexico with infinite gain to themselves and to the Mexican nation. This, however, will not be accomplished if the *hacendados*, or estate owners, persist in holding immense tracts of land which they are either unable or unwilling to cultivate. It is recognized by the Mexican government that the present population and wealth of the country is far from sufficient to develop her resources to the fullest extent, but as yet no step has been taken toward breaking up the vast estates now held in idleness. After the conquest, Cortez seems to have parceled out the country in vast estates to his followers and the grandees of Spain as a reward for their support and loyalty. These estates have come down from generation to generation and are today the greatest drawback to Mexico's development agriculturally.

Gradually, however, the process of disintegration is setting in and here and there estate owners have been compelled to let go their vast holdings to replenish impoverished coffers. Others, tempted by the prices offered by foreign investment companies, have parted with their estates, so that all over the republic these large holdings are being split up into small farms and sold to home-seekers. This accounts for the fact that there are

so many American investment companies which today own land holdings of from 10,000 to 160,000 acres in the republic. Realizing as they do the truth of the situation, it is a reasonable presumption that before long the Mexican government officials will decide to impose a tax on land instead of its products. Such a measure would result in the speedy breaking up of large entailed estates in the republic, for the private owners of great haciendas could not pay taxes long on lands which were not under cultivation.

As an illustration of what some of the American companies are accomplishing in Mexico, the Motzorongo company, which has offices in Minneapolis, Chicago and other large cities, may be taken as a fair example. After the death of General Pacheco, this company secured his vast estates, consisting of about 160,000 acres, centering about the town of Motzorongo, a short distance south of Cordoba. Almost concurrent with their acquisition, American capital spent millions in building the Vera Cruz & Pacific railroad, extending south from Cordoba to the Isthmus and giving this section the best of transportation facilities. General Pacheco had spent over $2,000,000 in developing his estates and the present owners have prepared 25,000 acres of land for sugar culture, have planted over 200,000 full bearing coffee trees and over 1,000,000 young trees, have over 10,000 acres of land under profitable orange and lemon culture and have dotted their possessions with mills and improvements. In such a way alone

THE HARVEST ON A COFFEE PLANTATION IN MOTZORONGO

can the vast landed estates of Mexico be prepared for the home-seeker and the investor.

Transportation and Labor

Improvement of transportation facilities has made the agricultural development of the country not only possible but extremely desirable from every standpoint. Better than most countries, Mexico is geographically situated so that the markets of the world are easily available. With ocean and gulf on three sides, with numberless harbors capable of being made among the finest in the world and with over sixty railroad companies having more than 10,000 miles of track, the republic is ripe for a development of its resources. The managers of railroads like the Mexican Central in the republic, and like the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific in the States, are fully alive to the possibilities and are offering the most flattering inducements to home-seekers along the line of the Mexican Central.

Just a word should be said regarding labor. The average pay of the farm hand is from twenty to twenty-five cents per day. The laborer finds his wants in the tropics easily supplied, and is happy and contented. This, together with climatic conditions which cannot be surpassed, and the fact that the investor and home-seeker finds his capital more than doubled the moment he crosses the border, add to the attractiveness of the proposition.

Germane to the subject of agriculture is the topography of the country. There are three classes of lands in Mexico corresponding to climatic conditions, as follows: *mesa* or table lands, temperate lands and hot lands. The *mesa* lands are those which lie on the backbone of the country, in width from El Paso to Laredo on the Rio Grande and in length extending southward almost to Mexico City. On either side of this zone lie the temperate lands and along the Gulf and Pacific coasts lie the hot lands. There are still other hot lands south of Mexico City and along the Isthmus of Tehauntepec and in the states of Yucatan, Oaxaca, Tabasco and Campeche. The *mesa* lands are, most of all lands in Mexico, subject to drouth. They lie usually from 3,000 to 5,000 and even 7,000 feet above sea level and only portions are susceptible to profitable cultivation. In the valleys and where there is irrigation corn, wheat, barley and beans are grown and immense sections are devoted to the raising of cattle, horses, sheep and goats.

The temperate lands, which lie between the *mesa* and hot lands and extend parallel with the Gulf and Pacific coasts, and the hot lands are the ones in which the small investor and the home-seeker are most largely interested. In the temperate zones sugar, corn and fruit abound and are capable of profitable cultivation, while in the hot lands sugar, coffee, rubber, pineapples, bananas, cocoa, chica, henequin, vanilla, chocolate, tobacco and almost every kind of tropical fruit are indigenous. It may be truthfully asserted that certain sections of Mexico are better adapted to the cultivation of rubber than any known place on this continent. The rubber tree requires an abundant rainfall distributed throughout the year and a deep, rich, well drained soil with a temperature purely tropical. These conditions are best found at the base of the northern mountain slopes in the state of Chiapas, notably the Tulija valley, where the growth and yield are phenomenal. But such is the profit in rubber growing that planting is being done where the dry season, which lasts several months, retards the growth of the tree and reduces the ultimate yield. Particularly is this true of the state of Vera Cruz and of certain portions of Oaxaca, Tabasco and Campeche and all of that territory along the Tehauntepec and the Vera Cruz & Pacific railroads.

Capital's Best Crop Is Rubber

It has only been within the last eight or ten years that any organized effort has been made to produce coffee and rubber in the republic. Data regarding the culture of the rubber tree and the exact results in dollars and cents is therefore exceedingly difficult to obtain. Rubber culture, however, probably offers the most flattering inducements to large investors who have the time to wait for their returns. Rubber is as indispensable as cotton, wheat or coal. American manufacturers alone are consuming annually over 60,000,000 pounds of crude rubber worth at least $40,000,000. The supply falls far short of the demand, the rubber coming mainly from the almost inaccessible regions of the Amazon, Peru, Central America and Mexico. Until recently it has been brought to civilization by the Indian, who has for years tapped the trees to death in the trackless forests. Consequently as years passed the Indian was compelled to go further and still further from civilization for the world's supply of rubber. Realizing the gravity of the situation the United States government at last requested all the consuls in rubber producing countries to name a remedy, and the universal reply was: "The cultivated rubber tree."

Consequently, commercial rubber orchards in regions which are habitable, with safety to life and health, by the white man, and managed and conducted under scientific forestry methods, are fast becoming the rule in the hot lands of Mexico. The plan pursued by most agricultural investment companies is the following: as soon as an acre of rubber land is sold it is planted with 600 rubber trees. Fully 400 of these are "tapped to death" before maturity, leaving 200 trees, which is the normal at maturity per acre of land. The advantage of this method is that the investment can be made to pay returns the first year instead of waiting from five to eight years for the trees to reach maturity. Probably rubber is the most profitable industry in tropical Mexico. The trees will bear longer than any other product, they require no care or cultivation after reaching maturity and their product is non-perishable.

RUBBER TREE TWO YEARS OLD

SUGAR CANE PLANTATION

The production of sugar in Mexico falls far below the consumption in that country, whereas coffee production has reached the point where over 60,000,000 pounds, valued at over $6,000,000, were

exported to the United States during 1901. Parenthetically it might be stated that during the last five years the average annual value of Mexico's agricultural exports to the United States has been $15,500,000 gold, while the imports of American agricultural products into Mexico last year reached the value of $392,000,000. Mexico now occupies the eleventh place in the list of countries supplying agricultural products, furnishing only 3.7 per cent of the total. These figures alone indicate the tremendous possibilities that exist for the extension of tropical agriculture. One of the most alluring industries of the tropics is coffee raising. Mexico produces a much finer grade of coffee than Brazil, yet the latter country exports to the United States more than $40,000,000 worth of coffee annually, while Mexico has averaged but $3,250,000 annually. It is now generally known that Mexico produces as fine tobacco as can be produced in any country in the world, and yet Mexico does not supply one-fourth of one per cent of American tobacco imports. Mexican sugar has not become a factor in the markets of the world, yet American imports of this staple from all sources reach $100,000,000 annually. Despite this fact, there is not another country in the world where such an abundant yield can be obtained with a minimum of cultivation. Corn and beans, which form the basis of food supply of the laboring classes, are raised in large quantities, but the production is still far below the consumption of the country.

Although but a small portion of Mexico is adaptable to the cultivation of sugar and coffee, rubber, rice, cotton and tobacco, the aggregate acreage is enormous and the field is practically just opening.

Regarding the future of the sugar industry, much of interest could be written. Its production can be carried on with equal profit by the wealthy planter with his hacienda of many thousand acres and his refineries costing many hundred thousand dollars, and by the poor renter of a few acres with wooden tools and copper kettle. The rich planter produces the refined article, while the poor farmer supplies the demand for brown sugar. Sugar production may be begun on a small scale, and when industriously pursued soon enables the farmer to branch out and become a large planter. The sugar lands of Mexico are in every state in the republic except that of Tlaxcala and the District Federal, and cane is grown with excellent results from the sea level to the table lands 4,000 and 5,000 feet in altitude. Just think of sugar cane fourteen feet high and seven and one-half inches in circumference with a normal yield of between thirty and fifty tons per acre! The cost of production is as low as in any country and sugar in Mexico, it is asserted, can be raised at a profit if sold for only one cent per pound; whereas, the price for first grade has varied during the past ten years from ten to seven and a half cents per pound. In 1895 the production of sugar in the republic was double that of 1900, so that the industry has not been prosecuted with increasing vigor. It is almost inconceivable that a country with such magnificent resources and with such unparalleled conditions of climate, could so long be at the very door of the United States and attract such scant recognition.

In the foot hills, near the eastern coast and north of the range which approaches the gulf above the city of Vera Cruz and south of Tuxpan, lies one of the most fertile and beautiful regions to be found in any country. Here coffee of the finest quality grows with greater luxuriance than in any other portion of the republic and possibly anywhere in the world. Planting in this region is increasing at the rate of at least sixty per cent annually.

Xilitla, a town forty-five miles southwest of Valles, is the headquarters of the coffee growers. Coffee is indigenous in this region, the trees which grow wild giving very good crops. During the forty-three years that coffee has been cultivated here, there has been but one crop failure. Stories which flavor of exaggeration are told regarding the profits and yield of this section, but suffice to say that no-where is the coffee industry to be seen at better advantage. Good coffee lands come high, but are the cheapest in the long run. Coffee lands already planted cost about $100 per acre; but jungle lands, equally as good and fertile, can be had for about $4.00 per acre.

STOCK FARM IN A TROPICAL VALLEY

The fertility of this Mexican paradise is almost beyond belief. For example, in China the rule in planting productive coffee lands is eleven hundred trees to the acre, while in this district so luxuriant is the growth that four hundred and fifty trees are the limit. It must be borne in mind also that this wonderful section of country will make a pineapple tree which has been set out in March produce fruit in December and keep on producing forever. The same is equally true of sugar cane and bananas. The selling price of the coffee at the plantations has been for some years about $27 per one hundred pounds, and the yield is between two hundred and fifty and five hundred pounds per acre.

PULQUE FARM ON THE MEXICAN CENTRAL RAILWAY

Possibilities in Fruit Culture

Vastly increased transportation facilities in the republic and better port facilities have caused a greatly increased consumption of tropical fruits in the United States. This fact has caused a boom in the banana culture in Mexico which promises to become exceedingly profitable. Baron Humboldt declared that an acre of ground planted to banana trees would produce more food at less cost than any other known crop. Although the United States is the greatest consumer of bananas, and Mexico the best adapted

country to the culture of the fruit, the field has been sadly neglected. The hill country tributary to the port of Tampico is best adapted to the cultivation of bananas, and in fact every variety of tropical fruit thrives there. Oranges, pineapples, guaves, chicas, lemons and granaditas grow there to perfection. An acre of land will produce from seven hundred to eight hundred bunches of fruit per year at a cost of not over eight cents per bunch. They are worth at the plantation forty cents and will yield an average net profit of $225 an acre, Mexican money. The capital necessary to establish a plantation is considerably less than that required for coffee, sugar or oranges. The plants come into bearing ten months after planting and are not afflicted with blight or diseases.

It can safely be said that $8,000 is all that is necessary to buy seventy acres of land, build ditches, plant and cultivate the grove for two years. During that period the plantation will yield at least 54,000 bunches of fruit, worth at least forty cents per bunch. The cultivation of bananas is exceedingly simple, does not require expert knowledge, and the returns are quick and plentiful.

It is not an exaggeration to say that the cultivation of oranges bids fair soon to become an important part in the economical development of the republic. Both oranges and lemons are native to many sections in Mexico, and under skillful cultivation reach a degree of superior excellence.

The area of land in Mexico suitable to the cultivation of oranges is somewhat restricted, as it is in the United States. The average yield is from eight hundred to one thousand oranges per tree and the price ranges from $6.50 to $11 per thousand on the tree. At one hundred trees to the acre and the price at $6.50, the yield would amount to $520.

In order to place the orange grower in position to take advantage of the markets in the States, the Mexican Central and the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific roads have inaugurated a special orange train service clear from the Lerma Valley, in the state of Jalisco, to Chicago.

In a magazine article it is only possible barely to touch upon a subject so vast as that of tropical agriculture in the republic of Mexico. It is a fascinating subject in a fascinating country possessed of illimitable possibilities. There is both room and opportunity for countless home-seekers in Mexico, and the hegira has already begun. The colonist and the investor who seek the tropic and temperate zones of the republic during the succeeding five years will find a country filled to overflowing with "milk and honey"—truly a promised land as inviting as the inheritance of ancient Israel, which Moses was permitted to view from the mountain top.

COFFEE TREE AND BERRIES

The Way to the North Pole

An Experienced Navigator and Student of Arctic Exploration Proposes that Ten Vessels, Built by and Named for American Millionaires, and Kept in Constant Communication by Wireless Telegraph, Shall Line Up Thirty Miles Apart and Emulate the Fram's Drift with the Polar Ice: a Picked Expedition from the Ships Nearest the Pole to Attain that Point by a March Over the Ice.

By CAPTAIN ARTHUR McGRAY,

Former Navigating Officer, S. S. St. Louis

THE year 1902 has witnessed the failure of no less than three of the best equipped expeditions which ever set sail for the Frozen North. The amount of intelligence embodied in the arrangements for each was exceeded only by the courageous energy of those to whom the command in the field was entrusted. Peary, Sverdrup and Baldwin have returned with a record of success, so far as the discovery of the Pole is concerned, little better than that which they enjoyed before.

Peary, journeying over the pack-ice along the coast of Greenland, and the lands farther north, with Esquimaux and dogs for co-workers and companions, embarked with his sledges on the face of the frozen sea, hoping to reach the Pole. Success was impossible with the limited force at his disposal. His northernmost base of supplies was at once too far from open water and too great a distance from his objective point. From the moment any expedition sets foot on the great ice field north of Greenland it must contend with, and make headway over, a desert of open water lanes, and ridges of ice piled up in great blocks of every conceivable form, and partially filled in between with snow, which deceives the eye, and sends the intruder sprawling headlong at a moment when his footing appears sure. Weighted down with heavy furs, the effectiveness of his labor is mimimized, *and worse than all, the very ice over which he is struggling North is constantly drifting southward; in fact, it moves so fast that unless good progress is made every day the explorer is not surprised to find, after a week of hard struggle, that he is further south than he was seven days before.*

From the date of the first attempt to reach the Pole, by this route, every expedition has encountered and been defeated by the southward moving ice pack. We wondered that Peary kept on trying this route after all other explorers had pronounced it impracticable. No doubt he had some good reason for it, although some years ago the writer casually named this "the greased pole route," because it appeared evident to him that for no length of time could a small expedition travel north as fast as the ice would carry it south.

Sverdrup, in the renowned Fram, has just returned from his voyage, while the Baldwin-Zeigler expedition has ended ignobly. All too bad that the expenditure of so much valuable time and immense sums of money should fail to divulge the secrets of the inner circle of the polar region.

It is not our purpose to predict what will be found at the Pole, or what advantages will result from its discovery.

Enough to say that the majority of scientific men believe the sum of human knowledge will be invaluably increased by a close observance of the conditions which exist at this point; and so long as any portion of the earth may retain a secret just so long will man pursue to solve it. Men of the twentieth century will not hesitate to undertake any task which men imposed upon themselves in the sixteenth, and we predict it will be your privilege and ours, within the next ten years, and very likely sooner, to converse with men who have stood exactly at the North Pole.

From the year 1587, when Davis made his first northern voyage, down to the present moment, nearly all expeditions in this direction are fearful records of privation, suffering and death. On the tombstone of polar exploration are written many illustrious names. Some were great by birth, others the chosen children of fate; but all were giants in bravery. Some have undertaken the journey with boat and sledge, some with ships, and one in a balloon. Perhaps in all the world no venture has called for greater courage than this latter. We admit it was madness in the highest degree, but nevertheless it must provoke intense admiration. The man who deliberately conceived and imposed upon himself the construction of an air ship, and cheerfully embarked upon it for a wild flight across the great unknown of the North, was a hero; but very few of us would accept such a challenge to earn the title. At most, Andree could merely expect to catch a hurried glimpse of this region, without any opportunity for close observation, and under the usual conditions of mist or blinding snow there was small likelihood of his seeing anything at all. He staked everything on favoring winds and a clear atmosphere. It was a game between man and the elements, and the man lost, but by what margin no history may ever tell.

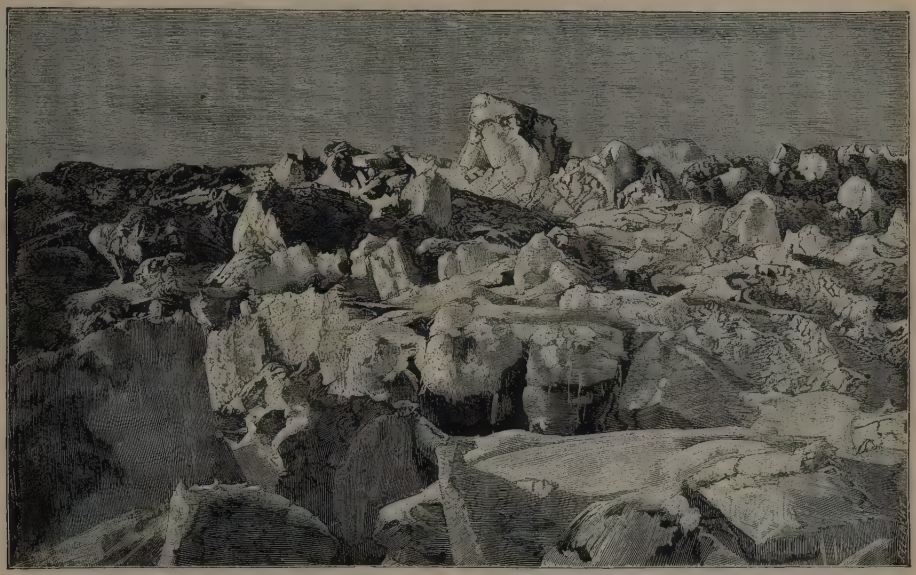
The Way Pointed Out by Melville

Our study of polar expeditions naturally leads us to some conclusions regarding their successful accomplishment, as well as the most practicable way of going about it. We do not believe that any expedition having for its object "a dash for the Pole" can return "value received" for the necessary outlay. Providing the coveted spot was reached by this method, all members of the party would certainly be fatigued and worn out on their arrival there, and without food or energy for any extended stay or observation. Merely to reach the Pole under such conditions is unworthy the highest intelligence of this age.

Lieutenant DeLong was without doubt the first to map out a practicable route to the Pole, and the Jeannette would undoubtedly have drifted close to it, had she kept afloat. It is intensely interesting, after the lapse of twenty years, to observe the probable line of drift, as laid down by Rear Admiral George W. Melville, of the "Jeanette," had she survived the terrible ice pressures off the New Siberian islands. In his book, *In the Lena Delta*, he shows on a map three routes, over some one of which he thinks the Jeannette would have reached the Atlantic Ocean. How wonderfully true he traced these lines can only be appreciated by comparing them with the drift of the Fram nearly fifteen years afterward. So true indeed that there can be no question about the correctness of the theory advanced by Lieutenant De Long in 1875 and by him carried out until the sinking of his ship in 1881, under the courageous patronage of James Gordon Bennett, the greatest living friend of modern explorers. Disappointing and pitiably tragic as was the ending of the Jeannette expedition, as an expedition, yet parts of the wreckage clung to the polar ice fields, and less than three years afterward were found on the southwest coast of Greenland. Silently and alone

THE ARCTIC HIGHWAY—RUBBLE AND HUMMOCKY ICE

From a photograph reproduced in "Thirty Years of Arctic Service," by A. W. Greeley. Copyrighted, 1886, by Chas. Scribners' Sons.



these relics completed the long drift which Commander De Long had anticipated for his ship, when, worn and chafed from contact with Arctic ice, and cast upon an inhospitable strand, they told the tale for the first time of the polar drift with greater certainty than had been possible before.

It was in 1884 that Professor Mohn, writing in the Norwegian Morgenblad, gave to Nansen his first idea of drifting a ship across the Pole, through the agency of this current, although it was not until 1893 that the little Fram started on her wonderful journey. On her return from the long drift from off the New Siberian islands to the open sea north of Spitzbergen, and the return of her valiant commander, who left his ship at latitude 84 E. longitude 103, with one companion and twenty-eight dogs, and made his famous "dash for the Pole," a new story was told of Arctic conditions. Something had been added to the unspoken words of the Jeannette relics. The world was allowed for the first time to gaze upon a ship which had sailed this sea of ice for more than two thousand miles, and escaped destruction among hundreds of ice pressures. It had been proved that a ship could be constructed to withstand every ice pressure encountered and the Fram was the first ship originally constructed from keel to truck to meet these abnormal conditions. What has been done admits of no contradiction, and no doubt a ship still stronger if necessary than the Fram is both possible and practicable, for we must remember that this was Nansen's first attempt in ship building, and experience always counts.

Soon after Nansen's return the Duke of Abruzzi fitted out a polar expedition that went northward over the route which Nansen and his companion followed on their retreat, after reaching within two hundred and twenty-six miles of the Pole. This expedition made a phenomenal record. In one season it penetrated further north than had been reached before, or to within two hundred

and seven miles of the Pole itself, and returned to civilization.

Many of our readers may not remember that when Nansen left the Fram, March 14, 1895, his vessel was then distant from the Pole three hundred and sixty miles, and consequently he and Johansen traveled only one hundred and thirty-four miles northward in the twenty-four days to April 7, when, overawed by the tremendous obstacles encountered, they took up the retreat. They had averaged only five and six-tenths miles per day northward, and at this rate it would require forty more days to reach the Pole, where, without food, and physically exhausted, their return would be impossible and their lives foolishly sacrificed.

Subsequent events proved the retreat was taken up none too early for their self preservation; as witnessed by the long journey of four months over the ice before reaching land.

Eight months, almost to a day, after Nansen left the Fram, and while he and Johansen were passing the beginning of the long winter night in camp at Franz Joseph Land, that little vessel, carried along by the drifting ice, reached a latitude of 85 deg., 55 min., 5 sec. N., or only eighteen and one-half miles less distance from the Pole than had Nansen and his companion; only thirty-seven and one-half miles less than the "dash" of the Duke of Abruzzi's expedition, and ninety-eight and one-half miles nearer the Pole than Lieutenant Peary on the voyage from which he has just returned. Had the Fram reached this point four or five months earlier in her voyage, or during the polar daylight, Nansen's one hundred and thirty-four mile dash over the ice would have taken him to north latitude 88:097.5, or only one hundred and ten and one-half miles from the Pole itself. With so short a distance remaining to be covered, who can estimate the temptation to keep on?

Theories on Which the Plan Is Based

So far we have been able to deal with facts, and they are certainly both significant and necessary in formulating a convincing method for reaching the Pole, without sacrifice of life, or even placing it in unreasonable peril. The theories we shall advance in this connection have all been indisputably substantiated.

First—That it is possible to construct a vessel capable of withstanding any ice pressure likely to be encountered.

Second—That the pack ice lying northwest of the New Siberian islands follows a line of drift to the Atlantic about midway between Franz Joseph Land and the Pole.

Third—That up to within two hundred and seven miles of the Pole the ice is no different in character from that three hundred and seven, and very little different from that of four hundred and seven miles from the goal of the Arctic explorer, for the open water lanes and the ice hummocks formed by the pressure when these closed together, drove Nansen back from his "Farthest North."

That there is a limit beyond which these open water lanes do not exist, we have no doubt; but we feel equally certain that this limit is bounded only by numerous islands, or a continent, lying far to the northwest of Grinnell or Grant Land, and which probably extends quite near to, if not entirely to the Pole.

The reader will now do well to keep before him a map of the polar regions, and while the one here given is valuable for general references, we believe a better and more interesting understanding of this article will result from a frequent reference to the beautifully colored

plate No. 3 in the *Century Dictionary and Encyclopedia*. It is fully up-to-date and gives the various lines of drift to which we shall often refer.

Two Routes and Two Methods

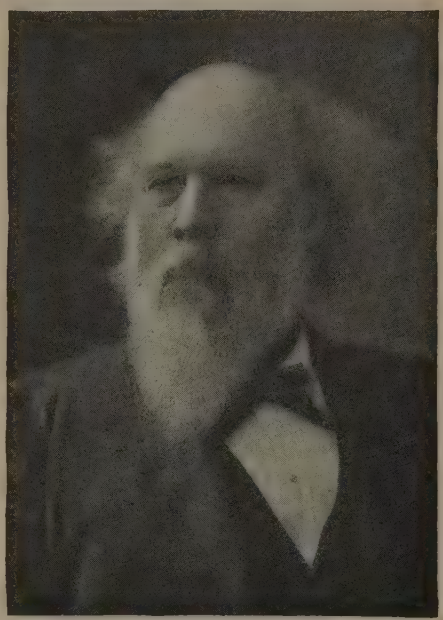
After a long and close study of the subject we do not hesitate to hazard the statement that only two routes and two methods are open for reaching the Pole.

First—The plan proposed by Admiral Melville, of establishing an elaborate depot at the northern part of Franz Joseph Land, where, with abundant supplies of food, large reserves of men, and hundreds of dogs and sledges, an expedition could set out northward over the five hundred miles of ice between this point and the Pole, and by pushing forward with this equipment keep the vanguard of the expedition within easy distance of a continuous base of supplies. Or, briefly, a sufficient force to keep pushing supplies forward constantly in such quantities and to such points as would relieve the main, or any other portion of the expedition from any concern whatever as to food, and from the necessity of performing any extraordinary manual labor, thus keeping it free from such hardship and fatigue as would unfit it for the highest degree of efficient work and scientific observation upon arriving at ninety degrees.

Second—By the organization of an expedition consisting of ten small vessels, similar to the Fram, and placing them systematically in the ice pack north of Bennett Island, thirty miles apart, east and west, and from thence to be carried northward with the ice-drift, on the lines laid down by De Long, and proven practicable by Nansen.

The first proposition could probably be accomplished successfully, if the weather conditions were favorable to holding together the ice pack north of Franz Joseph Land; but if the winds should continue for any length of time from the northward, wide lanes would

REAR ADMIRAL GEORGE W. MELVILLE, U.S.N.



open everywhere, progress would be slow, and communication with the base of supplies dangerously interfered with, or perhaps entirely cut off. However, the desirability of discovering the Pole is so important that if another and more practical way were not open, we should not hesitate to follow the plan advocated by Admiral Melville; and if, as he says, the first year proved unfavorable, we would wait for one which was. And when we remember that his method was devised some eighteen years ago, it was without doubt the most brilliant conception which had been propounded in

this direction, and its author is justly entitled to the greatest renown. Today we have more experience; equipment has been improved; many theories have been tested; and in fact the progress of the world has been such that Admiral Melville may well feel a pride in the publication of his plans at that early day, especially since, on a less elaborate scale, the expedition of the Duke of Abruzzi, following his method, attained, only two years ago, the highest northern point upon which the foot of man has ever trod.

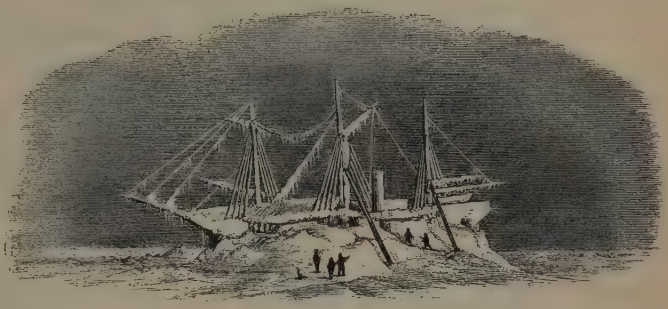
Terrible Difficulties of Polar Sledging

Before entering specifically upon the details of how best, and with unfailing certainty the Pole may be reached, we must picture to some degree, (for it is impossible for the pen of man fully to do so) the terrible obstacles standing in the way of accomplishing this task by sledging over the ice. This method always has entailed, and always will entail, the carrying of large quantities of food for both men and dogs. The fewer the former in numbers the less the weight of food to transport; the greater number of dogs the less manual labor for the men. But they too must have food, and little of this has been obtained north of eighty-four degrees, consequently Arctic explorers, operating by this method, have to take into account the length of time they can keep going on a given number of ounces of food per day for themselves; how many rations a certain number of dogs will haul, killing them as the load decreases and feeding their flesh to the survivors, day by day, until the regular food supply becomes exhausted; and after that, how long the intrepid explorer can exist upon the flesh of the remaining dogs. As dogs are of less account than men, the fewer the men and the more plentiful the dogs, the greater the chance of covering the ground rapidly, which is the foremost consideration. The fewer the men, the more manual labor for each, for camps must be made and struck, dogs must be fed, harnesses and sledges mended, food must be prepared, observations taken and "worked up," while events must be recorded promptly and systematically; otherwise all is in vain.

But the explorer is always brave, and sometimes reckless. He counts his strength at the setting out far greater than it proves. Hence the number of men accompanying such expeditions is always ridiculously small in proportion to the work to be done. This results in the man of science being obliged to lift sledges over ice hummocks, push and haul them to the top of a pressure ridge, only to see the dogs and sledges jump forward on the other side and go tumbling down to smash. The load must then be unlashed, sledges mended and reloaded, and the man of science must work in a temperature forty-five degrees below zero to accomplish this. With freezing fingers and cracked and bleeding hands he repairs the damage, disentangles the dog harnesses and makes another start, only to find that a "lane" has opened in the ice meantime. Then he must either take a long, circuitous route to reach the end of the opening or else struggle for hours, perhaps, pushing huge ice cakes into the gap, and utilizing them for a bridge or ferry. Perhaps just as one team gets safely over, the breach widens, and their companions are unable to cross. Blinding snow hides them from sight and after hours of discouragement, cold and suffering this lane closes again, and another opens. Completely tired out, they pitch a camp, carefully mete out the food to men and dogs, crawl into a sleeping bag and make the best of it. They dream of hummocks and lanes as they go onward, and lanes and hummocks as they retreat. Finally, at camping time each night, or at the end of the working day—for these jour-

THE TEGETTHOFF IN THE FULL MOON

From "New Lands Within the Arctic Circle," by Julius Payer. Copyrighted, 1870, by the Macmillan Company.



neys are made in the polar day time — the man of science must kill and carve an exhausted dog to feed the famishing ones. His humane spirit revolts at the task. He himself has reached the limit of human endurance, his companions are almost exhausted, their dumb friends have to be cruelly urged at every step, and all this to gain from three to seven miles a day over an ice pack moving southward at about the same rate. What ills lie beyond they do not know; behind them is the dear, dear old world; but will human strength survive the struggle of return? Is it any wonder the stoutest hearts lose courage, or the strongest men accept defeat? All honor to those who retreat in time. They have done all that human beings could do, and more than was wise. These retreats are not from cowardice but result from a self acknowledgement that the undertaking is absolutely beyond the possibility of accomplishment.

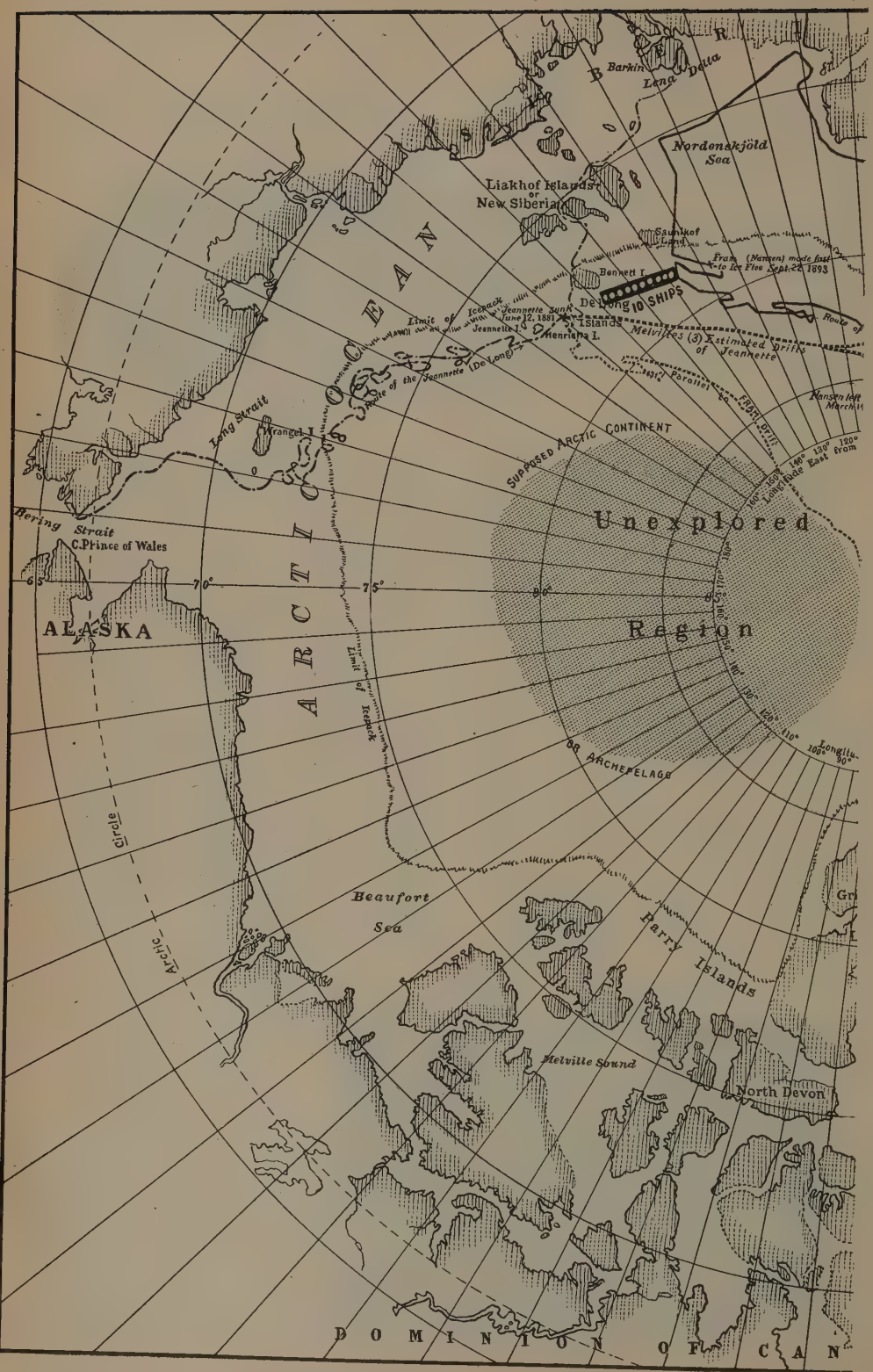
Evidences of a Polar Continent

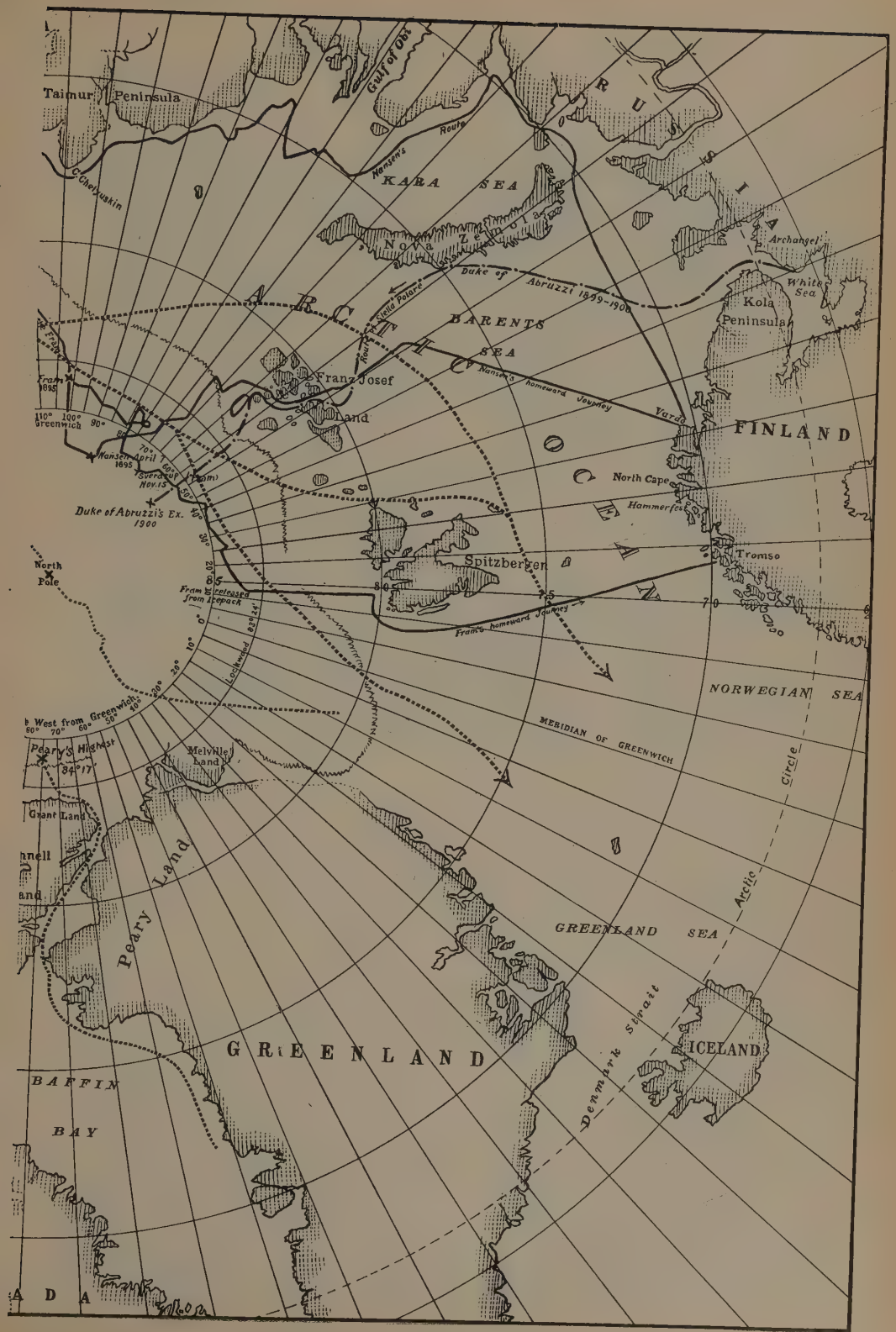
Again, before giving the details of our plan, we must make a brief statement in substantiation of our belief that there is a large body of land on a line drawn from the Pole to Behring Strait, for this supposition bears close relation to what will follow. If there were no land in the great western portion of the polar sea, it would naturally follow that such a great body of ice would move to somewhere, and since there is room for it to drift to the Arctic Ocean between Cape Cheleyuskin and Franz Joseph Land, which it does not, we must accept the conclusion that by far the greater area of the western polar basin is the home of a continent; for it has been proven by the drift of the Jeannette that the outer body of this ice moves in a northwesterly direction from Wrangel Land to a point far north of the New Siberian Islands, from which, as again proven by the drift of the Fram, it then makes its way in a more direct line for the Pole.

THE ICE-BREAKER ERMAK IN OPERATION

From the Scientific American

Thus, there can be only two reasons why this supposed great volume of ice remains where it is. One is that it is attached to land, and held there constantly by the current running northward through Behring Strait, and the other that the water is shallow on the western portion of the polar basin, which was observed by the


ARCTIC OCEAN
Barkin
Lena Delta
Nordenskjöld Sea
Liakhof Islands or New Siberia
Sannikof Land
Fram (Nansen) made fast to Ice Floe Sept. 22, 1893
Bennett I.
De Long 10 SHIPS
Limit of Icepack June 12, 1881
Jeannette sunk
Jeannette I.
Henrietta I.
Islands
Melvilles (3) Estimated drifts of Jeannette
Route of the Jeannette (De Long)
Route of
Nansen left March
Long Strait
Wrangel I.
SUPPOSED ARCTIC CONTINENT
Unexplored Region
Bering Strait
C. Prince of Wales
ALASKA
70°
75°
80°
Limit of Icepack
Longitude East from
Longitude
ARCHIPELAGO
Arctic Circle
Beaufort Sea
Parry Islands
Melville Sound
North Devon
DOMINION OF CAN


Taimur Peninsula
Gulf of Obi
Nansen's Route
KARA SEA
C. Chelyuskin
RUSSIA
Archangel
White Sea
Kola Peninsula
Duke of Abruzzi 1899-1900
Stella Polare
BARENTS SEA
Nansen's homeward Journey
Vardo
FINLAND
Franz Josef Land
Nansen April 7 1895
Sverdrup Nov. 13
North Cape
Hammerfest
Duke of Abruzzi's Ex. 1900
Spitzbergen
Tromso
North Pole
From Icebound from Icepack
Fram's homeward Journey
NORWEGIAN SEA
MERIDIAN OF GREENWICH
Arctic Circle
Peary's Highest
Melville Land
Grant Land
Peary Land
GREENLAND SEA
GREENLAND
Denmark Strait
ICELAND
BAFFIN BAY

soundings taken from the Jeannette, and that this field of ice is frozen to the bottom of the basin. This, however, is extremely improbable, as in such an event its constant growth would constitute a solid area extending to the shores of northeastern Siberia and northwestern America. Hence we feel bound to the former theory.

If you will carefully observe the map referred to, in the *Century Dictionary*, and note the drift of the ice as proven by the drift of the Jeannette and the Fram, we believe it will be self-apparent that the western polar basin contains a large volume of land, approaching close, if not quite to the Pole. It will also appear highly improbable that this land extends to the eastern polar basin, where the water is of great depth.

As the Duke of Abruzzi's expedition approached within two hundred and seven miles of the Pole, and still found the ice in motion, we are certain that no land would have been found had they penetrated another one hundred miles further north. Added to this argument, again, is the fact that in a direct line north from Melville and Grinnell Lands the ice is constantly drifting southward, proving it to be a portion of the general moving pack with no intervening land. This ice field has for centuries brought driftwood from the Lena Delta region to the east and west coasts of Greenland; it brought the Jeannette relics from a point much further east, on the same coast, and last of all the Fram, which was only prevented from reaching within striking distance of the Pole by having become fixed in the ice some two hundred and fifty or three hundred miles further east than Nansen had intended. There are many other reasons which appeal to us in proof of this theory, but we feel that we have produced enough affirmative evidence to rest our case with the reader.

Now consult the map again, with a pair of dividers; place one point where the Fram was beset and the other where the Jeannette sank. Roughly follow the drift of the Fram with one point, and with a pencil attached to the other, draw the lines paralleled. Had the Jeannette kept afloat and followed a track parallel to the Fram (300 miles further east) she would have passed directly over the Pole; and as there is no reason to the contrary, we believe she would approximately have followed this line. We believe she had just reached a point in longitude where the influence of the Lena was strongly apparent. And this latter is borne out by occurrences after the sinking of the Jeannette on June 12. Five days later the crew began their southward journey from latitude 77 : 18. Fresh for the start and pushing south with all speed, on June 25 (eight days later) De Long found they were in latitude 77 : 46, or twenty-eight miles further north than when they started. This drift is plainly indicated on the map and it was probably due to favoring winds and their working somewhat into the eddy north of Bennett Island, which enabled that heroic party afterward to make respectable headway southward. From this comparison we conclude that had the Jeannette survived she would practically have paralleled the drift of the Fram. At all events she would certainly have passed nearer the Pole than did the Fram, for it is inconceivable that the Fram was locked in the ice at the exact eastern limit for obtaining the highest latitude possible in her long drift. Hence it must follow that from some point the drift is exactly to the Pole, or as near to it as the land, or the ice attached to it, will admit; and this starting point can only be accurately determined after the drift has been made.

A Plan That Promises Results

It is a long, tedious and expensive experiment to learn this by sending out one little Fram at a time, and perhaps

ICE PRESSURE IN THE POLAR NIGHT

From "New Lands Within the Arctic Circle," by Julius Payer. Copyrighted, 1870, by the Macmillan Co.

no two times would the drift be exactly the same, although starting from the same point, for the movement of the ice is always affected by the wind continuing for any length of time from one quarter.

Therefore, we say that any independent expedition which sets out for the Pole has almost no chance whatever of reaching there. It is only by concerted, harmonious action between ten or a dozen vessels, especially constructed for the purpose, that the swift and certain discovery of the Pole is possible.

Naturally, the first requirement for the organization of such an expedition is to secure the necessary capital to build and equip these vessels. But this should not be difficult in this age of colossal fortunes, mostly in the hands of willing patrons of science and research. From time to time during the past two centuries (when immense fortunes were in the hands of only a few) individuals have come forward and volunteered the funds for the equipment and maintenance of such expeditions, and that in a time when the most enthusiastic hardly dared regard the discovery of the Pole as more than a remote possibility. Now that reaching the North terminal of the terrestial axis is a foregone conclusion, we believe the financial responsibility will meet with cheerful and abundant response. We even feel inclined to offer the opinion that ten gentlemen will readily come forward with an offer each to bear one-tenth of the entire expense, in consideration of each having the privilege of christening one of the ships with his own name; and we further venture that universal interest would center in so novel and exciting a race, if so

indeed it might be termed. The expense to each would not exceed $150,000 to $175,000. In fact, the Fram expedition cost but $120,000, which included the wages of the men and the insurance premium on their lives. But along with this twentieth century expedition, more elaborate equipment would be brought into play, although every vessel would be an exact duplicate of all the others in construction, power and finishings. None must enjoy any advantage over the others, and each patron should not only have the privilege of naming one ship, but its commander also, and would be entitled to place a representative on board to keep a record of the voyage for the owner's private information, and possibly for his library shelves.

No better general lines of preparation could be suggested than those followed by James Gordon Bennett in fitting out the Jeannette. The whole matter of construction, equipment and personnel should be placed in the hand of a naval commission, of which the secretary of the navy should be the chairman. Every feature of the expedition would necessarily be submitted to this body for approval. Upon the commander of each vessel should be conferred special power for the government and discipline of his ship; the same as those given De Long by the then secretary of the navy. A commodore should accompany the fleet, invested with power to shift his flag at will from one vessel to the other. There are quite a number of experienced men who would, we think, cheerfully offer to be drawn upon for valuable suggestions and advice respecting the equipment of the various departments into which such expeditions must be divided. Melville, Nansen, Lord Kelvin and many others could be mentioned among their number.

Towing the Racers to the Starting Point

Now that we have theoretically disposed of the finance, equipment and personnel, we are ready for the start. While all the foregoing has been in progress another important function pertaining to the expedition must have been accomplished. Whether the expedition sets out via Behring Strait or the Kara Sea, or both, two or more powerful ice breaking steamers will be required and coal depots must be established at a practicable point on either route to insure the unfailing accomplishment of the part these must play in the ultimate success of the undertaking. The coal vessels should be sent well north before the main expedition starts, but not so far as to become ice bound or inaccessible to the ice breakers. There they would await the "coming of the fleet." Small war vessels, gunboats or training ships could easily be made available for towing the Frams of our expedition so far north as consistent with safety. Here the expedition vessels would require assistance, because it is not practicable to employ great power in vessels of this class; for power means coal or oil, and the space for this is limited. Of course the power must be a nominal feature.

Both the Russian and Canadian governments own herculean ice breaking steamers. The Russian ship is the more powerful, being used to keep open the harbor of Vladivostock, while the Canadian carries the winter mails in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, often steaming through four feet of solid ice. But it is not our expectation that these ships will undertake solid ice navigation in either the sea of Kara or Nordenskjold. Their function is to tow our fleet, assisted by their own power, and place them thirty miles apart as far north as steam power can penetrate, between the longitude of 140 and 155 east. The approximate position of these vessels would be along a line drawn from Cape Chelyuskin on the Taimur penninsula to Cape Prince of Wales in Alaska, and the 300 miles stretch they would occupy would be bounded on

THE FRAM AFTER AN ICE PRESSURE, JANUARY 10, 1895

From a photograph reproduced in "Farthest North," by Dr. Fridtjof Nansen. Copyright, 1900, by Harper & Bros.

the west by a line drawn from Saunikof Land to the Pole and on the east by another drawn to the same point from Bennett Land. To be more exact, these lines to the Pole should be drawn from the eastern portion of both the lands mentioned. It is almost certain that the vessels farthest west on the main line would attain higher latitude before becoming thoroughly ice locked than these at the eastern outset, on account of being nearer the more open western edge of the polar ice pack.

Now that our ten little explorers are all fast in the ice for the next three or four years, the ice-breakers, having accomplished their mission, turn their prows homeward, and if necessary tow the nearly empty colliers to clear open water, from which they can make their own way home.

All in Communication by Wireless

Wireless adieus, good wishes and messages to friends at home are signaled day after day from each of the ice bound ships to the retreating steamers, for each vessel is fully equipped with apparatus of at least 200 miles range. One by one the tapping of the instruments becomes faint, until the last message is received on the homeward bound crafts.

When will the next one be received?

Perhaps a year hence, when the Russ may go north again, and far east of Wilczek Land pick up communication with the nearest ship, and from it learn the exact position of all the others. At all events, in two years from the beginning of the drift our newly erected wireless station on Peterman Land would be in daily communication with the fleet, and transmit the news to a wireless vessel, which would spend the summer of that year on the south coast of Franz Joseph Land, and from thence convey the record of progress and messages to the nearest point of the real world.

But to return to our ships. Day after day the drift goes on. Some are gaining

on their northward journey. Some drift south again. Some a little east, others west. Every six hours the "all's well" message is flashed back and forth between all the vessels. Whenever an observation is taken, determining the position of any ship, it signals that position to the next and the word is passed on to the next, until every log book in the fleet bears the same record. Each vessel carries ten special charts and log books, one of each bearing the name of some other vessel of the expedition. The officers of the entire fleet make the entries in the log book, and plot the position on the chart of the Andrew Carnegie as soon as her message is flashed across the polar ice fields.

What more simple or interesting? We could elaborate the various details, but this is unnecessary. Enough to compare this condition with that of Nansen in the Fram. A lone ship on a more lonely ice sea. All communication with humanity cut off from beyond the rails of his own craft. She was the first of her kind ever built, on almost the first voyage of the kind ever attempted, and the others had all ended in absolute disaster. The drift of the Fram was utter solitude. Ours is full of life and excitement. Everybody with us is *sure* the vessels nearest Nansen's track will go through in safety to the Atlantic, so that a certain means of return is always available. Nansen didn't know this. He only thought it might be true. In our fleet there is some news every day. The James Gordon Bennett is drifting steadily north, the John D. Rockefeller has gone back twelve miles, the J. Pierpont Morgan has just been released from a dangerous ice pressure, while the Cornelius Vanderbilt has been floating in a great open lane of clear water for the past two days.

What an interesting opportunity for bringing home *facts!* Not an individual record, but ten comparative ones. Scientific officers and men are in daily rivalry to give something new to the world on their return; and the world will know whether it is true or not, because nine other expeditions were near at hand, and the records of each prove the others.

There is no chance for dullness to creep in. There is constant activity and interest. Today the commodore struck his flag on the W. R. Hearst and, after a sledge journey of sixty miles, "set" his colors on board the Senator Clark. No fear of anybody losing his courage amid such surroundings. Ice pressures which jam and lift and careen the ship until her timbers creak, and shivers its frame like an aspen, promising immediate collapse and destruction, cannot demoralize our crews or take the flush of health from their cheeks. Not more than thirty or forty miles away there is another vessel. In fact, we have just received their signal "all's well"; we have told them that we are in the throes of a heavy pressure. If worst comes to worst our signal mast will go by the board, and then our silence will tell the rest. If this happens, all hands are ready to set off, one-half toward the nearest ship on one side, the other half to the nearest one on the other side, while from each of these vessels a party would set out to meet their less fortunate comrades; or in such detail that the total destruction of one ship would only be the means of eventually distributing its crew among the other nine, adding about three men to the crew of each. Under such an organization only can the best results be obtained, and the ends of polar research be accomplished.

If any one ship becomes separated by over 100 miles from its nearest companion, (unless in so doing it has gone that distance northward of any other) it will be a signal to abandon. Relief parties will be sent out from the nearest ships to meet comrades who must not be left further behind. They will select the

best road over the ice, flagging it as they go, so that when the meeting occurs, the return of all will be swift and sure. Every emergency is amply provided for; all are working in harmony; all risk to human life in the polar regions is thus reduced to a minimum, and instead of doubt, every officer and man is certain of success in discovering the very Pole, and a safe return to the world afterward.

The Last Stage Over the Ice

Should it happen the land near the Pole prevented any ship from reaching nearer it than, say, 100 miles—for this is the only barrier to some one or more of the ships drifting direct to the Pole—that ship farthermost north would have reached a locality in which no open lanes occur.

Once this point is reached, comparatively smooth ice will be found, for where no lanes exist there can be no ice pressure to turn up the edges of the ice into ridges and hummocks, which, excepting the lanes, have always been the greatest obstruction to sledging on the face of the polar ocean. The proximity of land would now be proven, over which an expedition could move with ease and rapidity.

From this point, an exploring party would be made up by drawing upon the crews of as many of the ships as were within fifty or one hundred miles of this northernmost ship, which would represent the base of supplies for the final effort. Here all the strength, energy and necessary equipment would be concentrated. From here (probably within fifty to one hundred miles of the Pole) the grand strike would be made.

Everybody is now possessed to the full with courage. No need to spare men or dogs; both are equal to the remaining task. Contrast the spirit at the setting out of this party, with that of any other which ever made a similar attempt. For our expedition, the work is already accomplished. It is true the ships will drift further and further away during their absence, but not fast enough to admit of any serious consequences. The fifty to one hundred miles over ice, without lanes or ridges, draws the Pole exceeding near.

Two or three sledge loads of insulated wire is among the equipment. As the sledges move forward this wire is payed out, as from a cable ship, over the face of the ice. As mile after mile of this is stretched, the advance party is kept in constant communication with the nearest ship, and from thence by wireless telegraphy, their buoyant spirit, born of happiness and success, is transmitted to their less fortunate comrades throughout the fleet. And it is not an improbability that at the moment when our explorers reach the Pole itself, their almost hourly report may be transmitted over telephone and thence by telegram, from one ship to the other, to our "receiving" ship on the south coast of Franz Joseph Land, and thence to the world—for all great nations would send vessels north about this time to take up stated positions, so that a direct line of wireless communication from the Pole to the civilized world would be established.

Picture, if you can, the scenes in the hundreds of "newspaper rows" of all the great cities of the world, when the first flaring bulletin is posted:

"At 3 a. m. today (October 21, 1908) Commodore Neworld and his party reached the North Pole. Very important despatches are now being received over the wireless relay systems which for some days have been in constant communication with all vessels comprising the fleet under command of the great American explorer."

The hurrahs are deafening. The crowds turn away with a sigh of relief—and regret. In the eyes of some are tears. The world has been conquered, and many, posssesed of the spirit of Alexander, weep because it is so.

A SNAPSHOT VIEW IN THE RETAIL BUSINESS SECTION OF INDIANAPOLIS

Indianapolis

By GEORGE EDWIN HUNT,

Secretary of the Commercial Club

With Engravings from Photographs by Bass & Woodworth

INDIANAPOLIS is the largest inland city in the United States. Not a pound of freight is shipped into or out of the city in the course of the year by water.

The site for the present city was laid off in the spring of 1821, the Government having donated four sections of land for the purpose of founding a capital for the new State. At that time there were some ten or twelve families living in the immediate vicinity. The growth of the infant metropolis was constant and gratifying. The first school and the first church antedated the first theatrical performance just two years, the former being established in 1821 and the latter being given in 1823. The first factory, a steam saw, grist and woolen mill, opened in 1831; the first state bank began business in 1834; the first State House was completed in 1836; and the

first panic was experienced in 1837.

The city underwent the usual vicissitudes, had the usual hopes and suffered the usual disappointments common to struggling municipalities in the middle West during the first half of the last century. It was buried in mud or covered with dust for years. It struggled with corruption in the city administration, rode in occasional street cars moved by the ever patient mule and beheld the itinerant lamp-lighter speed from corner to corner with his ladder on his shoulder. But through all it held the hope of better things and emerged from every trial with a firmer grasp on that which is good, until today it occupies a position among municipalities of which its citizens are proud.

THE PATH BESIDE THE STREAM

In the first paragraph it was stated that Indianapolis is the greatest inland city in the United States. It naturally follows that it is a great railroad center. More than this, it is a beautiful residence city, full of prosperity and progress. It is the commercial, industrial, social, religious, educational, political and governmental center of one of the greatest of the United States. It is a good city in which to live. Benjamin Harrison typified the spirit of Indianapolitans in a speech made at the Commercial Club in 1897, the text for which was the reply of Paul of Tarsus to the inquiry of the captain of the Roman guard, "From whence come you?" And Paul replied, "From no mean city." Every resident of Indianapolis feels that he is "a citizen of no mean city."

Thirty-three years ago, Indianapolis had a population of 48,244. In ten years that had increased to 75,056, and in ten more to 105,436. In 1900 the United States census gave the population, including Irvington, a suburb since annexed, at 170,963. At the same rate of increase for the past three years, and the city directory increase fully justifies such a claim, the population of the city is now practically 200,000. In 1900 Indianapolis was the twenty-first city in point of size in the United States. Today it has certainly passed Providence, Rhode Island, the twentieth city, and is rapidly overtaking Minneapolis, Minnesota, the nineteenth city. The percentage of increase in population between 1890 and 1900 was sixty and four-tenths, or more than any of the twenty cities preceding it in the list, Chicago, the second city in size, coming next with a per cent increase of fifty-four and four-tenths. In making this statement Greater New York, with its one hundred and twenty-six and

eight-tenths per cent of increase is not considered, as that was due to annexation. Annexation also figured largely in Chicago's increase in population, but this is not true of Indianapolis, where the increase by annexation has been insignificant. Here the growth has been a legitimate increase due to natural causes and an influx of population; an increase that will be retained, as it was not the result of a boom or due to causes the product of speculation or excitement.

There are over 40,000 buildings in Indianapolis. During the year 1900, there there were 2,288 building permits issued for a value of $2,266,215.75. In the following year, 1901, the number of permits was 2,501 with a valuation of $3,744,969.

Indianapolis has very few very wealthy residents and it has less very poor residents than most cities of its size. The aggregate of wealth is reasonably large in proportion to the population, but it is more equitably distributed than in other cities in its class. The proportion of people owning their own homes is large. This is an excellent thing in a city. A man with property interests is more restive under municipal mismanagement, less tolerant of law-breaking, and has a generally clearer view on labor questions than one without such interest. He has a stake in the community.

The bonded indebtedness of the community amounts to $2,455,000, bearing a low rate of interest. Compare this with other cities and it will be found that the per capita debt is less than in any city of considerable size in the United States. The total taxation is, at present, 2.08, divided as follows: State, 29⅔ cents; county, 37½ cents; township, 2 cents; city, 83 cents; schools, 51 cents. Of the city levy, 2 cents is for a sinking fund to reduce the bonded indebtedness, and 2 cents goes to the firemen and police pension funds. The assessed valuation in the city amounts to $133,000,000.

There are about 400 miles of streets in the city; streets that present a restful expanse to the view, giving the mental impression from their width of "room to breathe." One hundred miles of these are paved with asphaltum, brick or cedar blocks and the remainder are graveled. Those streets in the business portion of the city are lined with a class of buildings modern in design and construction and well adapted to their purposes. The residence streets present a wide sweep of well kept, sprinkled and swept driveways, arched by the beautiful foliage of stately shade trees which cast a greatful shadow on the cement sidewalks on either side. Lockerbie street, the inspiration of James Whitcomb Riley's poem, is but one of scores of streets that as much deserve such honor:

THE INDIANAPOLIS CITY HALL

"Such a dear little street it is, nestled away
From the noise of the city and heat of the day,
In cool, shady coverts of whispering trees,
With their leaves lifted up to shake hands with
the breeze
Which in all its wide wanderings never may meet
With a resting place fairer than Lockerbie street.

There is such a relief, from the clamor and din
Of the heart of the town, to go loitering in

Through the dim, narrow walks, with the sheltering shade
Of the trees waving over the long promenade,
And littering lightly the ways of our feet,
With the gold of the sunshine
of Lockerbie street.

And the nights that come down
the dark pathways of dusk
With the stars in their tresses,
and odors of musk
In their moon-woven raiments,
bespangled with dews,
And looped up with lilies for
lovers to use
In the songs that they sing to
the tinkle and beat
Of their sweet serenading
through Lockerbie street.

O, my Lockerbie street! You
are fair to be seen—
Be it noon of the day, or the
rare and serene
Afternoon of the night — you
are one to my heart,
And I love you above all the
phrases of art,
For no language could frame,
and no lips could repeat
My rhyme-haunted raptures
of Lockerbie street."

THE INDIANA STATE HOUSE

As all roads formerly led to Rome, so all Indianapolis streets seem to lead to and from the Monument. No one who has seen this shaft will ever ask, "What monument?" It is, par excellence, "the" monument of the western hemisphere and one of the great monuments of the world. It is the first monument erected to the private soldiers and sailors, the men behind the guns. The Indiana State Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument stands in a circular park of about three acres in the center of the city. Indianapolitans as naturally reckon distances from the monument as the rural small boy reckons time from the coming of the circus. From every direction of the level plain on which the city is built, the crowning statue of "Indiana" may be seen. The monument is 284½ feet in height but the admirable symmetry of its proportions is apt to deceive the eye unaccustomed to measuring heights. It cost over $500,000 and was more than ten years in building. An elevator and stairway on the inside of the shaft furnish means for reaching the top, from whence an excellent view of the city may be had.

There are over one hundred miles of sewers under the city. About fifty miles of these have been constructed during the past six years at a cost of more than $4,000,000. The sewer system was planned by one of the world's experts and is designed to be sufficient, with necessary extensions, for a city of half a million inhabitants. The streets are lighted with electricity. The water supply is obtained from deep wells and is pumped to the consumer. Certain work that is now under way will give the plant a capacity sufficient to furnish ample water for a city treble the present size of Indianapolis. The city water is regularly tested by the Board of Health, and their report on it is a matter of public record. It is good.

The park system is good, and is capable of further extension. Boulevards along Fall Creek in the northern and Pleasant Run in the southern portions of the city, are now contemplated.

The street railway system is as good as anywhere in the United States and far better than in most cities. All lines

are operated by one company. Tickets are sold at the rate of six for twenty-five cents or twenty-five for a dollar. A single cash fare is five cents. Transfers are given from any line to any other line. No finer, better, or more comfortable cars are furnished anywhere.

So many interurban lines are built, or are being built, or are about to be built into Indianapolis that the wonder well may be, what will we do with them? But when we see the business they do, the passengers they carry and the express freight they haul, the wonder is, what would we do without them? This city is destined to be a great interurban railway center. The owners of lines now built and being built have formed an Interurban Terminal Company and will erect in the business district a commodious business block with large waiting rooms on the ground floor. The roads now built or in process of construction will directly connect the city with every city in the state within a radius of fifty miles and it will soon be possible to reach remoter points, as Chicago, Cincinnati, Fort Wayne, Columbus, Ohio, and intermediate cities and towns entirely by electric railway. These lines are great commercial feeders to the city and at times of great public interest bring in thousands of visitors. Their franchises provide that fares shall not exceed one and four-tenths cents per mile.

The city's first railroad was a line from Madison, Indiana, completed in 1847. This line is now a portion of the Pennsylvania system. Previous to this all communicaion with the outside world was by wagon, stage, horseback and flatboat, the latter operated on the west fork of White river. Some years previous to the completion of the railroad, during what may be termed the "canal building era," a canal was built from Toledo to Evansville, four hundred and seventy-six miles. Other canals were projected, but the rapid construction of railroads prevented their building and rendered useless some of those already completed.

From the time the first road was constructed the city has been a scene of considerable activity in railroad circles. There are now sixteen separate lines radiating from the city to every point of the compass and another in course of construction. These sixteen lines all discharge and receive passengers at a union station. One hundred and ninety trains enter and depart from this station every twenty-four hours. No city affords better facilities for the rapid distribution of mail, express and freight matter in all directions. Let us consider that proposition for a moment.

Indianapolis is the geographical center of Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and Kentucky. The combined population of these five states in 1900 was 17,063,713 or 22.3 per cent of the total population of the United States. Every city in these five states may be reached by rail in twelve hours. Indeed, twelve hours on the road will suffice to carry much mail and express matter far beyond the confines of the states mentioned, but for our purposes we will say that between one-fourth and one-fifth of the entire population of the United States will receive a letter in the morning that has been mailed at Indianapolis the previous evening. The advantage in this to a business man is apparent.

Every railroad entering Indianapolis is connected with every other road by means of the Belt railroad. The Belt has fourteen miles of double track passing around three-fourths of the city. On it are situated many of the larger manufacturing plants and the stock yards. All through freight passes around the city on the Belt. A greater part of the local freight is transferred from one road to another by means of the Belt. Over one million cars annually are hauled by this road. It was the first switching road

to be built in the United States and transfers freight to and from factory switches and all roads, regardless of distance, at a uniform charge of one dollar per car, the lowest switching charge in the country.

From 1890 to 1900 the plants and products of the manufacturers in the city more than doubled, and in 1901 the city had 1,910 manufacturing plants, employing 25,511 persons, drawing $10,882,914 in salaries and producing an annual output of the value of $68,607,579. Many of these had their inception in the city in a most modest way. The largest carriage factory in the world is located here. The largest plant for the exclusive manufacture of engines and boilers, the largest saw works and the largest factory for turning out saw mill and mill machinery are also here. In furniture, garments, veneers and pharmaceutical preparations the city takes a high rank.

Indianapolis is particularly favored in having strong banking institutions. There are six banks, all national, with resources of more than $34,000,000. A seventh bank will be opened about January 1, 1903. In addition to these there are six trust companies with capital and resources in excess of $14,000,000. There are also several private banking institutions. No city in the country has banks of higher standing than those of Indianapolis. The Clearing House Association showed bank clearings in 1901 of $412,916,678.91. Every month in 1902 showed a substantial increase over the same month in 1901.

The jobbing trade of Indianapolis is in good condition. The city's advantages as a distributing point have contributed largely to build up many strong wholesale houses. The home demand is a large and active one and the city is the supply point for the greater portion of the state, also. In addition to this the enterprise of the jobbers has led them to go far beyond the confines of the

THE INDIANA SOLDIERS AND SAILORS MONUMENT

state on all main lines. Many Indianapolis houses are well and favorably known through Illinois, Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee. The jobbing trade is markedly strong in the grocery, millinery and dry goods lines. The jobbers have two weeks of cheap rate excursions each spring and fall which bring hundreds of buyers from the territory tributary to them. In many specialties the business of the city extends to all parts of the country. Indianapolis is a port of entry and such houses as deal in goods of foreign manufacture are to a great extent direct importers.

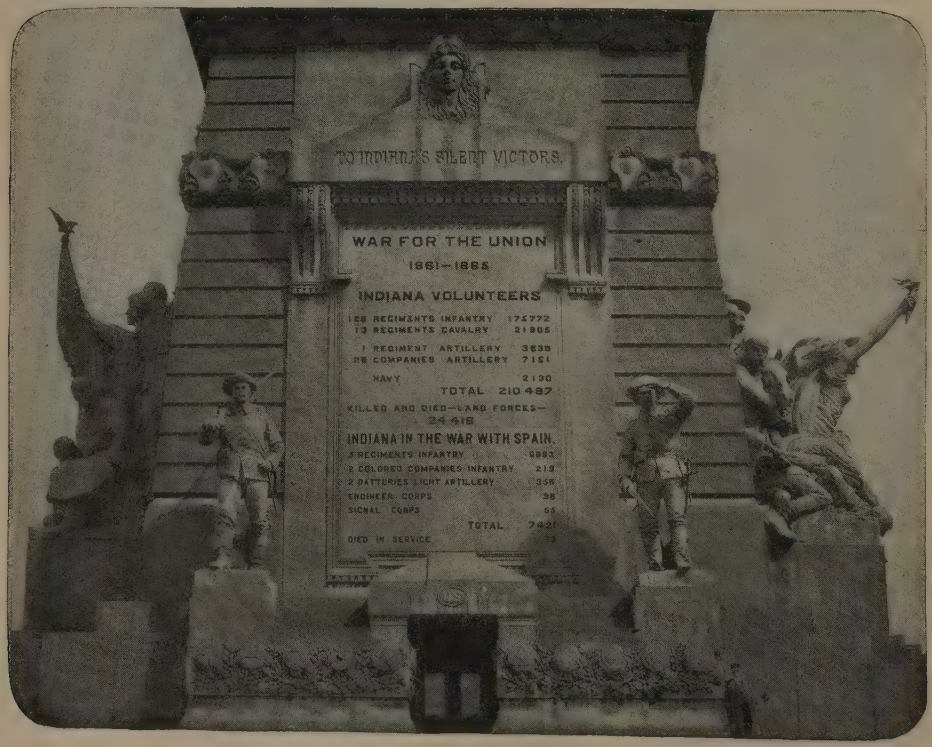
The retail establishments of the city indicate that the people possess culture and have artistic tastes. The tone of the

showing district is high and the retail merchants are progressive. They have an organization known as the Merchants' Association, an active body that has done much to extend the retail trade of the city.

Indianapolis has of late years gained the distinction of being a convention town of wide renown. Its central location, railroad facilities, and excellent hotel accommodations, combined with the progressive and hospitable character of the people, have made it the meeting point of many commercial, educational, professional, scientific, religious, trade and political organizations. A movement is now on foot to build a large coliseum in which even national political conventions may be held. The excellent hotels here have contributed not a little to the city's reputation as a good point for conventions. The old Bates House had an international reputation as one of the best hostelries to be found. The old building has been torn down and a new structure costing $1,250,000 has been erected on the site. This hotel, the Claypool, is one of the finest west of New York City. The Denison is another hotel well and favorably known to the traveling public. These two, with the English and Grand, make up a quartet of first class hotels that are seldom equalled in a city of this size. And in addition to these there are a number of cheaper priced houses that are equally excellent in their class.

Commercial, manufacturing and civic enterprise in the city is represented by the Commercial Club, the Board of Trade, the Merchants' Association, the Manufacturers' Club and several smaller associations devoted to special businesses. The Commercial Club with its

THE BASE OF THE INDIANA SOLDIERS AND SAILORS MONUMENT

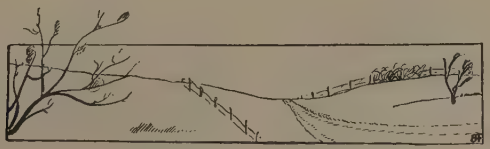


membership of one thousand, occupies its own building, an eight-story, fireproof structure. The club is essentially a popular one. The membership fee is low and the annual dues are small. The name does not fully indicate the scope of the club's work. It was founded with the purpose in view of making the city a better place in which to live. The club prides itself on being an organization where any one's thought for the betterment of the city may find co-operation and assistance. Some of the many things accomplished are the securing of the present city charter, the inauguration of a system of street improvements, sewer system and park system.

The Board of Trade is organized to promote the commercial, financial and industrial interests of the city, in particular. The membership is limited to five hundred and insurance on the mutual plan goes with each membership. The board owns its property and is the heaquarters for the grain trade of this locality. The Manufacturers' Club meets at a monthly dinner to discuss matters of interest to its membership. All of the leading manufacturers in the city are members of it.

Social club life in the city is well represented and there are numerous club houses devoted to special lines of thought and life. Altogether, there are nearly two hundred and fifty clubs and organizations representing social, political, literary, musical, dramatic and athletic phases of club life. Among them there may be mentioned the Columbia Club, Das Deutsche Haus, the Marion Club, the Indiana Club, the Propylaeum, the University Club, the Art Association, the Country Club, the Canoe Club, the Americus Club and the Aquatic Club.

Indianapolis is a clean, progressive city, and is advancing more rapidly in size, in its importance as a manufacturing center and in its advantages as a distributing point, than any city in the central West. Its people are cultured and refined, make good citizens and good neighbors. It is a desirable place to live and one can die here, when necessity arises, as comfortably as anywhere, the only distressing feature being regret at leaving beautiful Indianapolis.



WINTER

The north, unfriendliest wind of all that blow,
Sweeps the wide plain with keen and ruthless blast
Like tiny footfalls hurrying o'er the snow,
The ghosts of summer's leaves go whirling past.

There is no sound of Nature, many-voiced;
The snow claims all the landscape for his own;
The singing birds that all the year rejoiced,
Are hushed, and lo! the Winter reigns alone.

As far as eye can reach, the land is white,
And gray sky bends to shrouded earth below;
The only note of color, glad and bright,
Where bitter-sweet shines out against the snow.

Mary V. Hobart.

DOUCETTE

IN TWO CHAPTERS

By LYLIE O. HARRIS

CHAPTER II.

AFTER Henri's departure Doucette was in a state of wonderful excitement. She made no allusions on Henri's visit but fluttered about her mother, talking disjointedly and vaguely, full of naive interjections, gay, *insouciante,*—yet about her a restless air of expectation.

"*Ah! ma belle et bonne,* I feel so *gai,* so *joyeuse.* Me, I am sure some great something will soon arrive to make me happy—and then *cherie, Mamoute mienne,* thou too wilt be happy. *Of course! Cela va sans dire.*"

But even as her child caressed and petted her the old hard look came back in Estelle's face, all the horror of their fate again possessed her, and she felt she could endure the hideous secret no longer. Too long had she lain in the pit of hell. She feared she was going mad. Pushing Doucette away from her she made some faltering excuses to the wondering girl and hastened to Pere Ignace.

That good old man must have suffered, she said to herself, as she hurried on, else how had he got that sympathetic voice, the tender glance, the patience and kindness which made him so beloved?

Pere Ignace had a winning manner and was no less a favorite with the rich than the poor—yet, in a city celebrated for good living and gayties manifold, he lived as abstemiously as an eremite.

His fasts were rigorous, his penances severe, his alms-giving equal to that of Jean Valjean. How few comprehended the *role* of the good *cure!* What tales and confessions and cries for help were poured into his ears by the strange, mongrel population to whom he ministered! No one could tell into what abysses of moral degradation he often looked—through what *fumiers* his path led.

Never a whisper of her somber secret had Estelle allowed to pass her lips, even in the confessional—but the benignant divination of the priest had convinced him that she suffered poignant anguish.

So when his old servant told him that Madame de Dressac awaited him in the little parlor, he was not surprised. He had long felt that she would some day need him. He greeted her with grave sympathetic tenderness.

"I fear you have trouble, my daughter."

"Great trouble; I am here to ask your help and counsel, *mon pere.*"

"I am here to help you, my daughter."

Oh, the blessed sympathy of his manner!

"My story is long, father. It will weary you."

"My child, speak all your heart."

As she recounted her bitter story, her figure seemed to bend under a flood of cruel memories. At last she ceased.

"Poor suffering child! And this was how long ago?"

Eighteen years, *mon pere*."

"The smoke of thy torment has indeed ascended long, my daughter. Why did you not confide in me before?"

"Oh! *mon pere*, can you not understand? I am tearing my heart out by the roots, to confess my disgrace."

"Not your disgrace, neither the disgrace of your child. Rather—but let me not upbraid the dead. And now, my daughter, you want my counsel?"

"Yes, *mon pere*."

"You wish me to advise Doucette to marry Henri?"

"I hope you can do that, father."

"My daughter, why did you leave your husband?"

"Because he deceived me."

"True—yet you would have Doucette deceive her husband?"

"Doucette is innocent — she knows nothing—absolutely. Mine be the guilt —so my daughter is happy, I am willing to suffer all the pangs of eternal torment."

"But you, my daughter; alas! my heart bleeds for you, but you know all. You feel that your husband and his father committed a hideous crime against you. Would you be guilty of the same monstrous wrong against this honorable gentleman, Henri St. Amant? Think, my daughter! Pride of race is as strong in a St. Amant as in a St. Ange. What will he think, *what will he do*, when he learns all?"

"But, *mon pere*, why should he know? Who will tell him?"

"My daughter, that is your task!"

"Father! Father!" she shrieked, springing up in horror at the specter he had invoked. "Say no more! God in Heaven, I can bear no more!"

"My poor daughter, my unhappy child! God will comfort thee."

"My baby, my child, Doucette—*pauvre petite miserable!*"

"She will be comforted. She is young. Perhaps it might be wiser to tell her all."

The unhappy woman spoke no word. Her hand sought her heart, she felt a spasm there. She was withering in a burning desert. She turned her agonized, quivering face to the priest.

"Self sacrifice—abnegation—by these you mount to heaven, my daughter."

"Bless me, father, and pity me," she murmured.

Pere Ignace, in silent benediction, laid his hands upon the kneeling woman's head. She pressed to her lips the crucifix of his rosary, and in another moment was gone.

* * * *

M. St. Amant met Madame de Dressac at the appointed hour. His happy face showed no doubt of her answer. He was not even impressed by the sadness, the solemnity of Madame de Dressac's manner.

He greeted her with a charming courtesy, a happy blending of deference and affection.

"You will make me happy, *ma mere?*"

A mist seemed to spread itself before Estelle's eyes—a dumb terror dominated her heart, out of which the blood seemed to have died. She moved her lips—no words issued therefrom. Then, recovering herself by a stong effort, she said:

"Monsieur, before I answer the proposal with which you have honored us, I have something to tell you."

St. Amant bowed in pleased expectation.

"You know that my husband—I am—a *divorcee?*"

He bowed with sympathetic deference.

"You have never heard *why* I am divorced?"

"Never, but of course Madame was in the right."

"I thank you monsieur. I was a grievously wronged woman. You must hear my story monsieur—*then* if you still wish to marry Doucette—"

His radiant smile betokened no skepticism upon that point.

"Nothing, Madame — nothing can change my love—my desires."

In a low, monotonous voice she began.

"Several years ago there came to New Orleans the cadet of one of the most illustrious families of France. He was rich, wished to see the world, and came here well introduced. Charming in person, persuasive in manner, he captivated men and women. My father was not content that he should be merely a casual visitor at his house, but entreated him to make himself *en famille*. Thus he became intimately associated with my parents. All succumbed to his fascinations. My mother's maid and *confidante*, Celeste, was a beautiful octoroon, whom she loved devotedly. Celeste had been reared gently. She was almost like a daughter of the house, and was shielded as jealously from the world. She was modest, pure and refined, and my parents decided that she should marry a man worthy of her—a young mulatto on the plantation who loved her devotedly. My father meant to give them their freedom.

"But soon my father's guest succumbed to the strange, subtle charm of the slave girl. Her soft, vague, sphinx-like beauty and the golden tones of her skin, appealed to his aesthetic sense. He grew madly in love with her, and she with him. He sought my father, told his story with the utmost frankness, and begged him to let him marry Celeste.

"You may imagine my father's horrified astonishment. Then he ridiculed the proposal. But when his guest insisted upon an answer, he replied hotly that what he asked was impossible. The State code made marriage between a white and a person of color an offense against the law. But Celeste's lover declared that he would marry her in France.

"My father asserted that this too was impossible.

"'Why,' he asked—

"Because you are the son of a man whom I esteem, and I will not *allow* you to disgrace him—also, *monsieur*, because Celeste belongs to me!'

"'What sum will buy her from you?' her lover demanded.

"'Not all the money in France!' my father hotly retorted.

"'You refuse to let me marry this girl—you refuse to let me buy her—but if there be a God in heaven she *shall* be mine,' he raved.

"My father, who loved the young Frenchman, strove to reason with him. He showed him how such a marriage would be regarded by his friends, his name would be tarnished. But to all his reasoning he only answered:

"'We have none of your mad prejudices in France.' The infatuated man entreated, but my father was obdurate.

"'You will live to repent your cruelty to Celeste and me!' were his parting words as he left in hot anger.

"My parents saw him no more, but to their shame and grief, Celeste a few months later gave birth to a male child. Celeste, happily, died, and her baby disappeared most mysteriously and could never be traced. My father's guest had some time before returned to France and he lost sight of him for several years.

"When I was eighteen years old, another young gentleman from France arrived in New Orleans, ideally handsome and accomplished. He presented to my father a letter from his father, who was, in truth, none other than his former guest, who had so madly loved the beautiful octoroon, Guy de Dressac. Their old quarrel had long since been forgotten and occasional letters of friendship had been exchanged.

"In this letter M. de Dressac referred to the folly of his *jeunesse* and thanking my father for his wise counsel, commended his son to his kindness.

"My father took the young man to his heart. The son in his turn became a member of our house—and the inevitable happened. Soon we were fiancé, and if I was congratulated I was also envied, for the de Dressacs were illustrious and owned vast estates.

"I was a transformed creature. Love had lighted upon me suddenly like a flame; I was for the first time alive and conscious of my beating pulses, my warm and hurrying blood. I felt, I knew, that I had gained wisdom, wider and sweeter, in my new life. So I climbed up step by step until I had reached the highest peaks of ecstasy.

"No cloud darkened my joy, no bitterness was in my cup of happiness, heaven seemed to smile on me, and I married. The loving letter I received from my father-in-law the very day of my marriage, only increased my happiness. For a year my husband was God's light upon earth to me—my life, my all! and then when Doucette was born I knew I was *too happy*. No creature could be so happy and not suffer for it .

"Doucette was only a few months old when a short letter came to my father from his friend in France. It was not long. 'Remember, *mon ami*, I swore I would have my revenge. It is true that Armand, your daughter's husband, is my son, but he is also the son of your slave, Celeste. He knows all. I believe your daughter loves my son. I hope they will be happy.'

"The disgrace broke my father's heart. For the man who had so dishonored me and my child I felt the wildest hatred. His denial of any knowledge of the facts disclosed by his father proved him a liar. An awful fury arose in me, the thirst for revenge consumed me. How I longed to kill him!

"Then when I looked at the child—Ah! my God, there my shame and hers seemed written before me in letters of fire. It stared at me from every walk, it wrote itself beneath my feet as I walked, and I read it above me in the heavens.

"Everything alive seemed to have wings to carry it to and fro in the air forever. Then came a craving for the forgetfulness of death, only forgetfulness might not come with death. I might float into an ocean of eternal remembrance. Then arose a craving for revenge which raged in me more fiercely than hunger in a beast of prey. Even as I longed for revenge, news came that the vessel in which my husband had sailed for France had been lost with every soul on board. The shock of his son's death killed M. de Dressac. But I have never lost the accursed sight of my shame. I never shall. Monsieur, will a St. Amant *now* marry my child?"

Henri groaned, rose slowly, his limbs trembled, his head swam round stupidly.

The sudden revulsion from happiness to despair benumbed his soul. He tried vainly to speak. Then the air grew black around him, red rings swam before his eyes, a cold dew started out on brow and hands. With eyes fixed upon Estelle he struggled to speak. His lips moved but no sound issued therefrom. There was a suffocating tightness in his throat —his heart leaped to and fro — then another groan burst from his lips and he plunged into the streets.

Such misery! Such madness! Such recklessness! Such despair! Still he wandered on, he neither knew nor cared in which direction. He was conscious of nothing but that the world for him was at an end. As he thought over his dream of ecstasy, the love-enraptured days that had been his, he wept for the idol he worshipped.

He stumbled into Congo Square and sank into a seat. His head ached dully, there was a chill at his heart. Out of the dimly lighted darkness came a harsh sound—the beating of the rude drum which summoned the *bamboula* dancers to the square. The curious and convul-

sive performance began, but he heeded it not. The extraordinary rhythmic chant of the negroes had gone on for some time before Henri's mind awakened to consciousness of the scene.

He started up as if a viper had stung him. Voudou worshippers like these semi-barbarians had been the ancestors of Doucette! The thought was hell! He wandered to the deserted levee. The cool, moist air of the river soothed him, but only for a few moments. He started up and strode forth again into the street. He had up to that moment been swallowed up in his own agony. But again he thought of Doucette, and a great wave of tumultuous love swept over his heart. She loved him—and he felt that every drop of blood in his heart longed for her with inexpressible desire. Why should they not be happy? After awhile a great calm enveloped him. He had been mad just now—he was sane again. Why should a few drops of African blood poison their lives? The dread her mother invoked was a chimera. Doucette was Doucette. The loveliest, the most delightsome, the most entrancing woman in the world. How absurd to make her the victim to a phantom evolved from race pride!

His own ancestors—well, how could this disgrace them? Doucette and disgrace could never be linked together. After all, he was free to order his life as he pleased. His father and mother were dead; no near kindred lived who could be affected by any action of his.

Almost until dawn he paced the deserted streets. The night air was heavy with the sweet scent of tropical flowers. When he entered his doorway the contest was over. Nature had prevailed. The wild, throbbing heart drowned the promptings of reason and he said: "I shall marry Doucette."

* * * *

As the hour drew on when Henri was to have that second interview with her mother, Doucette was seized with a passionate desire to beautify herself for the eyes of her lover. She whispered to old Zozi, who smiled in sympathy, and followed her into the bare little room whose sole ornament was its owner. "Ah, Zozi, thy *bebe* must be *belle* just for this one time. Thou dost understand, *hein?*"

"*Oui, ma belle.*" Zozi had that curious intelligence of certain old negro mammies who understand when others misunderstand — who fathom what seems unfathomable, and who have imbibed from the life spent alongside of their masters a feeling of clanship with the lives they have nursed and cherished, and been absorbed into. Old Zozi took her *bebe's* little hand into hers and studied all its pretty dimples and rose tinted finger tips. Then she kissed it softly—but there were tears in her eyes.

"Me I hev one bahd drim last night."

"*Tant pis pour toi, pauvre Zozi,*" and Doucette stroked her nurse's hand caressingly.

"Me I drim two bahd drims, eet mek me feel bahd!" Her *bebe* made an adorable *moue* at her.

"*Mais non,* Zozi, you have not the *betise* to believe dreams come true."

"*Mais oui, mais oui, cherie.* Bad drim they sho fo' *a*rrive true. You *see.*"

"Oh, *tais toi, tais toi.* Thou art one *hibou.*"

Doucette seated herself before the dressing table at one end of the room. Then Zozi brushed the young girl's hair until it shone, giving it here a twist, there a touch, and making much of the soft, small curls that grew on the nape of the neck like the delicate fluff under a young bird's wing.

"Ah! that is well, that *coiffure,* Zozi, *mais* what will we decide about all those *toilettes, hein?*" And a perplexed little laugh tinkled out, while her brows puckered.

"*Quel embarras des richesses pour la princesse!* Is it *la vielle bleue?—mais*

mon—me I'm fatigued to look at that dress. I choose *la plus vielle blanche*. Me, I pay always my respects to old age. Ain' so, Zozi?" And the little sprite twined her arms about her old nurse's black neck, and kissed her affectionately.

"Ah! *ma pauvre 'tite* an thy Maman, een those ol taim, *toilettes, toilettes, toujours toilettes!*"

"You must not make me *triste*, Zozi. Never, no not one time more, I will feel *triste, moi*."

"Me I 'ope thad goin' com' true, *mais j'ai peur, moi!*" Tek cyah. Too much glad, he mek sawhy. Yo po' ole Zozi she sweep las night affer *la cloche d'Eglise* strek seex. Thas one bahd, bahd sign!" And the old negress sighed heavily.

"*Mais depeche toi donc*, thou *bete d'une balayeuse* and make thy baby not so ugly."

Zozi enveloped her lovely nurseling in that often, alas! how very often worn white muslin frock. Doucette asked very earnestly if all the darned places were out of evidence. Then Zozi put clusters of scarlet pomegranate blooms in her hair and bosom, to match Doucette's lips. All else was vestal white, and thus she chose to go to her lover. Her dress floated from neck to toe in one filmy, cloud-like sweep.

"*Vraiment* now, Zozi, you find me ugly tonight, ain' so?' she demurely asked. The charmed old negress clasped her hands in rapturous delight.

"*Mon Dieu, tu es belle comme un ange!*"

"*Tais toi! tais toi!*" She put one little hand across her nurse's mouth. But she laughed aloud.

"Me, I must see how this Mamselle Doucette de Dressac looks," and she gazed earnestly into the mirror, which threw back such a picture of radiant maiden loveliness, that Doucette herself was astonished at her own beauty. How glad she was to be beautiful tonight! Her dark, lustrous eyes veiled themselves as she fell into a tender, dreamy reverie, then waking from it, she broke forth into a gay little *chanson*, and declaring that the room was stifling, ran out on the vine-clad balcony.

Sweet scented flowers filled the moist air with their incense; fire-flies glinted in the rich sub-tropical foliage of the Cathedral close; soft moths winged their way in and out of the perfumed shrubbery; from one side breathed a zephyr from sweet olive trees, from the other a gentle breeze from the river.

In the doorway of the *rez-de-chaussee* of a house near by a soft tenor voice chanted a love song to the delicious accompaniment of a zither. When the song was finished the moon came out from a bed of fleecy clouds and lit up the narrow street.

Doucette, enraptured and enthralled, leaned over the balcony and saw Henri almost reel from the front door into the *allee*, and go blindly striding away.

What could the matter be? Surely some misfortune had befallen. There was a constriction at her heart, yet she found herself looking into the window of the Roman Catholic shop just below, and it seemed that the little porcelain angels were ascending and descending a Jacob's ladder of long communion candles in the show case. Then she heard her mother's step. As she went to meet her she flushed and kindled, gave one look into her mother's face, then the flush went out, leaving her cold and gray. An icy wind seemed to sweep over her.

"Maman, *chere* Maman, what hast thou —where is Henri?"

"He is gone, my child."

"He will come?"

"My adored one, my sweet. Thou, too, must hear what thy most miserable mother has just told Henri."

The child heard the piteous story. With head buried in her mother's lap, she gave no sign of life until Madame de Dressac ceased to speak. Then with a low shuddering wail she dropped on her knees and clasped her hands.

"Look at me, my sweet, my angel."

"Oh! Mama, thy Doucette has such shame, such shame! How can I ever more look him in the face? Or even thou, Mama?—*Thou art white*, but I—I am—I am, merciful God in heaven, *what* am I? I cannot speak it."

"My poor little one! Is not thy shame thy mother's shame, and thy sorrow her calamity?"

"But what can I do, mama? How can I live? Oh, I cannot—it is a cruel God that lets me live. Let me die! Let me die!" She shivered as with mortal cold.

"But *maman non! non! non!* This thing you tell me,—it is *impossible! impossible!*—Look at thy child. Am I not white? Look at these arms—and my hair—is *this* the hair of a *mulatresse? Mon Dieu, Maman*, I *am* white, *Maman*, oh, *ma cherie*, tell me, tell me! Ah! thou canst not, even to make me happy." Then dropping on her knees, with upturned, agonized face she prayed. 'Marie, mother of sorrows, beseech thy dear Son to let me die—*now—now!*"

A moment thus she knelt, as though she awaited a bolt from Heaven, expectation painted in every feature of her quivering face. Then she rose slowly to her feet, staggered back, covered her face with her hands, and crying "*Ne me touche pas! ne me touche pas! Lepre! Lepre!*" she fell as one dead at the feet of Zozi.

Estelle felt that never until now had she known grief.

Sleepless and silent the two women lay side by side all through that long night. Docuette's heart was a sepulcher without a ray of sunshine.

A great ache was in her temples. The power of thought was numbed. Her memory confused. Yet she thought of a certain girl at the Ursulines Convent. How there had first arisen a faintly whispered suspicion that she had "colored blood." How it grew louder and louder —then was openly discussed—how the other girls shunned her, how the poor thing seemed utterly smothered in the strange atmosphere which suddenly enveloped her. But she, Doucette, had been kind to her! Oh! how glad now she was that she had not shrunk from the Pariah—Pariah! She too was a Pariah!

The reflection scourged her, and in her shame she cowered from the light. This shame as she brooded over it, grew until it became an intolerable burden. And Henri knew it also! Ah! that was the burning shame in her breast. "If—if only Mama had kept this hideous secret, what harm would have come? Then she and Henri would have been happy." The child writhed in her crucifixion. How could her mother know what misery she had inflicted?—her heart grew wild with despair and rage and she cursed God.

Then the suffering little one, horrified at her blasphemy against her God and her mother, was seized with the most poignant remorse. She prayed for forgiveness, and it seemed as if with the utterance of that prayer, calmness of thought became once more possible. Miserable creature that she was, she had thought only of herself. In what a pit of hell her mother had been tortured all these years! In pitying her mother her own agony was soothed, and when at last in a paroxysm of tenderness she fell upon her mother's neck, the two women wept together and consoled one another.

Old Zozi, lying as always on a pallet by their bedside, could not sleep. She had not been surprised by her mistress' revelations, for she had known them always, and had even thought to kill her mistress' husband, after she learned his treachery.

Her mind tonight was thronged by thousands of shadowy phantoms. Her mistress' dead husband—his father—her mistress' father, all seemed to rise up,

to threaten, to warn her. Shadowy beings haunted her. She saw them still, when she shut her eyes. The old woman was remarkably cunning, yet her head was full of the strange superstitions that could be traced back to Africa. At last she dropped into a troubled sleep, and then her master appeared and asked, "Where is the letter?" So distinctly did he speak that she sprang up in her sleep and cried out, "*Oui, monsieur, mon maitre, j'ai la lettre!*" But she spoke to air. Her mistress made her go back to bed, but she could not sleep. The mocking shapes seemed to jeer at her, crying out, "*La lettre! la lettre!*"

What had she, who could neither read nor write, to do with letters? It was a *sottise*. Then memory grew active. "Ah! *la lettre?*" Suppose it was that letter her old master had hurled from him the day he was stricken down in death.

She had always been afraid of that *terrible letter*. It held, no doubt, some *gri-gri* which had killed her master. Was it not a letter that had consumed him with misery? She had never dared mention the letter—but she had it still—she had hid it away—but now that the memory of its possession had come back to her, she would get rid of it. Tomorrow she would give it to Pere Ignace. He could sprinkle it with holy water and exorcise the Voudou spirits in it, then burn it.

All the sad actors in the tragedy of that black night arose weary and heart-sick the next morning. The old Doucette was dead. Only her love for Henri lived. But she shrank from the thought of him. To wed him was to dishonor him. To love him, even, was now a shame, and she writhed in self-abasement at the thought that he knew her degradation. Soon everybody would know it. Why could she and her mother not bury themselves in some convent, where they would be indeed dead to a prying, babbling world?

* * * *

When Zozi came to her bed the next morning with her coffee, it was a wan, woeful face her *bebe* showed her. But she bade her drink it, it would give her "good heart."

Then as Doucette mechanically swallowed it, the old woman stroked the child's hair softly. The familiar caress soothed the girl, and she made no resistence when her old nurse took her in her arms, and rocking her gently to and fro, crooned over her the old, old cradle songs. When at last Zozi's unerring instinct told her that the right moment had come, she said coaxingly, "You go'n cry no mo. Me, I know you go'n be happee! You go'n see. Zozi make ev theeng right, you see *ma belle et bonne*."

"*Non! pauvre* Zozi."

"*Non!* noboddee go'n be *pauvre* no mo! We hev see nuff *pauvre en pauvrete*. Dass go'n chenge! *Voila!*" And the old nurse opened the *persiennes*, letting in a flood of sunshine.

What mysterious alchemy is there in the sun?

The warm light which enveloped Doucette awoke a happy hope in her heart.

She turned to Zozi and said "*Laissons faire le menage.*" Then cheerfully she went the round of domestic duties, doing all with that strict attention and nicety of detail, peculiar to the Creole housekeeper.

Madame de Dressac was locked in her own room, said Zozi and did not wish even Doucette to disturb her.

Early that morning, even before the milk carts had begun to make their wild rattle over the granite block pavements, Zozi had arisen from her pallet, which had been haunted by dreams and specters.

"Me, I got fuh look fuh one letter," she said, crossing herself piously, and

hurried off to a little cabinet, where she unlocked a small, ancient, hair-covered trunk, in which were her most cherished belongings. She fumbled some time among its contents, and at last drew forth a faded *foulard*, its corners tied together. She untied it, and took out a foreign looking letter, all yellowed with age, its seal unbroken. Zozi held it gingerly between her fingers as though it were not safe to handle it.

Just such a letter had brought all the trouble upon the family. This very letter had killed her master. The Voudou spell within it must be an awful and a powerful one. It was with fear and trembling that she had taken the grewsome thing in her fingers to hide it away.

Perhaps the Zombi in it might yet work an evil spell on the house and its inmates. Twice, long, long ago, she had been on the point of burning it, but the first time she took it up with the tongs, just as she had stretched it over the coals, at the same time making the sign of the cross, a spider dropped from the wall. Now, as everyone knows, to see a spider in the evening is bad luck. So she accepted the warning, reluctantly, and put the letter back.

Another night she was on the point of burning it when a dog howled at the gate. This surely was an ill omen, and again she refrained. Under the strain incident to war and want, the letter passed from her memory, until her old master rose up before her and ordered her to give it to her mistress. Still she was afraid of the malign influences of that letter if once it was opened. She loved her mistress passionately. Impossible! She could not hurt her, not if she burned forever in hell for disobeying the spirit's warning. She would go first to Pere Ignace. Priests were sent by God to help people out of hard places. If that was not their business, then, thought Zozi, they would better be working out in the world. She loved Pere Ignace, and had no fears that the letter might also hurt him when he opened it. Perhaps she thought that the good father in his holy office, was, after all, better fitted to come out victorious in a battle with the evil one, than an ordinary mortal. So she put the letter in her bosom, where it felt as cold as a snake, and slipped out to consult Pere Ignace.

She was soon at the yellow house in Rue des Bons Enfants, where she was received by the father's black, fat old cook and housekeeper with a hearty *"Bon jour!"* and an added exclamation of surprise that she was so exceedingly *"matinale."*

"Oui, vraiment, but me I wand to spig weed Pere Ignace."

"A'right, me I go'n tell eem."

Pere Ignace gave his visitor audience a few moments later, in the little, bare, impersonal parlor.

"How can I help you, Zozi," he inquired kindly, after an exchange of greetings.

"Ah! *mon pere,* we god plaintee trub, plaintee, plaintee, to ou' house."

"I am sorry to hear that, Zozi. Maybe I can do something."

"Thadz whad I think, me, mahself,—thadz wad mek me trub you now. Me, I got one *lettre.*" Here she took hold of the letter as though it were a serpent that might sting her, and handed it solemnly to the priest.

"But Zozi, when did you get this?"

"Oh, long, long taim! Befo' ole master die."

"And you have never showed it to Madame de Dressac?"

"En fo' whad? Ain' she god trub 'nough alreddee, don't me mek mo—*hein, mon pere?*"

"But, Zozi, this may be of great importance."

"Yas, dass whad mek me breeng eet now, *mon pere.* Me, I wand you rid eet, en tell me whad you theenk."

A faint smile played about the lips of

the old priest, as he broke the seal, but he was well acquainted with the curious blendings of ignorance, intelligence and superstition in the mongrel population he ministered to.

But as he read the smile faded, and was replaced by astonishment, then indignation. Zozi watched every change in the priest's countenance, and took a long breath of relief when at last he refolded the letter. So far Pere Ignace had not been harmed by any Zombi spell.

"Zozi, who told you to give me this letter?"

"My old master, he come from heaven las' night. *He* tell me, *mon pere*."

"If your mistress had read this letter, Zozi, when you first got it, she would have been a far less unhappy woman. All would have been different — she, Doucette and you."

"*Mais, mon pere*, me I do whad I theenk bais. Ole Zozi theenk fo' kip trub fom Mamzelle Estelle. Ain' I alreddy see weed dees two eyes, how one *lettre* lak dat separate Mamzelle Estelle en Michie Armand? Ain' I see, *me, masef*, how dees *lettre*, jus fo' look ad eed, done keel Michie St. Ange? You theenk Zozi, af' she see such *misere*, go'n led one *lettre* mek mo' trub! *Eh, non, mon pere*."

"I am not blaming you, Zozi. I know how you felt. I know you wanted to spare your mistress. But listen."

Then Pere Ignace read slowly to the astonished woman these words—

"My dear St. Ange: My friend, we are even, we two. Long years ago, when my blood was hot, I vowed revenge for a wrong I fancied you had done me. Well, I have had it; but not exactly as I made you believe. I only played a joke upon yon, *mon ami*, when I wrote you that Celeste was Armand's mother. Armand is indeed my son, but *not* the son of your slave girl. Heaven bless you that you stopped that mad piece of folly. My son's mother is of the best blood of France. I enclose you a copy of our *Contrat de Mariage*, also one of the baptism of our son.

"You will receive this letter a few hours after that other. A fine joke, is it not? You see I wanted to give you a little shock. For, indeed, my dear old friend, you *are* a little *fol*, you *Americains*, upon that subject. As for me, I have not that prejudice, *c' este a dire* to such an extent, you understand.

"Embrace my dear *belle fille* who must be beautiful as a dream, and forgive your old friend for the practical joke. GUY DE DRESSAC."

Zozi sat like one turned to stone, through the reading of the letter. She had a quick intelligence which enabled her to take in its full meaning, and she divined instantly what a load of crushing sorrow would have been diverted from Estelle had she not concealed this letter from her.

She fell to the floor and prostrated herself at the priest's feet, piteously begging God to strike her dead. She was the one who had put a knife in her beloved mistress' heart and the wound had bled daily for all these long years. She who had loved her so, who would let her old body be cut into pieces to save Mamzelle Estelle and her *bebe* from sorrow. She fell prone upon her face and literally groveled in despair.

Then the priest bade her rise.

When at last she stood, head hung down before him, his words were so kind and soothing that she ceased weeping and begged him to tell her what to do.

"Leave that to me," replied the priest.

Zozi, kneeling, kissed the hem of his robe, and before the good man could rebuke her had glided out of the little shelled garden and was running swiftly down Rue des Bons Enfants.

* * * *

Henri had wrestled with the legions of devils which had beset him after that awful revelation of Madame de Dressac. He had at last determined to take love as his guide.

This Doucette was the same girl he had loved so passionately before her mother spoke. She was in no wise different, now that he knew of this taint in her blood, from what she was before.

She was the same adorable little creature, and his heart cried out for her.

Love is an occult agency, that works mysterious spiritual processes. Yesterday morning, if a friend had sought

advice in such a situation, he would have emphatically prescribed renunciation of the woman, adored though she might be by her lover. He might perhaps have treated him to an ethnological dissertation, reminded him that the race germ never dies, of the survival of physical, mental, and moral blemishes, of the dread reversion of type.

But in his own case, although all these things had leaped up into his own mind, although the horror had at first been overwhelming, his heart had yielded to nature. Doucette was still Doucette.

This thought had brought him back to himself, and fierce love had burned up all barriers. Gone were all race theories and speculations. With Doucette there would be no disgrace. She was her mother's child. A regal woman, in beauty and intellect.

Henri walked once more a man. He had made his choice. The long agony of the struggle was past; and he rose up from the contest with renewed strength. He longed to see Doucette. He had long enough denied himself the delight of wooing her, now he would seek her. What if the hour were unconventional? In *Allee St. Antoine* there were few conventionalities, and now there should be fewer. The lover of today was perhaps graver than he of yesterday, but he loved as much, nay, he said to himself, "More, a thousand times more!"

As he entered the gate he plucked a spray of olive from a bush she had planted. Its delicate, elusive fragrance always reminded him of Doucette's subtle charm, and once he had told her so. She had laughed mockingly, yet she had been pleased. As he entered the doorway of his beloved he met Pere Ignace.

The two greeted each other, and there was even more kindly warmth than usual in the priest's tones and manner.

"Father, how is she?" he asked.

"I have not seen Doucette, my son, but I fear she has been in sore trouble."

"I know it, Father. But when we are married I shall try to console her."

"You will *marry* Doucette? — *you*, Henri St. Amant—you marry a—"

"Yes! Were she one a thousand times —she is still Doucette, my Doucette."

Pere Ignace clasped the young man's hand in both his own.

"You are brave, my son, but you would do an unwise thing were Doucette indeed—but she is worthy of you. There is no taint in the child's blood. See, she comes. Her mother brings her to you."

With intuitive comprehension Henri sprang to meet mother and daughter as they appeared in the doorway.

"Henri, my son, Doucette is thine, and *worthy* to be thine."

Henri took the girl in his arms for one brief moment, then both kneeling at the priest's feet asked his blessing.

Even as Henri helped Doucette to rise, her eyes fell upon Zozi standing apart, alone, unnoticed, weeping.

"Come," said Doucette, giving her hand to Henri.

Together, they approached the old *bonne* and Doucette, throwing her arms about Zozi's neck, exclaimed:

"It is thou, Zozi, who hast made us all so happy."

DESIRE

Show me a rich red rose,
But do not give it me,
For greater bliss desire is
Than the red rose would be.

EDWARD L. PETERSON.

Things Worth While in Menomonie, Wisconsin

By DR. A. E. WINSHIP,

Editor of The Journal of Education

THANKS to one corporation, and largely to one of its officials, Menomonie, Wisconsin, sixty-five miles southeast of St. Paul, on the Chicago & Northwestern Railway, has more attractions for a family that any other village of three thousand inhabitants in so rigorous a climate and so far from a metropolis. There are no climatic attractions—the mercury is proud of its mid-winter revelry in the forties, the mud rejoices in its possible depths and in the matchless contortions it can assume in freezing; but even then Menomonie remains a beautiful village with many homes of surpassing elegance, with rare art in pictures, statuary and furnishings, with numerous homes of genuine comfort on moderate means, and no homes wholly devoid of cheer and hope.

The schools have a national fame, and Menomonie, Wisconsin, will rank with the villages made famous by Pestalozzi and Froebel, and will be in a class with them, so far as the New World is concerned. Here, in a village of three thousand, in a township of less than six thousand, are five school buildings in a group, costing, with their educational equipment, considerably more than $300,000, aside from the land, and almost exclusively for common school purposes and for the children of the village and the young people of the rural districts of Dunn County. And this peerless educational plant is not due to the pedagogical enthusiasm of an educational theorist, nor to one great gift of a Carnegie, a Rockefeller or a Frick, but to a modest business man in the prime of life, who is still carrying immense personal and corporate responsibilities.

James H. Stout is the active leader and business manager of Knapp, Stout & Co., who have scalped hundreds of square miles in the Red Cedar valley; who own thousands upon thousands of acres of heavy timber in Missouri and Arkansas; who have bonded almost limitless square miles of majestic red cedar in northern California and Oregon, and who are manufacturing electrical motors, upon which they had expended more than $100,000 before they put one upon the market, which proved to be the entire civilized world. When Mr. Stout has served out his present term in the Wisconsin senate he will have occupied the position twelve years, an almost unprecedented service in any state senate. Despite his vast business interests and responsibilities, Senator Stout is among the most constant legislators and one of the most faithful. To this busy man Menomonie is indebted for her educational preeminence.

Almost sixty years ago—in 1846—Captain William Wilson, father-in-law of Senator Stout, selected this spot in the wilderness, as it then was, for the site of a lumber mill and residence. In all the great state it would be difficult to find a more beautiful location for a home than that upon which he built the present

residence of Senator Stout. Within a few years Captain Wilson associated with him Mr. John H. Knapp, Captain Andrew Taintor and the father of Senator Stout, a lumber dealer in Dubuque, Iowa, where James H. was born.

In 1865 Mr. Stout of Dubuque was well to do, able to give his sons any desired opportunity and start in life. James H., the youngest son, a lad midway of his teens, on a raw November day, impatient with school life as it then was, insisted upon going into business.

"Think twice before you take such a step," said the father.

"I have thought more than twice and I want to go into business now."

"All right; put on your overalls and report to Peter at the yard," and the poetry of a business career was short lived when James H. Stout was handling one end of wet lumber with a well seasoned workman at the other end. But he never winced during the hard winter in which he worked long hours in the raw end of the lumber yard of Knapp, Stout & Co. The knowledge he then acquired of all grades and conditions of lumber led to his being placed in charge of affairs when, soon after, they established a yard at St. Louis. From thence he went up into the backwoods of Wisconsin and Minnesota and worked like a slave to make their business an uninterrupted success through good times and hard times, so that for nearly sixty years there has been no quailing of their creditors, though panic after panic, like those of '57, '73, and '93, have swept the country.

It was about fifteen years ago that Senator Stout decided that it was not worth his while to follow the stream forever, looking after the crude end of their lumber interests, though not unappreciative of the fact that it was twenty years of the hardest kind of work that had brought him to the forefront in influence and responsibility. They were employing a large number of men, giving them steady work and good wages. It was a great satisfaction to him that, largely as a result of his business enterprise, they were able to hand out to these men as a whole from sixty thousand to eighty thousand dollars a month in wages for rent and fuel, food and clothing, for themselves and their families. About fifteen years ago a new thought possessed him. He awoke more or less suddenly to a realization of the fact that he does little who merely shelters and feeds and clothes the men who are giving their lives for him, while the money goes on to landlord, merchant and manufacturer. "What do these men and their families get out of the money?" became an overpowering question. Since then he has done a larger business, but in addition to that he has done infinitely more for the community, to the end that greater comfort and luxury may fruit from the money they have, be it little or much.

In 1852 Menomonie's entire township was content with a humble one room wooden school building. In 1890 there were upward of five thousand people in the township, there were many schools, a superintendent, better books and blackboards; but beyond that there was slight improvement. The schools differed little from those of any other rural town of its size. Since 1890 they have become the wonder of those who have been there or who have studied them from published accounts. The conception and its execution are Senator Stout's. We have here an instance, without a parallel, of a people being led out into a way which they knew not by the deeper insight, strong purpose and wise leadership of a single public spirited individual, supported by a liberal use of private funds. The first step was taken when in October, 1890, Mr. Stout made to the board of education this proposition:

"I will place upon the school grounds, in a place to be designated by the board of educa-

tion, a building of proper size and kind, furnished with all the equipments necessary for the instruction of classes of boys and girls in the subjects included in the first-year course of manual training. I will also pay the salaries of the necessary teachers, the cost of all necessary materials and supplies, and all the contingent expenses for three terms or for a time equivalent to three school terms, except such part thereof as shall be paid by five hundred dollars, which is to be provided by the board of education."

The board accepted the proposition, little anticipating what it signified to the town. Mr. Stout was soon elected upon the school board and made its chairman, and he watched the experiment and continued his benefactions, adding more and more from year to year, until on February 2, 1897, when the citizens saw all this plant and their own school buildings go up in flames. In three hours their pride was a heap of ruins. Consternation reigned. Up to that time they had little heeded their great good fortune, had said "Thank you" in a perfunctory way only; but now it was gone, now that they could hope only for an old fashioned school house and education, they awoke to the situation. In a few days the following petition, signed by the mayor, the city council and practically every business man and prominent citizen, was handed him:

Hon. James H. Stout, Dear Sir:—We whose names are hereto subscribed, realizing the great loss our city has sustained in the destruction by fire of "The Stout Manual Training School" building, hereby desire to express our high appreciation of the interest you have taken in our public schools, and of your generous benefactions in their behalf, and we wish especially to convey to you the sense of personal loss we feel.

We had come to regard this branch, not only as a valuable adjunct to the public schools, but also as an important factor in the attractiveness and growth of our city.

The few years in which the school has been in operation have been sufficient to attract widespread attention. We confidently believe a reestablishment of the school would not only be a direct benefit to our city, but would also be an impetus to similar work in other cities.

We trust you may feel there has been no want of appreciation on our part in the past.

Our hope is that the Manual Training School will be reestablished. Be assured you may rely upon the hearty support and cooperation of us, your fellow citizens, in whatever plan may commend itself to your judgement.

In due season the city, at his suggestion, and upon his plans, erected a noble brick building at a cost of $60,000, and he added upward of $25,000 for equipment and adornment. He placed beside it an architectural companion-piece which cost with equipment more than $100,000. Near by is a natatorium and gymnasium costing nearly $100,000 more, and beyond he has erected an agricultural school building at a cost of some $50,000. In no respect is there anything left undone in the four buildings that money can do for their perfection. There is not a more perfect equipment anywhere in any regard, and in many respects there is nothing to approach it. In manual training there is nothing in St. Louis or Indianapolis, in Philadelphia or Boston, in Washington or Chicago or anywhere else so complete. It begins with a smelter which takes iron ore, mined twelve miles away, two tons at a time, and sends it on to its mission, and the course ends in an art room in which every phase of art is represented by a masterpiece—one rug costing $1,000.

The greatest of educational luxuries is the natatorium-gymnasium, three stories, 99 by 132 feet. The natatorium is 41 by 99 feet with a plunge 30 by 80, with a depth ranging from 3½ to 8 feet. Dressing and undressing rooms are numerous, with shower baths, tub baths, and as perfect a Turkish bath equipment for hot room, steam room and massage baths as was ever made. The gymnasium hall is 41 by 84 feet, with every conceivable appointment and appliance, with fifty-four dressers. There are in this building, also, two beautiful club rooms. All this is for the public schools in a village of three thousand.

With all the expense and architectural beauty, the entire equipment represents more brains than dollars, more pedagogi-

cal wisdom than architectural skill, more true kindergarten spirit than mere zeal, more literary flavor than mere stacks of books, more scholastic discrimination than philanthropic ambition, and more of everything educationally vital than is found in places where distinctly educational leaders hold sway.

True, much credit is due to Superintendent J. E. Hoyt and his wife, whose lives have gone into this work for ten years; to Miss Murphy, whose artist instinct accounts for much of the success; to Mr. Mason, who directs the industrial education, and to other skillful leaders; but then they are the personal choice of Senator Stout, who has selected each with as much care as though he was placing him in charge of his own vast business interests, and who holds each strictly accountable for results up to his standard.

But this educational village scheme is by no means his only phase of devotion to the people. It is indeed inconceivable that a man can carry on so extensive and complicated a business as Knapp, Stout & Co. represent and be a faithful, devoted state senator and look after the efficiency of these schools so completely, but all this does not compass his devotion to the public good. "Good roads are indispensable to the comfort and prosperity of a community," said Mr. Stout twelve years ago, and he proceeded to build a mile and a half of first class macadamized roadway in the outskirts of the village, as good as can be found in Massachusetts under her state road scheme. He invited the road commissioners of each township in the county to be his guest for a week while the road was being made. No other piece of road building was ever so thoroughly supervised. He aroused the county and state to the necessity of activity, and then attracted so much attention to his good roads mission that the United States government appointed him commissioner of highway improvement for the northwestern states.

There are vast numbers of chronic insane who are grieviously wronged from lack of discriminating attention, and to these he gave earnest heed. He presented the case to the governor and the legislature and was appointed commissioner with authority to establish a home for such persons within the township of Menomonie. A beautiful farm of 800 acres was purchased and equipped at an expense of $110,000, which was loaned by the state. It was stocked with one of the best registered flocks of sheep in the country, with a herd of pure Jerseys, with closely bred hogs, with valuable strains of poultry. Mr. Stout insisted that the chronic insane need the best of everything to care for and enjoy. There are on the average 120 patients in the institution, for whose board, care and treatment the state pays $1.50 a week and the county as much more, and in twelve years this institution has paid the state interest annually on the loan and has paid back to the treasury $90,000, leaving a farm worth much more than the $110,000 which it cost, with an indebtedness of only $20,000. Last year it paid all the bills, made many permanent improvements and cleared over and above everything $10,000, and it is doing that annually.

Senator Stout is a believer in art and through his benevolence and close attention to detail he has arranged for a traveling art museum by means of which 672 beautiful framed pictures, in sets of six each, travel systematically through 112 different rural schools, so that in turn every one of these country schools will have for a month the whole 672 noble pictures. To him is largely due the now famous school library scheme of Wisconsin, and to him is due, entirely, the Dunn county plan to train a librarian in each township to make the library most useful. Once a year he invites all

of these school librarians to be his guests for a day in Menomonie and they have an all day session, over which he presides, for the consideration of the helps and hindrances to the best service of the libraries in that county.

"The normal schools are not providing teachers for the rural schools in Dunn county," said Mr. Stout, and provision was made for two county normal schools in the state, with an appropriation of $$3,750 for each, and one of them is in Menomonie. He provides school rooms and all equipment personally, so that the money can all go to a principal and assistant, and over it he has watched with jealous care. In September, 1899, it opened with five students and graduated eighteen; in June, 1901, it graduated twenty-six; in 1902, seventy-one, and this year it was filled to the limit on the opening day and many were refused admission. Three years ago there was not a trained teacher in a normal school in Dunn county, and now for more than a year no new teacher has been employed who has not had a year's expert training in the Dunn county normal school. One would think to see the enthusiasm of Mr. Stout for this work, that it was the only pet scheme he ever had.

The agricultural success of the institution for the chronic insane, together with other observations and theories, made Mr. Stout an intense enthusiast over the training of farmers and he has secured legislation for a county agricultural school which is located in Menomonie, in a beautiful building fully equipped at his personal expense. Every phase of it, from the initial legislation to the choice of teachers and perfecting of the equipment of the plant, has his close personal attention. For several years Senator Stout has been one of the most prominent trustees of the great state university of Wisconsion, and is now upon the sub-committee charged with responsibility for the selection of a president to succeed the late Charles Kendall Adams. Senator Stout never appears to be busy, never appears to have any business in hand.

On October 24 and 25, 1902, Menomonie welcomed the Northwestern Wisconsin Teachers' association, providing for the free entertainment for two nights and days of more than 600 women, after the hotels had been filled by the men. To accommodate, with free entertainment, this number in a village of 3,000 is no light task. It was possible because Senator Stout had watched every detail and had opened every home of luxury to from eight to twelve visitors. It was past midnight when he rose to say good night.

"Where will you sleep," I asked.

"On a cot in the basement," he said, and added, "And I shall sleep, too."

VERITAS

Ah, no more the lyre of deep-brow'd Homer
Drops like golden rain in joy of battle
Those slow spondees and those headlong dactyls—
Sounding lines, and every line a lyric!

Ah, no more the harp of dreaming David—
On whose eye of faith there flash'd the Vision,
From his own pure heart projected skyward,
Infinite personified perfection—
Spills its splendid ecstasy of worship.

Shall we then hark back to sage and shepherd,
Put our lips to Iliads and Psalters,
Quaffing mighty wines of war and worship,
Wild and wistful with forgotten questions,
Satisfied with draughts that leaves us thirsting?

Nay, the rather face the future boldly,
Never turn the eye to view that city
We have left, or be it Rome or Sodom,—
Let who will look back, be ours to-morrow!
Psalms for those who like, for us truth only,
That new Science which is Faith and Worship,
God in all things—force and mind and matter,
Immanent, immutable, immortal!

FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES

The Case of Gabriele D'Annunzio

By RALPH BERGENGREN

THE much discussed work of Gabriele d'Annunzio, despite its undeniable charm of poetic expression, its convincing analysis of possible conditions of life and its power of dramatic construction in making of these conditions the series of pictures that constitute the acts of a play, will probably have little future interest, as represented by the first two of the three dramas which Signora Duse is now presenting on this side of the water, except to students of literary or dramatic ephemera. Signora Duse is presenting three plays, *Gioconda*, *La Citta Morta*, and finally *Francesca de Rimini*. Given in this order the arrangement is admirably suggestive of aesthetic purpose, but hardly so well adapted to the best pecuniary results. The third play is preeminently the drama of popular interest—an affair of action, visible movement, picturesque costume and scenery; of mediaeval soldiery, Greek fire, savage warfare and amorous passion. It is a play, therefore, as popular audiences have always understood the word; with the addition of its stage setting and historic accessories it becomes a play as the word is best understood by the modern popular audience. Its plot is neither too subtle for a very ordinary intelligence, nor too lacking in subtlety to hold the attention of a broad and well informed intelligence.

The two others, somber, lacking in physical movement and embodying a careful analysis of diseased conditions by no means altogether unique to modern civilization, are of another school. Unless the province of art has very recently widened beyond the limits set by the consensus of all past opinion, they can have no permanent place in it. A play, book or picture—at least such is my reading of this consensus of opinion—may represent the exceptional, but its business, so far as the general scheme of things is concerned, has never been to represent the exception. The point may be made clearer by a comparison between the first two and the third of these plays of Gabriele d'Annunzio.

Of the earlier plays, the first circles about the diseased nerves of a sculptor, the second about the more horribly diseased mental condition of an Italian scientist engaged in excavating an ancient city supposed to contain the mortal remains of the most outrageously immoral figures of Greek mythology. That the working out of the first theme is a consistent exposition of the idea—which is not proved by the actual history of the greatest artists—that "temperament" is held by its possessor to be its own excuse and sexuality its natural expression, is no more to the point than is the poetic fashion wherein the author establishes, in his second drama, a direct connection between the dust of the immoral city and the degenerate temptation that assails this unfortunate man of science. The primary consideration is that both states of mind belong to the exceptions for which humanity has provided hospitals and mad-houses. Their experiences are beyond the artistic comprehension of any one except an expert in mental diseases. To understand the author's purpose, much less to sympa-

thize with it, one must carry to the theater a fund of knowledge only to be gathered in a medical library.

Why then do they attract audiences? One reason probably is that a new movement in dramatic expression — a new movement that incidentally proves old rules because, at its best, it may be found to conform to their established principles—has created what is called the modern school of dramatic writing. This school declares that movement, the actual happening of such obvious physical events as a battle, for example, is a crude method of enlisting human interest in a play; that the development of mental conditions, without extra inducements to interest in the shape of picturesque environment, is the highest form of artistic stage endeavor; that the play of the future should be a study of conflicting human emotions as they may work out the destiny of a given character or group of characters under apparently the most ordinary conditions of life. The school has its following as well as its prophets, but neither the one nor the other has yet wholly emerged from the earlier stages of the experiment. Such a play as Ibsen's *Doll's House* has stood the test of repeated performances and is actually making a place for itself among the great mass of play-goers who care nothing for schools; *Ghosts*, on the other hand, wherein a study of diseased conditions suggests immediate comparison with these earlier plays of D'Annunzio, has been acted as a dramatic curiosity and is already almost forgotten except by students. Now *Ghosts*, taken simply as the working out of a problem in morbid mentality, is a wonderful performance; and so is *Gioconda* or *La Citta Morta*.

Francesca de Rimini marks a distinct departure from the plays that preceded it. A story of animal passion, it is no longer dehumanized by mental decay. The same poetic power clothes in this case a series of situations that are within the understanding of moderately intelligent men and women. The situations are exceptional. It is hardly probable that many of the persons who make up an average audience will have experienced the passion of Paola and Francesca. A majority will sympathize with the husband much more than with the lover; but each, in his or her own degree, will have understood the thing that has been set before them. The play is lucid as no play based upon special knowledge of so special a department of life as nervous degeneration can ever hope to be. And this lucidity—or clearness to a typical, well-informed intelligence, is one of the few words that applies to every true production in art.

Commercially, therefore, *Francesca da Rimini*, *La Citta Morta*, and fianlly *Gioconda* would have been a more profitable arrangement of Signora Duse's repertoire. The present arrangement, granting that the same auditor is to see the three plays—which he usually isn't—is fairer to the author, for it shows his power moving from darkness toward daylight, from the ephemeral to the permanent. In an age of few poets, this is no small matter; and that Gabriele D' Annunzio is a true poet, certainly head and shoulders above anybody now writing for the English-speaking stage, is evident even in a translation. His manner, if not always his matter, is worthy even of Duse.

Signora Duse herself is above blame, and equally above praise. Her charm, simplicity, power and all-embracing humanity burn together in the pure flame of genius, unquestioning, unquestionable.

Note and Comment

By FRANK PUTNAM

MONEY MAD AMERICA

AMERICA today is money mad. Its dreams are of dollars. Its ambition is to own—forgetting that no man ever really owns anything. The doings of our millionaires—their successful skin games, whereby they amass more property than they can wisely control; their gorgeous, useless palaces, their yachts, their hand-in-glove familiarity with our servants in the government, whereby they seek—and too often obtain—special favors at our expense; their ostentatious marriages and divorces—all the chronicle of their unimportant and unbeautiful lives, confronts us in the press at every turn. (The New York and Chicago papers are the worst offenders in this respect.) And the people like it. This is the evidence of their madness. But they will recover. The old immortal standards of beauty and truth are not shaken by the temporary neglect of a single people in a single era. Like the sun and the stars, they will be seen to shine on benignly when the money hunters have worn out their frenzy. We have men today—and women—as pure of heart and as great intellectually as any who have illuminated past pages of our history. Their labors and counsel are powerfully exerted for the present and the future good of their fellows. The little mother who, amid the discouragements of poverty, rears her children to useful citizenship and honest self respect—she is such a woman, and her name, thank God! is legion. Such a man is Senator J. H. Stout of Menomonie, Wisconsin, the story of whose noble and enlightened philanthropy in his own town is told elsewhere in this number. Such a man is John Mitchell of the miners' union, battling to win for his followers that most precious of all earthly possessions — a free spirit. (If in his battle he seems to abridge the freedom of a minority of the workers—the non-union miners, about whom President Eliot of Harvard and other academic critics of union labor are so painfully concerned—it is not his fault, but the fault of the economic conditions with which he contends. He fights for the emancipation of the majority; and the non-union men may, by joining the majority, share all the benefits which only the organization of the majority could win. Moreover, the only freedom of the non-union men which is abridged is their freedom to betray and defeat the noblest aspirations of the majority. The

LYLIE O HARRIS OF LOUISIANA, WHOSE STORIES HAVE BEEN ENTERTAINING READERS OF THE NATIONAL

Tories were the non-union men of the Revolution. The Copperheads were the non-union men, the strike breakers, of Civil war times. None today envies them their fame, nor endorses their actions.)

THE CAUSE OF HUMANITY

President Eliot of Harvard urges the desirability, for the laborer, of permanent employment and fixed environment. He believes the ruling class, the wealthy, who control natural monopolies and industrial avenues, should cooperate with their laborers to secure to the latter this permanency of employment and this fixed environment. The experience of the black men of the Southern states of this Union afforded a good example of the only kind of permanent employment and fixed environment that the ruling classes, considered as a whole rather than in their honorable exceptions, have ever given their laborers.

Labor has no hope of permanent free employment until Labor becomes the owner of the industry in which it is employed. Labor can have permanent employment when Labor owns, and through its servant, the government, directs, the industry in which Labor is employed. Labor can have the entire fruits of its product, minus only the small and diminishing percentage chargable to administration, when, and only when, Labor acquires sufficient intelligence to assume ownership of the industries in which it is employed. The President Eliots and other comfortable representatives of the Established Order will never help Labor to bring in the new order. Labor must work out its own salvation. It must educate, agitate and fight. The cause of Labor is the cause, not of a class, but of humanity.

Labor must insist upon education for its children. It must not consent when Wealth bids them pass by the public schools to toil on culm banks and in cotton mills. Labor must insist upon reserving some portion of its waking hours for other than bread-and-butter toil; for rest, for study, for thought. Labor must emancipate Woman: the larger the number of free ballots in a democracy, the smaller the possibility that Wealth may subvert popular liberties. Labor must become more than a battle for self preservation: it must become, is becoming, an expression of

NIXON WATERMAN

Forbes & Co. of Boston have just published a new collection of his happy lyrics.

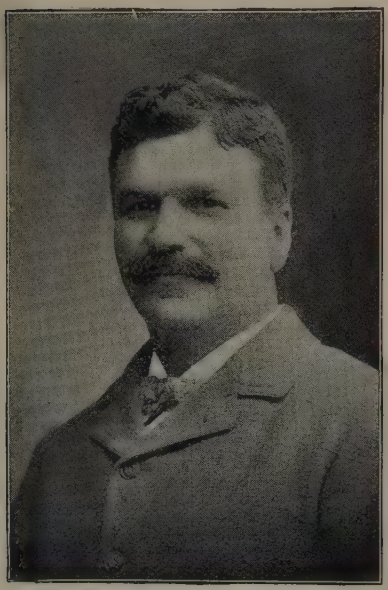
brotherhood, of love; and in that light it is the noblest fact beneath the stars.

—

Wall street reporters say Morgan is to buy all the hard coal mines not now

SAM WALTER FOSS

Mr. Foss is the author of "The Higher Pioneering," published elsewhere in this number of the National, and of many other widely quoted lyrics. He is public librarian at Somerville, Mass.



owned by the railway coal trust. They say, also, that the well beloved George F. Baer is to head the enlarged coal combine. I am glad of this: it will be easier for the government to deal with one than with many operators when the people decide to buy the mines.

—

GLANCES AT NEW BOOKS

A dozen or more new books on the desk requiring a word or two of comment. *A Treasury of Humorous Poetry*, edited by Frederic Lawrence Knowles and published by Dana, Estes & Co., of Boston, is a compilation of two hundred and fifty witty, facetious and satirical pieces by one hundred and thirty British and American authors. There are fifteen pages of notes, portraits of several of the best known authors quoted, and indexes of titles and first lines. Mr. Knowles explains that, his purpose being to make a book that should "attract a wide audience of readers," he made his selections almost wholly from nineteenth century writers. Much of the work included may fairly be deemed permanent. Those of us who have written humorous verses, and who do not find them in this volume, may console ourselves with the fact that Mr. Knowles has included several pieces that are fully as good as our own. This is a period of anthologies and condensed biographies — a stock taking era—and of them all none has a stronger claim upon popular favor than this latest in the list of anthologies edited by Mr. Knolwes.

Other verse publications of the season are Edwin Arlington Robinson's *Captain Craig*, to be reviewed in a later number of this magazine by Mr. Knowles; *In Merry Mood*, a new collection of the simple, homely, sympathetic pieces which have won for Nixon Waterman the kindly regard of thousands of readers; *Cape Cod Ballads*, a sheaf of Joe Lincoln's rugged and striking dialect poems that have run through recent periodicals, here presented in a neat volume, with excellent illustrations by E. W. Kemble; and *Love Sonnets of an Office Boy*, S. E. Kiser's widely quoted and very amusing Record-Herald sequence, bound in a tiny volume, with effective pictures by John McCutcheon, and bearing the imprint—as does *In Merry Mood*—of Forbes & Co., Boston.

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The new fiction offers nothing more agreeable to the lover of fine humor, keen character drawing and terse English than Roswell Field's *The Romance of an Old Fool*. This book, like John McGovern's *Poems*, is published by William

S. Lord at Evanston, Illinois. Marion Crawford's *Cecilia* presents types from modern Roman society in the setting of a strong, attractive story. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. put forth a new and exquisitely illustrated edition of Kate Douglas Wiggin's *Penelope's Experiences in Ireland*. The same house offers *Our Lady of the Beeches*, the charming story of "an unconventional romantic attachment," by the Baroness Von Hutten. The Macmillan Company sends us the best political novel of the season, Mark Lee Luther's *The Henchman*, a lightly veiled study of a famous political leader and one of his lieutenants. Little, Brown & Co. confer a favor upon all lovers of the elder Dumas by publishing Katherine Prescott Wormeley's translation of *The Speronara*. From Stokes & Co. comes *A Daughter of Rasaay*, by William MacLeod Raine, favorably known to the National family as a contributor of sprightly short stories. *A Daughter of Rasaay* is a vigorous, dramatic novel of love and sword fighting, dealing with the second futile attempt of the Scots to reseat the Stuarts on the British throne.

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Of the making of books for children there is no end. Dozens of them have drifted across this desk during the past year. Of them all, Samuel McChord Crothers' *Miss Muffet's Christmas Party* is sweetest and best. The mother who devotes an hour to reading this delightful little story to her boys and girls will be twice repaid—first, in their pleasure; second, in her own keen appreciation of the tale. The illustrations by Olive M. Long present in their proper persons all the friends of Fairyland and "the realms of fancy." Here are Alice and her friends from Wonderland, Sindbad the Sailor and the Forty Thieves, Mowgli and Bagheera, Rollo, Uncle Remus, Grimm's company, Hans Christian Andersen's heroes, and many others.

THE BARONESS VON HUTTEN

The clever American wife of a Bavarian nobleman. She has just given the public one of the most piquant and pleasing of recent novels, "Our Lady of the Beeches," (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), in which the theme is a perilously daring, yet wholesome, romantic attachment between the American wife of an Austrian nobleman and an American scientist.

At the hour for the party they come from all the ends of "no-man's-land," in coaches, on horseback, or afoot, dressed in costumes that would be the despair of any stage manager, but which in no degree baffle the imaginative genius of childhood.

A "boy book" of another sort is *The Boy: How to Help Him Succeed*, by Nathaniel C. Fowler, Jr. It is a far cry from Fairyland to twentieth century America; yet some of the experiences of the three hundred and nineteen men who contribute to the text of this book were almost as wonderful as any fairy tale. Here are men who have risen from poverty and obscurity to power scarcely less amazing than that conferred upon Aladdin with his magical lamp. *The Boy* is a book for parents, for teachers, for all who are shaping the character of the young. The boy of fifteen years

or more may study its pages with profit; he will almost certainly—if he be an average American boy—read with fascinated interest the "life experiences" of the regiment of distinguished and successful Americans who have taken time to tell, for his benefit, how they won success in vocations as widely varied as the stage and the pulpit, the factory and the college class room. *The Boy* is published by the Oakwood Publishing Company, 29 Pemberton Square, Boston. Its price is $1.25, express prepaid, and it is well worth the scrutiny of all to whom its message appeals.

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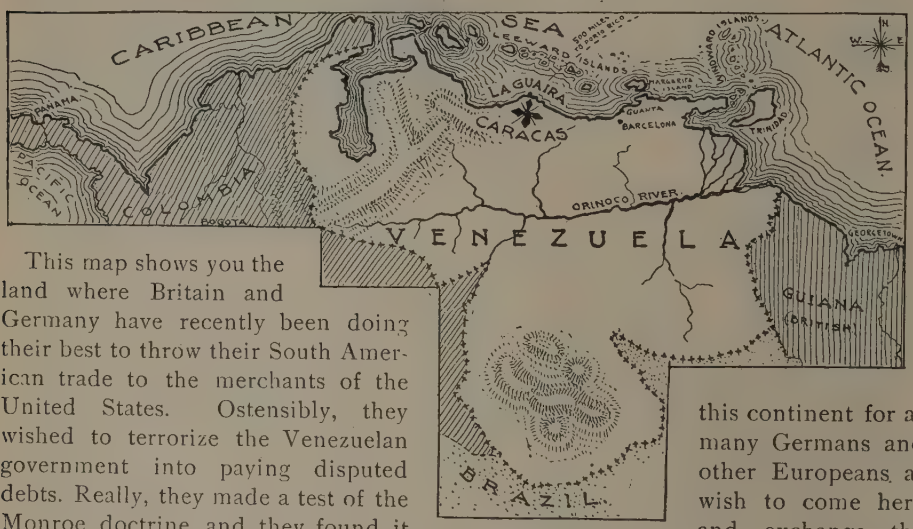
The revised constitutions of the southern states "put a premium on education and thrift," as Booker T. Washington phrases it. The fact that most of the negroes have thereby been disfranchised need not signify their perpetual exclusion from political privileges enjoyed by other citizens. Personally, I do not believe that any man has a moral right to say that any other man, born a citizen, sane and not a criminal, shall not vote, no matter what the extent of his book learning or his prosperity. Judging from the statutes of the states on this subject, I hold this opinion with a minority so small as almost to be "one with God"—quoting our friend Mr. Baer of the Reading. Wherefore, it appears, the best thing for the colored brother South to do is to get suddenly busy in pursuit of the white man's learning and the white man's property. The generation that forcibly annexes foreign territory has no sentimental pity to expend upon anyone. Our national motto just now reads, "Root hog or die."



This map shows you the land where Britain and Germany have recently been doing their best to throw their South American trade to the merchants of the United States. Ostensibly, they wished to terrorize the Venezuelan government into paying disputed debts. Really, they made a test of the Monroe doctrine, and they found it still stout as a steel bow. "Divine right," in the person of the Kaiser, has carried a chip on its shoulder for Uncle Sam's eye for a long time past. Uncle Sam is too smart to pay any attention to dares. But he will call a swift and certain halt to the first step across the Monroe Doctrine. There is room and a most cordial welcome on this continent for as many Germans and other Europeans as wish to come here and exchange the station of Subject for that of Citizen. There is no room here for "divine right."

As for the German and British claims against South American countries—the Hague arbitration court is the proper place to settle them. Uncle Sam will see to it that the other American republics obey the decrees of that court, if they are to enjoy our protection.

THE LATE THOMAS BRACKETT REED, THE "GREAT SPEAKER."

Born October 18, 1839; died December 7, 1902. Assistant paymaster U. S. Navy, Maine legislator, city solicitor of Portland, congressman 1877 to 1899, speaker of 51st, 54th and 55th congresses, author of "Reed's Rules" and editor of "Modern Eloquence." Not a notable orator, but a splendid debater. Tried for the republican Presidential nomination, but was defeated by McKinley in 1896.

The Month in Europe

By C. A. LUHNOW

POLITICAL barometers indicate an infectious tide of fraternity and reconstruction sweeping over and enveloping all Europe. While royal embraces are being exchanged at Sandringham, at Reval and between the less distinguished rulers of Balkan states, the diplomatic forges appear to be in full blast to cement stronger international relations. "Newspaper wars," as Bismarck termed the periodical scares circulating through the press and picturing the dread approach of violent international disturbances, come and go, but to all keen observers of contemporary affairs in Europe, the conviction grows stronger from time to time that rational men control the helms and preserve peace despite popular grumblings and new international estrangements. But it is nevertheless true that while the diplomats of the European courts find their task an easy one these days, the domestic and colonial affairs of the big nations flame up lurid and threatening.

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While Mr. Chamberlain is destined for South Africa on the magnificent warship Good Hope, determined to analyze the South African embroglio at close range and further the policy of imperial federation, the British isles are in a state of turmoil rarely witnessed. Ireland is under martial regime. Nearly one-third of Redmond's fellow Irish parliamentarians are under lock and key, and the coercive policy of the British government, to solve the Home Rule issue of Ireland, promises once more to be abortive. The Balfour government trembles before the popular revolt against the educational bill which foreshadows a liberal victory and the effacement of the Balfour premiership. The British military expedition in Somaliland against the "Mad Mullah" is only a flash in the pan compared to the serious political aspects of the Irish and educational issues at home.

Nevertheless, the magic word "recon-

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, BRITISH COLONIAL MINISTER NOW VISITING SOUTH AFRICA

struction" passes from rank to rank in the British empire. It gives the cue to the policy of the Balfour regime and the trip of the colonial minister to South Africa. "Reconstruction" is the word passed to the war office, to the colonial office, to the ranks of industrial and commerical representatives who witness their prestige gradually slipping away alongside the gigantic strides of the United States and Germany as industrial and exporting nations. King Edward and all England crave peace. Although from now on England will take a more aggressive attitude in world affairs, as indicated in the cooperation with Germany in a naval demonstration before Venezuela and the revival of a stiff policy in the Balkan states and Orient, it is with a view of repairing the fences that have been trampled down while all energies were concentrated upon South Africa.

LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF KAISER WILLIAM II., IN THE UNIFORM OF THE "DEATH HEAD" REGIMENT

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Kaiser William's visit to King Edward at Sandringham was a signal success in so far as it revealed the genuine friendship between uncle and nephew, as well as the abilities of the Kaiser as a Nimrod. From a political viewpoint, the visit was impotent and a failure. William's visit was an earnest attempt to patch up the rents in Anglo-German relations caused by the pro-Boer agitation in Germany. It escaped general observation that Delcassé, the French minister of foreign affairs, recently entered into mutual negotiations with Lord Lansdowne to submit all issues between France and England to arbitration. But it had not been overlooked by the lynx-eyed German Kaiser, who is jealous of any approaches made by England toward its traditional enemy. The Kaiser had not come to England to intercept the King of Portugal and together with King Edward discuss the secret treaty regarding Portuguese territory in South Africa, although it is now certain that England will take advantage of this treaty to make sure its lordship over Delagoa Bay and the Portuguese territory bordering its new South African domain. Kaiser William had no intention of discussing the evacuation of China by foreign troops, as this proceeding is already in progress with the Japanese as the first to leave. Kaiser William's purpose was to test the political and popular relationship between his empire and England.

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The German monarch returned to Potsdam, realizing more clearly than ever that hopes of a closer alliance with England must be abandoned for the present at least. He had hardly stepped from the royal train when the tragic news was conveyed to him of the death of Privy Councillor Friedrich von Krupp, the famous descendant of the

line of "Cannon Kings" of Essen. It is not often that a nation is so deeply stirred as was Germany by the announcement of von Krupp's sudden demise under circumstances, which aside from their purely pathological aspects, must make the leaders of the empire call a halt to the policy of the social democratic and revolutionary propagandas of Germany. The death of Krupp was due without doubt to the sensational attack of the Vorwaertz, the mouthpiece of the social democratic party, edited by Bebel, Singer, Stadthagen and other luminaries of the party. For months the press of Italy had hinted at strange proceedings on the island of Capri, where Krupp spent several months each year. Then came the alleged "expose" of the Vorwaertz. Suicide was the thought which passed through all minds when Krupp's death at Essen was first made known. But the medical bulletins left no doubt that death had been caused by apoplectic strokes. The funeral cortege, winding its way in the darkness of the night and by the light of flaring torches with the Kaiser and notables of the empire marching solemnly behind the funeral carriage from the heights of Villa Hugel to the humble shanty in which the first of the "Cannon Kings" labored night and day against poverty and mishaps, was a picture for the painter. Krupp lies in the quiet, lonely little churchyard beside his father, and soon other matters will turn attention away.

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But the tragic Krupp incident serves to inflame once more the bitter feud between the reactionaries of the empire and the loyalists. The Reichstag election are drawing near and the Kaiser himself has taken the field to destroy the social democratic propaganda, which he regards as the greatest peril endangering the security of the throne. The social democrats expect to corral 3,000,000 votes at the next Reichstag elections, and, despite the limited election suffrage laws, hope to capture a majority of the seats of the popular assembly. The tariff fight, which had absorbed general attention, becomes a secondary issue.

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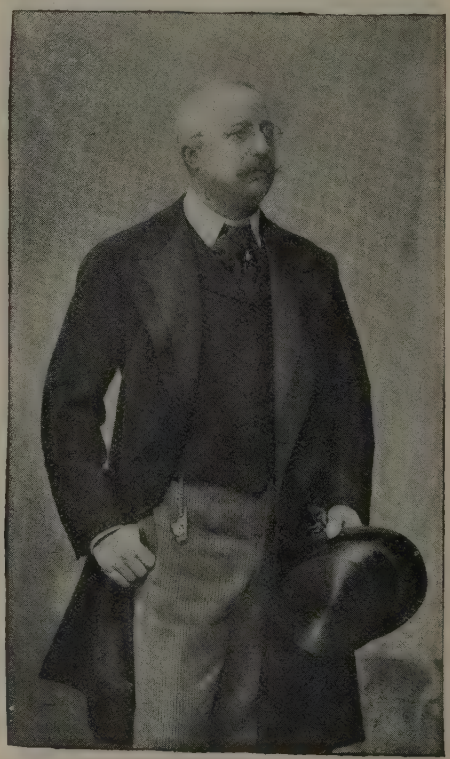
The revolutionistic fever, which breaks out in France sometimes upon very slight provocation, has resigned itself to more calm moods after the clerical campaign. The Combes ministry had a hard battle, but it succeeded in carrying to a conclusion the fight which the Waldeck-Rousseau cabinet feared to undertake. Combes succeeded not only in depriving the clericals and the ultramontane mischief makers of their ammunition, but consolidated the republicans, who had been split into factions. Not to be underestimated was the assistance rendered by

PRIVY COUNCILLOR FRIEDRICH VON KRUPP, THE LAST PICTURE TAKEN BEFORE HIS DEATH



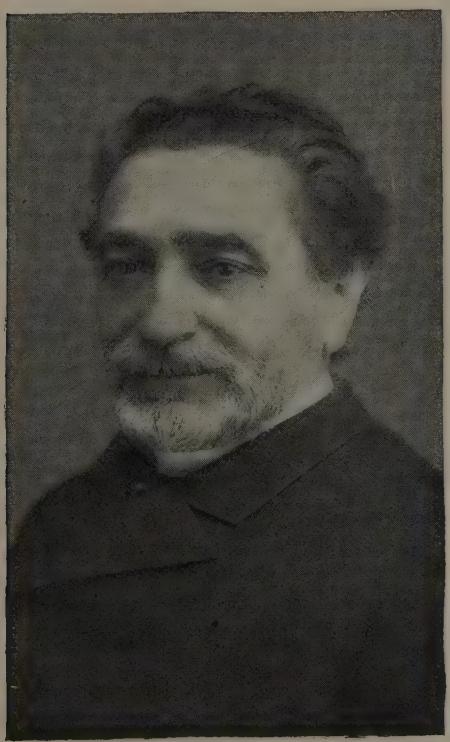
the Vatican itself and especially by the strong friend of France, Rampolla. The clericals and ultramontanes are now at work to repair their losses, by the repeal of congregational rights, through the "free tuition law." But the backbone of their resistance has been broken and the republicans triumph over the ultramontanes and their allies.

The Spanish parliament has been the scene of remarkable disturbances, due to the popular reaction against Sagasta's rule. King Alphonso will doubtless be obliged to entrust the future reconstruction of the cabinet to a conservative, as the victories of the latter pronounce the doom of the liberal cabinet in the not distant future.

Hardly less exciting have been the demonstrations in the Vienna chamber of deputies of the Slavic and the anti-Pan-German elements, who oppose the bill brought in by the government. The illness of Kaiser Franz Joseph of Austria brings near again the visions of the inevitable crisis which must ensue when this peace loving monarch ceases to reign and the rule of the Hapsburgs is to be made the object of a combined assault.

Poor little Servia, with its feeble minded ruler, is steadily coming nearer to the outbreak of a revolution which will seal the fate of the present administration. In Hungary the conflict between the reactionary and the progressive parties has been subjected to a period of truce for five months by the adjournment of parliament, giving the government a respite and opportunity to prepare for the coming elections. In Belgium, also, there are revolutionistic symptoms owing to the disturbances between capital and labor, which are aggravated by the domestic difficulties of the royal house.

SENOR SAGASTA, WHO FORMED THE NEW SPANISH MINISTRY



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In Russia the peasant outbreaks and the insurrection in the army gives plenty of anxiety to the government leaders. Within the last few months the Czar created much stronger sympathy in his behalf; but late reports of his mental condition and the affliction of a fatal malady seem to indicate that the reins will soon be transferred to the hereditary crown prince, who is responsible for most of the popular and nihilistic uprisings. Russia's policy in the Asiatics is a drifting one just now, as it is also in the Mediterranean. Minister de Witte returned from his overland visit of inspection and is now mainly busy with a plan for the improvement of Russian finances.

In Italy, likewise, the government is taking steps to relieve the suffering of the southern provinces which were visited by Zanardelli. The piratical disturbances in Turkish waters have also been settled.

BERLIN, Nov. 27, 1902

On a Special Train Through Mexico

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

SOMETIMES I think Americans overlook the fact that Mexico is a great and important portion of the continent. The awakening of interest that centers today in the republic to our south, and which is well reflected in the articles on Men and Affairs of Modern Mexico, now appearing in the National, is not a mere passing fancy but a substantial growth, based on expanding investments and trade by the people north of the Rio Grande with their neighbors south of that stream. It is all a part of the natural working out of the American spirit of travel and investigation. What was done by force of arms in conquest, by Spanish invaders, is now accomplished by the bustling American tourist, who goes about with his ears and eyes well poised and focused, and who, instead of devastating a country to obtain its rich treasures, develops its industrial, agricultural and mineral resources, so that the country prospers with the "invader."

American tourist invasion has meant much to modern Mexico; I firmly believe the best seed sown for Mexico, and for American investment in that country, has been sown by the famous Raymond & Whitcomb special train excursions to Mexico. These tours have been notable events in the travel calendar for eighteen years past, and the special trains to leave Boston, New York and Philadelphia, and joined by others en route, on January 29 and February 19, will be notable events.

Only a limited number of passengers are taken and the trip is without doubt the best conducted in the world; these tourists are going to a foreign country that is also American. And all those who have traveled in foreign lands know what the American method of travel is, by way of comparison. Mexico can be seen in no other way so satisfactorily and comfortably; in no other way can one get so clear an understanding of the enormous extent to which American brains and dollars are developing Mexican resources. The appointments are simply regal—the tourist enjoys all the comforts and luxuries of the greatest magnate in company with intelligent and thoughtful conductors and congenial associates—for it is an axiom in the travel-world everywhere, that Raymond & Whitcomb parties are always made up of the best people.

This well known firm is virtually the pioneer tourist company in America. And well I remember hearing seasoned travelers tell of the early days when Mr. Whitcomb himself was in charge of the parties, and how keen he was always to anticipate the wants, comforts and luxuries for his people; and, above all, how he would watch ceaselessly for the safety of his party. This same spirit still prevails in a Raymond & Whitcomb party, and the pioneer has lived to see his methods win the first place in the confidence of tourists.

Now, if you have made any investments in Mexico or desire to see the country with a view to investing there; or if you merely wish to pass a delightful holiday, send a letter at once to Raymond & Whitcomb Co., Boston, mention the National Magazine and of course that insures you the best of everything. Remember there are only two special trains, and if you wish to have the trip of your life make your plans accordingly. New routes and

new places of interest are constantly being added to the itinerary, which includes, as a matter of course, halts at our own principal southern cities. The journey over the Tampico branch and a stop at the quaint old city of Guadalajara is a glimpse into a storied past such as no crumpled ruins of Europe can parallel. The excursions from the City of Mexico are comprehensive and give a delightful contrast of scenic grandeur and historic interest which cannot be equalled elsewhere.

With its wealth of antiquities and wonderland of tropical beauty, Mexico, the land just across our border, furnishes a contrast to the life and customs of Anglo-Saxon America, that even the most remote sections of the world cannot afford. The whole land is saturated with historical interest, dating back not only to the time of the early Spanish conquests, but to the pre-Columbian era, with its still well preserved deserted temples and ruins eloquent of an obliterated people, whose story is shrouded in mystery. These strange and fascinating scenes are coming to have a keener interest for Americans than the beaten paths of Old World travel, and with good reason, since the Old World, even in Egypt, has nothing of equal interest. The tour is comprehensive and made with the cooperation of the officials of Mexican Central and other leading railway lines of Mexico. The traveler will not be handicapped by a lack of familiarity with the Spanish tongue, as the corps of Raymond & Whitcomb guides, interpreters and conductors make communication easy and smooth away all difficulties that may arise from this source.

To describe the complete appointments of these special train parties involves a description of the finest train service accommodations in the world. Pullman sleepers, special diners, observation and buffet practically under one roof in a solid, wide, vestibuled train—no hotel could be more complete or comfortable.

Three weeks of travel in Mexico, on the Raymond & Whitcomb train, enables one to see as much as a three years' visit would cover in the days before railroads. You see not only the growth that has been made under the masterly guidance of President Diaz and his associates in recent years, but you trace the marches of American soldiers in the days of Scott and Taylor; you see where Cortez drove the entering wedge of Spanish dominion, and you get glimpses of the strange, far-away life of the earliest inhabitants of this continent.

A week in the City of Mexico, at the far-famed Hotel Iturbide, once the palace of an emperor, gives you a clear idea of modern Mexican official life. Here you are brought into direct touch with affairs at the capital. During the remainder of the tour meals are served and accommodations furnished aboard the special train—having the very best anywhere to be obtained. The scope of climate in Mexico cannot be easily described, but warm wraps are always necessary for the evenings in the highlands; in the tropical belts, where thin clothing is a necessity, the stay is very brief. The tour is planned so as entirely to escape the rainy months, although there is likely to be a great deal of dust. The one prime necessity set down in the Raymond & Whitcomb book is stout walking shoes. The avoidance of midday sun is urged, the same as in Italy, and drinking water is open to the usual suspicion, although it is insisted that ordinary precautions only are necessary to the preservation of health, such as every traveler knows and practices anywhere. If you are at all interested, send to Raymond & Whitcomb Co., 305 Washington street, Boston, for a booklet giving complete details of the trip — and mention the National Magazine.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF HAVERHILL, WITH HALE HOSPITAL IN THE FOREGROUND

Haverhill, Queen City of the Merrimack

By HOWARD H. GAGE,

Secretary of the Haverhill Board of Trade.

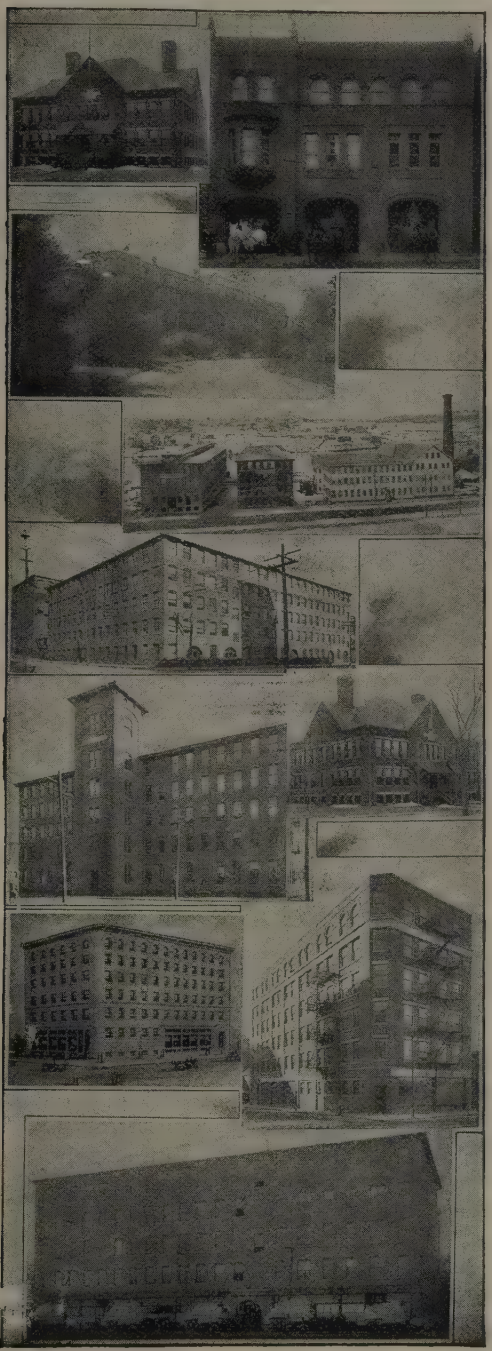
HAVING its sources in the snow-capped hills of the White mountains, and from the beautiful Lake Winnipesaukee, the Merrimack river flows through the grandest parts of New England, and not the least beautiful part lies through Haverhill to the sea, as a sail down its waters from this city, that can be taken during the summer months on a finely appointed excursion steamer, has demonstrated to thousands of tourists.

Haverhill lies eighteen miles from the mouth of the river and at the head of tide water, which is also the head of navigation for deep draft vessels; its waters have been traversed by every kind of craft, from the rough boat of the settlers, who slowly paddled up the river in 1640 to find a future home, to the commodious steamers that have carried its freight to Boston, the hub of the universe, there to set sail for the remotest parts of the world.

Haverhill, thirty-three miles from Boston and twenty miles from Salem, the earlier settlements of the colony, was for many years a frontier town and experienced the hardships and troubles with the Indians that early brought out the heroic nature of the settlers, such as was shown by Hannah Dustin when she was captured by the Indians, March 15, 1697, an event renowned in story and song. We still have many landmarks of those stirring times, notable among them several old garrison houses, where the inhabitants collected for protection from the Indians. We also have homesteads held today by the direct descendants of men who settled here 262 years ago; but by far the most cherished of all our his-

HAVERHILL FACTORIES, SCHOOLS, AND CENTRAL FIRE STATION

Few if any other Massachusetts cities of the size of Haverhill take more pride in building substantially with enduring materials.



torical places is the birthplace of our beloved poet John Greenleaf Whittier. Here, in a comfortable New England farm house, nestled under a hill, was born the simple Quaker poet whose voice rang out so clearly in behalf of the enslaved negro, and whose religious verses have brought solace and comfort to many a troubled soul. This homestead is owned and cared for by the Whittier Home Association, and is visited by hundreds of tourists from all parts of the country, who see the old kitchen just as it was when the poet, as a boy, dreamed before the open fire.

Haverhill is preeminently a shoe town; the foundation was laid when, three years after its settlement in 1643, Job Clement started the first tannery, while today we can boast of a firm who are the largest tanners and finishers of upper leather in New England. In the early times, shoes were made by the "farmer shoe-maker," who traveled from house to house with his stock in trade, and seating himself beside the old log fireplace, proceeded to make a year's stock of shoes for the family. This process was very slow; often he stayed in one house two weeks at a time before tramping over long distances to the next customer.

Previous to 1870, shoe-making had become a permanent fixture in the place. In that year, however, the town grew ambitious and became a city, and henceforth its march has been one of industrial triumph. Before 1870, shoe-making had been conducted, as it was in every place in which that industry was followed, in small buildings, where the shoe-maker and his assistants, who seldom numbered more than one journeyman and an apprentice, turned out a few shoes daily. All the work was done by hand. When the first machines appeared, the factory grew more pretentious, and it was no unusual spectacle to see from a dozen to twenty skilled workmen employed at the benches,

divided into teams of five men each. This epoch is today recalled by the old time shoe-maker as the halcyon time of the trade.

Shortly after the change to the municipal form of government, machinery became more generally used in the manufacture of shoes, and during the '80s it had entirely supplanted the old hand method. It did more than that, however, it changed completely the system of maunfacturing, and made the huge factory of today a necessity. Haverhill adapted itself to the changed conditions very readily, much more so, in fact, than any other shoe center in the country, the consequence being that it forged to the front with great rapidity. Huge buildings were erected solely for the manufacture of shoes, and what is locally termed the "shoe district" is the result. This is the district comprising about twenty acres, that was almost entirely wiped out by fire in February, 1882. Nearly 150 firms were burned out, with a money loss of between three and four millions. Before the flames were fairly extinguished, many of the manufacturers had secured what quarters were available in barns, shops and stores all over the city and were preparing, with the energy and courage that has always characterized the people of Haverhill, again to manufacture shoes; in forty-eight hours the work of constructing new buildings on the sites of the old ones was begun. Since that time, Haverhill has been singularly free from disastrous fires, owing largely to the fact that it has a fire department second to none outside the large cities and to the unexcelled high pressure water service.

This whole section as rebuilt is most compact and forms as attractive a scene as any person interested in the industrial appearance of a city could wish to contemplate. It gives the city an air of bustle and activity often commented on by those who visit Haverhill for pleasure or profit. Being near the railway station, it is one of the sights of a trip over the western division of the Boston & Maine railroad, to strangers coming from agricultural communities or those who live where the whirr of machinery and the discord of shafting is not so common as in Massachusetts. The district employs more than 1,000 shoe-makers. The weekly shipments, as tabulated by the express companies, through which most of the output is forwarded, average about 10,000 cases, the term "case" denoting no fixed number, but including lots containing from twelve to seventy-two pairs of shoes. The annual output of all the Haverhill factories will total somewhere in the neighborhood of 20,000,000 pairs, enough to furnish every woman in the country and some of the children with one pair of shoes every year.

NEW MILL OF THE HAVERHILL BOX BOARD COMPANY

Most of the shoes made here are for women and children. Haverhill differs from all other shoe centers, however, in that within her borders are manufactured every style of shoe worn, from the dainty satin slipper of the society belle to the brogan of the miner, including everything between the two extremes. In the manufacture of shoes, no workmen in the world approach those of Haverhill in versatility. They are at home while working on the common, cheap variety of house slipper and they are equally at home on the finest materials, so that in its range of enterprise Haverhill is less restricted than any other city that lodges the shoe business.

PENTUCKET CLUB HOUSE, SHOWING END OF PUBLIC LIBRARY ON THE RIGHT

An interesting fact in this connection is that there is an idea prevalent in some sections that the shoe industry is rapidly removing to the West. As a matter of fact, that idea, like many others, is founded on conjecture and is exploded instantly when confronted with the solid facts as set forth by the United States statistics, which tell us that forty-five per cent of all the shoes manufactured in the United States are made right here in Massachusetts. Haverhill makes at least one-quarter of that or more than ten per cent of the country's output. It is quite likely that the shoe business will remain in the East for many years yet, especially when our large export trade is taken into consideration, and that for a long time it will furnish the bulk of the industrial history of Haverhill. For all that, the city possesses other resources and other industries. Allied with the main industry there are several manufacturers of shoe machinery, tack factories and a thread factory, the latter a comparatively new contribution to local business life; a number of last factories and heel, counter, bow and trimmings, cut leather, shoe strings, metal working and stain concerns, which derive only a portion of their support and revenue from the local trade. These ship their goods for the most part to all sections of the country and to England.

The making of hats was started here as early as 1786. Today there are two large factories, each employing several hundred persons. Hat-making is Haverhill's second industry, the city being thus able to care for the two extremes of the human body. A large woolen mill also forms a conspicuous feature of the local industrial life, and employs several hundred hands, placing upon the market a most excellent grade of women's dress goods. The manufacture of carriages, jewelry, brushes and numerous other things contribute to our general welfare. Haverhill and our border town of Plaistow make all the bricks used in its own buildings and many millions more.

Among the more recent industries to find lodgment in the city is the making of edge tools used in machinery, and recent events indicate that the acquisition is one of the most important since the first shoe-maker dropped into town over two centuries ago. The managers of the steel plant had not been at work long before they made the discovery that they had at hand the best water for tempering steel that they had ever seen, and they see in it great possibilities for the future. Haverhill should become one of the American centers for the cutlery industry, and efforts are already under way to induce manufacturers of that ware to inspect the prospects locally.

The situation of Haverhill is such as to render it a very desirable place in which to locate manufacturing industries. It is fifty minutes ride from Boston on the main line of the western division of the Boston & Maine railroad, which crosses the river running through the city from north to south, while the Newburyport branch runs east and west and parallels the river for miles. It is on tide water, only eighteen miles from the sea, and yet salt water never comes within six miles of the city proper. This

makes the river front a very desirable place in which to locate, as beside the ease and cheapness with which coal can be delivered at the doors, there is an inexhaustible supply of the very best water for boilers. This fact was readily appreciated by the owners of the Chicago Coated Board Company, who after looking at many sites in New England, decided in less than an hour after President Hayes of the Board of Trade showed them a location here, that it could not be excelled and they now have nearly completed the largest plant of its kind in the country, covering four acres of land, to be known as the Haverhill Box Board Company.

WASHINGTON SQUARE AND STREET, SHOWING A PART OF THE "SHOE DISTRICT"

The city is one of the most healthful in the state. The annual death rate is only fourteen per 1,000 inhabitants, the average of Massachusetts being about twenty. This is due in large measure to the fact that Haverhill is built on a series of hills rising abruptly from the river, which affords a natural drainage, together with a most excellent system of sewerage the city has constructed, while we have one of the best water supplies that can be found. It is owned by the city and consists of six lakes of pure and healthful water.

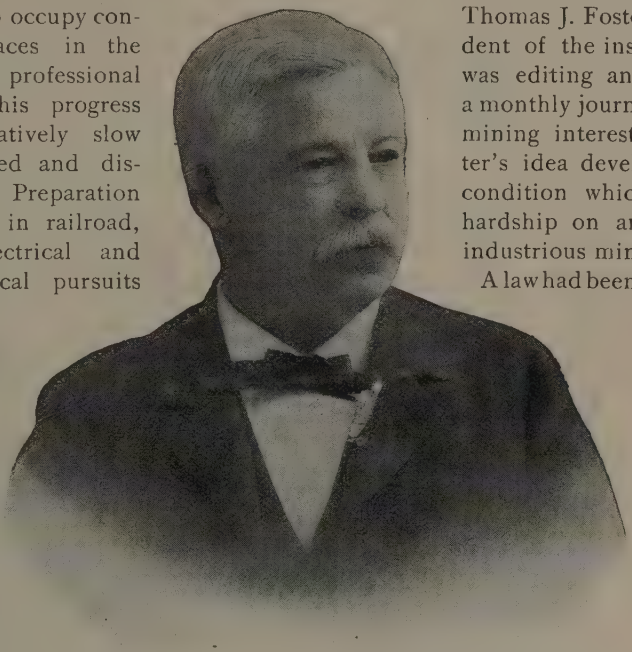
Haverhill possesses an excellent public school system, a high school that ranks well with many of the preparatory schools, and a public library which is not duplicated in any city of its size in America. In population the city ranks thirteenth in the state. In addition to the public schools within her borders is Bradford Academy, the oldest seminary for young women in the country, which will celebrate its centennial next year. It is doubtful if a more comprehensive or better park system exists in any city of its size in America than that in Haverhill. There are numerous small parks, but Winnikenni, on the shores of Kenoza lake, made famous by Whittier, is the gem in the diadem.

Within the last ten years, since electric railways first made their appearance in Haverhill, the development has been wonderful. Five companies, operating lines in nine different directions, touch within a twenty-mile radius Salem to the south; Lawrence, Lowell and Nashua, New Hampshire, on the west and north; and on the east reach Ipswich and Newburyport, Plum Island, Hampton and Salisbury beaches. Within a ten-mile radius of Haverhill, and brought into close connection with it by these electric lines, is a population of 142,316. If from this are taken the people of Lawrence, which is within the ten-mile limit, there remains 62,559; but adding the people of towns that are from ten to fifteen miles away, but which make Haverhill their trading center through electric connections, the population of greater Haverhill becomes nearly 125,000.

Other things has Haverhill in utmost bounteousness, but these will give an idea of what is doing there, what the place is like and its possibilities for the future.

On Getting an Education at Home

A HOME training in technical subjects would have been considered an impossibility a few years ago. But, in the matter of educational advantages, America has advanced with as wonderful strides as in her commercial and national progress. Many a man and boy has fitted himself, by home study and the aid of night schools and private tutors, to occupy conspicuous places in the business and professional world; but his progress was comparatively slow and hampered and discouraging. Preparation for a career in railroad, mining, electrical and other technical pursuits that are today calling for trained workers, does not now mean a long and expensive collegeiate education. A way is found to give a practical home training — the training of the technical school and the college—to working people while they work; and to give it without taxing the student's wages beyond the ability of the humblest wage earner to pay.



THOMAS J. FOSTER, FOUNDER AND PRESIDENT OF THE INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

The new method, for it is little more than ten years in operation, had its birth in Scranton, Pennsylvania. It had a small beginning, but it is today the greatest educational institution in the world. Nearly half a million students are enrolled in this unique training school. They are scattered all over the world and few of them ever see the faces of the professors from whom they receive their instruction. The institution is known as the International Correspondence Schools. It was founded by Thomas J. Foster, now president of the institution, who was editing and publishing a monthly journal in the coal mining interests. Mr. Foster's idea developed from a condition which laid great hardship on ambitious and industrious miners.

A law had been passed by the Pennsylvania legislature in 1885, requiring mine foremen to pass examination on their competence before being granted a foreman's license. A question and answer column was started in the Collier Engineer, published at Scranton by Mr. Foster, the aim of the column being to promote discussion concerning the practice and theory of coal mining. By study of this column, and such text books as were available, many miners were enabled to obtain certificates of competence as mine foremen.

From a single short course on coal mining, the list of subjects taught has developed, till it now embraces over a hundred distinct lines of study, including such widely distinct courses as modern languages, mechanical drawing, design, the English branches, chemistry, railway signaling and air brake systems, steam and civil engineering, mathematics and mechanics, architecture, navigation, electrical engineering, telephony and textile industries. All these are taught, by mail, as successfully and practically as in the leading colleges and technical schools.

In the main buildings of the schools at Scranton are forty-four principals and assistant principals who rank with the highest in their respective professions, a body of teachers that compares favorably with the faculty of any college or technical school. These heads of departments have associated with them 358 experts and examiners, whose duty it is to make the first corrections of the recitation papers that come in from the students.

The average student must economize both time and money. He wants direct, dependable, money earning knowledge. The I. C. S. meets these wants with its special instruction papers, and right here is the kernel and key to the success of its method. Written and illustrated in the first place, with the greatest care, they have been revised, rewritten, simplified and modified to incorporate new discoveries and new methods, until today they are as nearly perfect as expert skill and study can make them.

These pamphlet text books of ten to one hundred pages, each consisting of one lesson, and of a size to be conveniently carried in the pocket for study in the noon hour or in odd moments, are sent to the pupil in regular order, one at a time. Then, as the student masters

VIEW OF MAIN BUILDINGS

them, and proves his mastery by his answers on the test examination blank which accompanies each paper, he returns them to the schools to be checked and corrected by the teachers. All errors are carefully marked, difficult points made clear and letters of explanation written as often as required.

In order that no defect in his tools may handicap their student, the International Correspondence Schools furnish with the chemical scholarship a full laboratory outfit; the electrical courses include testing and demonstrating apparatus; drawing students get full sets of fine drawing instruments and materials.

The International Correspondence Schools first introduced the phonograph in teaching modern languages to pupils at a distance. The student of French, German or Spanish is furnished an improved Edison phonograph accurately reproducing the conversation made on the wax by the native French, German or Spanish professor. The student recites on blank cylinders furnished by the schools so that really the "natural method" of teaching a language has been adapted to correspondence.

Every year the International Correspondence Schools have grown greater in enrollment, equipment and methods. The growth was comparatively slow up to 1896. Then the success of the method had been proved by the success of the graduates and increase took place by leaps and bounds. In 1896 the schools had only 8,500 pupils; in 1897 they had 35,000; in 1901, 262,000. At present they have 420,000 pupils and new ones are coming in at a rate of 10,000 a month.

The strangest and quite the most interesting department of the work of the International Correspondence Schools is the method of giving instruction to railway employes in the practical operation and management of locomotives and air-brake and train apparatus. In addition to the regular correspondence, stereopticon lectures and air-brake demonstrations are conducted in private instruction cars. Each car is fitted with a steam boiler, and air pump and a full air-brake equipment for a six-coach passenger train. The railroads haul these cars without expense to schools or students, in order to encourage their employes to better their practical knowledge; and the I. C. S. is now conducting railroad instruction on seventy railroads of the United States. There is a constant demand for the graduates of this great school.

VIEW FROM FRONT OF CAR 105, SHOWING ARRANGEMENT OF BRAKE VALVES

IT was a bitter cold afternoon in December. The blizzard had already delayed street cars on Huntington avenue in Boston. A business appointment had called me up that way, wrapped in a heavy ulster, and my thoughts went out to the thousands who must have been suffering from cold, owing to empty coal bins and the scarcity and high price of fuel. As the bitter winds stung my ears, these reflections made my nerves tingle with indignation. Stray thoughts passed through my mind as I ploughed through the piling snow drifts as to what are, after all, the things really worth while in this life. Is it really the desire for wealth and comforts, necessities and luxuries that impels us on and on in this maddening chase for gold, chattels and distinction? Is it the fascination of the chase, as with the huntsman and hounds, or is it just the impelling force to liquidate our already discounted anticipations? The trolley wires whirred in the storm, and the stray pedestrians on the street scurried along the lee side, as if to dodge the snowy squalls sweeping up and down the avenue.

In front of Symphony Hall I saw a battalion of musical students — young men and bright American girls—braving the storm to attend the Friday afternoon Symphony concert. For a moment I stopped to look at this Mecca of musicians and the impulse came upon me to stop and enter, as I would a cathedral, for a moment of rest from the battle with the blizzard and business flurries. What! An American business man to stop while it is yet day and waste time on music? Visions of the satires upon long haired, pink tea poets and one of Editor Bok's "cissy" men came before me. Well, I paid the twenty-five cents to a sad faced and chilly door-keeper and passed within the portals of Symphony Hall in broad daylight. The curtain hoods drawn over the windows shut out the lowering grayness of the storm. The rectangular hall, with its long double decked balconies rail-topped with red, suggested the saloon decks of fairy steamers, and the great organ back of the Symphony's ever faithful "old guard" loomed up like a giant steam radiator defying all the terrors of polar currents. Conductor Gericke, with a characteristic jerk of his head and subtle motions which flashed electric response from string, reed and drum, was rushing the accelerando on the close of Listz's symphonic poem. The rich harmony transported me. The dozen classic statues in the niches overhead appeared to blink

sympathetic approval. The audience included the business man, professional man, the clerk and working man, the young women students from the New England Conservatory across the way, stenographers, society leaders—rich and poor—all devout music lovers. Here were two following an elaborate conductor's score with keen interest; others looking up a reference in some book descriptive of the number. Closing my eyes for the last number it seemed to me I had never heard so inspiring and fascinating a tale told as Beethoven's *Eroica*. The work, written in 1802, was dedicated to Napoleon, and what a prophetic life story it told! The funeral march, to me, could suggest nothing else but those closing days at St. Helena. In that brief thirty minutes the tragedy of the Little Corporal was presented as no words or printed page could present it.

Beethoven is truly the Shakespeare of music. Every phase of the human intellect and emotions seemed within his grasp, and one does not have to go further to discover the fountain-head of Wagner's inspiration. Over the stage in Symphony Hall, on a gilded lyre, is the name Beethoven—and most appropriately placed.

This symphony brought back those early days when a sainted mother gave me the first lessons on the violin. I loved the music, but oh, the drudgery of mastering six positions and conquering an obstinate and weak fourth finger. And the desire to play "tunes" rather than exercises and Beethoven's sonatas. With the tips of my fingers indented from many hours of practice, and bow arm aching from the exactions of "down bow" on the first of every measure, it was reward enough to win her smile of approval. After she had retired I would play—even the scraping seemed to lull her—but let a false tone come, or a skip and slide on a difficult passage, and there was a word of admonition from her chamber. It was years after that I realized a sincere love for the music of Beethoven. But it all came to me as I better comprehended life's meaning and its purposes. In that symphony clustered the sweet memories of mother; in that symphony there was a revelation of the things really worth while.

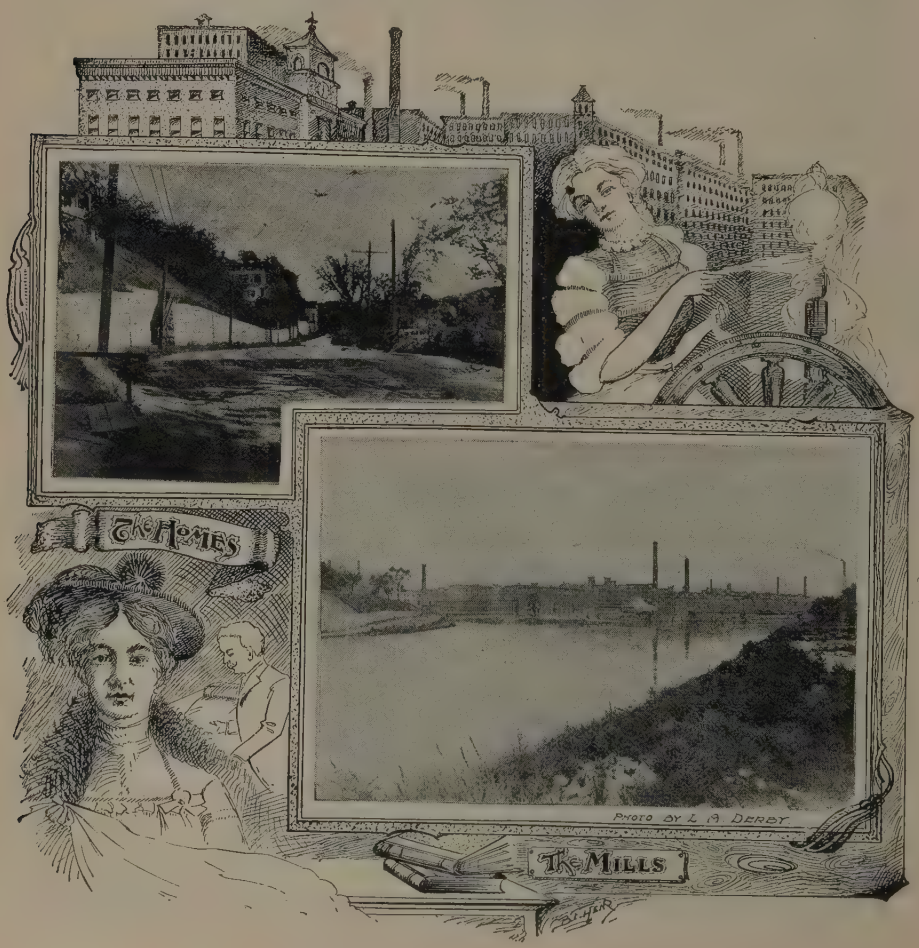
As I was leaving the Massachusetts avenue entrance, dazed and under the spell of the occasion, a kindly bystander reminded me that I was going out with my overcoat on—hat missing. I went back for it, two flights up. The oval glass window panes in the red doors leading to the balconies seemed like glittering giant eyes in the softened light. The players had gone; the great auditorium was nearly deserted; but still there seemed to linger an echo, an inaudible refrain of the great symphony *Eroica*, which had vibrated in that space only a short time before. The spirit of worship came over me, and I meditated a prayer—"Help me to do something every day to make some one else happier and fill my life with those things worth while."

The Childrens' Hospital is near by, and I went. It would not do to tell you all that happened. There were the bright faces—a symphony of human love and affection. They simply filled my heart to overflowing with love for human kind and made me feel that I had done very little in life in cultivating the real things worth while. They brought to mind a little face and form that used to be in our home, and was taken away. Then I called on an elderly lady—bed-ridden. It was only for a few minutes, and a little book and a symphony program was all I left, but

what a light of pleasure shone from her eyes! Then she told me how, with those withered hands, she had played Beethoven, and attended symphonies in the old music halls; and when I told her of my afternoon it was her suggestion that I write it for you. Then an old bed-ridden sea captain—just a minute—but his hearty good cheer was refreshing. Then a telephone from the office. A hundred dictated and unsigned letters will miss the mail—let them catch the next. I went back to the office with an inspiration for a New Year's resolution. In less than four hours on a blizzard day I had won more real happiness than I could express. And the sum resultant of it all is, that no matter what my shortcomings may be in other ways — no matter how the human frailities may give way under vexations of business, I am going to try to do some good to at least one person every day in 1903, and as long as I live one concrete attempt will be entered daily in the life ledger. Moreover, I mean to give more time to music—the music that stirs and inspires —and to all other things "worth while."

SCENES IN LOWELL, THE SPINDLE CITY OF MASSACHUSETTS

Photographs by L. A. Derby; decorations by B. F. Henry of the Lowell Mail



A GLIMPSE INTO THE NATIONAL HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, SHOWING THE REPUBLICAN SIDE, SPEAKER HENDERSON PRESIDING

JOHN LEWIS BATES, GOVERNOR OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

A type of the earnest, friendly, progressive New Englander of the twentieth century. Son of Rev. Lewis Benton Bates and Louisa (Field) Bates, and now at the head of the great state in which his ancestors for many generations have had their home. Graduate of public schools and Boston University. City councilman, 1891 and 1892; legislator, 1893—and five times re-elected. Unanimously chosen speaker the last three terms. Lieutenant governor in 1900, 1901 and 1902. His party's and the state's choice for governor in the fall of 1902. A Methodist, a thirty-third degree Mason and a director in many institutions, among them the United States Trust Company and Boston University. He uses neither liquor nor tobacco. His home life is ideal, his friendships legion—and sincere, for he is a comparatively poor man and he has been elected governor of Massachusetts. His friends hope to see him a senator of the United States.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XVII. FEBRUARY, 1903. No. 5

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

WHEN I gather up the fragmentary notes from the backs of envelopes, on the margins of newspapers, on my cuffs and in the pages of my "morocco"-covered note-book, I am often perplexed to know what to tell you first concerning affairs at Washington. There is such a variety of important matters engrossing attention that it is sometimes difficult to say which is most important. The last thing written usually comes first to serve the purpose of a "scare-head" in a newspaper. So, I hear some of you say, what is the absorbing topic of the month? Now, to answer this, it is not enough that one may have talked with the president, chatted with members of the cabinet, extracted a word from a senator or conversed with congressmen. These are the usual avenues of the news-getter, but when one has traversed them, the fact remains that quite the most vivid impression he retains is that the really big news of the time is "in the air," rather than in what anyone may have said or is doing.

A SNAPSHOT OF "JOE" CANNON, THE NEXT SPEAKER

The impression was forced upon me that this is one of the most significant sessions of congress held in many years, because there are certainly ideas crystalizing and ideas withering; plans proposed and plans that have long reposed in committee room pigeon-holes that are now being resurrected for the emergency. Truth is, the great problem of the day is the trust problem. The talk of years is now to take form in enactment. The very atmosphere radiating from the White House, capitol and committee-rooms is surcharged

with a spirit of determination to "do something."

"Trust-busting" may be a rather quixotic undertaking, but "trust-control" sings along the trolley of national legislation at this moment. It remains to be seen who are on and who are off the trolley,—but the wire is certainly a live one. Anti-trust bills have been pouring in like an avalanche, and if any

CONGRESSMAN DICK OF OHIO LEAVING THE WHITE HOUSE

phase of the question has been slighted, it is not because of inactivity.

When I was given the pen with which President Roosevelt signed the coal tariff repeal bill I felt it was the entering wedge for a lever that is to open wide the whole subject of trust legislation for definite action. It is the coal situation which has awakened the people on the trust question. It struck directly at the homes, and it seems as if the coal tariff repeal bill was less a tariff measure than a prelude to important trust regulation.

When President Roosevelt looks over his memorandum of matters under consideration, I venture to say that the trust question comes first—notwithstanding the sensational character of the items labeled "Sunflower county, Mississippi," "Smoot—Utah," and "Crum—Charleston, South Carolina." The intimation that the president is bending any particular energies to secure a second term, irrespective of what he believes to be right, and generally demanded, is scarcely logical. He would not, in such a situation, be so fearless in grappling these dangerously sensitive questions that disturb votes and delegations.

As I watched various senators, cabinet secretaries, congressmen and others coming from the president's office, it was interesting to study their expressions. These told more than the words they uttered what they were there for and what luck they had in getting it. The wide range of details to be grasped concerning national and international affairs —not alone through documents and the spoken word, but also in the manner and action of those interested—is certainly a severe tax on the president's strength. With all this maelstrom of currents assailing eye and ear, the president certainly has proven a man of steel.

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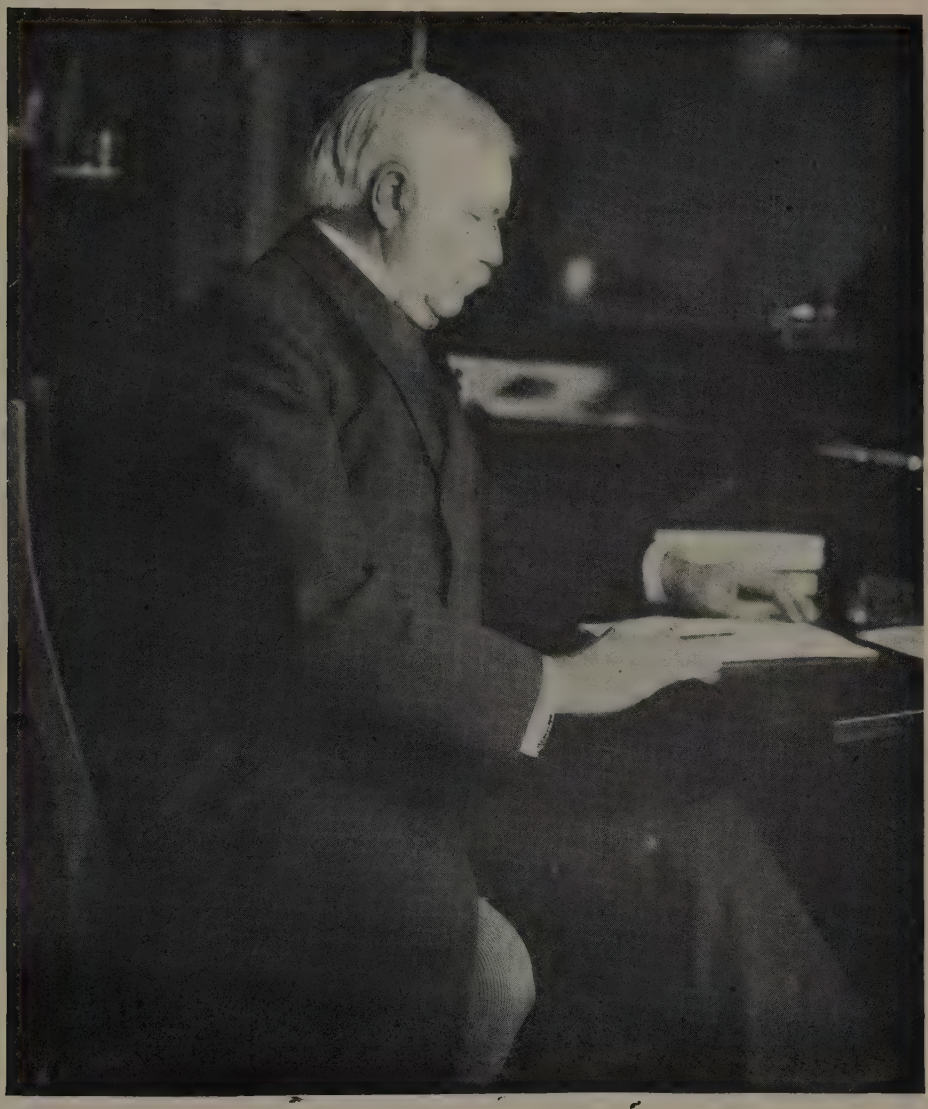
WHEN Senator Pettus of the Senate judiciary sub-committee having in charge the trust legislation looks gravely over his spectacles at papers one gets a flash of the power that gave him his seat in the senate. An old Alabaman told me the story in this wise. For years Pettus had been a prominent political leader. He was an intrepid master of politics in the critical days of the '70s. He would never accept an office and was always noted for his loyalty to his friends. During the Cleveland administration a federal judgeship vacancy occurred and, as the redoubtable lawyer-leader insisted, "the bee was in my

A RECENT SNAPSHOT OF SPEAKER DAVID B HENDERSON, WHO WILL RETIRE FROM THE SPEAKERSHIP AND THE HOUSE AT THE END OF THIS SESSION



bonnet to stay." He went to Washington and arrived early in the morning, going directly to the apartment of Senator Pugh, who was still in bed. As Senator Pugh rubbed his eyes he saw his party leader before him.

"Pugh, I want that judgeship."

"Well, now, just be patient. I'll see about it in a short time."

"I want you to decide it now; you never had to wait on a favor from me."

"Pettus, you're too damned impertinent—getting a senator out of bed to ask for an office. I'm going to have a nap and—"

"Am I to have the judgeship?"

"Well, just wait till I have my morning nap and think it over," and

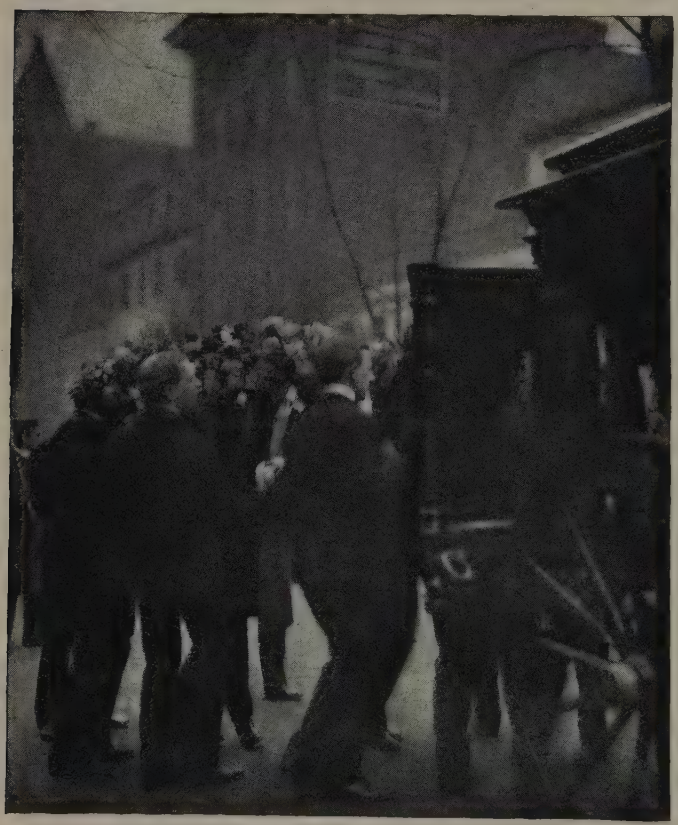
Pugh turned over and closed his eyes.

Pettus left the room with a slam of the door, looking straight over his spectacles. He took the next train home and was the next senator from Alabama, succeeding Pugh.

That morning nap cost Pugh a senatorship. The vanities of human nature are dangerous things to touch with rude hands. Many revolutionary changes are made on the political slate through a hastily spoken word in a trivial incident at Washington. That is where the sting counts twice.

THE PASSING OF MRS. U. S. GRANT

The widow of the great general now sleeps at his side in the mausoleum on Riverside Drive, New York. This picture shows the passage of the casket out of the Metropolitan Methodist Church, Washington, where on December 20 funeral services were held. President Roosevelt and all official Washington were in the Church. The honorary pallbearers were Speaker David B. Henderson, Secretary Root, Secretary Wilson, Maj. Gen. Grenville M. Dodge Senator Cullom, Senator Kean, Senator Allison, Senator Platt, Bancroft Davis and John R. McLean.



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"THERE was a chance for Oklahoma to come in, but not with Arizona and New Mexico hanging to her skirts," is the way a prominent congressman defined the situation with reference to pending statehood bills. Senator Quay, champion of the statehood claims of the three territories, sits in the senate with his legs crossed, listening to the historical discussion given by Senator Foraker on the admission of new states since 1787. There is a silent but expressive sympathy indicated by the friends of a speaking republican senator, located on the democratic side of the chamber, as they move over and occupy the empty seats around him. Senators Depew, Foraker and Beveridge are a trio that occupy the overflow republican annex on the democratic side of the senate.

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SENATOR TILLMAN in a new broad-brimmed hat that is said to have enhanced his popularity in the Palmetto state was discussing matters with Senator Clay of Georgia, hands in pockets, when

a newsboy rushed up to him and announced the shooting affair in which his, Tillman's, nephew was engaged. It was a shock to him, and followed closely his savage attack in the senate upon all the men whom he believes are responsible for the coal famine. Indeed, his speech had hardly reached readers of the newspapers when his hot-blooded nephew's exploit began to run warm over the wires. Anyone talking with Senator Tillman cannot fail to be impressed with the tremendous earnestness of the man, as well as with his marked individuality; and there was a look in his face that touched the deepest chords of sympathy in that moment—when the passion of politics had enacted a dire tragedy.

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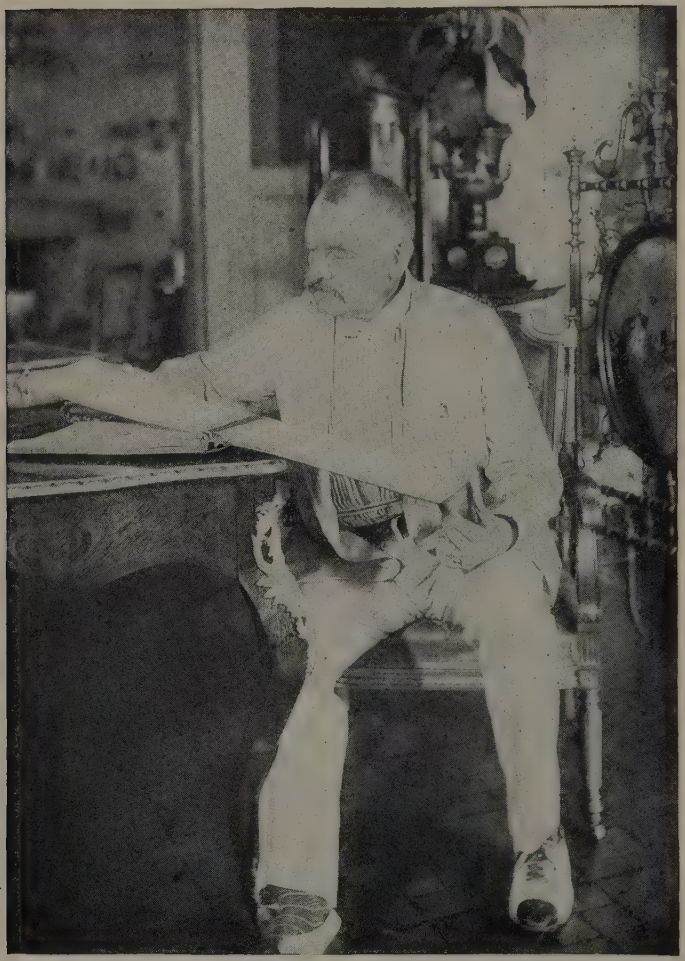
STUDIOUS Senator Hoar, deliberative Senator Fairbanks; the sturdy Senator Nelson, the sagacious Senator Pettus, and keen, legal-minded Senator Turner, constitute the sub-committee which will have direct charge of the so-called trust legislation. There is a buzz of activity in the house; as Congressman Littlefield told me in the corridor, "Matters are churning," and the committee in the house and senate are the men who know how to "bring the butter" in the good old-fashioned way. It is a time for cool heads—not too much salt

NELLIE GRANT SARTORIS, GENERAL FRED DENT GRANT AND U. S. GRANT III.

The picture was taken just as they were leaving the Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal church in Washington, at the close of the funeral services of Mrs. U. S. Grant, the widow of the late president.

BARON LADISLAUS HENGELMULLER VON HENGERVAR, AMBASSADOR OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY TO THE UNITED STATES

The picture shows him buckling down to work in his private office. For eight years the ambassador has represented his country at Washington as minister, his elevation in rank being of recent date. He presented his credentials to the president late in December, and Mr. Roosevelt personally congratulated him upon his promotion.



or hot water—but good old-fashioned horse sense and patience. There have been a few personal tiffs and clashes in the eagerness to get first in the field—but no serious consequences. Judge Jenkins, head of the House Judiciary committee, has been pretty busy and has fired in ideas and suggestions with gatling gun rapidity. He has long studied the trust question and realizes now is the time for some of the butter lumps to appear on the dasher. Attorney-General Knox, the little giant who sits in a large, deep chair at the department of justice, has grappled the handle and taken a few turns at the churn. It is not anti-trust legislation that is sought so much as effective trust control. Big trusts are not necessarily bad because they are big nor are smaller ones harmless because of comparatively insignificant capital stock. Labor unions are inevitable and a power for good and in exactly the same proportion a power for evil. The result will be that labor unions must bear responsibility for its acts and agreements the same as corporations and other controllers of commodities.

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THE representatives of English labor unions called upon President Roosevelt in company with Mr. Alfred Moseley. The president greeted the visitors in Secretary Cortelyou's room, and his words were greeted with a hearty "Hear! hear!" characteristic of English approval. The close proximity of the speaker at first made a formal address embarassing,

but when the words of the chief executive were driven at them straight face to face—eye to eye— there was still the hearty "hear! hear!" There never was a more pointed address made in five minutes; Mr. Moseley twirled his

BARONESS HENGELMULLER VON HENGERVAR, AND THE DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE

silk hat in approval and his party were a responsive audience. It was a straight out and out talk, man to man.

"If more of such things were possible in England we would have less labor troubles," said a bluff, whiskered Lancashire member of the party. "It is your blooming way of 'gettin' together' as you say, that makes America go ahead so fast, you know."

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IT may add some interest if not any value to these pages to know that I am writing these lines with the pen with which President Roosevelt signed the coal bill—a pick that has opened the ledge—and somehow the impulse came over me to show this to the readers of the National as the "pick" with which the president has proclaimed, "Mine coal—dig coal—buy coal—ship coal—anyhow get coal"; and the pen has a prominent place in the archives of the National. It is a modest, democratic looking sort of pen. A cork handle, plain tapering tip, light and strong, with a stub pen that makes a positive mark on the paper—when the president writes there is always a strong line of emphasis finding its way across the paper.

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EX-GOVERNOR ORDWAY, of Dakota, in territorial days, is one of the interesting characters in Washington. In the days of '61 he came with a friend from New Hampshire to see President Lincoln about a post-office. The two young men had made a hard fight for the republican party in the "Granite State," which has recently been a stronghold of democracy, under the influence of President Franklin Pierce. In those days it meant something to be a republican in New Hampshire. They failed to secure the post-office for the friend and later both enlisted. The friend was Paymaster Bates of the United States Army, who recently died in Washington, and Ex-Governor Ordway was sergeant-at-arms in the house of represen-

MR. AND MRS. ANDREW CARNEGIE ENTERING THE NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY IN WASHINGTON

Mr. Carnegie gave the capital city $250,000 to build the library, and was present when it was dedicated, in January. Mr. Carnegie has founded 790 libraries—and has several hundred applications on his list, most of which he will grant.

UNITED STATES SENATOR WILLIAM PAUL DILLINGHAM OF VERMONT

Beginning as county attorney, he advanced through both houses of the Vermont legislature to the governorship—which, by the way, his father held before him—and entered the national senate in 1900, to fill out the unexpired term of Justin S. Morrill, deceased. He was reelected last October for six years more.

tatives at the time of Lincoln's death, and had charge of the funeral train which bore the remains from Washington to Springfield, Illinois. Governor Ordway tells some interesting incidents concerning that trip. His close observations of Lincoln during those days made it seem to him that Lincoln was

MRS. JOSEPH (STIRLING) CHOATE, THE WIFE OF THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TO GREAT BRITAIN

inspired in his decisions and his unfailing good nature and patience under the most trying circumstances.

He says McKinley always reminded him of Lincoln, and his tragic death seemed one of those curious cycles of history which cannot be explained.

"Each had in him the elements that made men love them as devotedly and tenderly as they would a woman, and they seemed inspired by an intuition direct, positive and firm and yet never offensive."

Governor Ordway pointed out as we stood on the corner near the White House, a spot where Lincoln used to love to linger in the long summer twilights and all alone—"just thinking," as he used smilingly to remark when interrupted. Curiously enough, this same spot under the identical trees was a favorite haunt of President McKinley during the trying days of the Spanish war.

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SITTING within ten feet of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan at the Ohio Club banquet at the Waldorf-Astoria, I could not help thinking of the power represented in that one fist when he struck the table with his hand in approving applause. His short-cropped grey hair, sparkling dark eyes, shaggy brows and his bull-dog mouth gently shaded by a dark moustache,—there was a man of international renown and power and perhaps one of the greatest financiers the world has ever known. Mr. Morgan has a way of gripping the big black Mexican cigar which he smokes (no banquet brand for him) rolling it around in his mouth—blowing out the smoke with the force of a locomotive, grasping it between first and second fingers—even in the repose of the banquet hall. These are some of the minute mannerisms which mark the man who plays for any stake short of the universe. His keen eyes followed the speaker's—and his smile in a nod of recognition to a friend was fascinating. On each of his small fingers he wore a seal ring. His neck-tie was a simple white one, over the stand-up white-winged collar. In his buttonhole a chrysanthemum. After all, a primitive man in his tastes and manners, but dynamic in every move and gesture. At that table of distinguished guests of the Ohio Club

there was an interesting study of the men and affairs of the world in the rows of faces and forms enmasked behind immaculate shirt fronts. First of all was the guest of the evening, Secretary John Hay. His masterly speech in words so deftly and delicately chosen, in a soft, mellifluous and resonant voice —with a sparkle of wit and wealth of diction, was the ripe, rich maturity of a

HONORABLE JOSEPH HODGES CHOATE, AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TO GREAT BRITAIN

One of the famous boys of Salem, Massachusetts, and a graduate of Harvard. He joined the bar in Massachusetts in 1855 and settled in New York in 1856. He was one of the committee of seventy that drove Tweed out of office into jail and he later served his adopted state as president of the constitutional convention of 1894. He is one of the foremost lawyers of his time and ranks high among our celebrated public speakers. He has ably upheld the great tradition of the post he now occupies.

MISSES GRAZIA AND CARMELA CARBONE, BOSTON SYMPHONY SOLOISTS

There are few young musical artists of the day who have won more gratifying successes, or whose career has more of promise for the future, than these gifted sisters.

typical American. His tribute to his chief—so few words but so strong; his happy play of expression and features, by all these Secretary John Hay won the hearts of all as the world's greatest secretary of foreign affairs. The tribute offered by different ambassadors present revealed the power of the man—his sense of justice and fairness. Count Cassini looked on approvingly and closed his address in French with a hearty toast in English. The Mexican, Austrian, English and Spanish ambassadors fixed their gaze attentively on the distinguished secretary whose life touches the great present and future, as well as a generation that is gone. There was more than a look of admiration in their glances — there was an expression of love. Senator Hanna is the pride of Ohioans and his speech was characteristic of the greatness of the man, terse and vivid.

The two tiers of balcony boxes surrounding the banquet hall were filled with ladies — whose beautiful faces made an animated wall picture. The occasion seemed like a scene in some vast drama where the great, vital affairs of men and nations were touched with life colors. Colgate Hoyt was a charming toastmaster, and when Senator Depew flaunted his arms forward with the final joke, it closed an event which brought even closer the realization of the great possibilities of the Hague tribunal in establishing the peace of the world.

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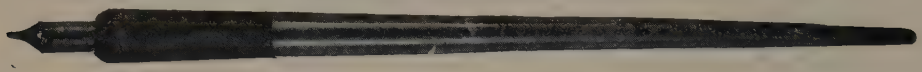
THE irony of history is revealed at the outer room of the naval department On a five-foot pedestal rests a bronze bust of Christopher Columbus. The miniature cannon in a glass case on the table points in that direction—while a

model of a submarine torpedo which resembles a finless fish flanks the other side. To me the statue is striking and has quite enough back hair to suggest a poet. The head of Columbus is tilted upward, as if defiantly ignoring the large globe lilted beneath the pedestal. The world that Columbus discovered in 1492,

UNITED STATES SENATOR WILLIAM ALEXANDER HARRIS OF KANSAS

One of the men whose term expires this year, and who will, as the result of political changes, retire from the senate. Already Congressmen Long and Curtis—the latter the only Indian member of congress—and former Governor Stanley are hotly contesting for Senator Harris' seat. Mr Harris is the last of the populist senators. A native of Virginia, he served three years in the Confederate army and after the war helped build the Union Pacific railroad. He is a farmer and stock breeder.

THE PEN WITH WHICH THE COAL TARIFF REPEAL BILL WAS SIGNED



I believe, "according to geography," has become the "world power." The steel-ribbed submarine boat upon which the statue looks little resembles his sea-worn Maria Teresa and Isabella of 1492.

ROBERT B. ARMSTRONG OF THE UNITED STATES TREASURY

Mr. Armstrong entered the department with Secretary Shaw as the latter's private secretary. His abilities were so marked that when Third Assistant Secretary Spaulding was obliged recently to retire because of ill health, Secretary Shaw asked the president to nominate Mr. Armstrong to the vacant post. He will be the youngest man that ever held a place of such responsibility in the department; but, in an era of successful young men, this is not held to his detriment by the youngest president that ever occupied the White House.

The chain and medallion about the neck of the great discoverer—a tribute to his patroness, Queen Isabella, the clear-cut classic features, prominent nose and eager look forward of this man of destiny—are an interesting study This bit of bronze was taken from the Spanish warship Christobal Colon, which was sunk at Santiago on the day before our natal birthday, 1898, by American warships. The tablet upon which the inscription is made was taken from the Spanish warship Maria Teresa, (irony of fate) and was presented to the naval department by Commander George A. Converse, of the U. S. S. Montgomery. The story of four centuries is told in this trophy of our latest war.

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HOW swift the transition from the old to the new, in these marvelous first years of the new century. Yesterday a man named Morse sent a message from Washington to Baltimore over an insulated land wire. It was too extraordinary for ready belief. Then the ocean cable—Field's achievement—wonder of wonders!—man sending messages under the deeps in the flash of an eye. A great shock to unbelievers! Easier now to credit any story, however unusual. Hence the comparative calmness with which the world has accepted this last and most marvelous of inventions—Marconi's wireless telegraph. Yet, what is there in the *Arabian Nights Tales* that can compare with it? It is telepathy systematized: it is the "coming true" of a dream. Through the thousands of miles that separate his stations on Wellfleet, Cape Cod, and Poldhu, Wales, Marconi personally transmitted and received messages exchanged by the chief executives of America and Great Britain. This was what the president sent:

HIS MAJESTY, EDWARD VII., London, Eng.:

In taking advantage of the wonderful triumph of scientific research and ingenuity which has been achieved in perfecting a system of wireless telegraphy, I extend on behalf of the American people most cor-

JOHN MARSHALL HARLAN, ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT

For more than a quarter of a century Justice Harlan has been one of the ten members of the world's most august tribunal. Born a Kentuckian, he raised and commanded a Union regiment in the Civil war. After the war he was attorney general of Kentucky, republican nominee for governor, chairman of the state delegation to the national convention of 1876, and a member of the Louisiana commission. On the twenty-fifth anniversary of his appointment to the supreme court he was the guest of honor at a dinner given by the Bar Association of Washington. He is one of the grand old young men of his time.

dial greetings and good wishes to you and to all the the people of the British Empire.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Washington, Jan. 17, 1903.

And this was King Edward's reply:

THE PRESIDENT, White House,
Washington, America.

I thank you most sincerely for the kind message which I have just received from you through Marconi's transatlantic wireless telegraphy. I sincerely reciprocate in the name of the people of the British Empire, the cordial greetings and friendly sentiment expressed by you on behalf of the American nation, and I heartily wish you and your country every possible prosperity. EDWARD, R. and I.

Sandringham, Jan. 19, 1903.

Mark that day in red—January 19, 1903—on which the first wireless "marconigram" passed between the shores of the United States and Great Britain. It marks the opening of a new era of freer communication between man and man throughout the earth—and perhaps throughout the universe. Man will yet solve the universal secrets.

AT the funeral of Mrs. Grant I was struck by the remarkable resemblance of General Fred Grant and his distinguished father. It seemed as if one of the familiar portraits of the silent commander was passing before me. What pathos there was in the expression of the old soldiers as they bared their heads as a last tribute to one who shared with her husband the trials and triumphs of a great epoch upon which the curtain is soon to be drawn. Historians have said Grant owed his fame to his wife's faith and inspiration. Certain it is that she was imbued with a greatness of soul akin to his own. She knew, when the country did not, the intrinsic greatness of her husband. She was his closest advisor in many of the chief crises of his career both in war time and during his presidency. Fittingly she rests beside the hero in the tomb erected to prove a people's love.

ONE OF THE LANDMARKS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

Mary C. Crawford in "The Romance of Old New England Rooftrees," (Page & Co., Boston,) presents the picture of the house at Scituate, Mass., which is called "The Old Oaken Bucket House," and which stands on the site of the house in which the poet Samuel Woodworth, the author of that song, was born and reared. Miss Crawford says of this place: "At another bucket, oaken if not old, the pilgrim of today may stop to slake his thirst from the very waters, the recollection of which gave the poet such exquisite pleasure in after years."

*Science, the First World-Movement

By ELMER GATES,
Professor of Psychology and Psychurgy, Washington, D. C.

SCIENCE constitutes the first world movement in the history of the earth: all other religions and systems have been confined to some particular race, nation, sect or tribe; and these systems in the history of humanity have appeared and disappeared like clouds in the sky. But recently there has arisen a movement that has won the respect and devotion of the best minds of every race, nation and country, and by its very nature is destined not to be superseded by something else after a few centuries or a few thousand years: it is the world-taste for the study of inductive science and its beneficent application through inventions, etc.

This movement began about the time of Thales in ancient Greece; it was revived in Copernicus, Galileo and Kepler; it was brought forward through Newton and his contemporaries, and was evolutionized and revolutionized by Darwin and his colleagues; and hundreds of heroic pioneers have patiently added to the sum of knowledge; inventors and practical men of all kinds have applied it to immediate world-betterment.

This world-movement has touched every hamlet and tribe on the face of the earth and has left not intolerance and persecutions, but blessings of all kinds; it has given us better homes, better foods, better clothes, better health, antiseptics, longer life and myriads of good and useful things. Amongst the devotees of every religion, and the peoples of every race, nation and country we find the best minds looking to science for the solution of their problems, and we have thus already before us a world-movement and the basis for a world-federation. To get more mind and learn how to use it in discovering and applying truth is the basis of an active Universal Brotherhood. This great world-movement, as yet unorganized, is "in the air;" it is the Zeit-Geist of the time; and it inaugurates a millenial cycle for humanity. This movement cannot be led by any one person or body of people, as most religious movements have been; it accepts for its creed and charter and leader nothing less than the total ever-growing body of inductive scientific knowledge—the Revelation of science; and its method will be the art of using the mind as that art may hereafter be developed. This will put the control of the world into the hands, or rather into the brains, of the best minds of each class and community; and when once a more highly developed science and art shall have been applied to the scientific begetting and rearing of children, and to their

*Excerpt from Mr. Gates' contribution to *Proofs of Life After Death*, published by Robert J. Thompson at 1604 Wellington avenue, Chicago. 365 pp.; $2.

early education; and when a race of more normal people shall, by means of a perfected mentative art, have been applied to the systematic ascertainment and application of truth, carried on as a religious mission, then we may expect that a rapidly increasing knowledge of the Universe—and synthetic science—will lead to the solution of the various problems that now perplex us,—and among them the problems of God, Freedom and Immortality. We may anticipate the gradual obliteration of war, disease and crime. Following this recent extraordinary intellective development will be a period of corresponding emotive development in which Humanity will learn to appreciate the utilities, beauties and opportunities of existence.

"* * * I wish to emphasize one important point, namely, that there is that in the Universe which has succeeded, and is succeeding and will continue to succeed,—it has produced worlds and peopled them with evolving life; it has revealed to us a body of actual knowledge; in the very fact that evolution has taken place it shows the triumph of good over evil—the victory of knowledge over ignorance—of pleasure over pain. And that which has succeeded is MIND, or consciousness; and MIND is part of the universe, is immanent in it, has the eternal nature expressed in it; and you and I have inherited that nature and are possessed of the spirit, meaning and promise of that greatest mystery of existence,—consciousness,—and by means of Mind all possibilities are open to us; and when we study its nature we are studying the nature of the Supreme Mind, and are directly conscious of that which has been eternally regnant in Cosmos. Whatever problems are solved by the future will be solved by consciousness, whether these problems relate to the objective or the subjective world. All possibilities are opened to consciousness, and the possibilities are infinite; and among these possibilities, as I hope I have shown, are those of an endless progressive existence in a Universe at whose head is an Infinite Mind, of which we are functional parts.

SOLACE

SOFT as the tender strain some mother sings,
Soothing a fretful babe when eventide
Over the huddled hills and meadows wide
Empurpled shadows like a mantle flings,
Comes the low-lisping rain that twilight brings,
Crooning sweet lullabies which like a tide,
Soundless and yet resistless, sweeps aside
All grief and woe and vexing care that clings.

And sudden mist up-wells to hard, hot eyes,
Long heavy with the ache of tears unshed,
And old new peace brings solace to the breast,
As if one other mother from the skies
Down-bending, as in twilights dear and dead,
All tenderly had lulled her child to rest.

SHREVEPORT, La. *Hilton R Greer.*

LAWRENCE Public Library, Lawrence, Mass.

ART MOVEMENTS OF TODAY

I.—THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE

By FREDERICK W. COBURN

"WASTED three years of young manhood in an architect's office," regretted to me in 1891 Mr. C. Y. Turner. Ten years later, as director of color decorations of the Pan-American Exposition, he assured me that nothing in his professional training had been so valuable as that architectural apprenticeship, without which he should with greatest difficulty have developed strength to carry on large decorative enterprises. He was even then establishing, at the Art Students' League of New York, of which he was president, a class in architectural design for giving to unpractical young artists the very training he had formerly despised.

Such change of attitude is typical. Most progressive painters and sculptors of today have similarly came to cherish an art they once disesteemed as being mechanical and inesthetic. Since the Chicago Fair, we have witnessed a renewal of the ancient alliance of the arts of architecture, sculpture and painting. How and why the trio ever parted company would be entertaining to trace if this were an historical article; since it is not, enough if we make the point that they were apart throughout the nineteenth century, during which it was the ordinary thing, even in artistic France, that buildings should be erected without thought of subsequent adornment; sculpture designed without reference to surrounding architecture; easel pictures painted for general sale with utter disregard of proper function as decoration for wall surfaces. Through disassociation, each art degenerated, the architect tending to become an engineer, the painter or sculptor a mere illustrator. About the middle of the nineteenth century the arts reached the lowest point to which they have fallen in the history of the world.

Very lately a new type of artist has come to the front. The man who is capable of taking large contracts, of superintending the work of subordinates, of keeping in touch with commercial and intellectual movements of the day tends to supersede the exponent of more personal, more individualistic art. Decoration, not representation, is exhibited as the prominent purpose of painting and sculpture. At all costs, something beautiful must be evolved. Abroad, the new art (*l'art nouveau*), freed from the eccentricities of its early days, is universally popular. In this country, aside from fresh vogue of the minor arts and crafts, strong decorative bias among the fundamental arts is evident. Comprehension of what the triple alliance stands for is necessary to understanding of the nature of the technical problems at which some of the brightest and most competent modern artists are working.

What value has association of architects, painters and sculptors? The case of painting will point our moral. The renaissance of mural decoration has brought tidings of great joy to the studios. The painter has welcomed deliverance from sight of unsold, unsalable canvases; from prospect of years of unappreciated work. Fifteen years ago, drugged as the market perpetually was,

the artist must paint pictures or starve. He might render them in black and white for illustrative reproduction. He might teach drawing to others, thereby augmenting the number of makers of pictures. Competition for vantage in the limited market was very keen. Originality, oddity of manner, had to be pushed to the limit in order to gain attention. Today relief has appeared. With easel pictures the market is still glutted; not one in ten of those which make the great exhibitions finds sale. But the progressive painter has discovered a fresh outlet for his talent; he gets work from architects that satisfies and inspires far more than painting small pictures on speculation. Once known to be capable of executing decorations for buildings, a man is in immense demand. He paints no longer in uncertainty as to the abiding place of his work. Just what its environment will be he knows; interplay of effects he studies carefully. For fumbling or hesitation no excuse is present. Every man does best when he knows accurately what is required. Naturally enough, brilliant young artists are showing preference for decorative enterprises, leaving the painting of easel pictures to well known men who have already arrived, or to the less aggressive of their contemporaries. Enough good easel pictures are still painted; market for some of them will always exist. But artists no longer wax enthusiastic over their possibilities. Mural painting has become the distinctly popular accomplishment. Thus, at this writing, we find Edwin H. Blashfield at work on decorations for the new court house in Baltimore and the Prudential Insurance building in Newark. Robert Reid, king of impressionists, and Edward Simmons, master of dramatic effect, have lately installed memorable panels in the Massachusetts State House. Oliver Dennett Grover, one of the brilliant young Westerners, has started four memorable mural paintings for the Blackstone Library at Chicago. Tommaso Juglaris, veteran classicist, sails from Boston to execute in Turin the largest series of decorative paintings yet done by an American, for the Ray Memorial Library at Franklin, Massachusetts. Furthermore, wealthy individuals, instead of buying pictures, are apt to commission artists to prepare mural decorations specially for their houses, town and country. Thomas W. Lawson of Boston has lately set at work one of our ablest young painters, Herman Dudley Murphy, on a series of delightful landscape panels, reproducing in decorative fashion the salient features of the view from the tower at "Dreamwold," the model country place of America. Again I note that Attorney General P. C. Knox has secured from Alexander F. Harmer, an artist of Santa Barbara, California, a frieze of three hundred and fifty square feet of stamped and painted leather, representing life of American aborigines; decorations which, interesting in subject and artistic in treatment, will make the Knox mansion in Washington memorable among American houses.

Mural decoration is a distinct branch of art; wherein it differs from ordinary picture-making is worth consideration. Cooperation with architects leads the painter face to face with hard but stimulating problems. Everybody knows that a wall painting must have its lines harmonious with those of the surrounding architecture; its colors consonant with the general color scheme of room or facade. And we hear artists say that their greatest difficulty is to avoid making "a hole in the wall," by which we understand them to mean that too strong an illusion of looking off indefinitely into space must not be created; that something of the flatness of the wall surface must be preserved. This is indeed the main technical difficulty, one which few overcome.

The popular notion that one sur-

mounts it simply by keeping all objects flat, by avoiding "shading" (or "modeling," as artists prefer to call it) is erroneous. Absolute flatness is undesirable in mural decoration, for the essential function of the artist is to give spaciousness to the architect's design. The skillful decorator must create a world of space relations in which things appear flattened, not flat. In easel pictures the artist imitates simply the distances of nature by technical devices of perspective and color, carrying the eye as far back as in nature it would go. But the mural painter, consciously or unconsciously, brings the vanishing point nearer to the point of sight, portraying things so that they appear to have their natural length and breadth but a slighter degree of depth. The perspective of decoration is conventional. Thus in a room no illusion is established of seeing out through a window, but only of an enlargment of the room. For each decorative painting a new perspective has to be evolved; and to place objects logically, beautifully, in this conventional world tries the highest imaginative powers of the artist. This is indeed the supreme test of artistic feeling. Because he had consummate mastery of space which is more than two-dimensional and less than three-dimensional, Puvis de Chavannes, who made the decorations

"THE FOUNDING OF HARVARD COLLEGE"

Decorative sculpture by L Mora on facade of Congregational House, Beacon street, Boston An admirable example of the application of sculpture to a modern office building.

for the staircase of the Boston Public Library, was, technically considered, the most artistic painter of modern times. No other man has thought so clearly "in the medium" of decoration, which is architectural effect. He never lets in light and air from without,—the architect attends to that; his function is to enhance the feeling of agreeable spaciousness within. Only compare in the Boston Library, the largeness of air in the staircase with the crowded stuffiness of the delivery room, where Abbey's pictures—not decorations—make for sense of confusion. Every one of Puvis' decorative panels is distinguished by identical perspective, exactly adapted to the environing architecture; no uniformity of perspective dominates Abbey's brilliant but indecorative pictures.

This truth deserves emphasis, for it reveals to trained intelligence the mathematical substructure that underlies all the so-called space arts. The notion that art, "divine art," has nothing in common with vulgar fractions is fallacious. As a fact it depends upon mathematics as does music. High artistic imagination is closely akin to that of geometer and physicist.

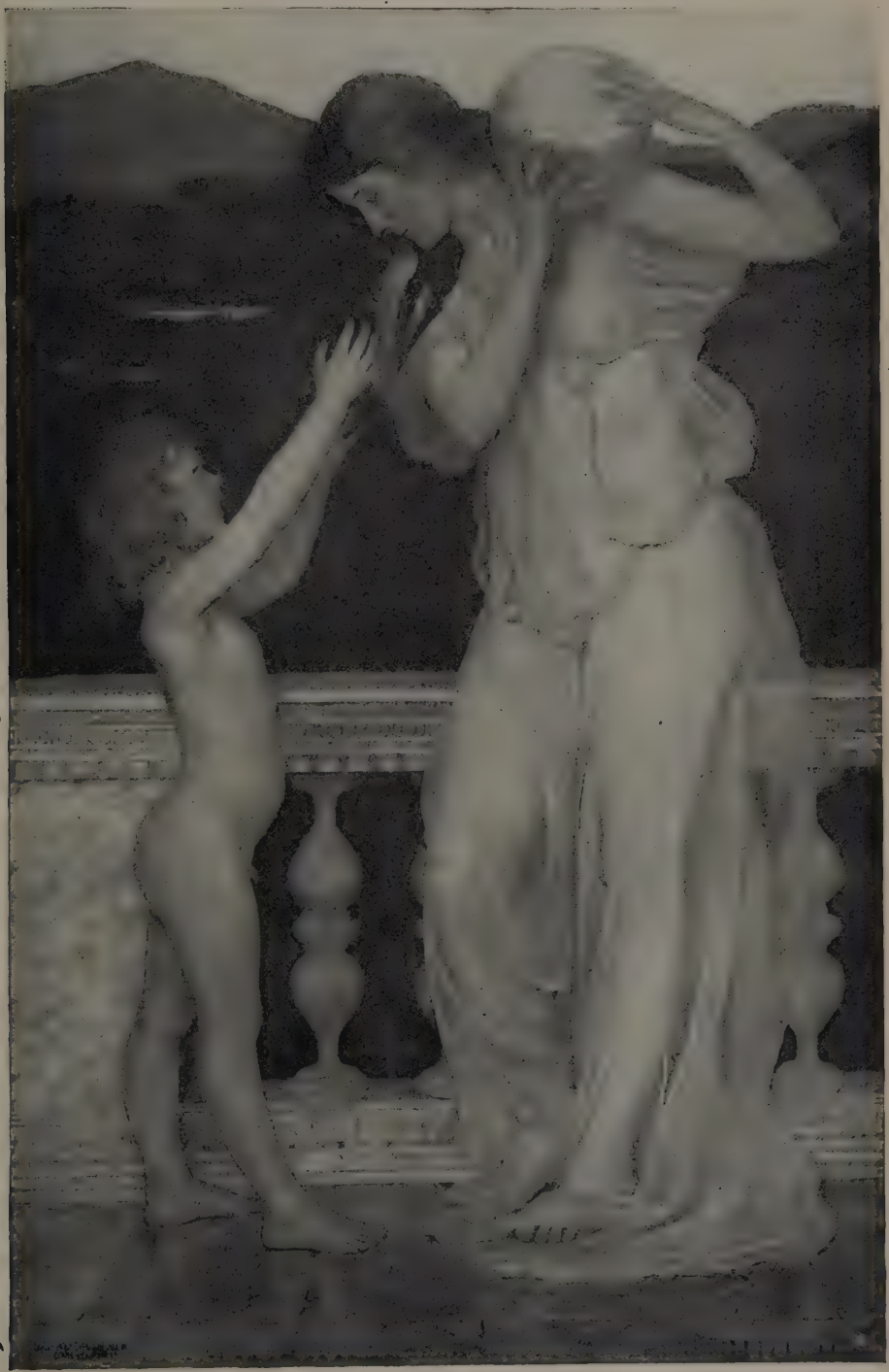
Decorative sculpture serves the same purpose as mural painting, giving extension to architecture. Has the architect wished his Gothic doors to aspire like the lofty nave behind them? The sculptor, by placing emaciated figures with flowing robes in the niches, contributes to the sense of uplift. A sculpturesque frieze about a room raises the ceiling, throws back the four walls. The well placed statue instead of crowding the public square enlarges it.

The present enthusiasm of sculptors for cooperation with architects is not astonishing. The difficulty of the work enchants rather than discourages. At least the troubles are technical, not social. A sculptor's delight today is to refuse the kind of job he was hot-footed after fifteen years ago: the faded daguerreotype of a distinguished warrior, a suit of his clothes and a pair of well worn shoes; the constant consultation, or altercation, with the local committee composed of the mayor, the cook, the lean M. D. and every other citizen who is seemingly particularly incompetent to pass judgment in art matters. Supreme accomplishment in such commissions is faithfulness to the hero's likeness—a very negative virtue to the artist's thought. Often, being a man of spirit, he follows the example of Rodin and Derre and disregards the prejudices of Spotless Town, going the limit in production of something bizarre and original; if more docile, he perpetrates another tiresome nonentity, an addition to the number of those which disfigure Central and other parks.

How different when the sculptor works as assistant to the architect! Certain freedom he loses, but gains what liberty, what immunity from incompetent interference! Battles to be fought with the public the architect has already contested, and generally with marked success, for his profession is one that has acquired prestige among men of affairs. The sculptor, producing for another artist, serves an appreciative and sympathetic master; and he brings forth artistically admirable results for adornment of public buildings and sky-scrapers. Intense activity among sculptors these days is proof that they have found what they want to do. No other artistic craftsmen, except possibly the architects, are so furiously busy. Most of the prominent men are ten years deep in commissions. Statue-making, decorative and indecorative, goes merrily on as in old days. Philadelphia erects a thirty thousand dollar memorial to President McKinley; Portsmouth, New Hampshire, will shortly dedicate one to Admiral Porter. In the Public Gardens, Boston, the pedestal is being constructed for Herbert

"ILLUSIONS," BY H. B. FULLER, CORNISH, N. H.

This picture, by the son of the late George Fuller, was probably the most attractive shown at the recent exhibition of the Copley Society, Boston. We publish it through the courtesy of Curtis & Cameron, publishers of the Copley Prints, by whom it is copyrighted.



DECORATIONS FOR THE LIBRARY

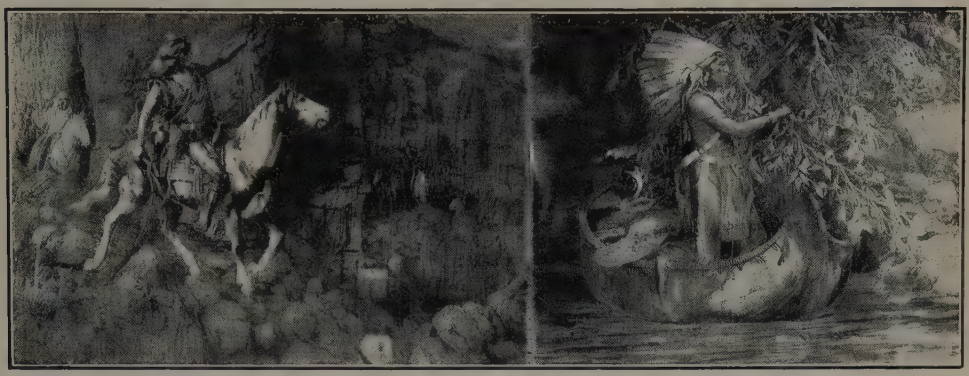
These pictures, representing Indian hunting scenes, are part of a frieze in the Knox mansion at Washington.

Adams' impressive monument to William Ellery Channing. Four northern states have already arranged, and others will cooperate, to place groups in the new National Park at Vicksburg, Mississippi. Cape Codders are scurrying to raise $25,000, an amount equal to that appropriated by the Massachusetts legislature for a Pilgrim monument at Provincetown. The public school houses are beginning to possess original statuary of high merit. Only the other day a memorial by St. Gaudens to the late Governor Roger Wolcott was unveiled in the Boston school that bears his name.

This is indeed a good age in which to be a successful sculptor. Office buildings alone afford scope for display of the ability of hundreds of good men. Along lower Broadway in New York, every other sky-scraper carries good sculpture. Such structures as the Congregational House in Boston and the Witherspoon building in Philadephia show skillful adaptation of modeling to noteworthy architecture. State and municipal buildings too, are given greater and greater richness of detail. The artistic sensation of this season is undoubtedly the announcement that for the new state capitol at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, about $300,000 will be spent upon eleven sculptural groups to be designed and executed by George Grey Barnard, with assistants chosen by him. In this we witness one of the largest decorative undertakings of our day, one which, directed by so intense and energetic a man as Mr. Barnard, will certainly go forward to artistic success. Great things likewise are predicted of the sculpture department of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. As general director, the managment first chose Frederick Wellington Ruckstuhl, a native of St. Louis, a leading exponent of the "new sculpture" and an able executive. Associated with him were Augustus St. Gaudens, Daniel Chester French and John Quincy Adams Ward, three men of highest stand in the profession. One's only regret is that the forthcoming work of such artists will appear in the perishable medium of stuff. Mr. Ruckstuhl, unable to work harmoniously with Mr. Taylor, the architect-in-chief, resigned and was succeeded by Mr. Karl Bitter.

In connection with this sculpture for the St. Louis Exposition we had hoped that Mr. Ruckstuhl would be able to give the country a practical illustration of his cherished notion of a sculptors' guild, for which he pleaded eloquently the other day in an article in the New York Times. The artists need organization quite as much as any other laborers. Certain newspapers have been poking fun at Mr. Ruckstuhl's contention that

OF ATTORNEY GENERAL KNOX
They were designed by Alexander F. Harmer of Santa Barbara, California.



a sculptors' "trust" would benefit the craft by discouraging originality; but the sculptor doubtless knows whereof he talks. He is not alone among artists in asserting originality to be a besetting vice of modern art, the token of its inability to render proper service to common needs. Certain it is that cooperation of the three arts, of which I am writing, tends to repress individuality. Nor is this altogether bad. Artists of Greece and Italy, in the great decorative ages, did not strive at all costs to be queer—painting elephants of life size or frogs that hop on dead women's breasts. Nor yet must they affect oddity of technical manner, strange ways of blotting color, bizarre tricks of modeling with paint. The passion for exceeding singularity evinces degeneracy. The most powerful argument for putting architecture in authority over painting and sculpture is that it imposes upon them restraint and sanity. Nothing startling satisfies as decoration. The decorative spirit breathes temperance, order, purity of subject and motive. Nor are the two lesser crafts the only gainers; architecture itself grows immensely in power through the triple alliance. It is better enabled to keep its inspirational function. So many practical considerations are forced upon the designer of a modern building—he has to know all about heating, ventilation, sanitation, steel fireproofing and such adjuncts of civilized existence — that he tends to become engineer rather than artist. Steel construction does not easily lend itself to expression of beauty; the architect therefore is tempted not even to try to be decorative. Enough, he thinks, that the structure is plain and useful. But as a corrective to neglect of the esthetic comes association with painters and sculptors, whom it concerns first and foremostly. What improvement has recently taken place in domestic and commercial architecture need hardly be mentioned. Tiresome New York streets are being enlivened with some of the jolliest buildings yet erected on the western continent—lacking, of course, the delicate charm of structures made of absolutely right material, but infinitely more agreeable in proportion, fitness and variety than the brown stone rows of a past generation. West Fifty-Fourth street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, has often been pointed out as a model of what New York may become. Or, again, if a Boston example is sought, stand in the Common facing the corner of Tremont and Boylston streets and compare the noble frontage made by Masonic Temple, the Touraine and the

Colonial Building as against the tawdry row of nineteenth century structures along Tremont street. The urban architecture of this century promises to be one of its crowning glories.

And not only in city architecture but in suburban and country housing the past two decades have seen betterment. The 1880 type of house, Queen Anne in front and Mary Ann behind, is being replaced by handsomer, more artistic buildings, derived largely from American colonial or French classical models, but adapted with more or less skill to present needs. True, incalculable damage was done to the countryside in the dark decades when pure colonial style suffered eclipse. Places like Long Branch and Saratoga will for generations look worse than they are. But there exist suburban neighborhoods on Long Island, in eastern Masaschusetts, about Philadelphia and elsewhere, whose newness is not painful but restful. The wealthy are everywhere moving into admirable houses; the day of good architecture for all the people will yet come. Meantime, it shows artistic good sense on the part of architects, sculptors and painters that they are doing their best to make country homes suitable for refined people to live in; and that, wherever possible, they call in a fourth craftsman, the landscape architect, to complete the harmony of art and nature. Our national taste for cast-iron dogs and deer in the sylvan glades of the suburban front yard is being diverted into predilection for well composed gardens and lawns. The new profession of landscape architecture, thanks largely to missionary efforts of men like Frederick Law Olmstead and the late Charles Eliot, and of artists like C. A. Platt and Guy Lowell, is attracting good talent. It is destined ultimately to be of great help in bringing about that harmonious working together of all the arts of design which will constitute great national art.

GEORGE GREY BARNARD, AMERICAN SCULPTOR

Just under forty years of age, a Pennsylvanian born, educated in Chicago and Paris, author of several sculptures that have won more than national celebrity; associate of the French National Society of Fine Arts and gold medal winner in the Paris Exposition of 1900.

The Poet

His bow was Fancy's shining arc,—
One shaft he had and only one;
He looked about to find a mark
And shot his arrow at the sun.

Ernest McGaffey

Love Affairs of James Carrington, Jr.

THE THIRD

By CARRIE HUNT LATTA

THERE was no sound in the library of the Carrington house except the ticking of the clock and the crackling of the fire. Strange, too, as there were two people in the room: two very talkative people, usually.

One of them was reading and the other was flat on his back on the floor, staring at the ceiling with round, thoughtful eyes.

"Uncle Jim?"

The person thus addressed looked up from his book at the small boy.

"Well, Tommy."

"I'm so glad you've got a bad cold."

"Thanks, you're very kind, Tommy."

"I mean I'm glad you have to stay home this afternoon."

A short silence followed, broken by the boy.

"Say, Uncle Jim."

"Do say it, my boy, and get it over with."

"Are you listenin' ?"

"I am, I can't help it."

"Well, when I grow up I'm going to get a little boy just like me."

"Ah, very likely. But I should think you'd be satisfied at present with that new brother of yours. Heavens, how he squalls."

"And, Uncle Jim, I'll have a little girl just like sister 'Liz'beth. That is," he added, "when she's good."

"I wouldn't have mentioned that, if I were you, Tommy."

"And when I grow up I'm going to be married, Uncle Jim. You bet I am."

The man turned to his book impatiently and made no reply. The boy examined the contents of one of his pockets, counted aloud the marbles he possessed, put them back into his pocket and again addressed his uncle:

"I said that when I grow up I'm going to be married."

The man made no reply. The boy's face reddened and his eyes flashed.

"Why don't you talk to me?" he bawled, throwing himself over on the floor. Both heels crashed into a small table. A tall, slender lamp upon it quivered, then fell to the floor. The boy looked solemnly at the ruin he had wrought, rolled over on his face and lay very still. The man looked from the boy to the broken lamp.

Suddenly there was a knock at the door and Nora the maid entered. There was a look of determination on her broad face, and as she viewed the fragments and oil on the floor she spoke with vehemence.

"Mis' Blake an' Mis' Carrington heard a noise an' says Tommy to come upstairs an' be spanked fer breakin' somethin', they don't know what."

The boy uncovered one eye and looked at his uncle.

"Mamma isn't well enough," he ventured.

"Yer gamma is, er I am," Nora answered sharply.

"Aw, I don't know. Uncle Jim, I heard Gran'pa say you have a quick mind; think of somethin'."

His uncle turned his face away as he spoke:

"Never mind, Norah. I'll give you a quarter if you'll clean the floor and tell Tommy's mother to let him off this time."

Nora hesitated.

"But, Mister Jim, your mother said if you asks me to let him sthay to bring him onyhow. Says she'll tind him good an' proper."

Tommy sat up.

"Uncle Jim, now's the time fer you to show these people whether this business 'bout me an' you bein' pals is all a bluff or not."

James Carrington, Jr., put his hands into his pockets and sighed deeply. Finally, his face brightened.

"Nora, tell Tommy's mother and mine that, as it is my lamp that is broken, I'm the one to punish Tommy. I'll spank him myself."

Nora left the room. There was a puzzled look on the boy's face. Neither of them spoke for some time, when the boy said:

"I don't see how you eased things off none, Uncle Jim."

"Well, Tommy, you know I always keep my word."

"What are you goin' to do about it this time?"

"Why, keep it. Come here."

With a sigh the boy slowly obeyed.

"'Tain't a very nice thing fer a big feller to jump on a little one," he grumbled protestingly.

"Turn around," his uncle said in a deep voice.

The boy did as he was told and his uncle gave him three light taps. Tommy waited. That seemed to be the extent of it. He turned a grinning face to his uncle and said dryly, with a shrug of his shoulders:

"I won't tell mamma, Uncle Jim."

His uncle's face flushed.

"I fully intended to give you more, but—it made my head worse. If I had let you go upstairs it would have been much worse, remember that. They'd have probably put you to bed, beside the licking."

"Oh, it's alright. I ain't kickin'. Les' fergit it."

He sat down on a stool at his uncle's feet.

"Say, Uncle Jim, mamma says she don't think the new baby looks a bit like me. I'm glad of it. His head's balder 'n gran'pa's. Mamma says I look just like you did, an' 'at she's havin' the same kind of a time with me that your mother did with you. Mothers take their boys awful hard. Worse than measles."

James Carrington Jr., seemed to be studying the title of his book with intense interest.

"But, the boy went on, "mamma says she hopes an' prays I'll turn out as well as you have. Says you're a perfect brother. I think you're a real nice uncle, when you ain't cross. Oh gee! I wish my new brother was a girl. He could play with 'Liz'beth's things, then. 'Twon't be a month till every thing I've got'll be broke up."

"Generous boy, Tommy. I imagine, however, that it will be a bit longer than you think before your brother is out riding your bicycle, at least."

A short silence followed.

"Say, Uncle Jim, I said twice that when I grow up I'm going to be married."

With a long, low whistle his uncle threw his book on the table and looked with desperation at his small nephew.

"Tommy, my head aches."

"I know it, Uncle Jim. I'm talkin' to you so's to keep your mind off of it. When we have apple dumplin's an' I have the stummick ache afterwards, mamma always says to keep my mind off of it an' it won't hurt. As soon as I grow up I—"

"All right, all right, Tommy. You wouldn't marry unless the girl you loved would marry you, would you?" he asked crossly.

The boy looked thoughtful.

"Huh! I'd make her love me. If you was me, Uncle Jim, which would you marry, Ursula Day or my Sunday school teacher?"

"Which do you love best?"

"Both of 'em," he answered promptly.

"And which do you think loves you best?"

"Both of 'em," he answered with conviction.

"Lucky fellow. Well, maybe you'd better decide on Ursula; she's your age, and pretty."

"But my Sunday school teacher is pretty, and you know it. If she ain't, what have you got her picture set up on the mantel in your room for? Aw, I've seen you hurryin' down the street so's to get to walk with her. I asked her in the Sunday school class if you was beaux an' she says, kind of jerky, "No, friends." Oh gee, but I laffed. All the boys did, 'cause she got so red."

James Carrington, Jr., looked angry and uncomfortable. He reached over and took the small boy by the coat collar, and shook him hard.

"I'd forgotten that Miss Steele is your teacher. Tom Blake, you're an impudent fellow. I'm going to quit giving you any spending money. Do you hear? You're a bad boy."

Tommy sat where his uncle had suddenly placed him. He sniffed audibly for a while, then regarded the toes of his shoes thoughtfully. He took out his knife and pretended to be cutting a hole in the toe of one of them, hoping in this way to attract attention. Failing, he whistled, made some strange clucking noises, beat on the floor with both his hands and feet. But his uncle paid no attention to him. Then he got up and went to his uncle's side.

"I didn't go to make Miss Steele mad. Why, I love her."

"So do,—ah, you do? Well, much good it'll do you," he said pushing the boy away and crossing the room to a window, where he stood drumming idly on the pane.

The boy watched him for awhile, then, with a repentant look in his eyes he went to him and slipped one of his little hands into his uncle's.

"Don't be mad at me, Uncle Jim. I ain't mad at you. A fellow can't help lovin', can he?"

"No, Tommy, I wish he could."

There was something in his uncle's tone which made the boy look at him earnestly.

"Why, Uncle Jim, I think it's nice to love."

"Might be if the person you love hadn't, at least six times, refused to even try to care for you. You just wait, old man," he added, rumpling his hair discontentedly.

"Huh! I just dare any girl to bluff me. Well, which shall I love, Ursula or Miss Steele?"

The innocence of the boy and the earnest manner in which he spoke touched his uncle. Seating himself, he took the boy on his knee.

"Tommy, do you want to hear a story?"

"I should say. Go ahead."

"Well, once upon a time,—strange how stories begin themselves that way,—there was a boy—"

"Is he dead now?"

"No, no; grown up. A boy a bit older than you are, though you are very much like he was at that time, even now. Well, this boy loved his Sunday school teacher, and she loved him. But she loved him as a good woman loves a little boy, especially a heedless little boy who is always getting into trouble, as this little boy always was. Well, one day he heard his sister say that this Sunday school teacher was going to be married.

She had forgotten to say anything to the boy about it and, as he was planning to marry her himself he felt dreadful about it. And he cried, oh, but he did cry. His mother heard about it and she kissed him and told him that his Sunday school teacher was too old for him to marry, and so she was, you know. So, if I were you I would go on loving my Sunday school teacher; you couldn't help it to save you. But love her as a Sunday school teacher, my boy. You see, Tommy, she doesn't want to be married, yet—perhaps never. She doesn't love anyone well enough for that. She doesn't want it even mentioned. She is happy as she is and loves her home and wants plenty of time for her music, just as if she wouldn't have it if she mar—er, never mind that, Tommy."

"How do you know, Uncle Jim? Did she turn you down?" James Carrington, Jr., rubbed his forehead reflectively for a moment.

"Of all the inquisitive young ones,—now I'd like to know what I've said,—well, after all, Tommy, I believe I'd love Ursula.

"Aw, I don't know. She's purty, but she cries so easy. Let a feller pull her ribbon off she bawls so loud that her mother comes out an' says things to a feller. She's too young."

"Tommy," his uncle said solemnly, placing his hand on the boy's head in a fatherly manner, "whatever you do don't ever tell a girl she's—she's a baby. Or too young, or anything of the kind. It's just as bad as to tell them, when they get older, that they're too old. Just don't mention age to a girl at all, no matter whether she's old or young. Why, this boy I just told you about had a friend, a girl a few years younger than he was, and one time when he gave a party he didn't invite this girl because he said she was too young. She told him at the time that he'd be sorry for it, and, by George, he is. After that party she wouldn't pay any attention to him and when she got older and he wanted to take her anywhere she always said she was too young. And laughed, always. And now, she doesn't say anything much, just doesn't seem to care particularly. Oh, well, but don't you dare tell a girl she's too young. Do you hear? You'll regret it all your life if you do."

"What is regret, Uncle Jim?"

"Means you'll be sorry, awfully sorry. There, thank goodness your mother wants you. Good night. And don't forget what I've said, Tommy."

A week later James Carrington, Jr. stood, late one afternoon, carelessly piling things into a trunk. There was a look on his face which plainly showed that he was not thinking of what he was doing.

At last the job was almost finished and he wandered about the room, gathering up a few articles, some trinkets from his desk, some old books and a few photographs. From among the photographs he took one and looked at it with longing eyes. It was a picture of a fair-haired girl with calm, steady eyes which seemed to look straight into his.

"You see," he murmured, with a look of tenderness overspreading his face, "if it were not for you, dear girl, I would not go away. I shall even leave your picture behind, because, dear, I am going away to try to forget."

He kissed the picture and placed it in a drawer in his desk. As he put the key in the lock a sudden noise attracted his attention. He listened, then crossed the room and looked behind a curtain.

"Ugh! I'm as nervous as a woman tonight. Hello, there goes the telephone."

He answered the call and shortly after ward left the house. As he closed the street door the curtain, behind which he had looked for the strange noise, moved mysteriously and presently a small figure appeared. A boy, whose broad white

collar stood in a mussy frill around his ears. Whose stockings were down about his shoe-tops and who had all the appearances of having tried to crawl through a very narrow place. The agent, through which James Carrington, Jr.'s, future was to be settled in a very unexpected manner.

He took a deep breath and looked as if a little dazed by the light. Then he crossed the room to his uncle's desk, opened a drawer and took from it a photograph. His Sunday school teacher.

"Aw, I know'd it all the time," he spluttered. He said a few things under his breath, then tossed the picture contemptously across the room. He stood undecided for a moment. Then tiptoed across the road and to the front door, turned the night latch stealthily and slipped out noiselessly.

Twilight had gathered, but Tommy forgot to be afraid. He tore up the street to a house a short distance away and rang the bell.

"I want to see Miss Steele," he demanded. "Tell her I want to see her bad. She's my Sunday school teacher an' I've got a right to see her."

A few minutes later he stood before her. She was smiling in a friendly manner until the boy came close enough to the light to really be seen. She gasped.

"Why, Tommy Blake! What can be the matter? You've been crying and you're so very untidy. Come, tell me all about it."

Tommy was sobbing in a heart-broken manner. He dried his eyes first on his sleeve, then on the back of his hand.

"Can't you tell me, my poor little boy?" she asked.

"I ain't your poor little boy. I ain't little an' I ain't poor. I'm fat. An' I ain't your boy at all an' I'm glad I ain't. He wouldn't go if it wasn't for you. I don't want him to go. An' if he does go I'm goin' to run away an' go too. It's all your fault, but you're goin' to get left all right. He ain't even goin' to take your picture with him. An' I'm gl—glad. Oh, oh!"

Miss Steele sat down, drew him to her and dried his eyes. "Will you tell me who you are talking about, Tommy?"

"Aw, you know. Come on an' go over an' git him not to go. You'd ought to do'n'-to-others. You're a Sunday school teacher." The puzzled look had left Miss Steele's face. "Oh yes," she murmured. "Oh yes, yes," and she smiled brightly.

"Yes what? He's goin' tonight an' he said he might be gone a long time. I'm goin' to foller him, on a freight train, hang on between the wheels an' git killed. Then you'll be sorry. He's goin' away out West and the Indians will kill him an' th' bears'll eat him."

And the mere thought of it caused this small boy to writhe in agony. Miss Steele stood looking at him. There was a bright red spot on each of her cheeks and she seemed to be lost in thought.

"Ain't you comin' over?" he asked angrily, digging his fists in his eyes.

"Oh I couldn't, you know, Tommy. But don't cry. Maybe things will turn out all right, after all."

With this she left the room, returning presently, with a smile on her lips.

"I have telephoned to let your family know where you are," she said.

"I thought you'd gone after your hat. Are you goin' to let him go, after all? He'll be gone if we don't hurry."

She made no reply, but busied herself about the room.

James Carrington, Jr., hung up the telephone receiver hurriedly. There was a look of mingled wonder and delight on his face.

"What can Virginia want with me?" he murmured. Said 'won't you please come over for a few minutes.' Funny!"

He rammed his hat on with a vengeance, opened the front door and hurried to her house.

He had sent a bunch of violets to her that afternoon, as a farewell offering. Maybe the flowers had caused her to relent. Maybe —

He hurried faster. His eyes glistened and once he laughed aloud. How he did love her!

He was shown into the parlor. There she was, looking so pretty and dainty in a dress of white. Her bright hair waved caressingly over her fair forehead. Her cheeks were pink,—could he believe it? A bunch of violets, as blue as her eyes, nestled close to her white throat.

James Carrington, Jr., caught his breath. He put out both hands to her, and in another moment would have taken her in his arms.

"My violets, Virginia. You are wearing them? Oh sweetheart, I'm happier—"

"Why, why Jim, I sent for you to come over and get Tommy. I was afraid you'd all be so worried about him, as I knew you didn't know he had come—here."

She pointed at the small figure huddled in the middle of a great settee, a picture of loneliness and woe. A boy, a very dirty little boy who was sniffling audibly and regarding his uncle with bleary eyes.

A dull red flush crept over the uncle's face as he looked at his small kinsman.

"I don't think anyone had missed the little wretch. Tom Blake, how dare you come over here looking like that? What are you here for? What do you mean by having me come here making a fool of myself?"

" 'Tain't my fault. 'Tain't neither. I seen you kiss her picture an' say you wouldn't go away if it wasn't fer her. I couldn't help seein' you. I couldn't get out of the room in time. I don't love her no more an' I never will. She can't even do as be done by, that's what she can't."

James Carrington, Jr., looked inquiringly at Miss Steele, who stood with flushed cheeks and twinkling eyes. But she looked steadily at the boy.

"I just come up," the boy went on, "to get her to come over an' get you not to go. But 't'sall right. I'm goin' to tell all th' fellers to leave her class. Oh, don't go' way, Uncle Jim, don't. You're all I've got. 'Liz'beth's a girl an' the new baby can't do nothing but cry; oh don't go."

He slipped to the floor and grasped his tall uncle from behind by the legs and held him with all his might. In vain he was pushed and pulled until his uncle's face was red with anger and mortification. He felt sure that Virginia was laughing at him.

"You come with me, young man. I'll give you the spanking of your life the minute we get home, if I can wait until we get there."

He was lifting the boy bodily when a soft hand was placed on his arm and a sweet voice said:

"I *am* wearing your flowers, Jim. See," she went on, placing a hand on each of his shoulders, "how can you go away with both of us holding you so?"

And Tommy Blake was, for the moment, entirely forgotten. It was a fortunate thing for them that Tommy's eyes were hidden against his uncle's trousers legs, or he might have caused them some embarassment by telling what he saw; for his uncle took his Sunday school teacher in his arms and kissed her.

"Oh gee! Oh goody! He ain't goin'. Miss Steele, I say, did you ever see me stand on my head?"

But before he could balance himself his uncle caught him up and, tucking him under his arm, said:

"Virginia, would you mind going up to the house with me for a minute? If mother sees,—us, er, she won't punish Tom for running away. I'd hate like the mischief to have him licked—this evening."

A Vocal Forgery

By HAROLD BOLCE

TOM WATSON, the Wall street editor of the Globe, sat in the private office of President Matthews of the United States Railway Corporation, waiting for the head of the greatest railway system in the world to return from the directors' meeting in a near-by room. Watson was chagrined and desperate. But a short time before he had asked President Matthews for the detailed statement of the plans of the big corporation—plans that changed the whole railway map of the United States and meant the swallowing up of a score of smaller railroads. To secure that in advance of the other dailies of the metropolis meant the biggest beat of years, and Watson had instructions from his chief to get that beat. President Matthews had refused Watson. The newspaper man had tried everything in his power to coax the statement from his friend, but President Matthews was unmoved. "No, Watson," he said, "I can't do it,—not even for you, friendly as I am toward you personally and to the paper which you represent."

As Watson, crestfallen, left the magnate's office, that captain of industry pressed a button which summoned one of his managers.

"Van Remsen," said he, "you know young Watson of the Globe, the son of the old friend of my boyhood days?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm interested in him; I've been studying him lately and I've concluded that he's A No. I. He's a resourceful chap too. Do you know his history?

"Can't say that I do, was the reply."

"He wanted to be an actor," resumed the railway president. "He is, his father used to tell me, a phenomenal mimic—can reproduce anything he hears. Imitates a man's voice so that the owner himself is amazed. At college, I understand, he frequently startled fellow students engaged in some contrabrand delight by suddenly uttering admonitions in the well known tones of the grave and somewhat dreaded Dean of the Faculty."

"Why isn't he on the stage, then, drawing crowded houses instead of rooting as a lone reporter for a living?" asked the hard headed, practical manager.

"That's just the story," the railway magnate went on to explain; "the young fellow's ambition was along that line. Knew he was cut out for it, but he comes from unyielding Puritan stock, and his parents, although convinced that fame awaited him behind the footlights, violently opposed such a career for him."

"He hardly escaped theatrical life when he went into yellow journalism," was the manager's comment.

The railway president smiled. "I can't say that I am altogether opposed to strenuous newspaper methods," he continued. "The young fellow was mightily discouraged at first, but instead of sulking, he took up reporting, and is making a go of it. I like his spirit. His energy, determination and ingenuity would make him a valuable man in our business, and I have about decided to appoint him my confidential secretary."

"Are you certain you can trust him?" asked the manager.

"Several times he has had valuable inside tips on our affairs and has been honorable about holding the matter until I gave him permission to print it," replied President Matthews. "I guess we can train him into our high standard of probity and give him a chance to use to substantial advantage the energy he is expending in newspaper work."

The manager bowed and smiled, and the head of the greatest railway corporation in the world made a memorandum intended to transfer an obscure reporter from the street to the coveted and confidential circles of millionaires. It was a billet that meant $5,000 a year with a certainty of promotion to financial independence and possible leadership.

Meanwhile Watson was on his way to his chief to report failure to secure the much coveted statement. Dennis Markham, editor of the Globe in those days, turned to Watson. "Get that report," he blurted, "and don't come back till you do."

Mechanically Watson walked from Park Row down Nassau street to Wall, pondering all the while what he should do to secure the railroad beat and the commendation of Markham. Almost before he knew it he was again in the outer office of President Matthews, and with a nod to the clerks at the gateway leading into Mr. Matthew's private room, he passed in unchallenged. Watson, they knew, held the friendship of President Matthews. They knew, too, that Tom's father had been one of Mr. Matthew's dearest boyhood friends, and thus his second visit caused no surprise.

The President's private room was temporarily deserted. Watson dropped into a chair and began to piece together a plausible excuse for his second call on the same mission, but none that he quickly framed seemed to justify his remaining, for he was certain President Matthews would repeat his refusal.

Set against that polite but ultimate refusal to disclose the asked for information, was the City Editor's laconic and mandatory order to stay out until he got it. Watson had been singularly successful in landing elusive sensations, and although he had gone into journalism as a makeshift, in deference to implacable parental objections to the stage, he had, when once fairly plunged into the Park Row maelstrom, struck out valiantly. In fact, he had forced his way with such determination and thoroughness that it had become a saying at the Globe office that if Watson couldn't get a thing, the thing sought didn't exist.

As he sat ruminating in the railway president's office and conjuring schemes for obtaining some clew to the great projects at hand, he looked around at the luxurious furnishings and realized what a far cry it was from capering about after items of news to manipulating the huge agencies of transcontinental railway systems. It was better, he reflected, to have an office of one's own and be the man interviewed than to be a driven and fugitive interviewer with no name and hardly a habitation. To be a Wall street reporter was something, it was true, he thought, and to be the Wall street reporter of the Globe was a position that excited the envy of lowlier representatives of the press.

"Yet if I had gone on the stage and employed my native gifts of imitation," he mused, "I might now be drawing big money out of Wall street instead of working it for a mere boy's salary. Perhaps I would have had my private car by this time instead of rushing about the streets like a vendor. And instead of camping in sufferance in the office of a magnate, that dignitary and others like him might be buying boxes to hear the 'justly celebrated'."

Watson laughed and rose to look out of the window at the East River pano-

rama of passing tugs and ferry craft. As he did so, he saw beside him—at his very elbow—a commercial phonograph. In that glimpse, Watson's quick mind read success. Opportunity to use his powers of imitation—powers that had been denied legitimate expression along remunerative lines — now opened dazzingly before him. In newspaper work the genius of mimicry, which throughout his life had been the marvel of his family and intimates, had not been called upon, but now this ability seemed to make instant and insistent demand to display itself. He felt, he thought, as a poet might in the first flush of an imagination that was to give being to an epic.

If conscience made fleeting protest, its restraint was swept away by the promises of rich reward in the unique opportunity, and Watson almost instantly determined upon an act of daring that he believed would bring success quickly and make for him a name on Newspaper Row.

Often had he heard President Matthews dictate into that phonograph letters of great importance and of a confidential nature. Almost as often had he seen the letters typewritten from the phonograph, signed by the railroad president without a glance at the text, so implicit was his faith in his confidential stenographer's accuracy and fidelity. Watson knew equally well that the stenographer never questioned his chief and accepted the message that he received from the phonographic cylinder as final. Of these things he scarcely stopped to think. President Matthews' voice he could simulate to perfection, and oblivious to right or wrong — oblivious to everything save the beat, he pressed an electric button, and turning to the phonograph, began in the cold, even tones which belonged to President Matthews:

Thomas Watson, Esq., Daily Globe, City.

My Dear Mr. Watson: — Since your visit this afternoon, I have reconsidered the matter and have decided for several reasons to give you the official statement regarding the future plans of the United States Railway Corporation. You of course recognize the absolute necessity of protecting me in the matter under all circumstances, and I am sending this letter and the enclosed report to you by my trusted messenger to be given to you personally at your office. I am trusting you implicitly, but feel sure that you will respect my confidence to the utmost. In the belief that the exclusive possession of the report will boost you in your journalistic career, I remain,

Very sincerely,

(*Enclosure*)

Pausing a moment he added this message to the stenographer: "Hobson, as you go home to-night I wish you would deliver this letter personally. You understand about the enclosure and the confidential nature of the matter."

Watson, flushed with assured success, turned to the electric current and the cylinder stopped. He picked up his hat, and, nodding to Hobson in the outer office, went out into the street and strode off toward the office. He did not seek Markham, but stopped at the reception room door long enough to give the boy on guard a shiny quarter as he said: "If a gentleman calls here for me about five o'clock, show him right to my room; don't forget now."

Watson had at least an hour and a half to wait. Reaching his room he threw off his coat and lighting a cigarette he settled down before a map of the United States Railway Corporation system. Carefully he studied the route, making occasional notes and now and then consulting the latest official railroad guide. For an hour he was completely absorbed in his task and then, quickly noting the reference books he needed, in addition to those already on his shelves, he started for the library. When he returned, his

arms were filled with railroad manuals, directories of directors, annual reports and other standard railroad literature. He had scarcely placed the dusty volumes on his table when the door opened and the subsidized "Buttons" of the reception room ushered in the expected visitor and fled. Watson, apparently greatly surprised, greeted Hobson cordially but inquiringly. Before he had time to put a needless question, Hobson pulled from his pocket a fat envelope and handing it to Watson said: "Mr. Matthews asked me to hand you this personally. The letter explains itself." Without waiting for an answer, Mr. Matthews' messenger left the office, and hurrying out of the building, went on up town to his home in Harlem.

Cool up to this point, Watson became suddenly nervous, and his fingers trembled as he tore open the envelope and drew out its contents. There was the letter he had dictated to the phonograph, and enclosed in it was the statement—the official plans of the greatest railroad corporation in the world—the publication of which would give Wall street a spasm and convulse all railroad securities. Realizing fully as he scanned the pages of the statement the tremendous significance of it all, Watson lost his nervousness and, intoxicated with the thrill of great news, he went triumphantly before his superior.

"Mr. Markham, I've got it exclusive, and I want two pages and a half page map," Watson almost shouted in his eagerness to impress gruff Markham with the tremendous value of his story.

"Um," snapped Markham, "that's enough space to tell of the assassination of the President. What are the features of your yarn, young man?"

Rapidly Watson ran over the salient points of his great story, tersely outlining the beat and boldly fighting for space. "This story will cause a bigger riot in the street than any beat printed in a New York paper in twenty-five years. I want the front page for the map and the lead of the story, the second page and a break-over on the third." That was Watson's final plea for space and position. He waited an instant only for his answer.

"You can swear this is official and exclusive? All right, you can have the space but I will hold you personally responsible for the prevention of leaks. That story must not get out of this office and must not appear in anything but the third and last edition of the paper. You will take Mr. Roberts of the copy desk into your room and the copy will be sent from there in sealed envelopes to the composing room. One set of proofs will be pulled and that will come to you. After you have approved them I want to see them. You will take my office boy and keep the door locked. I will see that lunch is sent in to you. I do not want the story sent out to the composing room till midnight and of course you will not need Mr. Roberts till very late." Thus, with scarcely a pause, Markham jerked out his instructions. Watson, delighted, turned to leave, but suddenly remembering the map, said: "Oh, about the artists?" "I'll attend to that," snorted Markham; "Mr. Bacon will report to you within half an hour. Tell him what you want done and he will see that the work is done secretly. I guess that everybody connected with the story in any way will have to stay here till the third is on the street. It is the only safe way. I will hold the printers till four o'clock. Understand, young man, there must be no leaks tonight, not if you have to strangle some one."

Watson rushed to his room and feverishly began for a night of terrific work under great pressure. First he took the map and dashing it with ink spots indicated the twenty or more new lines to be absorbed by the already great United States Railway. Bacon, the artist, came

in before he had finished, and turning to him, Watson indicated what he wanted. "Draw this map of the United States," he said; "put the present United States line in very heavy black, and the lines I have marked in black one-half as wide. Make it all black and strong, however, and be sure the cut prints black." Bacon tucked the map under his arm and walked out. The door closed with a bang and the lock snapped into place, but Watson was already delving into his railroad reports and manuals for information of the organization, mileage, equipment, and financial condition, earning power and physical state of the various railroads that were to be taken. He hunted out the list of directors, the officers of the board, the operating and traffic officials' names and figured out the combinations, and the number of men who would probably be forced out by the consolidation. He speculated upon the changes in traffic arrangements that the great deal would necessitate, the effect of the merging of the roads upon rates and the consequent benefit or blight upon the tributary country. This took hours and he had scarcely gotten under way on his introduction, when there was a rapping at the door and he opened it to find Roberts, his copy reader, and Markham's copy boy, ready for duty.

Small Dan had a fist full of big envelopes addressed, "Foreman, Composing Room, Personal," and in his other hand he gripped an extra key to the door of Watson's room. "De ole man said for youse to keep de door locked and for me to keep mum and carry de key, see." Dan tumbled into a chair and waited for copy. Roberts got ready for business, and the Globe Wall Street man dashed at his introduction. Page after page he tossed over to the waiting Roberts with the brief pointed remark, "set in long primer, triple leaded across the page." On and on went the untiring pencil till Watson got to the place where he wanted to use the official statement. He stopped his introduction with a colon and, throwing the official statement to Roberts just as it came from President Matthews, he yelled in a strained voice, "put it in full face across the page and lead with pica slugs."

Small Dan by this time was making regular trips to the composing room, and while Roberts was getting the official statement into shape, Watson began on the detailed story of what the great deal would mean to the properties affected, the country traversed by the railroads that were to be absorbed. He was filled and crammed to overflowing with his subject, and he wrote on and on. Finally when the Tribune clock chimed midnight, the Globe Wall Street man finished his last sheet, and tossing it to Roberts, suddenly remembered that he had had no dinner and was hungry. Dan was waiting for copy, but he knew his business, and crying, "Gee, I t'inks we'se goin' to have a feast," opened the door and dragged into the room two baskets of lunch and a steaming pot of coffee. Watson made a dive for edibles and Roberts, thrusting the last envelope into Dan's fist, went to his assistance. Dan uttered a protest about being handicapped and raced off for the composing room, eager to get back in time to participate in the refreshments.

Watson was drawn and tired. The food revived him, and when the proofs came down a little after one o'clock, he read the story from end to end with infinite care. Roberts was writing great "scare" heads for each of the three pages on which the story was to appear. Finally the heads were in type and proofs of them taken also. These were all approved by Watson and sent in a sealed envelope to Markham by Dan.

Now that the pressure was off, a reaction came over Watson. The minutes

he waited for an answer from Markham seemed like hours to him and after waiting, this was all he got: "Great! I'll make it up myself: map, introduction, and full face statement on front page, story following on second and third."

Two hours followed and they seemed interminable to Watson. Roberts demurred at having to stay cooped up in the room till four o'clock, but finally went to sleep after a desultory conversation with Watson about the story. Dan, surfeited with sandwiches, pie and coffee, was fast asleep in a big chair. Watson, wide-eyed and staring, the tension all gone, now began to meditate upon the ethics which surrounded his act. He argued that he had done no wrong; that he had simply done, himself, something that President Matthews should have done. It was legitimate; it was business, he told himself, and the answer to all his contention was the prick of conscience and the still small voice whispering, "But it was a gross deception."

The whirr of many presses, the rattle of racing news wagons in Park Row, the shrill cries of the news vendors and the arabs of the street, brought to an end his unhappy soliloquy. Rousing the boy and Roberts, he put on his coat and the trio left the littered editorial rooms uninhabited save for the man on the "dog" or early morning watch. Eagerly Watson caught up his paper damp from the press, and scanned the great story, his pride rising as he saw the make-up, the map, and the story all as he had planned them. Much more eagerly, though, he bought the last editions of the other morning papers and raced through their pages with a searching eye underneath a sputtering arc lamp. Not a suggestion, not a hint of the story was to be found in any one of the half dozen. "It is a beat," he shouted hysterically, and cramming the papers into a bundle, he strode up Park Row to the bridge and across the footpath to his Brooklyn home, absent-mindedly bidding Roberts and sleepy Dan good-night. He walked on air, builded air castles, dreamed day dreams, mechanically let himself into his home, disrobed and went to bed. Sleep came not and he counted backwards and forwards till slumber overcame him, and then he dreamed of beats and phonographs.

While Watson dreamed, Wall street had convulsions and railroad securities became hysterical. The market went wild. The Globe story was so circumstantial, so absolute, so detailed, that none could doubt it. It was accepted as official. No denials could stave off its widespread effect. The stock of the United States Railway jumped with kangaroo leaps when the Stock Exchange opened. So did the shares of the roads absorbed. But ruin overtook the men who controlled competing lines in the territory affected. Nothing could stop the slump in values. Their securities sank as the stocks of the other roads soared. Fortunes were made and lost that day and for days after. The railroad map was unmade and made again; Watson's beat caused a revolution in Wall street and an earthquake in the office of the United States Railway Corporation.

President Matthews was aghast when he saw the Globe's story. Breakfast was a superfluity that morning. He rushed to the home of one of the most powerful directors. He, too, had the Globe's story and was silent and mottled with anger. Together they went down town and, as they neared Rector street, President Matthews' ire was almost beyond control. Everywhere they looked, the story of their plans stared at them from the pages of the Globe. All their secrets now belonged to the public. What they had planned to do gradually was now all done at once, and they knew what to expect in the seething mart of stocks

that day. Every director in town was at the office of the United States Railway system a half hour before the opening of the market. All were unanimous that there must be a rigid investigation. The leak must be found at any cost, they agreed, and they delegated President Matthews to conduct the inquisition.

Hobson was sent for and his great chief demanded if he, Hobson, his trusted clerk, could suggest a way to find how the Globe got the official report of the plans of the Company. Mr. Matthews' confidential man was not used to jests from his superior. He looked at him sharply for some explanation of the quixotic question and then, seeing that the president was in deadly earnest, said, in a frightened voice: "Why, you ordered it, Mr. Matthews. You told me to take care of it personally as it was confidential."

"Me? Me? Me order that report delivered to the Globe?" Matthews screamed till the clerks in the outermost office could hear. He rose and walking to Hobson added,—"Why, Hobson, this thing has crazed you. I refused that report personally to Mr. Watson once yesterday."

"I know that, sir," answered the now thoroughly frightened Hobson.

"How in thunder did you know? I never told you."

"Beg pardon, Mr. Matthews, but you did in the letter."

"What do you mean, Hobson? What letter? Why don't you explain?"

"Why, it's right here, Mr. Matthews, in the phonograph. You can't doubt your own voice. I'll start it, and you listen and so will I."

Hobson started the phonograph. The cylinder revolving repeated the dictation for a letter to a confidential agent, another to a government official of high rank, and another to a foreign agency, all of which Mr. Matthews acknowledged with a silent but impressive nod of the head.

"It's the next one," said Hobson, and then the phonograph began to repeat the words told to it the day before by Tom Watson. President Matthews could not conceal his surprise. It was his voice; his very intonation. He was thinking hard, and listening. He listened on to the end and to the instructions to Hobson about delivering the note to Watson personally. Then he stopped the instrument and said quietly: "Very well, Hobson, I had forgotten." Then turning to his desk, he tore into bits and threw into the waste basket a letter awaiting his signature, which read as follows:—

Thomas Watson, Esq., Daily Globe, City.

My Dear Mr. Watson: I have concluded to offer you the post of confidential secretary in my office at a salary of $5,000 a year. If you are free to accept it, kindly let me know at once when you can begin.

Very truly yours,

The Answer

Too long I waited
To send him the word;
Too long I loitered
And only God heard.

GORDON, Nebraska.

My heart beat madly
The long silence through,
To fight back its wildness,
But he never knew.

His face pressed the roses,
Peaceful, at rest.
My letter, unopened,
Lay on his breast.

CLARA M. GLOVER

President Roosevelt as a Father

By H. I. CLEVELAND

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT romps with his children and takes an interest in their sports and undertakings, yet he never forfeits their respect, and he enforces strict discipline in his household. The chief executive has been known to postpone the consideration of an important affair of state in order to indulge with his children in their favorite pastime of "playing bear," and on the other hand he has been known to excuse himself to a company of friends spending the evening at his home and, proceeding upstairs, administer punishment in the approved old-fashioned manner to certain of his youngsters who had disregarded repeated admonitions to make less noise. It is this nice commingling of comradeship and authority which has made the youngest president even more successful as a father than as chief magistrate.

For President Roosevelt to stand in the relation of chum to every one of the junior members of his household requires, as may be imagined, considerable versatility in sympathies, owing to the wide range in the ages of the children. There are half a dozen of the Roosevelt children: Alice, aged nineteen; Theodore, Jr., fifteen; Kermit, thirteen; Ethel, ten; Archibald, seven; and Quentin, five years of age. No two of the lively coterie are near enough of age to have exactly the same interests, and consequently a distinct tribute to the President's ability is found in the fact that he is able to maintain a strong bond of sympathy with each individual child and yet weld all the young people into a group so loyal that the Roosevelt household has been famous for years for its clannishness and self-sufficiency.

President Roosevelt has a deep instinctive love for children and an ability to understand them which very likely constitutes the secret of his magnetic influence over his own little folks. When he was police commissioner in New York City he went frequently to the schools of the Children's Aid Society and other similar institutions, principally on the great East Side and on such occasions he gave talks which were remembered and referred to by the little pupils for weeks afterward.

President Roosevelt has repeatedly voiced his disapproval of the "goody-goody" boy. He said on one occasion:

"I do not want any one to believe that my little ones are brought up to be cowards in this house. If they are struck they are not taught to turn the other cheek. I haven't any use for weaklings. I command gentleness and manliness. I want my boys to be strong and gentle. For all my children I pray that they may be healthy and natural."

Adherence to this creed was manifested one day during Mr. Roosevelt's term as governor of New York, when his son Teddy came home with his clothing in tatters and explained that he had avenged an insult offered by a much larger boy who had spoken sneeringly of Teddy's father. The governor listened patiently throughout the recital and then his only comment was, "Well, I 'm glad you licked him."

Young girls, to fulfil the President's ideal, must be possessed of many of the same qualifications as their brothers.

"In fact," said President Roosevelt in discussing the matter, "I must confess that when girls are small I like them to be tomboys." Judged by the Roosevelt standard the highest compliment which the President ever paid Miss Alice, his eldest daughter, was found in his remark: "Alice is a girl who does not stay in the house and sit in a rocking chair. She can walk as far as I can. She can ride, drive, and shoot—although she doesn't care much for the shooting. I don't mind that, it is not necessary for her health; but the out-door exercise is, and she has plenty of it."

Mr. Roosevelt has never lost an opportunity to impress upon the children, both by example and admonition, the principles by which he wishes them to be governed. On Christmas a few years ago Mr. Roosevelt, in furs and whiskers personated Santa Claus and distributed presents to a small assemblage of young people. He made a short address to his own children and a number of their playmates, in which he said:

"I want you all as you grow up to have a good time. I do not think enough of a sour-faced child to spank him. And while you are having a good time, work, for you will have a good time while you work if you work the right way. If the time ever comes for you to fight, fight as you have worked, for it will be your duty. A coward, you know, is several degrees meaner than a liar is. Be brave, manly and gentle to those weaker than yourselves, hold your own, and at the same time do your duty to the weak and you will come pretty near being noble men and women."

The result of such training has been manifest on many occasions. Soon after the Roosevelts took up their residence at the White House a fawning society woman asked one of the younger boys if he didn't dislike the "common boys" whom he met at the public school. The little fellow looked at her in wonderment a moment and then said:

"My papa says that there are only tall boys and short boys and bad boys and good boys and that's all the kinds of boys there are."

Summed up, President Roosevelt's theory with reference to the management of children is that parents should neither be too strict nor too indulgent. Said he in discussing the matter:

"In the first case the children grow up sullen, and in the second they often become an offence to themselves and a curse to others. Moreover, all children should have as good a time as they possibly can."

In pursuance of this latter belief very few restrictions have been placed upon the Roosevelt children. Both father and mother have gone on the theory that each child is able, in a considerable degree, to look out for his own safety and welfare, and the constant watchfulness which is the bane of many a child's life has never been manifest in the case of the President's youngsters. So, too, an effort has been made to provide them with all the possessions which would contribute to their health and enjoyment. The Roosevelt's were not always as well supplied with this world's goods as they are at present, but there was never any hesitancy about the purchase of a gun, boat or pony if the happiness of the children was really involved; and assuredly this policy has had its reward, for only on very rare occasions have any of the children known real illness.

The democracy in which President Roosevelt is so firm a believer is reflected in the actions of his children. The youngest boys have as a play-fellow the little son of the negro steward at the White House and when at Oyster Bay attend the same school as the children of John Hall, the family coachman. On one occasion when "Old Tom," an aged negro in charge of the barnyard at the

Roosevelt country house, reported that young Teddy had attempted to lasso some choice spring chickens, Mr. Roosevelt handed him a long-lashed whip and remarked:

"Lay it on, Tom, good and hard. It is about time that Master Teddy recognized your supreme authority in the barnyard."

Love underlies the whole relationship between President Roosevelt and his children; the admiration of the youngsters for their father and their loyalty to him are simply unbounded. When the leader of the Rough Riders returned from the Spanish-American War, he found all his children lined up before a pole from which floated a gigantic flag of their own manufacture, inscribed *TO COL. ROOSEVELT.* He afterward admitted that the tribute touched him more deeply than any of the more pretentious demonstrations accorded him.

Under the direction of their father and comrade, the junior members of the Roosevelt family lead a really ideal life at Oyster Bay during the summer months. The father rides, rows, walks and sails with his children, constantly encouraging them in all sorts of athletic sports; and that he does not intend to discontinue this practice even when serving as chief executive was attested during his first vacation at Oyster Bay after assuming the presidency, when, on one occasion, he went with three small boys off to the woods, "camping out" over night and sleeping on the ground as he was wont to do in his ranching days in the West.

Even at the White House the children come in for a considerable share of the president's attention. Very often some one of them will accompany him for a walk and almost invariably one or more of the children accompany him to church on Sunday morning. On one occasion, coming out of the place of worship at the conclusion of the service, one of the youngsters discovered that he had forgotten his hat and the President laughed outright, just as a lad might have done, at the discomfiture which the discovery occasioned. Moreover, the chief magistrate and the other children walked briskly homeward, never pausing, and consequently the forgetful one was forced to run several blocks in order to overtake the others.

The President has endeared himself to his children by his extreme tolerance with reference to their almost innumerable pets. Collectively, the junior members of the household maintain a veritable menagerie and so lenient is the chief magistrate with reference to these furred and feathered friends that he has been known even to regard lightly the action of one of the younger sons coming to dinner with a pet rat in his pocket. The President is also a firm believer in the wisdom of old-fashioned Christmas and Fourth of July celebrations and several minor accidents to junior members of the household on Independence Day have not served to diminish this enthusiasm.

From the Dirge for the Year

January gray is here,
Like a sexton by her grave;
February bears the bier,
March with grief doth howl and rave,
And April weeps—but, O, ye hours
Follow with May's fairest flowers.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

A TYPICAL FLORIDA WINTER RESORT HOTEL, THE ORMOND, ON THE EAST COAST

The Playground of the Millionaires

By WINTHROP PACKARD

TIME was when the pioneer was invariably the poor man who sought a new home in the wilderness. Today the far confines of the frontier are exploited by the rich for profit or pleasure. The millionaire still makes his headquarters in New York, or Chicago, or St. Louis —there are a few of us left even in Boston and Philadelphia—but his address is pretty apt to be William K. Rockefeller, The Earth; and a letter thus mailed would reach his private secretary every time. He exploits the far corners of Arctic Alaska for more gold for his overflowing coffers, but he comes "not as the flying come, in silence and in fear;" nor yet as the miner, on foot with pick, pack and potations on his back; but in mighty steamers the roar of whose steam whistle echoes along the berg-battered beaches, in whose vasty hold is likely to be a young railroad and all the paraphernalia of a full fledged camp; and at his nod a city springs up.

He seeks his pleasure in the same great-pocketed fashion, and at the rubbing of the lamp palaces rise in lone lands and palace cars scurry thither with science at the engine throttle and liveried flunkies in attendance on his majesty, lapped in the luxury of a private boudoir. It is thus that of late years the millionaire has sought Florida, the land of midwinter enchantment. When he finds it impossible to buck the blizzards that sweep down Broadway, and the drifts overturn his carriage at the corner of Fourteenth street and dump the footman into the stalled trolley car, he orders his golf sticks and yachting clothes packed and takes the luxuriously appointed train. The blizzard and the snow slip behind him in a few hours.

A night and a day and he is in the land of summer sunshine, the glistening sands of Florida are beneath the ties and the orange trees bloom on either side of the track. To the right and left are the sunny glades and mysterious swamps that have suffered little change since Ponce De Leon sought the fountain of perpetual youth among them, and the

SCENES IN THE FLORIDA WINTER WONDERLAND

WHERE THE BLACK BASS RISE

THE CAMP AT HEAD WATERS OF THE TOMOKA

THE SHORES OF INDIAN RIVER

nerves that were rasped by the fierce bite of the northern winter are soothed by the delicious languor of the tropics. But his magic has been there before him. In the land of the everglades, where the alligator still lurks in the river and the blacktail deer feeds in the palm glades, are chains of palace hotels, skirting the east and west coasts like the rainbow shells on the beach, and there every latest luxury awaits his coming as perfect and as potent as he left it in New York.

And yet he is in the heart of the jungle. At night, when the after dinner throngs make the audience room brilliant with the jewels and white shoulders of full dress, he has but to step out into the jasmine scented air, pace across the lawn under the palms that glow red and blue with cunningly placed electric lamps, and in a moment the mystery of the enfolding wilderness darkens about him. There he may hear the deer stamp in the thicket and the alligator plunging in the shallow stream. The gray moss of the everglades sweeps low from the live oak limbs and brushes his cheek; night birds cry in the far confines of the hummock, and the soothing scent of summer flowers broods over all.

The day of the pleasure seeker on the east coast begins in mid-forenoon. Then there is bustle and exodus. Red-coated golfers tramp merrily out to the links where beauty and skill contend for glory and love and silver cups; chasing the flying ball under the glow of February sunshine in comfort and the lightest of summer costumes. Carriages depart hither and yon for long drives through the tropic forests or among the orange groves, or miles away down the level beach. Bathers hie to the bath houses for a plunge in the rolling surf. Launches

TAKING ONE'S EASE IN THE BICYCLE CHAIRS

slip away to explore the winding streams that sleep under overhanging palms until they find the headwaters in the impenetrable depths of the hummock. Fishermen take their way to the beach to cast for great silver kings of the surf, or along the placid reaches of the inland streams where the black bass lie in wait for the fly that tempts. Huntsmen roll away on buckboards to distant stretches of forest where the black tail may be shot by the clever, or other lighter game bagged. Others, too, row or sail up river or down for the wild ducks that make the Florida waters their habitat, and beautiful specimens they bring in at night, to be displayed on tables in the audience hall with cards attached, as indisputable proofs of their prowess.

The elder ladies, and the children, attended by immaculate nurses, may be seen about the grounds of the hotel, lingering under the orange trees and beneath the palms, while on secluded benches you may note, but must not watch, lovers who sit contiguous and oblivious of all else but themselves and the orange blossoms that flower suggestively above them; for the millionaire has a heart, when he is young, at least, whatever the trades unions may think to the contrary.

Mid-afternoon brings the crowd back, and then what so restful as a trip in a bicycle wheel chair pedaled by a stalwart darkey, who sits up behind and makes the wheels go 'round in obsequious silence?

After dinner comes the dance, or the whist table, or the flirtation, among the brilliantly jewelled, dress-coated throngs in the palm-festooned rotunda, while the orchestra discourses dreamy music far into the night.

Such is the millionaire's playground. He has festooned the everglades with the luxuries of effete civilization, but has wisely left their scent-filled jungles and tropic fastnesses undefiled.

Christendom to Rally in Jerusalem

By H. I. CLEVELAND

THERE is one dream common to many who possess a religious faith, and that is of a visit to Palestine, the land of holy traditions, breathing even yet the memories of the Man of Galilee —Jesus Christ, the Son of God. This dream bids fair to crystallize in the fourth World's Sunday School Convention, to be held in Jerusalem in April, 1904. A convention representing the organized Sunday School forces of the world would command international attention, wherever that convention be called. How much more, then, when held in the Holy City of Christendom.

Preliminary work was undertaken more than two years before the time set for this great religious gathering, but that is none too much time in which to accomplish the stupendous task confronting the World's Executive Committee. Its members are E. K. Warren, of Three Oaks, Michigan; W. N. Hartshorn, of Boston, and A. B. McCrillis, of Provience; Mr. Warren being chairman and W. J. Semelroth, of St. Louis, secretary.

The committee has arranged a cruise of the Mediterranean to be made in connection with the convention. For this purpose the North German Lloyd s. s. Grosser Kurfurst has been chartered through Frank E. Clark, the New York tourist agent, who is to be responsible for the details of the transportation.

The ship will sail from New York March 8, 1904, stopping at the Madeiras; proceeding to Gibraltar; touching at Algiers and Malta; allowing sufficient time for sight-seeing in Athens and Constantinople; with a day in Smyrna and an optional excursion to Ephesus; landing passengers at Beyrout for the sights of that city, and side excursions to Baalbec and Damascus, with overland tour to Jerusalem; thence to Haifa and Joppa, there embarking delegates after the convention; journeying to Alexandria and Cairo and optional trips up the Nile; return by the way of Messina; six days in Naples and Rome; a glimpse of France in the Riviera; and homeward bound.

The present plan is to have a course of lectures on shipboard, to be supplemented by addresses in some of the larger cities by men of note in those places. Music is to have a leading place not only in the convention but throughout the cruise. Professor W. B. Chamberlain, of the Chicago Theological Seminary, accepts the directorship of music.

While only one steamer has thus far been definitely chartered, it is confidently expected that another one will have to be engaged, as not alone the American forces have to be provided for, but also the European section, which is to be merged with the American at Gibraltar and Algiers.

The plan but briefly described here, is large in its conception, and will be even larger in its influence. The material evidence for the truth of one's spiritual faith will inevitably strengthen the hold of that faith and so, in making attendance on the World's Convention more attractive by emphasis on sight-seeing and recreation, the World's Sunday School Committee is really doing a most important evangelical work.

E. K. Warren, of Three Oaks, Michigan, who is really the head and front of this twentieth century movement to fill

E. K. WARREN, WHO IS ORGANIZING THE WORLD'S SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION PLAN

Jerusalem with Western voices and Western hymns of praise, is not wholly unknown to national fame. He is a wealthy manufacturer, of Vermont birth, who, without educational advantages, began life in a sawmill, working for fifty cents a day (the same way Lyman J. Gage, ex-treasurer of the United States, did) and ended by owning not only his own establishment but standing in many senses as the god-father of the pretty village in which he lives. He has traveled in Europe, Palestine and Egypt, is superintendent of a Sunday school, chairman of the Michigan state executive Sunday school committee; first vice chairman of the international Sunday school movement, and, as noted, chairman of the World's Convention to be held at Jerusalem.

A Woman's Success in Photography

PHOTOGRAPHY is an occupation peculiarly well suited to the natural gifts of women. Several American women have won high rank among successful photographers. None, probably, has achieved a more conspicuous success than the makers of the pictures which bear the imprint, "Tonnesen Sisters, (Inc.)"

MISS BEATRICE TONNESEN

Beatrice Tonnesen is a spirited American girl who has won renown in her own original way. The pictures of the Tonnesen Sisters (Inc.) are the results of her girlhood ideals. Born with an artistic temperament that was forever seeing and idealizing the common things about her, she was one of the first women to make photography a recognized art. She has imparted an idealism to her work that has attracted wide-spread attention among the lovers of true art. She began her work in a little photograph gallery in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, in 1893. Later, she removed to Menominee, Michigan, where, soon after, her success encouraged her to seek a larger field in Chicago. This is the story of her rise, but it is not ended. She has just now reached the place where her genius and capabilities are being recognized, and with this encouragement is planning greater work for the future. The artistic illustration of advertisements in magazines has been largely due to this development of photography, and its applied uses. Some of the best designs used in the advertisements of current magazines are from the Tonnesen Sisters' studio in Chicago.

But Miss Tonnesen has not devoted her entire time to commercial art. She has spent much time in producing a famous set of pictures that would stand for art's sake alone, among which are those included in this article. *The Old Harper's Treasure* could not tell a better story if painted by the hand of the greatest artist the world has ever known. The vision of heaven is in the old man's eyes as he plays to the child. What wonderful acting, you say. But no; the picture is true to life—the ending of as pathetic a story as was ever told in fiction. The harper was a veteran of the Civil War, a

man whose courage won him medals and honor. After the war he married and became a prominent and prosperous physician with a growing family about him. Then came the tragedy—opium habit — that destroyed his practice, blasted his hopes and made him an outcast of society. This was his condition when Miss Tonnesen met him one day in a crowded Chicago street. At a glance she noted the fine, long, gray hair, the massive, intellectual head and gen-

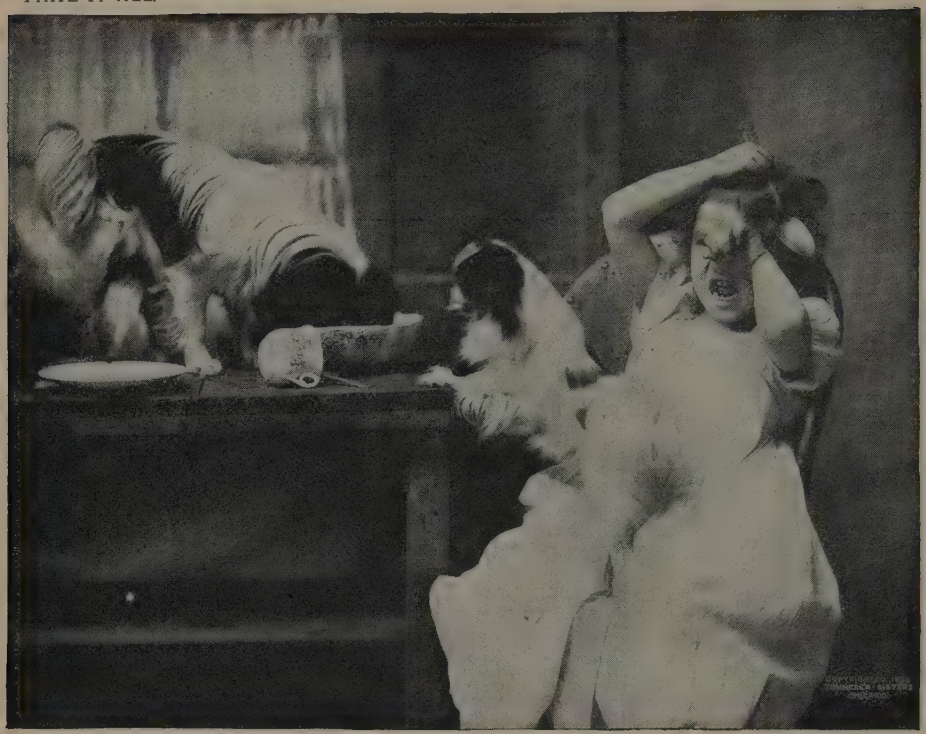
THE OLD HARPER'S TREASURE

tlemanly bearing, which not even poverty and distress could conceal. He was glad to go with her to the studio—anything to earn a few pennies, and here he entered into a new life. One thing Miss Tonnesen sought for — to bring into those eyes "memories that bless and burn." With the children of the studio he became a great favorite, calling them his "birdies," and all the hopelessness of his darkened life seemed dispelled by his affection for them. But his eighty years bore heavily upon him, and he soon passed away without any known relatives. The most pathetic part came with the first publication of his wonderful pose. A gentleman from Seattle wrote Miss Tonnesen for a copy of the picture, saying: "He was my father, whom I have not seen for thirty years."

Good Night, a sweet picture of childhood, is serene in its simplicity and naturalness. The little girl who posed for this picture is one of Miss Tonnesen's most tireless models, but her little thoughts were troubled at one time. When she was younger, it was desired to have a pose of a *Mother and Child.* Her own mother not being of the style of beauty desired, another lady was substituted. To this the young person objected, and cried so lustily that the attempt was given up and she was taken home. But remorse overtook her and she declared, "Mamma, if you will take me back, I would sit on a colored woman's lap." After this experience, Miss Tonnesen knew she could not patch up a *Mother and Child* picture, but must find one in which both types of beauty were perfect, an exceedingly difficult task. After nearly a year of fruitless search she was rewarded, for on boarding a street car to go home one night she

THE TONNESEN MADONNA

"TAKE IT ALL."



found herself opposite a woman and child, plainly dressed but of remarkable unconscious beauty, which attracted the attention of nearly every passenger. Although supperless and hungry, Miss Tonnensen determined to follow the pair until she should have an opportunity of speaking to the mother. The car went far out into the suburbs before the mother with the child arose to leave. Miss Tonnensen followed, only to see the woman get a transfer and board another car. Undaunted, she also took a transfer and continued the journey, to where, she knew not. When the opportunity at last came for Miss Tonnesen to introduce herself and make the request, it was gladly granted, and she was taken to the cozy home and given a cup of tea before beginning her trip back, showing the true motherliness of the mother.

Take It All! is the result of an idea conceived by Miss Tonnesen after retiring for the night. She immediately arose, and lighting the gas, sketched her idea on paper in order to have it in the morning. Many unsuccessful attempts were made before the picture was satisfactory. The cat, which appears so delightedly to lick up the spilled cream, was a difficult model to handle. The strange surroundings frightened it, and the bowl of cream seemed too good to be true.

In making her different pictures, Miss Tonnesen has covered a wide range of expression. She has limited herself to one hundred and fifty sittings a year, because she believes that this is all she can give proper thought and attention. It may be truly said that Miss Tonnesen's pictures carry that sentiment and feeling that mark a great artist's work.

"What a City for an Artist!"

In a Tub to Tangier

By LEWIS E. MACBRAYNE

Illustrations by Gertrude Stanley

IT was three weeks to the date of the Spanish coronation, whither several of us were bound, and the steamship had left us at Gibraltar, within sight of the Spanish frontier. Obviously there was a week to spare, and the English military post would hardly suffice to consume that time.

"If you've never been to Africa, there's a boat sailing for Tangier tomorrow," suggested an artillery officer. "She's something of a tub when one is just off an ocean liner, but the trip is worth the taking."

So in the morning we took the Tub for Tangier; a very decent sort of a craft in fair weather, but a rather moist one in a head wind and a driving rain. It had not looked like a storm at Gibraltar, and we had dressed ourselves for "Afric's sunny clime" rather than for the weather that set in. But this was not the fault of the boat.

The Tub had a tiny upper deck for the first class passengers and a sardine box cabin for their use below. The former boasted an awning and half a dozen camp chairs, and although the rain came through as though the canvas were a seive, the place was, on the whole, preferable to the cabin, which became packed to suffocation, and had a fringe of

"A narrow street leads up to the city."

sick Arabs along the outside. For three hours we huddled under two umbrellas, and talked of other things. At times we were even cheerful.

The son of a Basha on the deck below had volunteered the information that whatever the weather might be at sea, it would be fair in Morocco; and he was quite right, for when the Tub finally anchored within the bay, the sun came out and there was blue sky over the city and the green African hills.

And what a city for an artist is Tangier! It rises above the sea in true barbaric form and color; forts and mosques and stone built dwellings, in cobalt and pink and grayish green above the predominating yellowish white — a fascinating city, in that it seems without law or order, and yet is respectful of the white man's rights.

There is a long pier at which the steamers might land their passengers, but as this would injure the business of the Arab boatmen, it is still necessary to disembark by small boat. Then one walks down the pier to the customs house.

I have crossed many frontiers with varied experiences, but never have I found a more interesting official than he who sat upon a straw mat among the baskets of dates and the sacks of merchandise, at the seat of customs under the wall of Tangier. He was very fat, and wore spectacles beneath his white turban; a squatty figure in flowing robes, who must have been jostled many times that day by the mules crowding through beneath the gate. With a weary wave of his hand he motioned us through, perhaps conscious that our luggage had been soaked by the rain, and therefore not desirous of hearing our lamentations when it was opened.

Beneath the gateway a narrow street, paved with slippery stones, leads up to the city. Horsemen coming down it claim the right of way; water carriers drive their mules on either side with loud cries of "*Baalek;*" Moors and Jews and Spaniards elbow one another and push the beggars from their way. There are no cabmen in the city, and the stranger enters it on foot.

It seems to me that the charm of Tangier is in its apparent irresponsibility. There is a well ordered European colony on one of the hills, and the villas in the gardens beyond the town, but the city itself is haphazard, and hundreds of years behind the times. In the Grand Soco, the great market place just outside the walls, the scene is one of true African animation when the camel trains have come in from the desert, and the pack mules have been driven in from the hills.

Families camp and prepare their meals beside the kneeling caravans; merchants barter and bargain for their wares; story tellers recite, with dramatic gestures, Arabic tales to a widening circle of hearers; snake charmers offer their tongues to serpents amid the tum-tum of accompanying drums; swordsmen from the plains fight for plaudits of their friends; truly, a varied, barbaric scene, set with an outer fringe of shelter tents,

against the formidable background of the Kasbah.

Inside the walls, along the narrow streets, bazaars are piled high with food and merchandise, and through this mart of trade pushes the strange throng that goes to make up the varied life of the port; Moors of the city, in turban and fez, black men from the desert, with bare legs and uncovered heads; Jews of the exchange, in the flowing robes that signified their race two thousand years ago; half breed Spaniards, against whom it is no sin to draw a Moslem knife.

Here three religions strive for converts in the crooked streets. The Mohammedan, hearing the call to prayer, leaves his sandals at the door of his mosque, and within sound of the noisy highway goes in where the lofty palm tree raises its sacred head; content that no Christian can follow there. Near by the voices of his young, at school, are loudly chanting their lesson in the Koran for the edification of unbelievers passing by. The Jew, his fat hand upon the pulse of Tangier finance, goes proudly to his synagogue, talking trade and feeling compensation for the infidel within the gates. His children, too, are at school, learning the four languages of commerce, that they may encompass the merchants of other faiths, as their fathers have done before. The Spaniard, in his turn, goes to mass, and watches the procession of his young following, with meek eyes, before the sisters of the Catholic school; a sight to remind him that the crescent

"No Christian can follow there."

"Bazaars piled high with merchandise."

is not only driven from Spanish lands, but that the cross is allowed within Moorish walls. All these, and other religions beside, that hold worship after their kind beyond the city gates.

Journalists in Eastern Europe were wont to write, when other subjects failed, of the war clouds in the Balkan States. Correspondents in southern Europe discuss, when European politics are dull, the situation in Morocco, the last of the independent Barbary States. To one unversed, it seems strange indeed that this country, and more particularly the port of Tangier, should not have fallen into the hands of the French or the English long before now. On the Atlantic side of the country France claims the Tuat oases, and Spain a strip of the Sahara to the southward; and a French commission is at present striving to define the boundary line. But never will British interests allow the French to control the port. The diplomatic contest goes on year by year, each move followed with interest by men high in the confidence of the two governments. A French gunboat may appear before Tangier in support of some claim; on the following day an English gunboat from Gibraltar anchors there. The French press speaks of a diplomatic point gained at Fez; the English press tells of a point scored at Tangier. The

"As though his fortifications were not of the Middle Ages."

French have gained the coveted concession for a railroad from Algeria; the English have secured a promise of customs reform at the port. Major Burckhart is teaching French tactics to the Sultan's troops at Fez; the garrison at Tangier is taking its orders in English.

Neither country wants the Barbary State except to keep the other out, but should the occasion arise, Tangier would fall after a bombardment of ten minutes. Yet the Moor appears to be as confident of his security as though his fortifications were not of the middle ages, and his cannon of old smooth bore.

"I do not believe in those English guns," said an officer of the garrison to me one day. "I have seen them fire from the ships in the harbor Their powder has no smoke, and makes less noise than ours. It stands to reason that their guns cannot shoot so far. We could easily blow their ships out of the water."

When the cannon on the Tangier fort fires a salute, the town is shaken. Much black powder is wasted, but great confidence is felt.

I think of that garrison in Tangier with great joy. Not for any fair consideration would I have it improved, and thereby lose its harmony in the disorder of surrounding things. It numbers between two and three hundred men, fairly well uniformed, but with the most bewildering assortment of stockings of any regular troop looking upon the Mediterranean. Originally, the Sultan paid for the stockings and they were of a uniform white, but they became soiled from wearing or lack of care, and so in time each man was made responsible for his leg covering. I saw the troops on dress parade one afternoon. Whether obtained by donation or loan, no two pair of stockings were of the same color or style. Originally intended for golfing, cycling, juvenile and even women's wear, they presented a most humorous appearance as displayed beneath the short trousers of the troops.

At sunset the buglers and drummers appear in front of the citadel, and with lusty lungs and vigorous hands sound the assembly; but no troops appear. They call it a guard mount, I believe, but no guards figure in it.

I went one morning to the palace of the Basha, the governor of the city. Bashas are said to bid for appointment, and are expected to divide their official incomes with the court at Fez. If they fail to do this there is a charge of imprisonment, and, it is hinted, a poisoned cup of coffee. The predecessor of the present governor was found strangled in bed, according to credible report. He was an accomplished gentleman, speaking French and English, and having skill as a musician; yet no coronor's jury was summoned. So I desired to see the Basha; and when I found him sitting on a mat within his own doorway, attended by two or three officers lolling outside, I thought to send in my card, and gain the pleasure of an interview. Perhaps I was misled by the fact that the palace was at the end of a not too tidy alley, with black children at play in the path, and a general lack of princely surroundings. At any rate, the officer informed me that I was quite out of order, and the thing I asked utterly impossible; and while we discussed the matter the Basha unfolded his legs with dignity, got up from the mat, and disappeared within his palace. The guard chided me, but as I turned

away called me back. I had overlooked the customary fee for having spoken to a Moorish official.

Then I desired to visit the Queen's palace, her residence when visiting Tangier. Oh! ye shades of the Arabs, what filth! "We clean it out whenever she comes," explained the attendant. "She has not been here for several years."

There was a palace harem, so called, though I believe, after all the trouble it gave me to see the inside, that it was but a fake and a snare to entrap the curious woman tourist; and there was another harem near by, reputed to belong to the old Cadi, which savored more of the genuine. It had a square courtyard of Moorish pavements, really clean, and once cooled by the spray of a fountain, now no longer in repair. The walls were of stucco, and the ceiling supported by marble columns, while there were several lounging recesses, furnished with rugs.

The inmates were seven women, one young and pretty, but the others without charms for the stranger's eye. They all chattered in Arabic, and endeavored to look coy and flustered through their powder and paint. Under a brass brazier glowed a fire of charcoal, and there was a litter of dirty dishes at one side of the room. Nearly every one of the women had some trinket to sell, but the pretty one held up her hands in mock horror at the suggestion of being photographed. Did not the stranger know that she was a married woman?

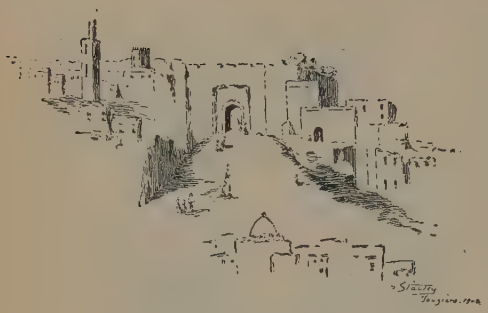
There was a time when Tangier was something of a capital, for near the palaces stand the idle treasury building and the silent halls of justice. Cattle loitered about the steps of the former, while a pair of mules brayed loudly before the doors of the latter, perhaps pleading the cause of the hundreds of prisoners incarcerated only a few rods away. A grewsome place is that great prison. Through small openings in the wall wild aces of men and women peer out, and

"The Palace was at the end of a not too tidy alley."

brown hands are stretched forth to beg for money or for bread. Outside is the litter of refuse and straw, and the way to the Basha's palace. Within are darkened dens, into which one gazes and withdraws his eyes. The government makes no provision for feeding its prisoners, and they must find their own crusts of bread. Nor are theirs the only hands outstretched. Sightless beggars wait in the shadow of the cedar trees below, asking alms for the misfortune of their crimes. Caught in the act of stealing, they had been condemned to wander about the city blind. So is punishment awarded in a rough land.

A tourist, going through to Tangier for the first time, will find opportunity for more than a passing thrill at the strange sights and sounds. When the city is in the almost total darkness of the night, ghostly forms shout their prayers from the muezzin towers in Arabic voices that carry dismay to the timid soul. Figures rise from the shadows in the square below, hurrying feet are heard, lanterns flash beneath archways, cries resound through the city until they echo beyond the walls. It might portend anything, from a simple murder to the sack of a town.

Even when one is quite safe, there is



"A casual visit to the city."

a suggestion of danger when going out at night that gives spice to the adventure. It is necessary always to be accompanied by a lantern boy, and for a time a guide as well. Returning late at night from one of the coffee houses, it is necessary to keep the middle of the road to avoid the figures already wrapped up like mummies and asleep in the street, and in the narrow alleys you must watch against surprises, and guard against sudden attacks.

The foreigner is respected because the Sultan is obliged to pay an indemnity for every attack, and he, in return, will order the assailant flogged to death if caught.

Tangier has no regular system of taxation, and no special system of sanitation, so that the native is seldom oppressed by laws, and the foreigner not at all. When money must be raised above the income of the customs, the Basha takes it out of the merchants; while the foreigners, through their consuls, maintain their own postoffices, and combine to support the only lighthouse on the coast. The foreign colony has its own life, and bothers neither with harems nor the garrison and its ancient guns. Native servants are to be had for a shilling, and when trained are faithful and devoted, and will supply the table at small cost. Merchants are honest in spite of sharp bargains, officials are courteous, and the beggars do not long molest. On the shore there is a good beach for bathing, in the hills matchless roads for driving; and always the wonderful climate, with its olives, its lemons, the innumerable flowers, and the ever singing birds.

Life offers three phases: a casual visit to the city, an introduction into the somewhat exclusive society of the colony, or an intimate knowledge of the strange Moorish and Arabic people who swarm within and without the gates. It is within the third phase that you may find, even today, all the stirring romance and thrilling adventure of the old Arabian Nights. But the way to it is not to Tangier in a Tub.

THE PASSING OF THE DRYADS

HERE were their haunts; above the forest rose
In columned lengths of verdurous amplitude.
At morn, at eve, the greenwood floor they strewed
With petaled spoil of every flower that blows.
Glad bird and bee their presence did disclose,
Breaking the hush with happy interlude;
And flashing down its waters many hued,
A singing streamlet lulled them to repose.
Now, desolation marks the woodman's track
Along the slope and o'er the grasses dead:
No violets spring to call the robins back;
The shrunken stream creeps o'er its stony bed:
The oaks lie prone with branches bare and black:
Beauty and bloom, the dryads,—all are fled.

FALL RIVER, Wisconsin. *Sarah D Hobart.*

MEN AND AFFAIRS OF MODERN MEXICO

THE REGENERATION OF THE ARMY AND NAVY

By S. GLEN ANDRUS

With Engravings from Photographs by C. B. Waite

THE army and navy of the Republic of Mexico are undergoing the greatest transformation in their history. From the border to Yucatan and from the Pacific to the Gulf coast the republic will soon be a vast parade ground for troops and marines. Quietly but rapidly, the government is carrying to completion comprehensive plans which will make Mexico one of the strongest military powers for her area on the globe. Within a year or two at most, President Diaz will be able to mobilize on short notice nearly 200,000 well equipped and well drilled soldiers.

Although Mexico has been for more than a quarter of a century a government by the military, the army of the republic is of a character to excite the risibilities of nations rather than their respect. President Diaz is a born soldier. He belives in the army, and to the army and the fact of his being a soldier he largely owes the stability of his government.

A GENERAL OF THE MEXICAN RURALES

With but a few rotten gunboats, no fortifications worthy the name, with over two-thirds of the country exposed to the sea and with an illy drilled, shabbily equipped army of less than 30,000 men and no reserve to draw upon, Mexico's position in case of invasion would not be an enviable one.

There is still another potent reason for a better military and naval organization in the republic and that reason is to be found in the popular tendency to rebellion. It is not so long ago that President Diaz paid a visit to Guanajuato, where his carriage was stoned. Opposite the plaza in Guanajuato stands the Juarez Theater, completed six years ago. Upon an elevation not far from the splendid theater stands a monument to liberty which has been draped for six years and which may never be unveiled. The theater is awaiting the coming of the president to open it and the statue is awaiting the hand of Diaz to pull aside its draperies and expose its beauties to public gaze. But President Diaz has, it is said, declared that he will never again enter the home of the patriot Hidalgo, which has been the hot-bed of revolution for centuries.

The fear of revolution is a specter which continually haunts the government of Mexico, although in a continually decreasing degree. It is also said to be the specter which prevents the retirement of President Diaz and it will not be laid until the army is strong enough to crush any possible uprising. There are good troops in Mexico, but these are the exception. As a rule, they are poorly drilled, poorly equipped and present, when on parade, the reverse of a soldierly and warlike appearance. This is not so remarkable when consideration is given to the fact that the majority of the army has hitherto been made up of criminals condemned to military service — the riff-raff of the republic. Heretofore little effort has been made to instill warlike sentiment in the people nor has an effective system of recruiting been maintained. President Diaz now purposes to make Mexico a nation of warriors. The youth of the republic are to be drilled in the manual from the time they are able to shoulder a wooden gun. The foundation for Mexico's future army is being laid in the public schools. During the past summer an order was issued by the government, making military drill compulsory in the public schools. Every school teacher throughout the republic has been provided with an elementary manual of arms especially prepared for school work, and twice daily he must put his pupils through the drills. In this way, the government expects to prepare the

young citizen for entrance into the army reserves. While I was in Mexico last summer, teachers were just beginning to carry out this order. In Cuernavaca I chanced to visit the Central school when the boys were being drilled. They entered heartily into the spirit of the thing. It was brought home to me with great force that President Diaz had struck the key note for the future success of the Mexican nation — the public schools. He desired that all Mexicans should be able to speak the English language; he therefore made the study of English and the attendance at school compulsory. He desires to make Mexico a nation of warriors, therefore in nearly 11,000 public schools nearly 300,000 boys are drilling daily and dreaming of glory to be won on the battle field. Is there reason to doubt, in view of such facts as these, that the Mexico of the future will be able to make demands and enforce them if need be?

The teacher of the Central school in Cuernavaca, Senor Gildardo T. Aviles, readily consented to permit his young soldiers to be photographed and he said:

"I believe the instillation of martial spirit in the young generation will be a great thing for Mexico. We need something to wake us up and give us an interest in life. Our boys will make great soldiers, for they have the courage, patience and pluck, and all they need is to learn the trade."

President Diaz does not believe in unduly large standing armies and Don Jose Ives Limantour, secretary of the treasury, assured me that it was not the president's purpose greatly to increase Mexico's standing army. At present the standing army is said to be 30,000 men, but it is nearer 26,000, and under the regime of the future this will be sufficient for times of peace. It will, however, be in the power of the government to increase the military force ten-fold upon short notice. This is to be made possible through the creation of a national reserve, the necessary law for which has just become operative. By the terms of this law every able-bodied citizen in the republic between the ages of eighteen and forty years is compelled to become a member of the national reserves. As might be expected, this law has created a great deal of dissatisfaction among a people whose indolence has been a chief characteristic for generations. They do not like the prospect of the strenuous life presented to them, but I am convinced that in time they will come to think about this as they have always thought in the past—that anything Diaz does is for the best interest of the republic.

The law contains a provision for yearly drawings throughout the republic to determine who shall be told off for service in the regular army. Ten per cent of the reserves draw unlucky numbers and must serve as regular soldiers of the republic for a term of three years. In

MILITARY DRILL IN THE MEXICAN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

this way ten per cent of the national reserve are constantly getting actual service with the regular army and at the end of their term they again revert to the national reserve organization.

A system of most rigid training has been devised by the president, and will be enforced in the reserves. All over the republic the organizations will have their armories and barracks and will be compelled to meet weekly for drill and parade. Everything, however, is to be done to interest them in reserve life, such as annual encampments, shooting tournaments and social events, so that the making of the soldier in Mexico will be a pleasant as well as a compulsory task.

In perfecting his system of national reserves, President Diaz has received material assistance from the head of the army, General Bernardo Reyes.* The latter has made a great many enemies since he became secretary of war, but he has pursued a course which he believed would elevate the grade of the army. In the advancement of officers nothing but merit has been considered.

Serving under General Reyes is General Alexander Pezo, sub-secretary with the rank of general of brigade. In the entire army there are nine generals of division, fifty-three generals of brigades and 793 *jefes* from the rank of major to colonel. Of officers from the rank of captain to sub-lieutenant there are 2,535. The total number of troops is 26,303; of horses, 7,068, and of mules, 2,856.

Especial attention is being paid to equipping the army and to obtaining the most modern ordnance. Recently, after an exhaustive examination of ordnance, three batteries were ordered from the Krupp works and every fort in the republic is to be placed in the most perfect condition for defence. At present these forts are scarcely worthy of the name. They are located in the following places: Acapulco, Vera Cruz, Ulua, Puebla, Parata, Guymas and Yucatan. As soon as these forts can be equipped with modern ordnance, after having been rebuilt, other forts will be established on both the Pacific and Gulf lines of the country.

At present the only training school for the army is the military school at Chapultepec, where 300 students are enrolled. The school is of high grade, but does not compare with West Point. There is a similar school for the navy at Vera Cruz, with 200 students. The government purposes to enlarge both these schools, introduce more modern methods and to establish others.

In a story of the Mexican army the Rurales must not be forgotten, for they are among the world's most picturesque and efficient soldiers. Scattered throughout the republic are nine regiments of Rurales performing mounted and foot police service for the entire rural districts of the nation. Originally the Rurales were recruited from the brigands of Mexico; now service is by enlistment. As is well known, President Diaz more than ten years ago started a war of extermination against the countless brigand bands which made life and travel in Mexico hazardous. It occurred to him that it would be far better to make soldiers out of the brigands than to shoot and hang them. Accordingly, all except the most unregenerate who were captured were offered the alternative of death or of life in the army with good pay. Needless to say that many of them chose the army. As an organization they were given the task of guarding the rural districts and often of preventing the very depredations of which they themselves were formerly guilty. So well did they acquit themselves that in time all Mexico came to be proud of the Rurales. They have proven themselves capable of almost any feat of endurance; they ride like

*General Reyes has resigned his cabinet position since this article was written. He is still a general of division in the army of the Mexican republic.

centaurs, are men of splendid physique, shoot straight and relentlessly when necessary, and are at once the terror and blessing of Mexico. One Rurale anywhere in the republic is sufficient to put the fear of consequences into a mob of several hundred.

Beside guarding the property of the citizens, the Rurales guard the mineral treasures which are transported through the country by the railroads. Frequently they are sent to El Paso, where the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railroad delivers to the Mexican Central large shipments of gold which traverse immense stretches of desert before reaching their destination. The only railroad in Mexico, however, which now carries a regular Rurale guard on all passenger trains is the Mexican railroad, extending from Mexico City to Vera Cruz. Less than ten years ago this railroad was the favorite victim of the train-robbing fraternity; scarcely a week passed in which some special, bearing a rich load of ore, was not looted. In fact, transportation of valuables on this and other ore-carrying roads became alarmingly uncertain and the brigands grew opulent upon the proceeds of their industry.

Finally an appeal was made to the government, and President Diaz gave to the Rurales the task of making train robbing in the republic a thing to be scrupulously avoided. The result has been remarkable: today there is not a railroad in all Mexico on which transportation of valuables is not more safe than in the United States. In fact, such a reign of terror as that which has existed among railroad managements of the United States in the middle West and far West for the past twelve months, due to hold-ups, would be impossible in Mexico.

The methods used by the Rurales in accomplishing their task were never questioned by the authorities. There were few trials of bandits captured under suspicion that they were participants in hold-ups. None but their fellow robbers knew of the horrible examples which were often made of the captured, for government officials made no inquiry and the Rurales took good care that the information should have wide dissemination among the mountain fastnesses. So it has come about that the Rurales have risen to the first position in the hearts of the government and the law-abiding people of Mexico. Their picturesqueness is the more complete because their national character has been kept distinctively in the forefront. The dress adopted for these "Canadian mounted police" of the Mexican republic is the national dress, or *charro*, as it is called. The uniform is a sober gray, the hat being of the same color, so that it is an excellent fighting costume, being difficult to distinguish at a distance. The distinctive marks of the *charro* are the high crowned hat, which in the Rurale uniform is made perfectly plain, close fitting, "wide mouthed" trousers, and the close fitting, short jacket something similar in style to the feminine bolero of the United States.

It is a fearsome thing to see a squad of Rurales swoop down on the charge, even though it be on the parade field. They ride with a compact resistless formation and with a wild abandon that to witness drives the blood tingling through the veins. Many stories are told of their daring feats of horsemanship, but none illustrates the fact better than the following: Not many years before his death, P. T. Barnum organized a band of rough riders and started to tour Mexico. While exhibiting in Mexico City some of his wonderful horsemen had difficulty with several of their feats. Thereupon a squad of Rurales broke into the ring, seized the horses and went through the manouvers which the show men were attempting and then gave such an exhibition as the rough riders from the States had never seen. The result was

the abandonment of the Mexican tour.

Mexico's navy, as it exists today, requires little description or comment. It is hard to find, and when located deserves but passing mention. In the Saragosa, Yucatan, Independencia, Libertad, Mejico and Democrata, Mexico's navy is summed up. They are all out-of-date gunboats, capable of little harm in action. The government, however, has ordered four new modern gunboats which are to be the nucleus of a fine navy. On September 15 last, a national Mexican holiday, there were launched at Elizabethport, New Jersey, the El Tampico and the El Vera Cruz, two of the four gunboats ordered. The occasion was made a social event in which Americans took part.

It is understood that when the government has thoroughly organized the nation's population into a well drilled reserve, the pay of the regular soldier will be materially increased. At present the pay is not such as to attract the better classes of peons. The privates are given twenty-five cents a day, captains $95 per month and the generals from $300 to $500. The Rurales are the best paid soldiers of the republic, receiving $1 a day.

A story of Mexico's army would not be complete without a word of commendation for General Bernardo Reyes. When he assumed command of the army discipline was at a discount; it was the hot bed of politics and intrigue; men were exalted to high rank purely by preferment and favor; merit in the service counted for nothing and abuses which were beyond compare had sapped the organization until it bade fair to become the laughing stock of the military world.

President Diaz was wise enough to give General Reyes a free hand and he has worked a transformation that is truly wonderful. His work of reform has probably cost him the presidency of the republic. Despite powerful opposition, however, General Reyes hewed closely to the line of reform and in years to come will have his reward in being the organizer of an army of which the republic can be proud and which will be able to give Mexico the rank among nations to which the country is entitled by geographical position and natural resources.

A REVIEW OF MEXICAN TROOPS IN THE CAPITAL OF THE REPUBLIC

America's Debt to Roger Williams

A Summary of The Reasons Why the General Court of Massachusetts Should Erect in Boston a Monument to the Hero Banished by Religious Bigots 270 Years Ago, and a Reconsideration of His Great Services to the Cause of Religious Liberty.

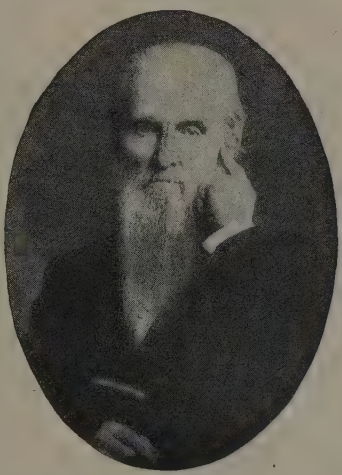
By REV. TITUS MOONEY MERRIMAN

ROGER WILLIAMS was born about A. D. 1599.

Sir Edward Coke, one of the greatest men of England, in church one day saw a lad "taking notes," and so much pleased was he with the sketch, he requested the lad's parents to allow him to give their son an education. In due time Sir Edward's young beneficiary graduated with honor from England's great university.

REVEREND T. M. MERRIMAN OF CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

Mr. Merriman is the author of the plan to have the Massachusetts legislature erect in Boston a monument to Roger Williams



Early he learned from the teaching of the Nazarene that the "things of God belong to God" and "Cæsar's to him." He noted the Non-Conformists of Scrooby fleeing (as Joseph did from Egypt) for refuge in Holland, which the Prince of Orange secured for freedom to worship God. From Holland he saw one part of them return to England to stand up for freedom to worship God; and the other part, known as the "Pilgrim Fathers" he saw take ship for New England in 1620. He also saw half the Pilgrim colony under Governor Endicott depart for Salem, New England, in 1628. They were soon followed by the greater Puritan colony, destined for Massachusetts Bay, under Governor John Winthrop and Deputy Governor Thomas Dudley, by whom Boston was founded in 1630.

Roger Williams in the meantime had become the popular rector at Sempringham, in the Church of England. Between two days he and his wife, on the flight Bristol-way, passed Coke House, the home of his benefactor, who used to call him "my son;" but although "cruel as death to him, he durst not tell him of his consicence or his flight. Only by such means could he escape his bishop's dungeon for Hereticks," and by the ship Lyon they arrived in Boston February 15, 1631, where he was welcomed by Governor Winthrop as a "Godly minister."

In view of what follows, it may be well to explain that Governor John Winthrop and Deputy Governor Thomas Dudley were characteristic representatives of the tactics of the two factions of the Puritan Massachusetts Bay colony of New England.

As to the question, Why should the General Court of Massachusetts erect a statue of Roger Williams in Boston?—

one answer is: Governor John Winthrop has one in Boston. Beside, these two pioneers of New England were fast friends, calling each other "heavenly souls;" both are honored throughout christendom: why not both be equally honored in Boston? For further answer to this question, let us turn on the search light of 270 years, last past. In March, 1631, the next month after his arrival, the First Puritan church of Boston honored the "Godly minister" Roger Williams with a call to their pulpit. In the examination which followed, among other things, he found that "no person could be a citizen, voter or representative to the General Court unless he be a member of the Colony churches." He declined this call. He had seen more than enough of church and state union in England.

One month more, April 23, the Half-Pilgrim church at Salem gave Roger Williams a call. Promptly the magistrates of Boston warned Governor Endicott "not to engage with him," "Godly minister" tho' he was, "without *permit* from authority."

In August, 1631, tho' boycotted by the magistrates of Boston, the church of the Pilgrim Fathers in Plymouth exercised their "freedom to worship God in New England"—*what they came here for*—and "not having the fear of magistrates before their eyes," gave Roger Williams a call, his third in six months. At Plymouth he made friendships and studied the speech of the Indians—so helpful to him and the colonies in after troublous days. "Sachem Williams" was always popular with the Indians.

In October, 1632, Governor John Winthrop and Pastor Wilson of the First Church of Boston visited Plymouth and with Governor Bradford, Elder Brewster John Smith and Roger Williams participated in religious services on the Lord's Day, and partook together with the church the Lord's Supper.

In September, 1633, the church in Salem, holding fresh in mind their unabated love for Roger Williams, recalled him to be assistant to Pastor Skelton, in which office he served some ten months, *not installed.* His services while in Plymouth were great, varied and important. Governor Bradford thanked God for his ministrations, even tho' at times his words fell from the sharp edge of "the sword of the spirit." After the death of brother Skelton, August 12, 1634, Roger Williams continued to serve the church some ten months more, not installed. About these days, the church, cheered by their hopes of his continued service among them, proceeded to build the famous Meeting House, still preserved as a sacred relic in Salem.

These movements did not escape the wistful—or wishful—eyes of the magistrates in Boston, when they feigned or framed an excuse to suspect that the church in Salem was liable to break out in an eruption by installing their "Godly minister." Wherefore, for the safety of the throne and of the colony, the magistates dared, with the royal charter gone, without a shadow of authority, to beshrew their second edict to Governor Endicott "not to install Roger Williams—a thing of such ill consequence." In this case, Salem church did not lie low, as in the first case, and see Roger Williams called off to Plymouth, but a breeze like a mighty rushing wind arose, in which "the weaker and more influential sex" took no humble part. The remarkably brief, conservative attitude of the magistrates, instead of causing "a great calm," precipitated a sharp crisis. On the 20th of June, 1635, the church in Salem proceeded to install Roger Williams—as they had a right to do—presuming the magistrates would let them alone—as they ought to.

Without relating all that followed, in a brief time, it may do to state that a rally of the magistrates—the twelve elders

and the delegates from the other ten churches—descended like an avalanche upon the single church at Salem, and thro' bribery, intimidation and persuasion won a small plurality of the church to recant their act of installation. By this magisterial enforced genuflection, the tie that joined the church in Salem and its pastor in love was violently torn asunder. "Swift as an eagle cuts the air," and lest the interdicted "Godly minister," should flee Bristol-way and not escape the *Puritan* "dungeon for Hereticks," Roger Williams was forthwith summoned to court, *to answer to charges*, on September 12, 1635.

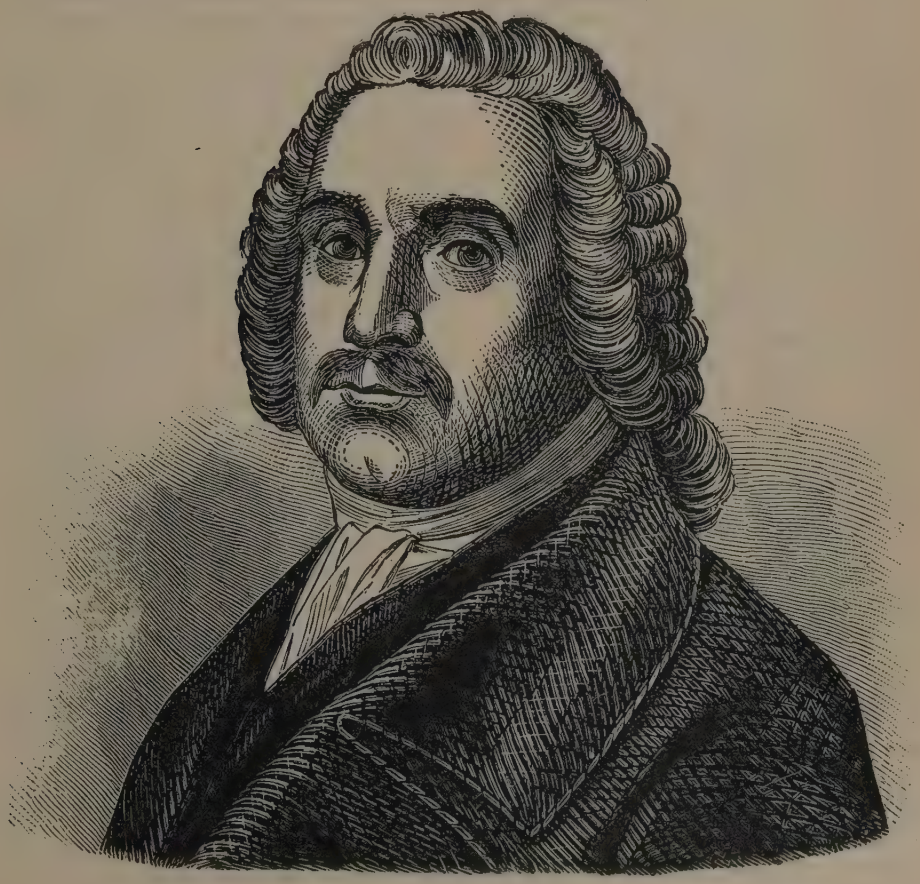
August 16, 1635, was the last Sabbath Roger Williams preached in the Meeting House in Salem.

At the court, September 12, Governor Endicott represented his pastor, and seeing the contemptible course pursued, he ceased to refrain from such scathing words of rebuke as he was capable of using and the occasion seemed to require. At this, "The Court, greatly incensed, by ereccon (erection) of hands ordered him to jail for contempt of Court."

But, upon apologizing, he was let go.

The October court, in five weeks, was set for Roger Williams to appear and answer to charges. This session was to hold in the First Meeting House, New

PORTRAIT OF ROGER WILLIAMS; FROM AN OLD WOOD-CUT



Towne (Cambridge) corner Dunster and Mt. Auburn streets. The court consisted of governor, deputy governor, eight assistants, twenty-five deputies and fourteen elders. Before these Roger Williams must stand alone. No Endicott, no deacons, no brethren nor any of "the weaker but more influential sex" —no attorney, no witnesses, no jury, accused of *no crime*; no "appeal to Cæsar," in Massachusetts Bay.

After a whole day of excited disputation, all the elders could not reduce him from one of his opinions. Fearlessly he declared: "I am ready to be bound, banished or die in New England for the most holy truths of God in Christ Jesus."

Next day, October 19, 1635, the following sentence, in part, was put on record: "Mr. Roger Williams, one of the Elders of the Church in Salem, * * * shall depete (depart) out of this jurisdiccon (jurisdiction), within sixe weekes * * * * not to return."

Mr. John Cotton, the greatest Puritan elder in all New England, in the very midst of sentence-passing, left the court in disgust.

No sooner had the news of this evil decree gone forth than the "whole Towne of Salem was in an Uproar" in favor of Roger Williams and in "contempt" for the Massachusetts General Court.

Permission was obtained for him to remain in Salem until spring, "provided he would not go about to draw others to his opinions." Nor did he "go about" —but the people gathered about and into his house to hear him preach, until report reached the magistrates that all Salem was filled with his *opinions*. Deputy Dudley favored the project for Captain Underhill, with fourteen men, to beat around Marblehead to Salem, kidnap Williams, bring him to Nantasket and ship him to England. Governor Winthrop defeated this plot by a private message warning Williams not to wait for the captain. The kidnappers came, but neither saw nor conquered. Mrs. Williams told the leader her husband "had been gone three days."

In the autumn of 1636, Governor Winslow of Plymouth visited Roger Williams and wife, and he placed a piece of gold in her hand "against necessity's sharp pinch." Governor Winthrop visited him in Plymouth. Governor Bradford honored him. Governor Endicott defended him and Governor Winslow finds him happy with Miantonomo and Canonicus, who gave "Sachem" Williams large meadows in Mooshausic. Nor did the magistrates hustle him out of Salem one moment too soon, for the Pequods were on the warpath, in a rage to exterminate all the whites with their tomahawks. Roger Williams was there just in time, at the risk of his life, to avert the massacre of the General Court and the elders who had just driven him from the palefaces to the redfaces.

The next year, 1637, Governor Winthrop enjoined the council that for Roger Williams' inestimable services in the Pequod war, "*We ought to recall him, revoke our sentence, and honor him with all the honors of the Colony.*" The noble Winthrop's petition was defeated, after acrimonious debate. He was importuned in vain, on his death-bed, by the deputy, Dudley, to sign a banishment edict. Governor Winthrop finished his noble career March 26, 1649.

By Divine Providence Roger Williams was kept thro' all he did and endured to see the colony of Rhode Island the peer of Massachusetts Bay. He also lived to see the last of the Puritan synods declare, in Boston, May 12, 1680, "*There is no warrant for magistrates to abridge Liberty and Conscience.*"

A letter by Mr. John Thornton of Providence, Rhode Island, to Reverend Samuel Hubbard, in May 10, 1683, states that "The Lord hath attested, by Death, our ancient and approved Friend, Mr.

Roger Williams. He was buried at Providence, with appropriate funeral honors, and with all the solemnity the Colony was able to show."

Note all—not since Governor Winthrop's incisive injunction to the council in 1637—prompted by Roger Williams "rendering good for evil"—when he bared his own breast to the tomahawk of the red fury of the forest to save the skull of the implacable Deputy Dudley:—not since Governor Winthrop's appeal has the resolute pen of poet, historian, sage, elder, patriot, author or statesman been employed, for 260 years, to tell the General Court, "*We ought* * * * "

True, the synods succumbed to his doctrine—Washington was strenuous for it in the Constitution of the United States in 1789; Rhode Island set a statue of him in the Capitol at Washington; forty-five states have freedom to worship God; Governor R. C. Winthrop, in his address at the 250th anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims, in 1870, said: "I palliate not a particle of the persecution or cruelty which Roger Williams suffered, from whatever source it may have proceeded or by whomsoever it may have been prompted," and Betsey Williams gave 100 acres of land in 1871—given him by Miantonomo—for a public park, on which is a statue of him erected by the city of Providence.

But never a voice "crying in the wilderness" since Winthrop's day, "*We ought* * * * "—until "A petition was presented to General Court by Honorable G. T. Lincoln, March 18, 1875, from Reverend T. M. Merriman and twenty-seven others, citizens of the town of Sturbridge, Massachusetts, asking the General Court to revoke the sentence of banishment passed against Roger Williams by the General Court of Massachusetts Bay, October 19, 1635." (*Judiciary committee reported, January 19, 1876: "Inexpedient to legislate."*)

On January 16, 1876, appeared a plethoric volume, written during 1875, entitled, "*As to Roger Williams and His Banishment*," vehemently maintaining with Deputy Dudley that "He ought to be banished"—notwithstanding Governor John Winthrop and Governor R. C. Winthrop and the rest of mankind were of the *opinion* their sentence "ought to be *revoked*."

In 1892 appeared another volume, entitled "*Pilgrims, Puritans and Roger Williams Vindicated*," a plea for Divine justice and in favor of Governor John Winthrop's strenuous advice, "*We ought* * * * " From this point, the river of public opinion makes a significant bend.

In January 24, 1899, Governor John Winthrop's petition was a third time brought before the General Court, signed chiefly, and amply, by citizens of Somerville, Massachusetts. *Rejected again*—as in 1637 and in 1876. A very much improved excuse, viz., "*To legislate might reflect upon the reputation of some of our ancestors*," was given.

Without delay, and in good hope, Governor John Winthrop's "two-edged" piece of advice—"We ought * * * "—came up a fourth time, January 31, 1901, in "A petition for a statue of Roger Williams in the city of Boston," from Reverend E. H. Byington, D. D., and a long list of others from nearly all denominations in and around Boston. With its highly favorable consideration in 1902, it was again referred to the General Court of 1903.

Today, if Boston will hear the voice of Providence—of Justice—of Public Opinion—our noble city can place her name by the side of Roger Williams' on the Roll of Fame.

Note and Comment

By FRANK PUTNAM

The Retreat

I HAVE no gold, nor lack of it;
Whenas I had, it led me wrong;
Pursuing hot the track of it,
I starved my single talent, Song.

Who will may hold the foolish chase
With panting breath and stumbling feet;
This hour I quit the endless race
And hasten down the long retreat.

The road is rich with rare delights,—
I missed them when I came this way;
I pause where Music's voice invites,
I join the boys and girls at play.

Time's happy children! Even as these
Are they to whom my journey tends,—
Pan's troop at play beneath the trees,
My first inspirers, comrades, friends.

I left them at Love's own behest;
Love bade me fight for power and gold;
Then Music died within my breast,
And Laughter left me stern and cold.

Love left me, too; it could not bear
Conditions which itself required:
Love blooms in a serener air
And is by nobler aims inspired.

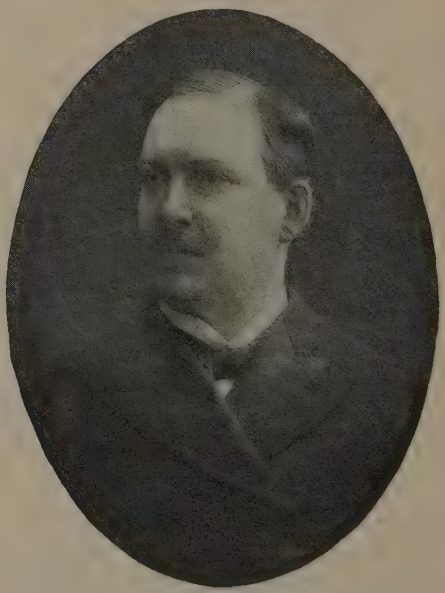
Love curiously itself deceives,
And moth-like seeks devouring fire;
Like windy flame in drifted leaves
Love makes of its own hearth a pyre.

Sans love, sans gold, sans power and fame,
I walk with Laughter hand in hand;
We seek the land from whence we came—
Life's fairest and its gladdest land.
I know that Love awaits me there;
I hear Pan's piping, far and fine;
I have no fear nor any care,—
The good gifts shall again be mine.

If a Man Die, Shall He Live Again?

Robert J. Thompson of Chicago, the originator and active director of the plan by which several millions of American school children bought and set up in Paris a splendid statue of the Marquis Lafayette, in 1900, is again in the public

ROBERT J. THOMPSON OF CHICAGO



eye. This time Mr. Thompson presents a book, *The Proofs of Life After Death*, "a twentieth century symposium." Its

sub-title is: "*An Assembly and Collation of Letters and Expressions from Eminent Scientists and Thinkers of the World, Giving the Strongest and Best Reasons Known to the World Today, as Substantial Evidence of the Continued Existence of the Soul After Death.*" These letters and expressions are arranged under the several heads of Science, Psychical Research, Philosophy and Spiritualism, with a special contribution on *Immortality From New Standpoints,* by Professor Elmer Gates of Washington, D. C. This paper is one of the most luminous of all recent contributions to the discussion of science. Under the heading, *Science, the First World Movement,* we have presented, elsewhere in this number of the National, an excerpt from this paper that will indicate its character and importance.

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The *motif* of the book is revealed in this dedication: "I dedicate this book to my brother Flint, who as to this life is dead; whether he is conscious of my humble effort to thus honor his memory I cannot say: I think he is."

Mr. Thompson's conception of the problem is — presumably—stated in this paragraph from his introduction:

"It is the belief of many thoughtful people—among them some of the best known and most eminent scientists—that the question of life after death is a demonstrable proposition, that it is already fairly proven, but that it awaits the amassed, severely tested and systematized knowledge that is first and always essential to effect a universal conviction."

I have not space to indicate the quality of the many contributions. I can only name a few of the distinguished contributors, to whom all inquiring minds must give respectful if not eager audience. Among the scientists are Dr. Cesare Lombroso, Dr. Paul Joire, Professor N. S. Shaler, L. Bacle, Dr. Visani Scozzi, Dr. Thomson J. Hudson, Simon Newcomb, Professor Sir William Crookes, Dr. A. Eulenberg, Professor D. I. Mendeleff, Camille Flammarion and Professor William James. Among the psychical researchers who contribute are: Frederick W. H. Myers, Dr. Richard Hodgson, Dr. Frederick Van Eeden, Professor Sir Oliver Lodge, Dr. Minot J. Savage, Professor J. H. Hyslop, Professor Charles Richet, Dr. Paul Gibier, Dr. O. O. Burgess, Lilian Whiting and Ellen Rice Robbins. The list of the philosophers includes Reverend R. Heber Newton, Professor Ed. Gasc-Des Fosses, Dr. H. E. Butler, Cardinal James Gibbons, Prince Tarkhane-Mourawoff, Dr. H. A. Reid, Dr. W. T. Harris, Dr. Paul Carus, Cardinal Bantandier, A. P. Sinnett, Swami Vivakananda, William Jennings Bryan, Reverend Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis. Among the spiritualists whose expressions are included are: Cora L. V. Richmond, William T. Stead, Professor Alfred Russel Wallace, Dr. Andrew Jackson Davis and Edmond H. Sears.

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A certain interest, not entirely scientific, attaches to the views of William Jennings Bryan:

"I shall not believe that this light is extinguished. If the Father deigns to touch with divine power the cold and pulseless heart of the buried acorn, and make it to burst forth from its prison walls, will he leave neglected in the earth the soul of man, who was made in the image of his Creator? If He stoops to give to the rosebush, whose withered blossoms float upon the breeze, the sweet assurance of another springtime, will He withhold the words of hope from the sons of men when the frosts of winter come? If matter, mute and inanimate, though changed by the forces of nature into a multitude of forms, can never die, will the imperial spirit of man suffer annihilation after it has paid a brief visit, like a royal guest, to this tenement of clay?

"Rather let us believe that He, who in His apparent prodigality wastes not the raindrop, the blade of grass, or the evening's sighing zephyr, but makes them all to carry out His plans, has given immortality to the mortal."

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Summed up, these testimonies offer not one scintilla of scientific *proof* of a continuance of individual consciousness. They offer many significant suggestions concerning evidences which may, and

probably will, sometime be scientifically demonstrated. Meantime, they offer to the reader a body of thought and of recent experience in the pursuit of the study of this subject, as fascinating as it is important. All the other problems pale into insignificance beside the almost universal craving after, and belief in, a "future life." Even the maintenance of this present existence, strenuously as most men and women cling to it, is secondary in the common consciousness to the awful and thus far unanswered question, *"If a man die, shall he live again?"* I personally have no marked preference either way. I am unable to conceive any sufficient reason why the individual consciousness should be continued after death — why it will not answer quite as well if the race and not the man survives. I take it to be a kindlier and more reassuring belief, that no human existence passes without adding something to the total of human knowledge and goodness: that at death all the elements of the individual are resolved back into the sources whence they were drawn by natural and traceable processes: and that each new generation drawn from the earth comes into the possession and enjoyment of more light and love, inherits less pain and sorrow. The prospect of an eternity of myself would appal me at the outset. I dare not face it. Nor do I presume to desire it for the good of others; but I am more modest than most men. Their view may be correct. If it is, they will "have the laugh on me" in that other world, as the frivolous small boy says. I am not bigoted. I am willing to be convinced, either before or after death.

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Meantime, for the guidance of the National's readers who may wish to buy Mr. Thompson's book—and I hope there will be many such—note that his address is 1604 Wellington avenue, Chicago, and that the price of the volume is $2.

Dr. Hale's "Memories of a Hundred Years"

Edward Everett Hale says George Washington refused a third nomination to the presidency because he feared he could not carry his own state—Virginia. Dr. Hale puts it this way:

> "It is with some hesitation that I add here, what I am afraid is true, though I never heard it said aloud until the year 1901. It belongs with the discussion as to the third term for the presidency. The statement now is that Washington did not permit his name to be used for a third election because he had become sure that he would not carry the state of Virginia in the election. He would undoubtedly have been chosen by the votes of the other states, but would have felt badly the want of confidence implied in the failure of his own 'country,' as he used to call it in his earlier letters, to vote for him. It is quite certain, from the correspondence of the time, that, as late as September of the year 1796, the year in which John Adams was chosen President, neither Adams nor Washington knew whether Washington meant to serve a third term."

So, it appears that William McKinley was the first president to announce, far in advance of his possible third successive nomination, that he would under no circumstances accept such nomination. McKinley was wise. The only president who has ever indicated, or even permitted his friends to indicate, without denial on his part, that he would be pleased to accept a third term in the presidency, is Mr. Stephen Grover Cleveland; and I fear the great popularity which twice sent him to the White House has so far abated that he could not carry a single state in the Union. The men who like him will swear he was one of our greatest presidents: those who do not like him will too commonly swear upon the mere mention of his name.

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Dr. Hale tells this story of G. W. in his *Memories of a Hundred Years*, one of the leading features of the Macmillan Company's holiday book list. The *Memories* are bodied in two bulky volumes, very handsomely printed and bound. Considered as a whole, the work's chief charms are the quizzical personal quality of the writing, the Yan-

kee shrewdness with which the Doctor sifts the wheat from the chaff in discussing our historical personages, and, finally, in the very large number of fine historical portraits that adorn the pages. If you open to page one, expecting a Dr. Hale history of a century, you will be disappointed. Nothing of the sort. And yet, I am not so sure but he has given future historians of the nineteenth century their headlines, in a single short chapter, which he entitles, *The Four Great Builders.*

Who were "the four great builders?"

First, Napoleon Bonaparte, who sold the Louisiana territory to the United States.

Second, Robert R. Livingstone, American minister to France, who bought the Louisiana territory.

Third, Eli Whitney, the Connecticut Yankee, who, by inventing the cotton gin, made cotton king for half a century, made slavery profitable, and did more than any other one man to create the great political and moral issue which finally, over half a century later, resulted in the Civil war and the legal emancipation of the black man.

Fourth, Robert Fulton, whose invention, the steam boat, made possible the industrial development of the Louisiana territory and linked it inseparably to the original states.

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Writing of this period, Dr. Hale says:

"It is worth observation that the three Americans were not the men who thought they were the leaders, or who made most figure in the journals. Thomas Jefferson, Aaron Burr, Fisher Ames, John Bidwell, Tristam Burges, for instance, made a good deal of noise in the newspapers. Jefferson was President and Burr was Vice-President. But Jefferson did nothing which made the feeble Nation strong; Burr was in exile in less than four years from the time he was Vice-President. And the reader wonders why I name the others. I do so because when Bidwell and Burgess spoke in the House of Representatives the Senate could not hold a quorum, and when Ames spoke it was thought well in the Senate to adjourn, lest men should vote on their side too precipitately. It is such men as they who fill the newspapers of the day; yes, and the private letters of the day."

It is not well for one set of men, or a line of men holding like political convictions, to hold the reins of government too long. They, being human, are prone to hug the idea that they are the masters, or at least the guardians of the "common people." We find that the presidents of the Virginian dynasty were inclined to look down on trade, and to suppose that a nation rose to greatness through the unaided operation of Ideals. Thus Dr. Hale quotes an "official conversation" between Monroe and the French minister, Monroe saying:

"People in Europe suppose us to be occupied exclusively with pepper and ginger. They are much deceived, and I hope we shall prove it. The immense majority of our citizens do not belong to this class, and are, as much as your Europeans, controlled by principles of honor and dignity. I never knew what trade was; the President is as much of a stranger to it as I."

Monroe was then secretary of state. Imagine a secretary of state in this day making a public statement of that kind! Not know what Trade is? Why, I sometimes think a majority of our statesmen know nothing else. Foreign and domestic policies alike are shaped to suit that policy of trade-building which in the opinion of the political leaders will harvest the largest crop of votes—as if there were nothing else in all the domain of human thought and energy worthy to be considered in the same year with the pursuit of what they naively term "prosperity." There is also a prosperity of the soul which men and peoples have at divers times thought to be worth striving for.

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One thought that crops out here and there in these *Memories* is that in this country the people, not the politicians, dictate policies and shape events. Men and parties rise to serve a popular need, lose touch, and vanish into "the limbo of forgotten things," the dust heap of Yesterday. McKinley understood this better than most men. The people liked

him because he, so far as he could without wrecking his party, tried to give them what they wanted. Down to Jackson's time the politicians really did have things pretty well their own way. It was at that time the people took the bit in their teeth and ran away with the leaders.

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The first volume closes with a chapter on *Internal Development*, which is the story of early canal-building in this country. Read a little way into the second volume and you are conscious of a falling off—in the case of a lesser man I should say a falling down—in the author's treatment of affairs, as contrasted with his style in the first volume. Homer nods a bit. He is a Bostonian, he is dealing with the boys he played with who became the great men he worked with, and his pen hesitates. Then, too, he is so near to the men and events of that period in point of time that they, doubtless, loom confusingly large before his view. And he tells us he is not aiming at a history—merely permitting us to look at these men and events through his keyhole. He tells some things about the orators, the historians, anti-slavery, personal—Texas, Kansas and Nebraska, the war, literature, and concludes with a review—in this last revealing himself as the preacher, tacking the moral onto the story; or, if you prefer, drawing from his *Memories of a Hundred Years* the lesson of divine goodness and mercy manifested to this people. All the foregoing is intended not as a review of Dr. Hale's *Memories*, but is put forth merely as a suggestion to National readers that here is a very suitable souvenir of one of the best beloved of our grand old men, and a very entertaining writing.

Julia Ward Howe and the Club Women

Last night I heard Julia Ward Howe flash and parry witticisms with other speakers in the New Century building, Boston. This brilliant young woman presided. Now, seeing her seated in a front row chair, a tiny figure in green silk, shawl over shoulders and hair crowned with a grandmotherly lace cap, I thought her a very old woman. I noted the solicitude with which Mr. Potter assisted Mrs. Howe to mount the stage, and the impression of her great age was deepened. Then I heard her speak—and the illusion of age vanished. I knew that she was a girl, her heart the home of laughter,—her intellectual powers still in their vital prime. To think that this blessed little woman gave us our mightiest battle hymn! John Bates, governor-elect of Massachusetts, sat beside her on the platform. He had come to congratulate the women on behalf of the Commonwealth. A stout-bodied, full-faced, smiling, confident young man. Fit type of his state. Worthy to rule. And, by gracious, this tiny woman, whose silvery clear tones whispered up to me in the gallery, whose countenance I saw but dimly, made the governor, for me, to look like a little boy beside her. And few men could have borne the comparison to better advantage. At last I got the force of the phrase, "mother-wit."

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The club women of Boston were assembled to celebrate the completion of their first forum and temple. Due acknowledgement was made of the labors of the women who built the temple, chief among them their president, Mrs. W. W. Potter, in whose honor the beautiful Isabella A. Potter hall is named. Mrs. Merrill, first president, told how the movement started in the hands of a committee of sixty women, "each one of whom knew exactly what she wanted." Pretty soon, it appeared, they recognized the need of committee government, and finally, as in all other causes, leader and lieutenants found and took their places, and the work went forward. The temple

is built. Its halls are spacious and beautiful. Its theater possesses perfect acoustic properties. Land and building are worth $300,000. The club house corporation's debt is less than half that. The women of Boston and New England now have a forum where they can discuss and formulate views upon whatever questions concern them as women or as citizens. It is hoped that with better fortune and wiser management than their sisters in Chicago, they will continue in possession of this temple, consecrating it to the idealities, which today as ever it is the part of woman to protect against the corrosive influences of that materialistic atmosphere in which, for the most part, the men of the world have their daily existence. Insofar as this temple contributes to the making of wiser mothers and nobler sons, it will be in the finest sense successful.

Life and Letters of H. I. Bowditch

Bostonians will wish to possess the *Life and Letters of Henry Ingersoll Bowditch*, edited by his son, Vincent Y. Bowditch and published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Less conspicuous in the national eye, he was not less active than Garrison, Phillips and Whittier in the anti-slavery cause.

I confess I opened the first of these bulky volumes with misgivings—which vanished instantly when my eyes found the frontispiece, a portrait of Dr. Bowditch at thirty-five years of age. What a handsome man he was! How benignant his calm, even gaze, eloquent even here of the loftiness and purity of his spirit. And if he was handsome at thirty-five, he was beautiful in age, recalling Walt Whitman's line in which he says the "old women are even more beautiful than the young." We read in this first volume — among voluminous extracts from his letters and journals, bearing upon his ancestry, his own youth, his early European journeys, and other personal details, the record—and how it warms us toward him!—of how he first of all white men gave the runaway slave Frederick Douglas comradeship and encouragement in Boston, creating an obligation which we find gratefully recalled forty-eight years later by Douglas, then about to go to Hayti as our minister. Volume II. gives us glimpses, through the Doctor's eyes, of several of the great men of his time in Europe and America.

This *Life* is a new personal record of the best of that Old Boston whose history is the pride alike of East and West.

Congress will not revise tariffs until the people revise congress.

The Populist party is dead. There is need of a third party to hold the balance of power between the two great parties. This position is now to be taken by the Socialist party. Populism was born on the prairies: Socialism is a city product. Populism served a useful purpose: it revitalized the Democracy, brought that party back to the people, discredited its down-East leaders who had misdirected its energies. Bryan meant well, but he was a man of one dimension: he lacked depth and breadth. The Socialist program will be enacted into law by one or the other of the great parties, in proportion to the strength shown by the new movement. This is its function.

David B. Hill never before so nearly approached statesmanship as when he put into the New York platform the plank demanding public ownership of coal mines. Had his candidate, Coler, been content to run on that plank—which he in fact repudiated—he would now be governor-elect of New York. Without that plank, Coler would not have come within a hundred thousand votes of Odell. It almost elected him.

How Tom Evans Won His Wife

By JAMES BALL NAYLOR,

Author of "In the Days of St. Clair"

JIM WHISS, my eccentric old Viking, was in to see me again a few nights ago. He entered after the fashion he has prescribed for himself—which I have described in a previous sketch—with stealthy shuffle, glowering countenance, and furtive look, and seated himself according to rule.

I scribbled away silently and industriously for a half hour or more; he sat and stared at the fire, according me an occasional side glance and contemptuous shrug. I *felt* his presence—otherwise I was oblivious of everything but the work before me. He disturbed me no more than a dozing dog would have done—not so much, perhaps, for the best-mannered cur will sometimes make himself obnoxious, by dreaming of the pleasures of the chase and whining and scratching in his sleep.

At last I exhausted the love of my mine of thought, and threw down pad and pencil. Still he did not speak; no more did I. He gave his undivided attention to the greenish-red blaze of the gas fire; I leaned back in my chair, and fell to studying the silhouette of his shaggy head upon the wall—wishing I were an artist and wondering what was the nature of the cargo the piratical looking old craft had drifted in to unload. The room was so still I could hear the ticking of my watch in my pocket. The unwonted silence roused him.

"Out o' fix to night?" he growled, fidgeting, but not looking up.

"No," I yawned behind my hand.

"Thought maybe you was; you're so pesky grumpy," and he shot me a glance half surly, half humorous.

"It's damp out to-night, Jim," I remarked by way of reply.

"Damper'n ol Niobe's han'kerch'ef."

Silence again. I nodded; and brought up with a jerk at the ragged edge of dreamland. I caught the mumbled words:

"Back here on a visit."

"Who?" I asked, with a fine show of interest.

"Hadn't been asleep, you'd 'ave heard," he muttered testily.

"I wasn't asleep," I lied.

"Tom Evans an' his wife."

"Ah?"

"Uh huh," he went on. "Seen em down at the depot to-day. Purty fine lookin' woman he's got. Purty *is* as purty *does*, though. Don't know nothin' 'bout 'er. They was dressed up sniptious; an had a whole drayload o' baggage.

"Who is he?"

"Him?"

"Yes."

"Tom Evans?"

I nodded, smiling.

"Huh!"—with pitying contempt for my ignorance—"Ol' Doc Evans's son—the black sheep o' the faml'y; but, like a good many other black sheep, he shears the best an' biggest fleece of any 'o the flock now. Was raised down at Babylon, ten miles below here. Wouldn't do nothin' but fish an' hunt an' chaw tobacker, till he was purty nigh

of age. Then, all to once, he took a notion to go to school an' soon blossomed out as a school teacher. Finally got in with a big lumber concern up at Cleveland; an' now he's richer'n Jersey cream."

He stopped.

"Indeed!" I ejaculated to set him going again.

"Ever hear how he captured his wife?" he inquired.

"*Captured* his wife?" I echoed.

"Well, *got* 'er, then!" he snapped.

"I never did."

"Want to hear 'bout it?"

"Of course."

"I can alluz talk better when I smoke,"—his eyes twinkling slyly under his bushy brows.

I gave him the coveted cigar. He deliberately lighted it, lovingly rolled and fondled it between thumb and fingers, and continued:

"After Tom got his position with the Cleveland lumber concern—some eight'r ten years ago, now—he traveled all over the country fer 'em, buyin' up tracks o' timber an' settin' mills to work, an' all that sort o' thing. Them fellers up there in Cleveland got to thinkin' he was a purty slick young chap—fer he was makin' scads o' money fer 'em; and *Tom* got to thinkin' right smart o' *hisself*, I thank you. Still he could alluz find a hat big enough fer his head; an' his eyesight wasn't ever so bad but what he could see an ol' friend.

"Some—let me see—yes, some four'r five years ago, Tom was 'way down in Tennessee, in a little town in the woods; an' he got a letter from the president o' the company he worked fer, tellin' him to drop everything an' come on the first train to Columbus, Ohio. The letter went on to say—Tom showed it to me when he told me the story—that the president would meet him at the Neill House in Columbus on important business on such an' such a date.

Well, of course there wasn't nothin' fer Tom to do but cut loose and go; an' he went. But he went a-puzzlin' his brain an' a-scratchin' his head, I tell *you*; fer, in all the years he worked fer the company, he'd never met the president—an' he couldn't 'magine what was up. Then, there was another thing that made him feel a little shaky—but that'll come out as I go along.

"When he got to Columbus, ther' was a big state convention goin' on. Brass bands an' pr'cessions was paradin' the streets; an' Tom couldn't hear hisself think, fer the whoopin' an' shoutin'. At last he got up to the Neill House, an' registered an' asked fer a room.

"Sorry, says the clerk, but we're full up, an' runnin' over—can't give you no room."

"The devil!" says Tom.

Then a hand big as a ham o' meat was clapped on his shoulder an' somebody hawhawed in his ear:

"'So you're here, are you? Well, you can roost with me!'

"Tom squirmed 'round, and faced a big man with a red face an' a white goatee.

"'Who're you?' he asks, drawin' hisself up stiffer'n a gun-bar'l.

"'William Howland, president o' the Erie Lumber Comp'ny," the ol' chap answers, smilin' all over his face.

"Tom felt cheaper'n two-fer-a-cent, of course, an' didn't know what to do'r say; an' the ol' feller jest stood an' laughed at him. Then some politicians come along an' drawed the ol' man to one side, an' talked to him in whispers—him a-noddin' an' shakin' his head, but not sayin' much. Tom leaned 'ginst the counter an' studied his boss—an' done some tall thinkin'. He saw that the ol' chap was trigged out in broadcloth, wore a number eight hat an' half-past-eleven shoes, an' had a di'mon' big as a hick'rynut in his shirt front. That di'mon' helped to make Tom feel all

wabbly—that an' the way the ol' feller treated them politicians—kind o' lookin' over the'r heads, like he had a spell o' the stiff-neck an' couldn't git his chin down.

"Well, to sort o' double-an'-twist my yarn, so's 'twon't be so long, Tom an' his boss roomed together that night. They had cigars an' wine an' so on; an' talked over business till purty near midnight.

"The ol' feller finally pulled out his big gold watch an' looks at it an' says:

"'I guess that's all then, Evans; we understand one another—an' might as well go to bed. You're to finish up y'r work in Tennessee an' then go over into Arkansas. 'F you do these two jobs as well's you've done all y'r others, you may ask y'r own reward—an' the comp'ny'll grant it.

"The ol' feller was feelin' his liquor a little likely an' that made him resky. An' Tom was a-feelin' purty much at home with his boss by this time—an' a-feelin' *his* oats some, too; so he speaks up chipper's you please, an' says:

"'I guess I'll name my reward right now.'

"'All right,' laughs his boss, gapin' and rubbin' his hands.

"'I'll take y'r daughter,' says Tom.

"'My daughter?' gasps the ol' man, droppin' his jaw and gittin' pale 'round the gills.

"'Yes,' answers Tom.

"'W'y, w'y, what do you mean?' says ol' Howland; 'you don't even know 'er.'

"'Oh, yes, I do,' Tom explains; 'I've knowed 'er fer purty nigh two years. Got acquainted with 'er up in Michigan, where she was spendin' 'er vacation; an' we've been correspondin' ever since.'

"'The devil you say!' the ol' man snorted, jumpin' to his feet.

"Tom jest nodded; he saw the storm was comin' an' he braced hisself to face it.

"'An' you want to marry 'er, eh?' ol' Howland says, kind o' sneerin' like.

"'I do,' answers Tom.

"'You impudent pup!' bellers his boss, jumpin' up an' down an' crackin' his fists, 'I've a notion to slap y'r face, I have!'

"Tom's mad got up at that—an' *he* got up with it; an' was surprised to find he was every bit as big as his boss—fer Tom *is* a big, two-fisted cuss.

"'You'd better change y'r notion 'bout slappin' my face, Mr. Howland,' he says, cool's a cucumber outside an' meltin' hot inside. 'Don't you try that, 'r I'll pitch you through the winder'.

"The ol' man suddenly set down—an' didn't say nothin' fer a good little bit. Then, at last, he remarks sort o' soft an' quiet:

"'You've been a good man fer us, Evans, an' we owe you a good 'eal; but you're expectin' too much, an' let me say right now, an' once fer all, you can't have my daughter. An' if you ever hint at the matter ag'in, 'r pen her another line, I'll give you y'r walkin' papers.'"

"'You won't git the chance to discharge me,' says Tom; 'I've resigned.'

"'When?'" asks the ol' man, liftin' his eyebrows.

"'Right now,' answers Tom.

"'If that suits *you*, it suits *me*,' was all the boss had to say.

"An' both of 'em begun to git ready fer bed, puffin' an' blowin' an' throwin' the'r clo'es ev'ry which way. In a few minutes they was both asleep—an' snorin,' likely."

Jim's cigar had gone out. As he relighted the blackened stub, he remarked whimsically: "Maybe I'd better do like you story-writin' fellers, an' say—'to be continued.'"

"No," I mumbled drowsily, "go on."

He proceeded:

"Well, a squad o' them politicians come an' called Tom's boss out, 'bout three o'clock in the mornin'; an' he got up, gapin' an' stretchin', an' dressed an' went down stairs with 'em.

The bang o' the door waked Tom up; an' he looked at his watch, an' come to a sudden c'nclusion that he'd run down home here—an' that he jest barely had time to jump into his clo'es an' ketch the train. Five minutes later, he was out on the street an' a-goin' like a dog with a can to his tail.

"Jest 'bout the time he' got half way to the depot, I reckon, ol' Howland was dancin' up an' down in front o' the clerk's counter, at the Neill House, an' bellerin'—like a bull in a brier patch.

"'I tell you I've been robbed—robbed o' the di'mon' I had in my shirt—robbed by the young feller that roomed with me! 'Phone fer the p'lice! The rascal's traps is gone from the room; he's made fer the station! 'Phone fer the p'lice to head him off there!'

"The upshot o' the whole matter was, that jest as Tom was boardin' his train, a couple o' p'licemen roped him in, and they toted him back to the hotel, an' brought him face to face with his boss.

Tom hadn't the least idee what was up — fer the p'licemen wouldn't tell him nothin'; and he was mightily surprised when ol' Howland yells:

"'There it is—the impudent cuss! Got it stuck in his shirt—bold as the devil hisself!' "

"Tom looked where the ol' man was p'intin—an' fer the first time saw the di'mon' shinin' on his own bosom; an' he turned paler'n putty. He thought it was a put-up job to ruin him. Then he looked up at the ol' man—an' turned red in the face, an' stood bitin' his lips.

"'What 'ave you got to say, young man?' says one o' the p'licemen.

"'Nothin,' " answers Tom.

"'You stole my di'mon!' 'snorts ol' Howland.

"'Yes, I *did*,' Tom answers, bustin' into a laugh; but not till *you'd* stole *my shirt!*"

"'Well, sir, the ol' man's eyes bulged out till they looked like peeled onions. An' then, all to once, *he* commenced to laugh; an' purty soon the p'licemen an' *ev'rybody* was laughin'.

"Finally the ol' gent sobered down, an' sidlin' up to Tom, whispers:

"'Evans, come upstairs; I want to see you.'

"When they was alone in the'r room, he says kind o' sad and solemn:

"'Tom, do you re'ly want to marry Alice?'

"'Certainly,' Tom answers.

"'Well, Tom, I've changed my mind; you can have her—but on one condition.'

"'Name it,' says Tom.

"'An' that is,' the ol' man went on, 'that you don't never say a word 'bout this affair to her n'r her mother. I'd never hear the last of it; an'—' "

I awoke with a start. Jim was gone from his place by the fire; but I heard his shuffling steps descending the stairs.

In the Presence of Death

LINES WRITTEN THE NIGHT BEFORE HIS EXECUTION

E'en such is Time, that takes on trust,
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust;
Who, in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days:
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Parinirvana

By FREDERICK S. RYMAN

QUESTION 136—What is Parinirvana? It is impossible to form any conception of Parinirvana; it is beyond all understanding, beyond every conception. It is impossible to say, either that it is, or that it is not, as no form of being is applicable to Parinirvana. "There is, ye disciples, an abode where there is neither earth nor water, neither earth nor light, neither infinity of space nor infinity of time, neither any being, neither any representation nor non-representation, neither this world nor yonder world. There is, then, neither beginning nor end, neither death nor birth, neither cause nor effect, neither change nor stagnation. There is, ye disciples, an unborn state, an unarisen; a state not yet existing, not yet formed. If this were not so, there would be no escape from this world existing, arisen, formed." Thus spake the Master in Udana. (*Page 79 of "A Buddhist Catechism," by Subhadra Bhikshu: New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons.*)

IF this be true and we can truly feel
Even its millionth or ten-trillionth part,
Why waste another thought for woe or weal?
Why let another care ensnare the heart?
If hell and heaven alike do pass away,
If Gods and men to more than both do grow,
Is not repose the regal rule for aye,
The only rule, indeed, we need to know?
Compared with that (as even now it *seems!*)
If what the Sacred Books declare be true
What are all other thoughts but idle dreams?
As frail, aye frailer than the *form* of dew.
Then with that power that is born of peace
Let us from all that *could* disturb us cease.

Beyond all joy or pain we *seem* to see
Lies this vast realm of rare and real repose;
Beyond all love or hate, for thee and me
Wide, ever wide, this path its portal throws,
Do I read true and is it truth I read?
And have the Buddhists solved life's problem vast?
Is their solution, too, so true indeed,
All else is false in future, present, past?
Just as each starry world through heaven is hurled
And from that heaven *cannot* sink or soar;
Thus thou and I and all! however whirled
Are held by this for aye and evermore.
Whether to flee or follow we shall seem
That is the truth which makes and breaks life's dream.

Is it a truth—this vast, this vital claim
The gentle Buddhists to our bosoms bring?
Are love, hate, wisdom, folly, fame and shame
Deceiving as the songs the sirens sing?
Are these but leaves upon life's mighty tree
Whose root strikes lower than the lowest hell,
Whose head above all heavens soars to see
That all (however ill it seems) is *well!*
We solely seek death's power to destroy;
Who sees or shuns the fearful bane of birth?
God spare us sorrow, and God send us joy!
Is that the care and prayer of all on earth;
Of all save those who pass the doom of dream
And knows things as they are! not as they seem.

Dolly

By HAYDEN CARRUTH

DOROTHY thought Grandma had better tell a made-up story instead of a true story, as she had noticed that the made-up ones were usually the more interesting. The other children agreed with Dorothy, but Grandma protested that it wasn't going to be a story at all, but should be called "Some Account of Certain Travels and Adventures of Grandma in Central New York in the Year 1819; with a Short Memoir of Dolly Marsh."

"Well, now, that doesn't sound so bad," admitted Paul. "But was it really as long ago as that?"

"As long ago as that," answered Grandma, slowly.

"I was nine years old and I can remember it all much better than many things which happened a good while since. It was an eventful trip for me. The road wasn't much more than a cow-path, and everywhere it ran through the woods. I remember it seemed to me that the great trees which reached out over the road would fall on the sleigh and crush us all. My father and mother had been living at Sencea Falls, which is in Seneca County near Cayuga Lake, but they decided to move to the town of Sterling, thirty miles away, in Cayuga County, near the shores of Lake Ontario and where now stands the little village of Martville.

It doesn't seem far to move now, does it? but it was a long journey then, with no railroads and, as I said, scarcely any wagon roads. My father had gone down there in the fall on horseback and bought a farm. He brought back such a glowing report of the new country that Uncle William decided to go too. Father had contracted with a man to build a small house on the land he had bought, not any of which was cleared, being covered with either heavy timber or very thick underbrush.

"In March it was decided to go down. The snow was still deep and the sleighing good, especially in the woods. Though father had two teams they could not carry all of our goods. So he hired a neighbor named Stuart to take the third load with his team. Uncle William was a bachelor then and had only a chest or two to take along and he helped us with our things and drove one of father's teams.

"So one bright morning we got off, very early, before the sun was up. Father and mother and my little brother Henry and I were in the first sleigh, perched on top of all manner of goods. Uncle William came with the next load, even higher, and Mr. Stuart followed. For a few miles the road was through the open country, and the sun came up and made long shadows across the snow-banks, all black on their southern sides where they had thawed away; but soon we plunged into the woods, and it seemed as if the sun had gone back down, like a lazy boy going back to bed. But it hadn't gone back as we soon found, for it kept mounting higher and shining warmer; and a soft south wind came up and together they soon began to make the sleighing quite poor. It had been father's intention to go through that day, though it was a long trip for loaded teams. But as the snow began gradually to disappear, it looked even

longer. Of course where the road was shaded the snow did not melt much, but soon in open places here and there it was almost gone. This often made it necessary to stop and hitch two teams on one sleigh to get over the difficult spot; and of course while one sleigh was going forward, the others would have to wait.

"But as the woods kept getting deeper and deeper there gradually came to be fewer of these places; nevertheless, the day was rapidly wearing away and we were not getting on fast. About the middle of the afternoon the sky became cloudy and it threatened rain. Just as it was growing dusk we came to a spring beside the road and stopped to water the tired horses. In some way as he started to get down Mr. Stuart slipped and fell. He tried to rise but sank back and called out that he was hurt. Father and uncle ran up and found that his leg was broken. They arranged a sort of bed for him on his sleigh, helped him up on it, hitched his team behind uncle's sleigh and again we started on.

"It was almost dark by this time and beginning to rain. The wind had commenced to blow and tossed the bare tree-tops about and shook down big drops of water which mixed with the fine drops of the rain. Mother wrapped us children up in a lot of bed-clothing to keep us dry and laughed and told us that we looked like pappooses. Then she cheered us up by talking about the new home and getting us to wonder what the new house would look like. When we were about a half a mile from our farm we found a man waiting for us beside the road. He proved to be the man father had hired to build our house. He hemmed and hawed awhile, but father made him speak up at last and we found that what he had to tell was that he hadn't got the roof on the house yet.

"It was pitch dark by this time and the rain, cold and drizzly, was still coming down, while the wind roared among the trees. Poor Mr. Stuart was covered up with a bearskin. Father asked the man what we could do. 'Well, now, I guess you'd better just camp in the new school house down about forty rods. That's got a roof all right, though there ain't any floor; but this here rain ain't a-coming *up*, but *down*, so the floor don't matter.' Father told the man to go after a doctor for Mr. Stuart, and we went on.

"Sure enough, down a little way we came to the school house beside the road. It was built of logs right among the trees. Mother and I scrambled in and father carried in little Henry. Then he and uncle brought in Mr. Stuart, carrying him on the bearskin. There was a wide, sloping desk running all around the outside of the big room, with benches in front of it, made of a great slab off the side of a log and with round legs driven into holes. I thought they looked like big beetles of some sort and half expected to see them run away. The men stood two of these benches side by side and placed Mr. Stuart on this rude bed.

"In the meantime mother had got out some candles and stood them about on the desk and had turned her attention to the fireplace in the farther end of the room. There was fortunately some dry wood piled beside it, and while father and uncle brought in things from the sleighs, mother built a fire. There was no place for the poor horses, but father covered them with blankets and stood them, as he said, 'under the driest tree he could find.'

"There was no crane in the fireplace, but father brought in some sort of an iron bar from the sleigh and we soon had the kettle boiling merrily. He also stood one of the benches up on blocks so that it made a long, narrow table; and there were still two left for us to sit on, as none of our chairs had been unloaded. We had along, of course, a good store

of provisions and mother soon had supper well under way. I helped her as much as I could, though it was all so strange that I'm afraid I spent the most of my time wondering at it all. I had a little black-and-white kitten which I loved very dearly and this I put up on the desk, as I was afraid its feet would get cold if it were left down on the ground.

"It was not long before mother called out 'supper,' and you may be sure we were all ready for it. We sat down along one side of our queer table and were quite merry. Even Mr. Stuart with his broken leg laughed and talked. My kitten came scampering around on the desk as near me as it could get and I gave it something to eat.

"We were only nicely begun when there came a great rap at the door which startled us all. Father called out 'come in!' and got up to see who the visitor was. The door was pushed open and in walked three men with axes on their shoulders, all dripping with the rain. I noticed that the last one, who still stood in the doorway, also had a gun. Father recognized them as the men he had hired when he was down before to come and help clear the farm. They had been extremely prompt and after waiting at the unfinished house all the afternoon had been told where we were by the man who was going after the doctor and so had come along up. 'Guess we're not wanted very much to-night, but don't put yourselves out on our account,' said the man ahead. 'We're used to roughing it, and we want to get at them trees early in the morning;' and he took his axe from his shoulder and balanced it in his hands as if the greatest pleasure in the world was to face a big tree. Mother had got up and stood beside father.

"'Why, who is this?' she said suddenly, as she saw a fourth person in the doorway.

"'Oh,' laughed the man as he stepped one side, 'that's Dolly.'

"'Y-y-yes,' said the last man as he took a step and let his gun slide down gently, 'that—that's only Dolly. Dolly's my wife, you know,' and the man looked rather sheepish. 'My name is Marsh. Don't mind Dolly. She just came along, you see.'

"'Yes, I see,' said mother. She glanced around the room and then at the woman. 'I'm afraid I haven't very good accommodations for a lady,' she added.

"'Oh, dear,' answered the woman with a little laugh, 'I'm not a lady—not a *fine* lady, I mean. Don't mind me. I can stand anything that Ben can. I'll be all right. I'm going to—to help.'

"'That's it,' said her husband, 'don't mind Dolly—she is going to help.'

"'But *why* did you come along?' asked mother.

"'I *always* go *everywhere* with Ben,' said Dolly, as if everybody ought to know this simple rule of hers.

"Suddenly mother stepped up to her and pointed to a bundle which she was carrying very tenderly.

"'What *have* you got there?' she exclaimed. 'A baby?'

"Then Dolly laughed so that the very rafters rang with it, and her husband looked still more sheepish and also laughed, and the other men laughed, and finally we all laughed.

"'Oh, dear, no,' she said when she could speak for laughing. It's only Ben's fiddle. I wrapped it up so it wouldn't get wet,' and she undid it and showed it to us.

"They all came in, including a shaggy dog which was another of Ben's possessions. Mother went to work and got some more food ready and soon we all sat down to supper once more. There was no less than nine around the table, counting us children, and it was pretty full. It was so narrow that the dishes all had to stand along in a row. Father

said it was like eating on top of a rail fence. I remember that I was very much worried for fear the dog would get my kitten, though Ben said there wasn't the least danger.

"I thought I never saw mother more cheerful or light-hearted, though I think she had enough to make her the other way, with all those hungry men to feed, another man unable to move, two little children and—Dolly; though of course Dolly was going to help, but I don't believe mother had much confidence in her ability. And all of this in a log school house of one room, in the woods, and very strange woods they were too, and with the rain coming down outside in a long steady pour.

Some time after supper the doctor came. He worked over Mr. Stuart a long while, said he was doing well and promised to call the next day. Dolly tried hard to help, but it was so much fun to play with my kitten that she could't manage to do much. She seemed quite sorry when she found the work all finished up and saw how little of it she had done. But Ben tuned up his fiddle and gave us some music and Dolly sang a song about a forlorn maiden who had lost her lover some way, and we passed a very pleasant evening.

"The next thing was what father called 'enlarging our house.' This was done by partitioning it off into three rooms by putting up lines and hanging bed clothing on them for curtains. The men also brought in some chairs and bedsteads and soon had a pleasant three-roomed house arranged. The big fireplace kept eveybody warm and, really, it was a very comfortable dwelling. To be sure the roof leaked a little in spots, but as the beds were all in dry places nobody minded that. We all went to bed and I guess everybody slept well. On the whole I think it was a pretty good place to live.

"The next morning was cold. The trees were covered with ice and when it thawed and the breeze came up it showered down in all sorts of queer shapes. I remember of taking the ice caps off the tops of the stakes of the sleighs and they were just like the thinnest and most beautiful little glass tumblers; but they didn't last long. Dolly said she'd like ever so much to see a squirrel try to run along one of the icy tree branches, because she was sure it would tumble off.

"Dolly kept her promise this morning and began to 'help,' that is, she kept the fire roaring and the tea kettle full, but she said it wasn't safe for her to try washing dishes because they always 'just flew right out of her hands and smashed all to pieces.' It looked a great deal more cheerful the next morning, with the bright sun peeping through the trees. We all had breakfast again on the queer table, after the curtains had been taken down; and before the day was over we were settled in the school house as if we had always lived there—and always expected to make it our home.

"But in about two weeks we got into our own house. By this time Mr. Stuart had got well enough so that he had been taken back to his own home. But the wood choppers and Uncle William remained—and of course Dolly—so that the house was pretty well filled. It was a log house, with three rooms and a big loft. We were all very proud of it, and I thought nobody ever had a nicer house.

"What did I do all summer? Oh, dear! played with Dolly, of course. There was going to be school, but it fell through some way. Dolly was a married woman, to be sure, but that didn't keep her from being an excellent playmate for me; and I was nine, you remember. Dolly, I suppose, must have been eighteen or nineteen, or perhaps twenty, but she didn't seem much older than I, though Ben thought she had remarkable judgment, and used always to consult

her, when she was present, as to which side of a tree he should begin chopping on. And I think her judgment on chopping down a tree *was* good; and she knew more about finding a squirrel's nest, or trapping a fox, or where to look for the first violets or strawberries, or tracking a bear, or anything of that sort, than anyone else I ever knew. Dolly and I ran wild in the woods all summmer. Of course Dolly 'helped' mother, as she called it, but though she meant well and tried hard, her efforts usually resulted in mother's becoming so nervous over her help that she would tell her to run along and play with me. Dolly was always ready to do this. She had big gray eyes and very light hair, which she kept cut short, because, as she said, 'it's so much trouble to comb long hair, and you're always losing the comb, or breaking it, or at least dropping it, like a dish.' She always wore Indian moccasins, and one of the first things she did was to take me on a long journey through the woods to a far-off Indian camp near Lake Ontario and get a pair for me. Before we started she had got Ben to give her some of his powder, and this she bartered for the moccasins. They fitted me nicely and were very comfortable. I was extremely proud of the bright bead work on them.

"It was the day we went to the Indian camp that we got home so late that father and all the men were out hunting for us. It was a long way to the camp and there were two or three little pappooses which Dolly found it so much fun to play with that she forgot to start home till almost night. I was frightened when it got dark and I found that I did not know where I was; but Dolly seemed to know the way as well in the night as any other time and kept hold of my hand and marched straight along. When we got within a mile or two of home and she heard the men who were out hunting about in the woods calling for us, Dolly became quite angry at the idea that we were lost. She wanted to slip around the men in the darkness and get home and leave them searching. We started to do so, but when I heard father's voice I told her we must go to him. Mother was with him and they were very much scared. Dolly cried and said that she had not meant to stay so late. Ben said that he knew Dolly would turn up all right, and when one of the men the next morning spoke of her having been lost she became very indignant and told him that he was the one that was lost, and that he'd have stayed in the woods all night if she hadn't come along and found him and showed him the way home. I think, perhaps, it was so, as I'm sure she knew more about the woods than he did.

"'Dolly knew the name of every flower and plant and tree in the woods and spent hours teaching them to me. One afternoon, when we were wandering along a little brook two or three miles from home, Dolly stopped suddenly and began looking intently at a small bush near the water which was covered with white blossoms. I could see nothing strange about it, but Dolly seemed unable to take her eyes from it. After awhile she began to walk softly away from the bush, keeping her eyes on the tree tops, or appearing to gaze about intently on the empty air. I asked her what it all meant, but she shook her head and whispered to me to keep still. For a quarter of a mile or more we went through the woods with Dolly keeping up her strange actions all the way. I began to think she had lost her reason when she stopped and after looking for a long time at a tree with a broken top, and tiptoeing completely around it twice, she drew me behind a bush and, looking around to see that not even a squirrel was within hearing distance, she whispered: 'It's a bee-tree!'

"I didn't know much about bee-trees

so I asked Dolly to tell me about them. 'Why,' she said, 'a bee-tree is where wild bees live and store up their honey. There may be *bushels* of honey in that tree. You and I have found it, so it's ours.' "'Seems to me it's the bees,' I said. 'Oh bother,' answered Dolly, 'the bees can make more. They have nothing else to do. Why, bees *love* to work. Don't you know the poetry about the little busy bee—er—putting in each shining hour, or something like that. Those bees will be *glad* to have us take that honey so as to make room for more.' Then Dolly grew very earnest and solemnly made me promise not to tell anybody about what we had found. 'It isn't time to take it yet and if anybody should find out about it, they might get it ahead of us. Why, I won't even tell Ben, because he is *so* careless, and would be *sure* to say something about it to somebody, and then, away goes our honey.' We watched the tree a long time and started home. On the way Dolly suddenly stopped and whispered (she never spoke above a whisper about the bee-tree no matter where we were): 'S'posen the Injuns know about that tree!' 'Do you think they do?' I asked.

'You can't tell anything about Injuns,' she answered. 'Injuns know everything. Injuns are pizen!' "That evening and the next morning every time Dolly caught my eye she would scowl at me by way of caution and place her finger on her lips. Before I went to bed she drew me outside and told me that I mustn't even *dream* of that tree.

"The next day and every day after that we went to look at our tree. We would creep along to a little clump of bushes a short distance from it and lie concealed there sometimes for two or three hours while Dolly anxiously peered around for Indians or other people who might have discovered the tree. She could not seem to give up the idea that the Indians would get it away from her, and worked herself into quite a rage about it. 'They ought to be made to leave the country,' she said one day. 'What business have they here—lazying 'round and doing nothing but steal other folk's bee-trees.' 'But they haven't got ours yet,' I said. 'No thanks to them,' returned Dolly. 'They're just good enough for it; and they'll be sure to get it yet.' One day I said to her: 'Dolly, what if the Indians found the tree before we did, we are stealing *their* honey?' This view of the matter had never occured to Dolly. She thought a moment then said: 'Oh, well; *that's* different, you know. Let the Injuns hunt up another tree!' I don't think Dolly's ideas of justice were very well developed.

"But she could not get over the notion that something was going to happen to her precious bee-tree. One day after a storm she made the second trip to it to see that it hadn't been blown down. A week after, when we were making our customary visit to it and had almost reached it, we were startled by hearing the snapping of dry twigs ahead of us. We were not far from the creek, where the underbrush was rather dense. Dolly was instantly on the alert, and, taking my hand, we stooped down and crept through the thicket. We soon came to a little opening and what do you think we saw? A big black bear sitting upon his haunches eating berries.

"I had never come upon a wild bear in the woods before and it startled me a good deal. Dolly didn't seem to be frightened, but her face changed and she whispered to me earnestly: 'Do you know what that b'ar is hanging 'round here for?' I said I didn't. 'Trying to get our honey,' she answered almost without opening her lips. 'That's what the critter is going to do—rob us of our honey. Oh, you beast, I'd like to choke you!' I was afraid she would go out and attack the bear single-handed, but she didn't. After watching it awhile

and scolding it some more, she drew me away and we went home.

"On the way she said: 'There's nothing b'ars like so well as honey, and he'll surely find that tree and get it before three days, if he hasn't got it already. B'ars are worse on honey than Injuns. We must gather it to-morrow morning. We'll get up early and do it before breakfast.'

"The next morning as it was getting light I heard Dolly up and stirring about, so I also slipped out. Mother thought nothing of it, as I often got up early and wandered down to the spring or elsewhere with Dolly. I found her outside with a wooden pail and a copper kettle, an axe and her husband's musket. She gave me the pail and we hurried away through the woods. She explained that she had the axe to cut down the tree with and the gun for the bear should he appear and lay claim to a share of the honey—'or the Injun, either,' she added.

"When we got to the tree Dolly hid me very carefully in some bushes and told me not to breathe or the bees would find me. Then she made a fire in the copper kettle and put green leaves in it and raised a great smudge. Then she fell to chopping down the tree. The bees were alarmed, but the smoke kept them away from Dolly pretty well, and though she was stung a few times she didn't seem to know it. I thought she wielded the axe almost as well as Ben. It was not a large tree, and it was hollow, so it soon went down with a crash.

The hollow trunk split open partially and there was the honey—great luscious 'bushels' of it, as Dolly had predicted. We filled the pail and the kettle and started back. Dolly was so excited that she felt neither the work of chopping nor carrying the honey any more than she had the stings of the bees. I was not much better off, and carried the axe and gun without realizing their weight. Through the woods we hurried, the strangest looking couple ever seen. Once we thought we heard the bear, but we didn't stop to see. We got back to the house just as the others were finishing breakfast. You may be sure we were greeted with surprise. As for Dolly, she sat down on a bench and almost fainted away. Ben got very frightened and stood and fanned her with his hat.

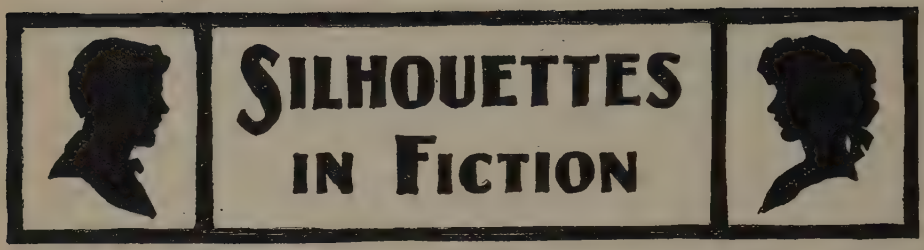
"After father had recovered from his surprise and we had explained, he and the other men went after the rest of the honey. I don't know how much there was of it, but I remember it was enough for us and for our neighbors, and that it lasted a long while and was better than any honey I have ever had since. So, you see, Dolly did help at last, in her own way; and there you have what I promised, 'Some Account of Certain Travels and Adventures of Grandma in Central New York in the year 1819; with a Short Memoir of Dolly Marsh.'"

"But that isn't all, is it, Grandma?" said Dorothy anxiously.

"Every bit," said grandma.

"But what became of Dolly?" asked Paul.

"Dolly went away with her husband in the fall, and I remember that I cried and that we all missed her very much. It was ten years before I saw her again, and she wasn't like the old Dolly at all. Her husband had got a little farm and she had settled down and become a good housekeeper. She laughed when I spoke of the dishes flying away from her, and said she had learned how to keep them from doing that. She seemed very happy, though she said she had never found another bee-tree. But she had a little girl about as big as I was when I knew her first, who was another Dolly, and liked nothing so well as the woods. 'And,' said Dolly, 'the child is just like I used to be, and the dishes fairly jump off the shelf and break on the floor when she walks by 'em.'"



THE OLD CRONIES

By CHARLES TOWNSEND

THE last of the 'sugar' snow had disappeared. The pussy willows were shaking and nodding their feathery heads. Crocus and hyacinth and daffy-down-dilly had climbed up bravely through the dank earth, to greet the early sunshine. The robins, nature's choristers, were voicing their ever welcome matins. Spring had come with lance at rest, and crabbed winter had fled in dismay.

It was a day of days to be out of doors, and Joe and John drifted together as naturally as two chips in a bucket of water.

"Kind er guess th' suckers 'll be runnin' t' day, John."

"You bet they will, Joe."

"What d' you say t' goin' spearin'?"

"Down t' th' crick?"

"Yep."

"Suits me. Git yer spear, an' I'll bring th' key o' th' boat house."

Soon they were strolling down toward the river, through a winding lane and between broad fields where the thick green shoots promised an abundant harvest.

They were two old army chums who had fought side by side from Bull Run to Appomatox, and each owed his life to the other. John had dragged Joe aside just in time to save him from being trampled by Stuart's cavalry, and Joe had saved John from bleeding to death among the rocks of Devil's Den, on that awful day at Gettysburg, after reaching his side through a wild hell of rebel bullets.

When the war drums ceased to beat, and the battle flags were furled, they had returned home, "T' pick up th' stitches where we'd drapped 'em durin' the durned fambly row," as Joe declared.

They owned adjoining farms—the best in the Genessee valley—and being shrewd, careful men, they were able to pass their sunset days in ease and comfort, growing young again in their old age.

From boyhood they had been friends, and probably had fought more pitched battles with each other than they had years in their lives. Joe usually got "licked," but he never knew it, for his pluck was of the Spartan mould, so he was always ready for the next "scrap." And though they battled with each other, woe betide anyone who picked a quarrel with either; for, like a fighting man and wife, they would instantly combine and give the outsider occasion for grief.

Naturally they differed in many things—especially in matters political and religious. John had been a Whig, a Free Soiler, a "Know Nothing," and lastly an uncompromising Republican. He declared himself to be a stanch old school Presbyterian, though he had rather hazy views on the Calvinistic doc-

trine, and his orthodoxy consisted chiefly in believing that all other views were heterodox. Joe described himself as a "Thomas Jefferson-Andrew Jackson-don't-give-a-dum Democrat." As for religion, he always asserted that he was an "out-door Methodist," agreeing with Bryant that the groves were God's first temples. So, while he never went to church, yet he never missed a camp meeting that was within easy reach.

"Wonder if th' ole tub leaks," said Joe, as John opened the boat house.

"Tub?" snorted the latter. "You dum'd ole 'fraid cat! This here boat's es tight's an Atlantic liner, an' safe es Noah's ark. Ketch holt 'n we'll haul 'er out."

Eager hearted as in boyhood, they dragged the boat to the little floating dock where it was quickly launched.

"You set in th' starn, Joe, an' paddle. I'll do th' spearin.'

"All right."

Joe shoved off and let the boat drift idly down the placid stream. There was joy in mere existence on such a day. The balmy breeze, the limpid water, the rich ozone filling the lungs and sending the blood bounding with renewed life! What boy, old or young, could resist the witchery of all this? Certainly not these old cronies.

"Oh, say! This ain't scrumptious ner nuthin', I guess," said Joe as he filled and lighted his pipe.

John was leaning over the bow with ready spear. The boat, left to itself, drifted under an overhanging tree, and as John raised his head to answer, he received a blow which made him see stars.

"Wouch!" he roared. "You blind ole mud turtle, can't you see what you're doin'?"

"Don't holler er you won't ketch any fish," grinned Joe.

"Ding it all! Bet y' done it a purpose. I've a notion t' punch yer head!"

"Better stay where y' be, 'nless y' want t' git swatted overboard," and Joe waved the paddle threateningly.

"I'll git even, b' jings!" growled John.

"Threatened folks lives long," answered Joe complacently. "You ain't th' on'y one thet that tree's bumped."

"Ain't, eh; who else?" John's curiosity mastered his anger for the moment.

"Seein' it's you I'll tell. One day las' summer w'en you was cavortin' 'round visitin', a city feller come up here—a kind of a dood he was—an' wanted t' go fishin' fer bullheads one night. Thinks I, I'll hev some fun with him. So I brung him down here when it was dark a good an' plenty. He was settin' in the bow like you be, an' jes' as we got under th' tree a hoot owl let go, an' crickity Christmas! Say—that dood jumped up in th' air, scared t' death forty ways, hit th' tree, an' squash he went into th' water yellin' blue murder fer th' p'lice."

"Did he git wet?" asked John.

"Huh, smarty!"

They had reached a place now where the spearing was good, and the catch was one to brag over for a year.

Joe was happy and loquacious; but John still meditated on vengeance.

"Guess there's a plum' bushel on 'em," said Joe gleefully.

"Shouldn't wonder," agreed John, "You go an' git some baskets t' carry 'em in, while I unload."

When Joe returned with the baskets, after an absence of about fifteen minutes, he found the fish piled up on the bank; but John was not in sight.

"Come on John," he called, "let's divide 'em up."

There was no reply.

"John!" he called again. "Where be you?"

Still no answer.

A rabbit came out from the undergrowth and watched him curiously. A robin sang overhead and a swallow skimmed the river. As Joe followed the

latter with his eyes, he gave a sudden gasp. The boat lay by the landing, but it was upside down, and John's old straw hat was floating in the water. For a moment Joe's heart stopped beating. Then it gave a mighty leap that seemed to strangle him.

He staggered down to the river bank, calling huskily, "John! John! John!" But no voice made reply.

"Oh, lordy, lordy! He's fell in an' is droundin' there an' I can't see him!"

How strange and far away his own voice sounded. Could it be? could it be? Was he awake or dreaming? Was that a real sun whose slanting beams turned the rippling river into molten gold? And that noisy warbler in the tree: could he sing while John was lying here dead among the bushes? With a frenzied cry Joe picked up a stone and flung it at the bird, which flew away with an angry scream.

"It's all my doin's," wailed Joe in an agony of remorse and fear. "If I hadn't coaxed him off spearin' he'd a be'n alive now. Er 'f I hadn't stopped fer a drink o' thet dum'd cider I might a got back afore it happened."

"So you've be'n guzzlin' cider, eh? y' blame ole scallawag?"

Joe whirled in his tracks. There stood John, hands in pockets, feet wide apart, grinning joyously.

There are moments in which we live years. There are times when speech conveys no meaning. Joe was having that experience. He gazed at John with wide open mouth, utterly dazed.

"Say, b' jings, Joey, you was havin' an awful time all by yer lonesome, warn't you? Guess it pays y' fer bumpin' my head ag'in that tree."

A revulsion of feeling swept over Joe with the fierceness of a cavalry charge.

"Is that why y' hid an' made a bling fool o' me?" he asked.

"Guess that's about th' what of it," answered John.

"An' y' warn't in th' water a' tall?"

"Nope." John picked up a basket and began filling it with fish.

"Then," roared Joe, "it's time y' took a swim!" And before the astonished John could straighten up, Joe caught him by the slack of his trousers and pitched him headforemost into the water.

Then he turned and walked home, never once looking back at the dripping figure on the bank, nor heeding the disjointed language that shattered the air long after he disappeared.

TANK TOMPKINS AND THE NOME MOSQUITOS

By WINTHROP PACKARD

"I SUPPOSE," said the tenderfoot to the man from Nome, "that the Nome mosquitos are a bad lot."

The man from Nome reflectively rubbed the place where his ear used to be with the stump of a frozen-off forefinger.

"Yes," he said, "they're a bad lot. They were pretty tough birds along in the early nineties, before the vices of an effete civilization got spread around amongst them. But since the big rush filled the country up with tenderfeet and whiskey the doin's of them Nome mosquitos has been something scandalous."

"I suppose," said the tenderfoot, by way of a joke, "that the mosquitos took to drinking the whiskey."

"That's just what did the business," replied the man from Nome." "They'd been brought up on fish-blooded Eskimos and polar bears and when they found out how easy it was to bore a hole through two inches of tenderfoot they gave themselves up to riotous living in terrible shape. There was great goin's on up in Nome that summer of 1900.

"You didn't need to use bromides and

chloral to sober a man up. All you had to do was to put him out on the beach for about fifteen minutes and the mosquitos would draw every bit of the whiskey out of him and leave him as sober as a prohibition rally. But the mosquitos, my lord! what a time they used to have about it! There weren't half enough drunks to go around and they used to fight disgraceful to see who'd have the first chance at one.

"I think Tank Tompkins was the only one that really gave them satisfaction and if they had been wise they would have worked Tank gently and kept him in the country. But them Nome mosquitos are just like anyone else,—they can't let a good thing alone.

"Tank was a fellow who drank, not for the taste of the liquor, but for the calm serenity it gave him to feel that he was good and drunk. He would fill up down at Long Jim's shack and start for his cabin in a condition that ought to have assured him uninterrupted pleasure for twenty-four hours, and before he was half way home the mosquitos would get every bit of the jag and Tank would be found sitting by the roadside weeping with sobriety, while about three thousand Nome mosquitos had got just taste enough of liquor to make them a nuisance to themselves and every one else. Then Tank would toddle back and spend more of his substance in riotous living. He was a determined man, was Tank, and he kept at it till he had spent all his dust and mortgaged his hole in the ground, but he never got drunk once: the mosquitos were too cute for him. Then his credit gave out and you might think that Tank would have to keep sober, but that would be because you did not know Tank.

"There was about three weeks, though, that he was stuck. He was so dry that the mosquitos gave him up as a bad job and turned their scouting parties in other directions. Now and then an old rounder would come along and try a sip at Tank, just for luck, but he got no satisfaction. Things went on this way till one day the steamer brought Long Jim the biggest barrel of whiskey that ever came into the country. It pretty nearly filled the shack and when the back of it was crowded up against the rear wall, the bunghole was up against the slant of the roof and out of sight in the dark. Of course Long Jim had to wet that barrel and in that way Tank got a taste.

"It settled his hash. He'd got to envelop a satisfactory modicum of that whiskey after that or he'd got to die in the attempt. His credit was gone, but his ingenuity had stayed with him all right. After dark he shinned up the back of the shack, bored a hole through just above the barrel and quietly dropped a 3-4 inch rubber hose down into it. It was long enough to reach from the bottom of the barrel up through the bung, out of the shack and down to Tank's mouth as he sat on the ground leaning up against the wall.

"Tank listened a moment, but there was no unusual sound from within. His scheme was a success! Gently he applied suction to the hose and in a moment a slender and delectable stream of liquid fire was permeating the interstices of his being. His eyes closed in dreamy delight. He was at the long end of a siphon with sixty-five gallons of fourth proof at the other. And him at the tail end of a three weeks' drought!

"It took about twenty minutes for all those desert places to feel the thrill of moisture once more and Tank was just hanging over the edge of the seventh heaven when one of those old rounder mosquitos came strolling along and took a pull at Tank just for luck.

"You ought to have seen his eyes bulge out, the mosquito's, I mean. Then he started in large, and in that way he lost a good thing, for he over-estimated his own capacity and just simply

swelled up and busted. It was a bad thing for Tank, too, for it disseminated the odor of whiskey far along on the wings of the summer night wind and drew the awfulest swarm of mosquitos that ever was. They covered Tank from top to toe and as fast as one got too full for utterance another took his place. Tank pulled away manfully, but his jag steadily fell off and try his best he could not get ahead of that swarm of mosquitos. He was a mighty determined man, was Tank, and he mentally vowed that he'd hang on as long as the barrel lasted, and he did.

"Along about twelve o'clock that night some one in the shack said: "What's that singing outside?"

"We all laughed at first, then we all listened, and then we all made a break for the door. Well sir, it was the most extraordinary sight I ever saw. There was more than eighteen hundred million Nome mosquitos going round and round that shack, each one with his leg locked in that of his neighbor in maudin way and a diddering up and down on their wings and humming, "We won't go home till mornin'.' Yes sir, humming it to beat the band.

"Just then we heard the sound of sobbing round the corner and there, sure enough, was Tank, covered from head to foot with beastly intoxicated mosquitos and crying as if his heart would break.

" 'Fellows,' he said, between his sobs, 'I'm going to get out of this dad binged country. No man can respect himself and stay with such a crowd. Here I've drunk the whole blooming sixty-five gallons, every drop, and I'm as sober as a state of Maine camp meeting.'

"And sure enough he was; the mosquitos hadn't left him one drop.

"But the mosquitos! my lord! Oh, I tell you there was great goin's on at Nome that summer of 1900."

THE REAL DIARY OF A REAL BOY*

April 2. been trying to get rid of some warts. Pewt says if you hook a piece of pork after dark, rub it on the warts and say arum erum irum orum urum and nurum three times turn round twice and throw the pork thru a window, then the warts will all be gone the next day. me and Beany is going to try it tomorrow.

April 3. brite and fair. dident get a chance to hook the pork.

* * * *

April 7. One of Beany's warts has gone.

April 8. brite and fair. my warts have not gone.

April 9. brite and fair. my warts have not gone.

April 10. Clowdy but no rane. my warts have not gone.

April 11. rany. I have two more warts. i guess i hadent ought to have broke that gaslite.

April 12. i have got another.

* * * *

April 14. Brite and fair. we all went to church today to see the Lanes. they come from New York and when they go to church everybody goes to see them. there was a boy with them named Willie. i bet i cood lick him.

* * * *

April 22. i went out today. it was real warm. i dident go to church because i had been sick. i let my rooster out to fite J. Arthur Foster's. they were fiting good when i looked up and there was father looking over the fence. he made me stop the fite and shet my rooster up. i wonder if he wood have stopped them if i hadent been there.

*Excerpt from "The Real Diary of a Real Boy," by Henry A. Shute: The Everett Press, Boston.

MAIN STREET, EVANSVILLE, IN THE RETAIL DISTRICT

The North's Southernmost City

The Story of Evansville, which has the Unique Distinction of Belonging to both the North and the South—How the City was Founded as a Result of the Romance of Hugh McGarry and Molly Anthony, and how It has Steadily Grown in Size and Wealth to an Honorable Place Among the Country's Leading Municipalities.

By HOWARD ROOSA,

Managing Editor the Evansville Courier

OF all the northern cities, Evansville is furthest south. St. Louis and Cincinnati are in round numbers one hundred miles to the north, and even Louisville, the metropolis of our nearest southern neighbor, has a higher latitude by some twenty-five miles.

This geographical location has determined why, in the large stretch of the Ohio river along Indiana and Illinois, the border of two states, from Louisville to Cairo, Evansville is not only the largest city, but predominatingly so.

The population has had the effect of making this North-South city unique. The earlier settlers were from the East

and North. The hardy New Englander and the pioneersman from Pennsylvania first pushed their way into southern Hoosierdom. Then came a stream from Virginia and Kentucky, and the two streams met and formed a society that is southern in its hospitality and its frank delight in social intercourse, and, on the other hand, has a federation of woman's clubs of twenty separate organizations that study everything, from the best methods to be employed in teething to "art for art's sake."

Naturally, then, with a community of taste both with the North and the South, and relationships that were on both sides of Mason & Dixon's line, it is not surprising that the first organized attempt in the United States to bring about a better feeling between the sections should be made by the people of Evansville. They planned to bring the Sons of the Confederacy and the Grand Army of the Republic together in reunion. It is remarkable to think this was conceived in 1886. It was about this time that Cleveland made the North raise its hands in protest when he suggested that some southern battle flags be returned. Stranger still, the reunion was a real union. The boys in blue and in grey met and swapped yarns and tobacco as they had when camped on the opposite sides of the Rappahanock.

After the Spanish-American war it again seemed advisable to hold a reunion of the blue and the grey. And the meeting was even more propitious. President McKinley and his cabinet attended, and the South sent its ablest orator. Evansville has filled her geographical mission in the work she has done in uniting the two sections of the country.

A romance, if it did not decide the site of Evansville, did decide its founder. Bewitching Molly Anthony drew Hugh McGarry out of the interior, where he had made a clearing in the wilderness, to a little flour mill on Pigeon creek, near the present site of Evansville. He was as keen in business as he was ardent in love. He bought the present site of the city in 1812. Later he associated with him General Robert Morgan Evans (an officer under William Henry Harrison, who had married a sister of Judge Trumble of the United States supreme court) and Jas. W. Jones.

Not only affection for Molly Anthony, but a keen sense of the fitness of things, induced McGarry to buy the site of the present Evansville. He saw the land was high—as it proved later above the highest floods; that the crescent in which it is shaped gave a large stretch of good wharfage; also that Pigeon creek, bounding it at one side, was a sufficient harbor for the craft of those days.

VIEW OF THE OHIO RIVER AT EVANSVILLE

One thing Hugh McGarry did not know of his new city. Unconsciously he had laid its foundations over a bed of coal. There are seven mines now in operation within the city limits, and a number constantly increasing within a radius of a few miles. While there have

been coal famines in nearly every city this winter, and while manufacturers have had to pay large increase of price for their fuel, the price of coal has not advanced from its exceptionally low rate either to manufacturers or private consumers in Evansville. Refuse wood from many saw-mills here can be had for the hauling, so that the comparatively small number of poor in this city are never bothered by the problem of fuel.

There are 482 manufactories in Evansville, so diverse that it would be tedious to enumerate them: — from a corncob pipe to a coffin, pretty nearly everything is made here. But the great industry is lumber and its products. This is the greatest hardwood lumber market in the world. Mr. William Nirelkeld, an expert on this subject, said in an interview:

"It is difficult to estimate the greatness and importance of Evanvsille as a hardwood lumber market — a producing market. It is not too much to say that Evansville ships more than 150,000,000 feet of hardwood annually, at a value of more than $5,000,000. It is exported via New Orleans, Mobile, Savannah, Pensacola, Newport News, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, and New York, to Argentina, Brazil, Sidney, Melbourne, Honolulu, Manila, Hong Kong, Havre, Hamburg, Frankfort, Berlin, London, Liverpool and Glasgow.

"Every kind and quality is made and handled, from ship timbers 30x30-80 feet long to dimension to furniture stock so small that it must be exported in barrels. Go down to the city wharf and take notes. There you see tow-boats pushing immense rafts to river mills that have a combined daily capacity of 500,000 feet. Whence come these boats? Well,

BUSINESS MEN'S ASSOCIATION BUILDING, EVANSVILLE

ten miles above the city is the mouth of Green River and beginning there you see the banks of that stream lined for ten miles on either side with rafts of choice white oak and poplar logs, so close together that you could walk the entire distance on logs. This is Evansville's log harbor in part only. If these rafts were put together, it would make one immense raft more than twenty miles long. Whence comes the rest? A thousand cars of logs are annually lifted from barges to cars and sent to railroad mills. And there a thousand cars of lumber are annually loaded from the Green, Cumberland, Tennessee and Ohio rivers and tributaries. Whence comes the rest? Well, from the territory along every one of Evans-

ville's nine railroads and their branches.

"More than 4,500 cars of logs are annually sawed by the mills that are not strictly river mills. Think for a minute that logs and lumber can be found and are continually being shipped to Evansville from points on the Ohio from Louisville to Cairo, and from points on the Mississippi from Vicksburg to Evansville, and from points on Green River from Mammoth Cave and Bowling Green to Evansville.

"The Evansville mills saw logs from Obion County, Tennessee, and from the Yazoo Delta in Mississippi.

"You can get anything in hardwood that you want in this great lumber center. You can have any size or thickness sawed. If you want thin quartered-oak or poplar, you can have it from one-fourth inch up to flitches any thickness. If you want walnut, it is here to exchange for your dollars. If you want bridge or ship-timbers, you can get them from the usual sizes up to 30x30-80 feet long.

"Do you want car oak in a hurry? Well, Evansville mills can saw and load twenty-five to fifty car-loads daily, and that is something that cannot be done out of oak in any other city in the world to-day.

"This city is headquarters for the agents of all the great car manufacturing companies, as well as for the agents from many northern and eastern cities and foreign countries. Do you want furniture dimension stock or box shooks? Well, Evansville has four mills that do nothing else, and most of her seventeen saw-mills have dimension plants attached.

"One concern alone handles, cuts up and ships more than 500 cars of hickory logs and lumber annually; another cuts 1,000,000 feet of beech logs into chair backs and seats; and still another cuts up a million feet of elm logs into hoops yearly.

"There are few mills anywhere that can equal Evansville's mills in the scientific manufacture of quartered oak, and none that surpass them. Here the manufacture of thin quartered oak and flitches is a specialty.

EVANSVILLE'S POSTOFFICE

"Speaking only of hardwood, and leaving out yellow pine and cottonwood, which are not considered strictly hardwoods, Evansville produces and handles one and one-fourth times as much as Memphis, one and one-half times as much as Nashville, and more than twice as much as the cities of Cincinnati, Louisville or St. Louis."

But enough of statistics, dry as statistics must always be. Let it be said that there has never been a bank failure in this city; that the large wholesale trade covering every line has a large territory in which there is no effective competition. Still, transportation facilities must be considered. Outside of the Ohio river and the great stream it empties into, which puts

Evansville in cheap communication with the commerce of the globe, it is a center of several large railway organizations. Trunk line railroads fetch and carry Evansville's commerce to every point of the compass. The whole south is covered by the Southern, L. & N. and Illinois Central systems, while the L. & N. and Southern carry Evansville products to St. Louis and the West, the E. & T. H., E. & I. and the Illinois Central to Chicago and the Northwest, with eastern connections, and the Southern and the L. H. & St. L. eastward.

When the Steel trust decided on the location of a plant employing 1,000 men, it took into consideration not only the physical advantages of the site, but also the school facilities offered. One-third, and probably more, of the revenues of Vanderburg county, in which Evansville is located, is spent on its school system. Major Rosencranz has given a large donation for a manual training school which will be increased by taxation, so that the city will have one of the best institutions of the kind in the world, not excepting Pittsburg's. By the generosity of Willard Carpenter, an early pioneer, a handsome library building has been erected. It has 30,000 volumes now and an endowment that meets all present needs.

The charities of the city must be touched on briefly. The Associated Charities have co-ordinated all, so that no needy person should want. The city has established a municipal lodging house, aiding all stranded workers to get places where they can be of economical advantage to the community.

When we speak of the large number of churches in the community, it recalls the fact that Evansville was an asylum for the oppressed more than fifty years ago. There was then a wave of immigration from Germany to the Ohio valley. In many cities the new-comers were oppressed for their religious beliefs. Evansville was an asylum for all such and it is now the fact that almost anyone can worship here with a congregation holding his own religious beliefs. This influx of persecuted religionists had an important bearing on the industries of the city. They have proved to be workmen of sterling worth who have in many cases risen to be employers. The close relationship of employe and employer has made the city practically free from labor disputes. A strike is so rare as to be a sensation in the newspapers when it appears.

THE VANDERBERG COUNTY COURT HOUSE

Two organizations have been formed to attract industries to the community—the Evansville Business Men's Association and the Evansville Manufacturers' Association. Both offer inducements to plants locating here.

Culture, as has been indicated, has always been held of higher regard than industrial progress, or rather, the two have gone hand in hand. Newspapers were early established in the community, but the only one to show a continuous line is the Courier, which was established under a different name in 1845 and is now the leading newspaper in the city.

From 1861, the beginning of the Civil war, Evansville grew rapidly in business. The population in 1840 was 2,121; in 1850, 5,015; in 1860, 11,481; in 1870, 21,830; in 1880, 29,200; in 1890, 50,756; and by the census of 1900, the population of the city proper was 59,007, not including the suburban towns and environs, which would make a population at this time of 65,000. The assessed value of property is $27,000,000.

Industries already assured show a growth of 4,000 in population and it is expected by the next census this unique city which can be claimed by either North or South will show a population of 100,000 more.

MAP OF EVANSVILLE, THE LETTER "C" SHOWING LOCATION OF COAL MINES WITHIN THE CITY LIMITS

ISABELLA A. POTTER HALL, LOOKING FROM THE STAGE

How Boston's Club Women Built Their Home

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

SERENE in the sunset majesty of a long and useful life, that has won the hearts of the American people, Julia Ward Howe looked upon a scene in the closing days of 1902 that spoke volumes for the achievement of the woman of today. The handsome "New Century" club-house in Boston was formally opened in the presence of a distinguished assembly, including Hon. John L. Bates, the governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. The building is a home and regular meeting place for scores of the leading woman's clubs in Boston, Massachusetts and New England. The club-house is not only a splendid evidence of what the women are equal to in grappling with the business problems of to-day, but marks an epoch in the woman's club

MRS. ISABELLA A. POTTER, WHO HAS JUST BEEN REELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE WOMAN'S CLUB HOUSE CORPORATION FOR THE SIXTH TIME

movement. It reveals the practical and wholesome spirit of the movement, and is a successful demonstration of the initiative and alert activities of the women of New England and the nation at large.

* * *

If the history of the movement and the details of the work in the erection of the "New Century" building in Boston could be written, it would not only reveal a triumph for the capacity of women to master the stern business problems of to-day, but would furnish the details of a romance as thrilling as any narrative in novels. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was the first president and the careful, conservative deliberations of those early days indicated the far-seeing and practical side of New England women. With not much more than the idea to begin upon, the work was turned over to the present president, Mrs. Isabella A. Potter, for the alert and aggressive action necessary to crystalize the idea into a fact and a result. The perplexing question of a site was canvassed until the committee became thoroughly conversant with those subtle conditions that combine to make a building investment profitable. Under the energetic leadership of Mrs. Potter, every phase of the situation, present and future, was studied with the shrewd calculation of up-to-date and wide-awake real estate operators.

* * *

In the very heart of the historic Beacon Hill business district of Boston, were found two desirable lots. One was soon to be sold at auction. In a heavy rain storm the property was bid in by a mysterious buyer, but it was noted there were several ladies present who were very much interested. The generous friend who assisted the Women's Club House Corporation to bid in the property at this most important time and secure "a bargain" was a man whose name will ever be revered by the club women of New England, Hon. Elijah S. Converse. The adjoining property was secured after a series of sharp-shooting negotiations and a start made towards the erection of a handsome building. Then troubles began—the city decided, after the foundations were all laid, to widen Beacon street. This compelled the ladies to stop work and made the building they had planned impossible.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE, THE FIRST PRESIDENT

Then came a series of annoying legal entanglements, which would have quite discouraged well-seasoned business men. Not so the ladies—under the aggressive and alert direction of the president every obstacle was surmounted. After securing the approved damages from the city for the land taken, the ladies began to look elsewhere for a site. Under the most discouraging conditions and after a most thorough canvass of the situation, the present site was selected in the very club center of Boston, even before the Beacon street property was sold. With supreme courage they went right on with their work and had the "New Century" building well under way towards completion, when a profitable sale of the Beacon street property was consummated.

* * *

To tell the story briefly and concisely, the Club House Corporation owns a property appraised at $275,000, with incumbrance of $112,000—and a dividend-earning property right from the start,

THE "NEW CENTURY" BUILDING, THE HOME OF THE WOMAN'S CLUB HOUSE CORPORATION

which insures the payment of all indebtedness upon the property. In fact this investment, if the same wise management is continued, has insured its own payments. This is certainly a handsome equity to show as the evolution of an idea, and speaks eloquently for the business sagacity and cool-headed judgment of New England women. Day after day the president and the faithful building committee stood by the guns and wrought victory out of what seemed certain defeat.

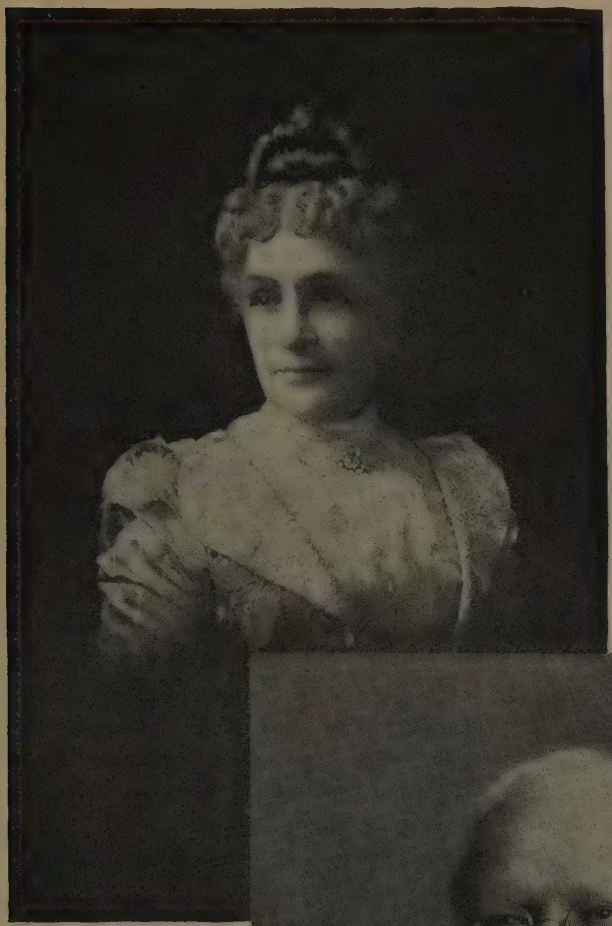
MRS. ABBA GOOLD WOOLSON: WHO INITIATED THE MOVEMENT FOR A WOMAN'S CLUB BUILDING IN BOSTON

As Mrs. Potter, who has been re-elected for a sixth time as president to serve until January, 1904, modestly put it in her annual report:

"In all previous meetings we have been obliged to tell you what we expected to do. Now you can see for yourselves what we have done. Your directors have been a faithful, able, earnest, harmonious body of workers. All important questions regarding the alterations of this property have been decided by them, after careful consideration and counsel. Their purpose has been two-fold. First, to so develop the property that clubs might be accommodated and find a congenial home here. Second, to make a good business investment, that every stock-holder may get four per cent on the money invested in the stock of this corporation. You are now in position, through the officers you elect, to do business with the public. If that business is to be profitable, it must be conducted wisely and economically. Bad management alone can make this investment a failure. The question now to be solved is: Will you be as fortunate in managing your business as you have been in overcoming apparently insurmountable obstacles and securing for

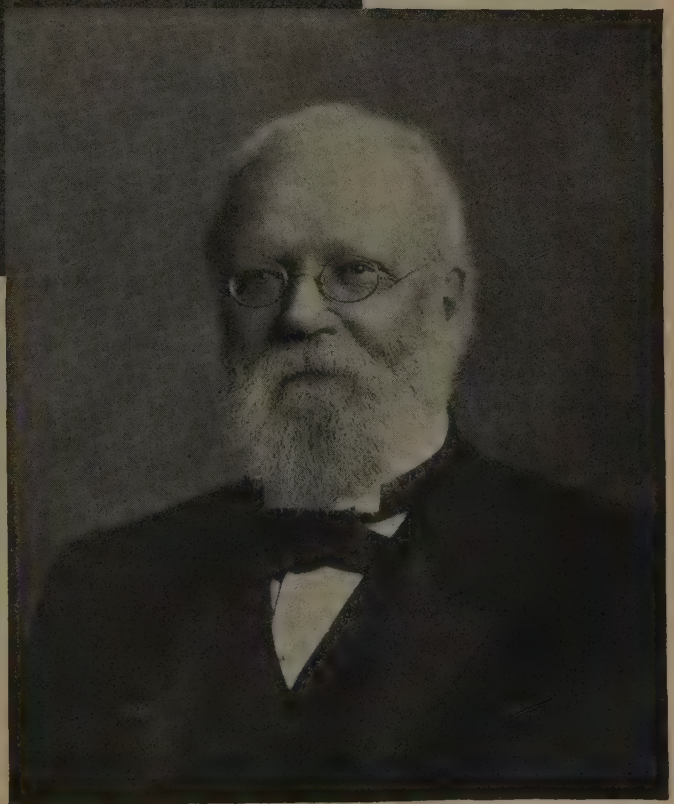
JULIA WARD HOWE HALL,—ABBA GOOLD WOOLSON HALL ON THE LEFT

ONE OF THE RECEPTION ROOMS



The halls, named after those prominent in the work—Howe hall, after Julia Ward Howe; Potter hall, after Mrs. Isabella A. Potter; Woolson hall after Mrs. Abba Goold Woolson and Sewall hall, after Mrs. J. Sewall Reed, are already the most popular rendezvous for club meetings of all kinds. This success carries its message of inspiration to women everywhere.

MR. AND MRS. ELISHA S. CONVERSE, WHO GAVE GENEROUS AID AND ENCOURAGEMENT IN FINANCING THE WOMAN'S CLUB HOUSE CORPORATION



yourselves this beautiful and valuable property. The experience you have passed through ought to fit you to be very considerate and watchful of the business interests of this corporation and be united and determined that nothing shall be allowed to blight the financial success of this undertaking."

A Type of Western Enterprise

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

IT was with a great deal of pleasure I met, while in Washington a few days ago, Mr. J. M. Hagerty, a friend of former days. Mr. Hagerty was a hustler, a city builder, while still a mere youth. He is now located in the new and great state of Washington, exerting, in a broader field, the powers which he first manifested in the early days of one of the best Lake Superior cities. He is a splendid type of the active, far-sighted, courageous young Americans who are taking their places as the captains of industry in the industrial organization of tomorrow,—the young men who are developing the latent resources of the wonderful western half of this continent.

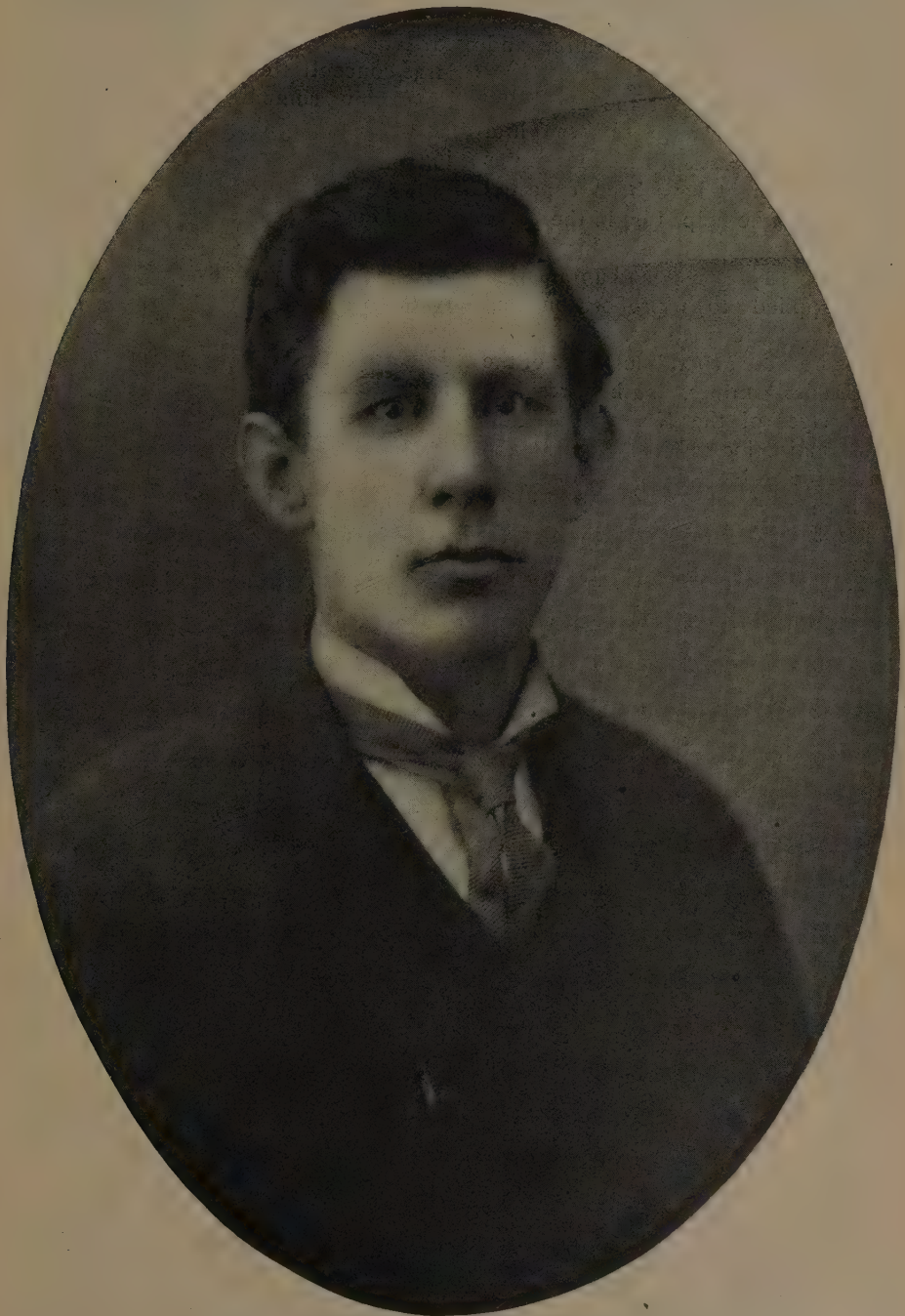
Here, one of these young men is laying the foundation for fortune and mastery in electricity; there, another is so shaping men and materials that he may serve the common good by directing and expanding an industry or a region that has perhaps been long waiting for just the spark of originality and the firm grip of conviction that he brings to it. Mr. Hagerty is engaged in developing the mineral resources of a region hitherto practically untouched by seekers after metals. It is one of the richest regions, in minerals, anywhere to be found within the United States. At present, and for years past, shut out from profitable development by reason of its remoteness from railroads; and by lack of capital even for the uncovering of its hidden riches.

Every such region owes its final development and enrichment to the brains and energy of some one man. He goes over the ground—perhaps on some mission not at all connected with the idea of mining development—but he has a good pair of eyes. He sees what probably other men have seen—that the minerals are there. But he sees more. He sees a way to get them out, and to make them profitable. First, he *makes sure* that the ore is really there in paying quantities. On this point he must be certain. Then he gets possession of sufficient property to base future operations upon. His market is assured in advance. His next step is to interest capital for the working of his prospects. Here is the severest test of his ability. Any one of a thousand average men may find metal: it takes the thousandth man to get the money to take out the metal profitably. The thousandth man is the man who knows he is on the right track, who refuses to be beaten by any obstacles whatever, and who has the business ability to convince other men of the value of his project.

Hagerty is exactly this kind of a man. His mines are located on the northern border of the state of Washington. He got possession of them in pretty nearly the manner indicated in the foregoing, and he is working out his plans in a style that insures him an ultimate success probably no less in magnitude than that which Clark, Daly, Heinze and other multi-millionaires have won in the Montana copper fields.

Mr. Hagerty is the successor in interest to the famous pioneer miner Okanagon Smith, and owns the first mines ever located in the state of Washington.

J. M. HAGERTY, A LEADER IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF NORTHERN WASHINGTON



Okanagon Smith died in 1893, after having held and developed these mines for over twenty years. After his death the estate got into litigation. Finally,

in 1896, Mr. Hagerty, who was well known to the widow of Mr. Smith, was called in to take charge of the mines and further develop them. The great success he has achieved over the multitude of difficulties that have opposed him does not in the least surprise me: it was exactly what might have been expected of the youth who helped build the Lake Superior city. It was the natural result of his matured judgment and unimpaired energy applied to a proposition that needed just these qualities.

He is now the general manager of the "Six Eagles" mines, is the president and manager of the No. 1 mine, the very first mine located in the state; president of the Ruby Mining Company, a very high grade silver mine, and the president of the Simil Kameen Falls Power & Development Company, which last-named corporation owns and is developing the falls of that name. These falls have a 10,000 horse power capacity. As president of the mining companies, Mr. Hagerty is preparing to erect two large concentrating plants and a smelter this coming summer, when he will utilize the power of the falls for concentrating and smelting the ores from his mines. The utilization of this natural power for these and other purposes will enable the companies concerned to produce the metals—copper, silver, lead and gold, all of which the mines bear in combination—at a very low cost. Mr. Hagerty is engaged in several other enterprises, all closly allied and tending to one end,—the creation at the mines and the falls of a great mining and industrial city. With the advent of the new railroad now being built by J. J. Hill, the Hagerty properties will make their owners immensely rich, and add another to the picturesque and wealthy mining cities of the West.

The Prairie States

A newer garden of creation, no primal solitude,
Dense, joyous, modern, populous millions, cities and forms,
With iron interlaccd, composite, tied, many in one,
By all the world contributed—freedom's and law's and thrift's society,
The crown and teeming paradise, so far, of time's accumulations,
To justify the past.

Walt Whitman

The Torch

On my northwest coast in the midst of the night a fishermen's group stands watching,
Out on the lake that expands before them, others are spearing the salmon,
The canoe, a dim shadowy thing, moves across the black water,
Bearing a torch ablaze at the prow.

Walt Whitman

PERHAPS the most perplexing question that has come before the National's cabinet has been the problem of covers. And in no other one thing has the National, in common with other magazines, made greater failures. It is even more complex than the selection of a dress—or a Christmas present. It is so important a factor in the success of the magazine on the news-stands and in increasing and renewing subscriptions—which is after all the final test of our usefulness. And yet, as tastes vary and opinions differ, the covers are perhaps only partially to be regarded either as successes or failures.

* * *

Regular readers of the National will agree, I think, that we have had some good covers, which were not only pleasing and artistic, but which above all carried a subtle strong purpose—an index of the magazine; but our good friends will insist that we have never had a cover that fully reflected the real merit and interest of the contents. This is very kind and considerate: and now I wish to ask the readers of the National what they think of adopting a permanent cover, and, if they like the plan, to give us their ideas as to what that cover should be. Eventually we hope to get over the cover difficulties, with your help. Each magazine is more or less known by its cover. The National has had its own as well, but we have so much to comprehend in that name and purpose that we have never felt quite satisfied.

* * *

Pending this permanent cover—I felt that we should pay a tribute to a class so often overlooked. All the magazines have to a large extent depended upon the face and form of beautiful women and girls in cover designs. This has been the center of the solar system of art—since art was known. But in these days, when the home idea is more than ever paramount, it was thought that the boys should have a chance. It is these boys who are the men of to-morrow, and I confess always having had a weakness for boys. I love to live over the moods and feelings of a boy and hope that I may always have the fresh, buoyant spirit of a boy.

* * *

Not long ago I paid a visit to my old home, which I had left—well, years ago. The people all seemed strangers at first—and I thought of how the population must have increased in a decade. But stop, there was a merry twinkle of recognition in some of the faces of the young men; the bright young ladies, sweeping along with dainty skirts and that charming poise characteristic of the American girl, embarrassed me with a nod. Then I thought—am I so much a stranger?—am I growing so old?—and all at once it dawned upon me, as a group of young men and women came toward me—God

bless 'em!—there were the boys and girls of a few years ago. Such a greeting was worth more to me than all else —those boys and girls I had loved in days gone by, in the schools—in the Sunday schools—as carrier boys—as the bright ones who were always so appreciative and lovable.

* * *

Well, we just had a good time. Meeting kings, presidents, diplomats, senators, millionaires, was nothing compared to meeting the dear young friends. You men can think back, and will recall how—from twelve to twenty—older people seemed to little understand you as a boy. The average boy is older than he seems—the impressions of these years often cast the die for a life work. It is the mold that determines the stature of the man. The fundamental thing, it always seemed to me, was to have the right sort of an inspiration, associations and ideals. That does not mean necessarily the "goody-goody," "cissy" boys—for boys must be boys. The thing is to appeal to their self-reliance, their manhood and most important of all their respect and chivalry towards mothers, sisters and womankind generally, and to realize that industry, temperance, perseverance and gratitude are just old-fashioned but always vital and essential virtues. The impulse given them—the subtle purposes hidden in the boys of America to-day will make the history of the nation to-morrow.

* * *

Seated beside a fireplace, or the glow of the cheery evening at home with a good book,—there is where your man is nurtured. It is inspiring to know how many good books are read by the boys of to-day. For myself—Thackeray, Gibbons, Dickens, yes, even E. P. Roe—all came in early years; and when I had a volume of the North American Review bound, I felt that I possessed a complete foundation for a library of all the live literature of the times. There were articles in these magazines by Henry Ward Beecher, and I had to use the dictionary on some of the words; but never can I forget the inspiration of the great divine in those last years of his life.

* * *

So, boys, this cover is dedicated to you by the National. We feel that as we are building for the great future, with prospects fixed for being of some good and vital consequence in the affairs of life, we must have the hearts of the American boys and girls. If you think the National shoots over your heads, let us hear from you. Let us know what you think of the National, and when you want to earn a little money—go to your friends and have them subscribe for the National. If you are sincerely interested and enthusiastic, you will not always be refused; and remember what President McKinley once told me:

"A good many good things are lost by not asking for them."

This means going right out in the world with your head up, your conscience clear and asking for things—and keep right on asking. Is that not the American way?

If any boy who reads these lines will realize that he has a friend in The National; if we can get right at the heart and home affections of our readers — we will vote the February cover dedicated to the boys a success. If we can impress the boys with even the slightest impulse to do the best there is in them — even if the National is not directly concerned —it will be much more to us than we can compute on sales or subscriptions.

For the next month I am going to devote some time every day to letters from the boys. Do not be timid about writing. Realize that The National is a periodical that covets a place in the warmth of the fireplace—the base-burner or the cook-stove— always in the home.

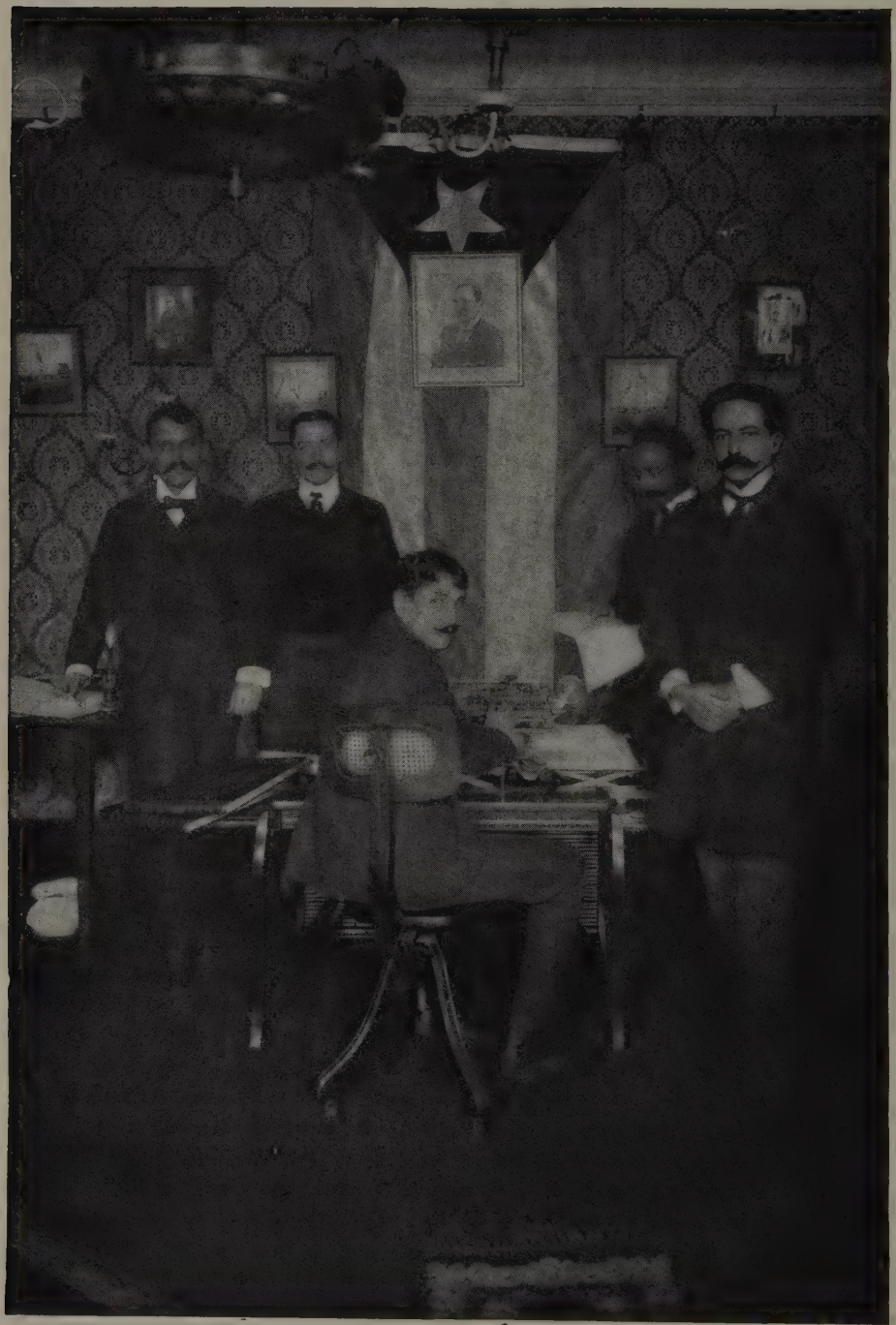
JAPANESE DOLL, ONE OF SEVEN PRESENTED TO MRS. ROOSEVELT BY THE MINISTER FROM JAPAN

These dolls occupy an exquisite empire cabinet in the Red room of the White House.

MINISTER QUESADA AND HIS AIDES IN THE LEGATION OF CUBA AT WASHINGTON

This view of the interior of the Cuban legation, located at 1006 Sixteenth Street, shows that the youngest of all the nations is represented in this country by young men. Age at the helm is, however, indicated by the portrait of President Palma hanging on the rear wall of the room, against a background of the Cuban flag. The members of the legation are: Senor Don Gonzalo de Quesada, envoy: Senor Don Antonio Martin Rivero, first secretary, and Senor Don Maria Carrillo de Albornez, second secretary.

Photograph by the Illustrated Press Association



NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XVII. MARCH, 1903. No. 6

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

NOT the most important, perhaps, but certainly the most picturesque feature of the present session is the statehood fight. Arizona, with nearly 200,000 population, New Mexico, with over 350,000, and Oklahoma, with more than a half million citizens, are asking to be admitted to the sisterhood of states. Our fellow Americans in these territories feel, not unnaturally, that they are just as good as we who live in the states; and have just as much right as we to help elect presidents and have a voice and a vote in congress. Each of the territories has more than the number of inhabitants fixed by law as the minimum required for admission to the Union. Each sees plainly many ways in which she would be a gainer, materially and otherwise, by admission, and doubtless if the question could be submitted to a popular vote of the whole country there would be a large majority cast in favor of taking them in. As is usual, when territories ask to be admitted, political chieftains favor or oppose, according as party interests promise to be served or endangered. There appears to be a general belief that New Mexico

THE WASHINGTON POST CARTOONIST'S VIEW OF THE STATEHOOD FIGHT

HERBERT WOLCOTT BOWEN, MINISTER OF THE UNITED STATES TO VENEZUELA

He was born in Brooklyn in 1856, and was practicing law there when appointed consul, 1890, at Barcelona. In 1895 he was made consul general to Spain. Later he became United States minister to Persia, and was again transferred to Venezuela, a difficult post for which he had proven his fitness by his splendid behavior during the last trying days of his service in Spain.

and Arizona would send democratic senators and congressmen to Washington, and democratic electors to the electoral college in 1904; and this probably explains why certain republican senators, keen partisans, are trying to keep them out. Oklahoma, on the other hand, is regarded as good fighting ground: either party might win there, with the advantage in favor of the party that should help the territory into the Union.

Heretofore, since Livingstone and Jefferson, good democrats, bought the Louisiana territory from France, it has usually been the whigs and republicans that favored expansion. For example, the acquisition of Porto Rico and the Philippines, hotly opposed by the democrats, and back of that the purchase of Alaska, and the admission of Nevada and Colorado, for political reasons primarily. It seems a bit odd, therefore, to find that in this battle for the adding of three stars to the flag, the republican leaders are mostly ranged in opposition. The campaign for the territories is managed by Senator Quay of Pennsylvania. He says he has a majority of the senate pledged to pass the statehood bills when he can get the matter before the chamber for a vote. Senator Beveridge of Indiana is most conspicuous in the opposition. Behind Quay are the democratic minority and a number of republicans who think it would be good politics in the long run to get for their party the credit of adding new states to the Union.

It is too early at this writing to predict the outcome of the contest. By way of a compromise, it has been suggested that New Mexico and Arizona might be admitted as one state, and Oklahoma and Indian Territory as another; but this does not satisfy the people or the politicians of any of the territories. Either Arizona or New Mexico is larger than New York state and all of New England together, and Oklahoma is larger than Ohio. In time to

come, all will undoubtedly contain enormous populations, for each, with advanced methods of agriculture and the development of its mineral and other resources, will be capable of sustaining millions in comfort.

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Quite the most impressive figure at the capital during the month is Mr. Herbert Bowen, American minister to Venezuela, and temporarily acting as the representative of that republic in the settlement of the claims of Germany, Great Britain and other European powers. Mr. Bowen has given the old-world diplomats a fine exhibition of quick thinking and hard hitting. He has punctured their pretenses and exposed their double dealing—even with each other—and by the exercise of simple hard sense has brought their dangerous bullying of the Venezuelans to an end. Whatever was the hidden motive for the European attack upon Venezuela, it has been abandoned, for the present at least. It has served one good purpose, if no other, and that is to quicken the determination of the wisest leaders of both parties to create a really powerful American navy.

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HOW many readers could tell off-hand the number of national capitals this country's congress has sat in, and give the names? Not many, probably. Well, there have been nine of them—Washington, D. C., Baltimore and Annapolis in Maryland, Trenton and Princeton in New Jersey, Philadelphia, Lancaster and York in Pennsylvania and New York City. The first session of the Continental congress was held in Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia, September 5, 1774. Thereafter the American congress was for a long time something like the Philippine congress while the latter was dodging American troops—and for much the same reason. Fearing to remain in Philadelphia after the defeat on Long Island, congress went to Baltimore, and

BARON SPECK VON STERNBERG, LATELY ACCREDITED MINISTER FROM GERMANY, SUCCEEDING AMBASSADOR VON HOLLEBEN

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voted George Washington dictatorial power for six months. Congress returned to Philadelphia two months later, February 27, 1777. Lancaster and York got their sessions after the defeat at Brandywine, congress again retreating. Nine months the law-makers remained in York; news of Burgoyne's surrender was received there. Then six months in New York and another term in Philadelphia. Menaced by unpaid troops, congress went over to New Jersey. Sessions were held in Princeton college library. Annapolis next, where General Washington resigned his commission. Trenton had a trial then, with Henry Lee as President. Here Lafayette took leave of his American allies.

THE most powerful gun in the world was tried January 17 at the government proving grounds. The test was successful. Wind-blown and sand-blown Sandy Hook gave a rousing reception on that day of days to all in-coming craft, using the largest amount of powder ever exploded in a single charge, a charge that shook the old fort savagely. There were nearly one hundred guests present who stood tiptoe and with fingers in ears to hear the shot that it was said would be heard around the world. Colonel J. P. Farley, commander of Watervliet arsenal, pushed the button that set the mighty engine of destruction to work. There was a flash of light—a sharp, quick, decisive sound—and the 2,400-pound projectile was hurled to sea by a charge of 550 pounds of smokeless powder, giving it a velocity of 2,003 feet per second. The pressure upon the first test was 25,000 pounds to the square inch. The shot richocheted three times on the sea and sent up great columns of spume.

The full charge of 640 pounds of powder was used in the second and third shots and the velocity of the second shot was six feet more than calculated. The pressure was 38,000 pounds to the square inch. The elevation of the gun's muzzle for the first and second shots was one and one-half degrees and the ranges were 3,000 and 3,500 yards. For the final test, the muzzle was elevated to four and one-half degrees, giving a range of 7,000 yards. The charge was 640 pounds and the pressure 38,500 pounds to the square inch.

The cost of each firing, including the projectile, is $825. The construction of the big gun has cost the government $250,000, although not all of this sum

INSERTING THE PROJECTILE From a photograph by O'Neil & Langley

has been expended in the material and labor used on the big rifle alone. Much of it was used in constructing machinery upon which the gun was built. General Crozier, chief of ordnance, says that duplicates of this big weapon can be constructed at $100,000 each. Its range at its highest elevation is nearly twenty-one miles, but its best service will be its use in hitting objects at four or five miles; objects further away cannot be seen. To attain the longest range, the projectile at the highest point of the parabola which it describes during flight, will ascend five miles. It took four years to build the gun and the carriage which has been especially designed for its use by General Buffington (retired) is now in course of construction. It will probably be finished in two years. The gun without its carriage weighs 130 tons; gun and carriage complete will weigh 150 tons. Mounted at Sandy Hook, a shot from it can reach all Manhattan Island as far north as Central Park and as far west as Caldwell, New Jersey. Stood on its breech beside a three-story building, enough of its barrel would project above the roof for a chimney. Its bore is large enough to hold a full-grown man. Its length is forty-nine feet and six inches; the diameter of the breech is six feet and two inches, the bore sixteen inches and the theoretical range 20.76 miles. The projectile for the gun is five feet and four inches long and weighs 2,400 pounds.

FIRING THE GUN BY ELECTRICITY From a photograph by O'Neil & Langley

This great sixteen-inch rifle is the first of a series of similar gigantic weapons which will be made for the sea-coast defenses of the United States. The Endicott board a few years ago concluded that eighteen of these enormous rifles should be made for the protection of

SENATOR THOMAS KEARNS OF UTAH, MINER AND MILLIONAIRE

Canadian born and forty-one years old. Removed to Nebraska with his family in 1872. Worked on his father's farm until his fourteenth year, when he took up the business of freighting. At twenty-one he went to Utah, got work in a mine, took chances, worked hard and became a mine owner. He entered the United States senate in 1891.

New York; that ten sixteen-inch guns should be mounted at San Francisco, eight at Boston and four at Hampton Roads; but it is doubtful if this policy will prevail, and this most powerful piece of ordnance as yet manufactured will probably be the only one of its kind.

There have been guns of larger caliber made in other countries, but comparison of statistics shows the decided superiority of the American rifle over all of these. The largest caliber gun made was an Italian gun which had a caliber of seventeen and three-quarters inches; France had a gun of sixteen and a half-inch caliber and England a gun of sixteen and a quarter-inch caliber. But these were failures because of faulty construction. The American sixteen-inch gun is the most modern, accurate and deadly piece of ordnance in existence and will be able to defy the hostile approach of any ship in the world that may seek to enter New York channel. One shot across the harbor, where the ranges are accurately known, would have every chance on the belt armor and would probably sink the greatest battleship afloat. Our new gun will have an energy of 64,084 foot tons. At the muzzle, the shell will be capable of penetrating thirty-nine inches of steel.

The forgings for our big rifle are of nickel steel and were made by the Bethlehem Iron Company. The master mechanic, Carl Alfred Christiansen, who had constant supervision of the construction of the gun, died on the evening before his great pet had demonstrated its accuracy. Colonel J. P. Farley, Major Birnie and Major Smith have spent four years designing and supervising the construction of the giant cannon—and its successful test has more than realized the expectations of those who first proposed its construction. General Crozier was very much gratified with the trials. He said:

"There is no evidence of weakness in

the mechanism of the gun, no evidence in disturbance, and with the large charge of powder it behaved excellently."

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BLOOD will tell. In one of his first decisions on the federal supreme court, Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes entertains and enlightens us with a bit of keen and thoughtful writing that combines in a paragraph the qualities of law, art and literary criticism. The case was sufficiently ordinary, it is the decision that merits attention. Some one had violated a circus poster copyright, and in defense had argued that circus posters were not subject to copyright, etc. Justice Holmes, having quoted Ruskin on the value of lithographs, proceeded:

"The Constitution does not limit the useful to that which satisfies immediate bodily needs. Even if the pictures had been drawn from life that fact would not deprive them of protection. The opposite proposition would mean that a portrait by Velasquez or Whistler was common property because others might try their hand on the same face. Others are free to copy the original; they are not free to copy the copy. The copy is the personal reaction of an individual upon nature. Personality always contains something unique. It expresses its singularity even in handwriting, and a very modest grade of art is something irreducible, which is one man's alone. That something he may copyright unless there is a restriction in the words of the act. If there is a restriction it is not to be found in the limited pretensions of these particular works. The least pretentious picture has more originality in it than directories and the like, which may be copyrighted. A picture is none the less a picture and none the less a subject of copyright that it is used for advertisement. And if pictures may be used to advertise soap or the theater or monthly magazines, as they are, they

SENATOR HENRY M. TELLER OF COLORADO

Mr. Teller has just been reelected after a hot contest with former Senator E. O. Oolcott. Senator Teller is a native of New York State, and reached Colorado in two moves. From 1858 to 1861 he practiced law in Illinois. He held no office until elected senator from Colorado in 1876. He resigned to enter Arthur's cabinet and returned to the senate in 1885. He was first elected a republican, but left his party when it dropped silver, and was last reelected by the democrats and silver republicans.

may be used to advertise a circus. Of course the ballet is as legitimate a subject of illustration as any other. A rule cannot be laid down that would excommunicate the paintings of Degas.''

The foregoing suggests, what one is not likely to take into consideration until he is called upon to pay a big legal fee and begins wondering what he paid it for, i. e., that law is not all of a good lawyer's intellectual equipment. He must know, or know how quickly to learn, the essentials of science, invention, art, letters, religion and pretty nearly everything else; and he must, above all else, know human nature. He must possess a logical faculty that will lead him unerringly through the wilderness of conflicting claims straight to the cabin the clearing. Our United States supreme court has erred, and corrected its errors, after being convicted by the moral sense of the whole people, as in the case of the Dred Scott decision; but, taken all in all, it has preserved an average of intellectual ability and integrity that offered an admirable standard for American youths to pattern after in the shaping of their own characters. I is not, nor is any other small, though select, body of men, as likely as the whole body of the people are, to get the right of every great moral issue; yet it has always been and is an institution of which Americans have very good reason to be proud—a fact of which we are pleasantly reminded by this minor decision of Justice Holmes.'

MISS PANSY BLOOMER AND HER FAVORITE HORSE

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IF you seek the reasons for the profound personal popularity of President Roosevelt, you have not far to go, in any direction. They are many and easily to be seen. But if you wish to determine which social group has just a little the warmest feeling toward the president, and which feels just a shade more of proprietorship in him than any other can, why, you will have to turn to the fighing men. Polite society likes suave men. Scholars prefer the company of scholars. Politicians flock together, and tolerate, if they do not greatly love, their kind. The president has much in common with all these types; but preeminently he is of the Berserker breed—a fighting

MRS. H. C. CHATFIELD-CHATFIELD TAYLOR

man; and this fact commends him to the soldiers with very especial urgency. Something of this feeling was apparent the other night at the banquet of the department of the Potomac, G. A. R. It ran through the brief addresses of all the speakers, and found fullest expression in the remarks of Senator-elect Hopkins of Illinois. "Our present chief executive," he said, "was born in the lap of luxury, reared in the best society and educated at Harvard." If this were all the speaker had said, it would have sounded a good deal like an indictment uttered against an opponent—in a political sense. But Senator Hopkins had more to say. "His life," he added, "has not been the struggle with poverty which has made so many of our public men. Brought up under these conditions, it is remarkable that he rose above mediocrity; and he deserves more credit for rising above conditions which might have prevented his development. Honest, fearless, patriotic, every sentiment of his noble soul has been for the advancement and glory of this republic. Born East, he went West, and wrote *Winning the West*, which showed that he breathed the atmosphere of the men who made the republic great. With his remarkable preparation he could not fall short of the requirements of his office. He saw the responsibilities of this government and its possibilities in case of war. It was he, who as assistant secretary of the navy, insisted on having the navy prepared for conflict. His statesmanship and foresight made Admiral Dewey's victory possible. He made it possible for Americans to achieve victory in Cuba, for Sampson and Schley to win their victory. He is the friend of the Grand Army of the Republic. One of his first executive orders was that the veterans of the civil war should be given preference in the selection of men to fill vacancies in all departments of the government."

This banquet was notable also for an utterance by General Stewart, national commander in chief of the Grand Army. General Stewart touched on what he termed the "shrinking" of national gratitude in these later days, saying:

"Sometimes thoughtless people re-

mark that the soldier has had about all the glory that is due him. Place in one side of the scales of justice all the broken hearts and ruined homes that resulted from the war, place there a purified flag and a rescued nation; place in the other pan the pension list of this republic, the homes for veterans established at public cost, the preferment that ex-soldiers have at the hands of the government—also the national gratitude, which sometimes seems to be shrinking. Will the scales then balance? No and they never can be made to balance."

Politicians may think to make capital by sneering at the federal pension lists, and parties even may hope to win votes by opposing desired extensions of Uncle Sam's honor roll, but there never has been and never will be a day when the multitude of the plain people of this country will fail in their sacred obligation to the men who fight the country's battles, whether at home or abroad.

ED. ROOT, SON OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR

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EVERYBODY seemed to think the permanent removal of the duty on hard coal, and the year's remission of duties on soft coal was more of an expression of congressional sympathy with the people than a practical help in the coal famine. But it appears that repeal makes quite a large saving in certain sections. For example, the Great Northern railroad saves $4,000 a day, and other coal consumers in the great northwest ought to be sharing in this benefit. As a matter of fact, the Rocky mountain country has never been thoroughly prospected for coal. It is reasonable to believe that the country's largest range contains deposits of fuel, since the lesser mountain system has yielded such enormous supplies of it. One of these days, likely enough, the Great Northern will be taking anthracite out of the Rockies, instead of taking it into them. And that will be a great day for what Grant Jones, of the Dillon, Wyoming, Double jack, calls the "uninhabited states" of the mighty northwest.

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AT last the American people are to set up a suitable memorial to Thomas Jefferson in the national capital. The Thomas Jefferson Memorial association has been formed, with Admiral Dewey

STATE DINING ROOM, IN THE REMODELED WHITE HOUSE

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at its head, and a call for funds has been addressed to the country. In this call it is stated that,

"The Thomas Jefferson Memorial association has been organized to take up the long-neglected duty of erecting a fitting memorial to the memory of the man who wrote the Declaration of Independence.

"We have here beautiful and costly tributes to the memory of American soldiers, sailors, statesmen, physicians, inventors, and philanthropists; and the soldiers and sailors of France are honored; but there is not one tablet to the memory of that great American, Thomas Jefferson.

"We ask the people to contribute, according to their ability, to this memorial. Congress will not be asked for money, as we rely solely upon the people, the young and the old, the children and their parents, for the success of the movement.

"The character and cost of the proposed memorial cannot now be stated, but it will be appropriate to the greatness of the man and the importance of the document from which his name is inseparable. Rigid economy will be observed in the expenses of carrying on the work.

"Every contributor will receive a certificate acknowledging his subscription and carrying with it membership in the association. In time to come these certificates will be 'badges of honor.'

"Contributions, checks, money orders, or drafts should be made payable to the order of the treasurer of the association, Mr. Jesse B. Wilson, president of the Lincoln National Bank.

"The people will be kept informed of all important actions of the association.

Communications addressed to the secretary, Mr. W. S. McKean, will receive prompt and respectful attention."

At first thought it seems odd that this people has allowed more than a century to pass without thus publicly honoring the citizen who wrote the declaration of its liberties. But the past century has been a very busy one in this country. In Jefferson's own time we had the name and form of a republic, without very much substance or strength behind it. There was an enormous amount of filling in to do, and it took time. A people engaged in conquering and populating a vast wilderness has scant time for erecting monuments. This part of the program is always left to the era of achieved wealth and power. Doubtless the twentieth century will be notable in our history for, among other things, the number and beauty of the public monuments unveiled in Washington. The city will surely, as time passes, become more and more the national pantheon, ornamented with bronze and silver and stone effigies of our national heroes. To be sure, Chicago one time cherished the hope that she might become the capital of the nation, because of her commanding central location, and St. Louis is said to entertain similar expectations on her own account. But it will be some time longer, probably, before the necessity to remove the capital inland will arise, and in the meantime Washington will continue to grow richer in all that expresses the patriotic and esthetic side of the national character.

GREEN ROOM IN THE REMODELED WHITE HOUSE Photograph copyrighted by Clinedinst

Jefferson's fame in the far distant future will doubtless rest more upon his authorship of the Declaration than upon anything he did or said during his two presidential terms.

He is the author of one of the four classic writings done by American statesmen. The others are Ben Franklin's *Autobiography*, Lincoln's *Gettysburg Address*, Webster's *Reply to Hayne* and John Hay's *Little Breeches*. An odd grouping? Possibly, but let it stand. If one could draw upon the writings of Americans who have held minor federal posts, the list would of course be materially extended; but, confining the test to those only who have risen to the rank of Statesman, and taking not the academic but the popular view, the list seems to be unimpeachable. Just what quality in each of these writings makes it ever new and vital might not be easy to indicate. Perhaps it is that each was drawn from the deeps of human nature, and so makes universal appeal to all men in all times and lands alike. And if you are in a humorous mood, you may laugh again when I suggest that the first of the four writings to disappear from the list will be Webster's great speceh. No boy can consider his education in Americanism complete until he has read the *Autobiography*. The *Gettysburg Address* is as enduring as the best of holy writ. The *Reply to Hayne*, because it bore upon a question now settled forever, will soonest fade from general remembrance, in spite of its value as an oration.

RED ROOM IN THE REMODELED WHITE HOUSE Photograph copyrighted by Clinedinst

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SENATE and house continue to thresh out bills designed to regulate and control the trusts. Nothing final has yet been achieved—no new law placed on the statute books. There has been not a little confusion in the public mind concerning the aims of the administration in respect to this subject. In order to make its wishes clear, and perhaps also to enlist the powerful influence of

public opinion in favor of its plans, the administration has given out a brief statement of its attitude toward the general question, and toward each of the more important bills under consideration in congress. This official statement, which was addressed rather to the general public than to congress, is appended:

"The situation is about as follows: After the attorney general had given the judiciary committees of the senate and house the information for which they asked, at the request of the chairman of the house judiciary committee, he put certain of his suggestions into the form of two bills which are now known as the Knox bills. One of these bills forbids the giving or taking of railroad rebates or the departing from published rates by a carrier through any device whatever, and clothes the courts with civil and criminal jurisdiction over the subject both to restrain such practices and to punish them. The other bill provides for publicity by empowering a special commission to require reports from corporations engaged in interstate commerce, to investigate their organization and business methods, and to compel testimony. At the time these bills were drafted it was not certain that the department of commerce would be provided for at this session. The bill to create a department of commerce has now passed both houses and is in conference, and what is known as the Nelson amendment to that bill provides for a bureau of corporations in that department, with a comissioner in charge, upon whom it is proposed to confer substantially the same power of investigation and inquiry to secure publicity which the Knox bill imposes upon the special commission, and which the present Interstate Commerce Commission already exercises relative to railroads.

SENORA DONA ELISA TARRAIN DE WALKER-MARTINEZ, THE WIFE OF THE MINISTER FROM CHILE

"While, therefore, the administration thinks that in reference to the particular steps to be taken, as well as to the language used, the Knox bills are preferable to other pending measures, nevertheless the Nelson amendment is accepted as satisfactorily carrying out the purpose of securing information and providing an agency to this end.

"The Elkins bill in the senate and certain sections of the Littlefield bill in the house are directed against the offering or accepting of rebates substantially upon the lines suggested by Mr. Knox in the first section of his bill and cover the ground on that point.

"The third measure suggested by the attorney general is the bill to expedite the hearing and determination of cases under the Sherman law. There are now

pending in the courts the Northern Securities case, the beef trust case and the railroad injunction suits. The decision of these cases will have an important bearing upon the government program regarding the trusts, both under the existing law and as affecting new legislation. It is, therefore, of the utmost consequence that the pending cases should be heard and determined as promptly as possible. This bill is intended to enable the attorney general to secure the original hearing by a full bench of the circuit judges in suits brought by the United States under the anti-trust law, whenever the attorney general shall certify to the court that questions of great public importance are involved.

"The bill provides for an appeal directly to the supreme court of the United States in pending and future cases. Such direct appeal without an intermediate appeal to the circuit court of appeals exists now in a number of cases respecting jurisdiction or which involve constitutional or other important questions. Since the attorney general

MISS EVALYN L. WALSH, THE DAUGHTER OF HON. THOMAS F. WALSH, PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL IRRIGATION ASSOCIATION

would only invoke the act in cases of great public importance—and expedition is manifestly very desirable—and since hearing by a full bench of the circuit judges would give the particular case as full consideration as if heard by the circuit court of appeals, there can be no valid objection to this bill. Instead of pursuing the ordinary delays of a trial before one judge only and an appeal to an intermediate court of appeals and thence to the supreme court a speedy trial in cases of such importance to the entire country, before not less than three judges, with a direct appeal to the supreme court, is a public necessity.

"It is the belief of the administration that the features of pending legislation which are above indicated ought to pass and will pass at the current session of congress through the adoption of one or more of the pending meeasures."

In short, this means that the president wishes congress to give the executive officers of the government power to get at the inside of trust affairs in order to facilitate the prosecution of law-breakers. He wishes to do away with railway rate discrimination favoring trusts or other corporations, and in general to give free play to fair competition. These measures are not by any means so stringent as the Hoar trust bill discussed in another department of this magazine, but they do represent a real advance toward reasonable public control of the great combines. General opinion at the capital justifies the president in the belief that his program will be substantially carried out at this session; and his program, by the way, calls for the creation of a department of commerce additional to present cabinet departments. The bill creating this department has passed both houses, and is, at this writing, held up in joint

SENATOR DEPEW AND A GROUP OF HIS ARDENT ADMIRERS

conference committee. It is generally believed that soon after the bill receives the president's signature, he will appoint George B. Cortelyou to the secretaryship of the new department.

MRS. GEORGE B. CORTELYOU, THE WIFE OF THE SECRETARY TO THE PRESIDENT

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VIRGINIA will not set up a statue of General Robert E. Lee in Statuary Hall at the Capitol. It was proposed by those persons having the matter in charge to select the military leader of the Confederacy as one of Virginia's representatives in this truly national hall of fame. But the plan was so hotly condemned by the members of the Woman's Relief Corps and the Grand Army of the Republic that Virginia's committee has decided not to press the point, and will select another of her many heroic sons for the honor. Probably there is no other of the many famous men of the Old Dominion that has a place so close to the hearts of the people of that state as General Lee, and Virginians generally would have been glad to be permitted without protest to place his statue in the national Capitol. They do not, however, wish to appear to defy the sentiment of other sections, even though the state has an undoubted legal right to place the Lee statue in Statuary Hall if she so desires. The resolutions of the Woman's Relief Corps, department of the Potomac, were very bitter toward General Lee; those of the G .A. R. are more moderate in tone but no less firm in opposition to the placing of the statue. The W. R. C. resolutions recite that Lee served in the regular army of the United States thirty-three years, five times taking the oath of allegiance, then "premeditatedly and with malice aforethought left the Union and joined hands with those who had an oath registered in heaven to destroy the government and trail its flag in shame and dishonor." They say Lee's example was followed by over 200 young southern officers in the United States army, and they hold him heavily responsible for "four years of war's scourge, with a cost to the Union of $7,000,000,000 of money and which wrecked the lives of a million men, half of whom were dead before it closed." They further say that Lee never expressed any regret or sorrow for "his acts of desertion and treason."

They explain that "we bear no malice toward a single survivor of the men in rebellion. We have the tenderest charity for all. We will succor all those in need or distress. We will aid and care for their widows and dependent ones. We will care for the graves of their war dead, and bury those whom death claims every day. We will gladly pledge ourselves to educate their orphan children, as we educate those of our own brave heroes, and we will endeavor to inculcate those lessons of pariotism and devotion in country which will forever bar desertion of that country's flag."

But they insist in conclusion that "never while the stars shine in the firmament and the sun gives light by day, will we consent to have treason thus condoned, and disloyalty thus exalted."

General Lee is one of the very few Americans who need no monuments. His fame as a soldier of the highest genius is secure. History will do him ample justice as a strategist, a gentleman of the finest type in all the private and personal relations of life, as one of the best examples of that chivalry which from the beginning has been the proudest boast of the southern states. Already historians, notably Charles Francis Adams of Massachusetts, have conceded that the southern states had, under the letter of the federal constitution, a color of justification for their belief in their right to secede. Whether the impartial judgment of history will hold that this color of right extended to army and navy officers who had repeatedly taken the oath of allegiance to the United States, is an open question. As a problem merely of human nature, and human fallibility, few, probably, either North or South, would have expected General Lee or any other man, holding the views he did, to act otherwise than as he did.

CROWDS WATCHING THE DIPLOMATS ARRIVE AT THE HOME OF SECRETARY HAY

Personal Recollections of Lincoln and Statesmen of His Time

By COLONEL JAMES MATLOCK SCOVEL

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was the bright consummate flower of the civilization of the nineteenth century; and like Victoria, whose life was peerless, the perfume of his name will grow with the coming on of the twentieth century.

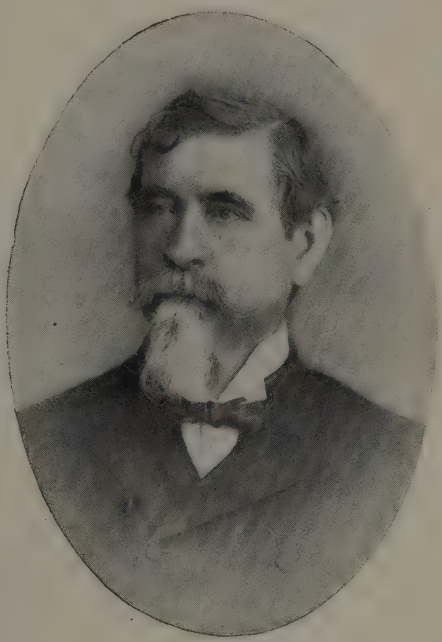
Queen Victoria was the most womanly of queens and the most queenly of women; and "of all the women in history she will ever stand as the most noble, the most gracious, and the best of the line."

When Mason and Slidell, Confederate ambassadors, were captured by an American man-of-war on the high seas, the danger of a conflict between America and England at once became imminent. Lord Palmerston was known to entertain sentiments not unfriendly to the Confederacy. But the many-sided, many-minded Lincoln did not wait on Lord Palmerston. The president, confiding in the good sense and the good faith of Queen Victoria, opened communication by mail with the queen of England. In her answer to his letter she stated that the peaceful condition then existing between America and England would remain unchanged.

It was on a Sunday morning, in the East room of the White House, I heard President Lincoln read Queen Victoria's first letter. William H. Seward, secretary of state, was present. The reading of that letter was the first intimation Mr. Seward received that President Lincoln had taken upon himself the management of the Mason and Slidell affair, and the joy of Secretary of State Seward was as great as that of the president when he found that England's queen in this, as in later letters, expressed herself strongly in favor of the *entente cordiale* being preserved between the two countries. So, when Queen Victoria died, the whole world mourned as it said, "*Finis coronat opus*" and the memory of her goodness and the sincerity of her affection for our land, when in danger, made

COLONEL JAMES MATLOCK SCOVEL OF CAPE MAY, N. J.

Colonel Scovel has written three papers for the National, dealing with Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Johnson and Thaddeus Stevens. He was an active participant in the events of the Civil war period as legislator, soldier and special commissioner of the president to England and France.



the people say, "Behold, how we loved her." * * * So great was the tension of feeling between the countries at that period—1863—that the mails were not always trusted by our government. Mr. Lincoln sent me abroad, in November, 1863, on a confidential mission to Minister Adams at London and to Minister William L. Dayton at Paris.

By a "sea-coal fire," late on a November night, Richard Cobden, one of the foremost statesmen of England, gave me, at his country house, his opinion of Abraham Lincoln *in haec verba:* "This century has produced no man like him. Napoleon said, 'The great heart makes the great soldier.' Mr. Lincoln has not only a great heart, but he has wonderful understanding. The moral philosophers tell us the intellect works best through the sensibilities. It is not strange that Queen Victoria thoroughly understands and highly esteems the president of the United States. Laboulaye must have had Lincoln in the eye of his mind when he said, 'Love of liberty is an insanity incurable in some statesmen.' Lincoln has risen from manual labor to the presidency of a great people, and to me he seems the one man God has raised up to give courage and enthusiasm to a people unused to the arts of war, fighting with dauntless patience and valor what seems to me a doubtful struggle in the greatest conflict of modern times. I like Mr. Lincoln's veneration for all that is true and good; his sense of justice is exalted, and while he never studied in the school of Machiavelli, he is capable of writing strong and monumental English. He has many of the characteristics that made William the Silent great, and like Azeglio, the Italian statesman, he rests his claim to statecraft on his wonderful good sense and his absolute good faith. His reason seems to rule despotically over his other mental faculties, and his conscience is controlled by his reason. It is Pascal who says, 'Sublimity is often encountered in daily life,' and I know nothing more sublime than the patience of your American president. He seems bent on making a republic what John Milton says it ought to be—a great stature of an honest man."

It was Charles Francis Adams, the American ambassador, to whom the queen said, in her most gracious manner, in 1862, "Mr. Adams, give yourself no concern; my government will not recognize the Confederacy." 'I asked this statesman his opinion of Mr. Adams; he replied, "Charles Francis Adams is a patriot, but is as cold as one of his own Massachusetts codfish, and when introduced to you he only touches the extreme tips of your fingers."

This is the same Mr. Adams who, after the death of Abraham Lincoln, delivered a lecture in Boston, to establish his opinion that for all the victories in diplomacy, President Lincoln was beholden to the cunning and culture of William H. Seward.

Not so.

President Lincoln was as superior to his secretary of state as Queen Victoria was to Lord Palmerston. Lincoln dead for his fidelity to liberty, Seward fell into the arms of President Andrew Johnson—"the poor white of the South," —and denied to the negro his right to bear a share in the government of the country, whose law he obeys, and whose bayonet in the hour of danger he bore. Seward was an optimist in nature and training—in graciousness not unlike Lord Palmerston himself; but Seward was always too noble to claim precedence over Lincoln. Their fond and faithful friendship to each other, to the sad end of the president's life, was, historically, a beautiful picture. To his secretary of state's knowledge of the world, and his power of reaching men,

sometimes by devious ways, Mr. Lincoln often yielded; but the masterful spirit of that "combine"—and the writer of this met them often together—was not the ex-governor of New York. Abraham Lincoln was always master and William H. Seward the complement of the master. How they loved each other! Sunday morning, at the White House, was the favorite place of meeting. The president was never arrogant; he was a natural born McGregor, and he took the head of the table. But the president of the United States was also a great politician.

Let me here relate how Mr. Lincoln first startled Washington in the first year of his administration. General Edward D. Baker was a senator from California. He was as eloquent as Boussset or Fenelon. He had the conscience of the fight in him, and he was the only senator in Congress who, sword in hand, fell in battle with his face to the foe. When Ball's Bluff had been reached, under the unfortunate orders of General Stone, in the deadly rain of the Confederate artillery, the boys, who loved their general, said:

"General Baker, lie down."

He bowed, but said:

"Soldiers, a general cannot lie down in the face of the enemy."

A rifle ball through the forehead, as he spoke, ended a noble life.

But when Senator Baker first took his seat in the senate, and while he lived, he had unbounded power and influence with Lincoln. He even named many of the office holders in Oregon and Nevada, for the senator had practiced law in both states. A delegation from Nevada called at the White House, with written charges against Baker, affecting his moral character, and protesting against his influence with the president regarding official patronage on the Pacific slope.

Together in Sangamon county had "Ed" Baker and "Abe" Lincoln toiled through the sparsely settled country, through doubt and danger, and hunger and cold, till both became eminent lawyers in the early history of Illinois. The president, with unusual sternness in his face, read the protest against Senator Baker. There were a dozen prominent men from the Wild West, who felt sure they had spiked Senator Baker's gun. Mr. Lincoln rose to his full height, tore the protest to shreds, cast the fragments in the fire, and as he bowed the protestants out of the East room of the White House, he said:

"Gentlemen, I know Senator Baker. We were boys together in Illinois. I believe in him. And you have taken the wrong course to make yourself influential with this administration at Senator Baker's expense!"

The intelligence of this stubborn devotion to his old friend and companion in arms spread over Washington like wildfire, and neither before nor after that day did anybody ever try to climb into high place with Lincoln by pulling somebody down—when the president's friendship was enlisted. In four years' close acquaintance I never heard him speak ill of man or woman.

It was apropos of this incident that Mr. Lincoln said to Henry Wilson of Massachusetts:

"If ever this free people, if ever this government itself shall become utterly demoralized, it will come from this human wriggle and struggle for office, a way to live without work;" adding, with charming frankness and inimitable naivette, "from which 'complaint' I am not free myself."

The wit of the president is illustrated in a story Orville H. Browning, a great Illinois lawyer, told of him. A gentleman driving along the Springfield road was accosted by Mr. Lincoln, who said:

"Will you have the goodness to take my overcoat to town for me?"

"With pleasure," replied the stranger, "but how will you get it again?"

"O, very readily," said Mr. Lincoln, "as I intend to remain in it."

The campaign in which Governor A. G. Curtin was for a second time made governor of Pennsylvania, was a crucial period, full of deepest anxiety to the president. Desiring to show his appreciation of the unselfish devotion of a young lawyer, who took prominent part in that political struggle, Mr. Lincoln sent for him, and said:

"You have the right idea of patriotism —it is a duty. You have never asked for anything, and I want to send you on a confidential mission to Europe. Go see Secretary Seward."

In one week he was sent to Europe. Governor Morgan of New York sent to the young attorney a draft for $2,000, and it was not until his return from Europe that Governor Morgan assured him that all the arrangements for the journey abroad were planned and perfected by President Lincoln, even to sending the draft for $2,000.

To an applicant eager for office he said:

"There are no emoluments that properly belong to patriotism. I brought nothing with me to the White House, nor am I likely to carry anything out."

And the hand so often eagerly stretched out to save from death the young soldier, or sentinel, overcome by sleep at his post, could unhesitatingly set his seal of approval to the finding of a court martial dismissing a soldier from the service for drunkenness. I sat beside the president in Washington on a balmy summer day, which I shall not soon forget. There was that warm, sympathetic silence in the atmosphere that gives to Indian summer days almost a human tenderness of feeling—a delicate haze, that seemed only the kindly air made visible. An officer wearing the insignia of a colonel's rank came in, and Mr. Lincoln was full of sympathy, which he shed like the summer rain, "which makes the fields it hastens to bright and green." He drew his chair near the colonel, whose complaint was, in brief, that he had unjustly been dismissed from the army for drunkenness on duty. The officer had a good and gallant record. Lincoln knew him. He never forgot such a case. The lines in the soldier's face told their own story of long and unrestrained indulgence. Mr. Lincoln heard the story patiently. He rose up, and as was his habit when moved deeply, he grasped the soldier's right hand in both his own, and said:

"Colonel, I know your story. But you carry your own condemnation in your face."

The tears were in his voice, and the soldier walked out without a word. The only comment the president made subsequently to me was, "I dare not restore this man to his rank and give him charge of a thousand men, when he puts an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains."

No more touching incident in Lincoln's life has ever appeared than that contained in a story told by General Sherman, at a dinner at the Hoffman House. It came directly from William H. Seward. It was the habit of that gracious optimist, Mr. Seward, to spend his Sunday morning with President Lincoln, in the East room of the White House. After the president had been shaved in his own room he accompanied his secretary of state across Pennsylvania avenue and over to the Seward mansion, afterward occupied by Secretary Blaine. One Sunday morning a tall, military figure was pacing up and down in front of Secretary Seward's house. It was during the last year of the war. He saluted the president in military fashion as the two statesmen passed him; but there was something in his expression that arrested Mr. Lincoln's attention.

The soldier was a lieutenant colonel in a Pennsylvania regiment. Emotional himself, the president was swift to detect unusual emotion in others. He walked up to the officer who had saluted him and shook hands with him, saying:

"You seem to be in a peck of trouble."

"Yes," said the lieutenant colonel, slowly, "I am in deep trouble; my wife is dying at our home in the interior of Pennsylvania, and my application for a furlough of two weeks was peremptorily refused yesterday by my colonel. My God! What can I do? If I go home my colonel will surely brand me as a deserter. I shall be arrested on my return —and shall military etiquette keep me away from my dying wife?"

Mr. Lincoln was visibly affected. "Never mind, young man," said he, "we'll try and fix this matter." He pulled a card from his vest pocket, and as he leaned against the broad oaken door of the Seward mansion, after the secretary had handed him a lead pencil, he wrote on the back of the visiting card:

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War:—

It is my desire that Lieutenant-Colonel —— be granted leave of absence for fifteen days to see his dying wife. A. LINCOLN.

The officer trembled like a leaf, speechless with emotion, and as he was hastening away, Lincoln, as if to conceal his own feelings, playfully shook his index finger at the officer, and said, "If I ever catch you in Washington again I'll make a brigadier-general of you."

Mr. Seward said:

"Mr. Lincoln made no further allusion to the incident, except to say when they entered the house: 'I reckon Napoleon the First was right when he said, 'the great heart makes the good soldier.' ' "

President Lincoln possessed to an eminent degree candor,—a word which comes from the Latin, and freely translated means "whiteness of soul." When he was a candidate for renomination, he did not disguise his anxiety to go back to the White House for four years more, "to finish," as he quaintly expressed it, "the great job the people have given me to do."

I have said Mr. Lincoln was a consummate politician. His cabinet contained four men who were candidates for the presidency before the Chicago convention which nominated him—Bates of Missouri, Cameron of Pennsylvania, Salmon P. Chase of Ohio and Wm. H. Seward. Yet these were his most devoted and trusted counsellors and allies. When there was any misunderstanding in the cabinet, Secretary Seward would hie himself to Auburn, and in an oracular utterance he would praise the "divine Stanton," and restore peace to a distracted cabinet. Bennett, the elder, of the New York Herald, attacked Mr. Lincoln's adminstration remorselessly, for alleged favoritism shown Jay Cooke & Co., the bankers. James Gordon Bennett was offered the mission to England, with the understanding that he would not accept it. But the attacks against Lincoln were changed to subacute denunciation of Salmon P. Chase, whose pronounced desire to succeed Mr. Lincoln made the president uncomfortable, and caused Secretary Chase to give up the treasury portfolio.

But even here magnaminity was shown, for two weeks before Chase left the cabinet he asked Mr. Lincoln to sign the commission of one of Chase's men for collector at Buffalo. Lincoln signed the commission without a word. I remonstrated with him for putting his rival's friend into power in a place where he could injure Lincoln in the approaching Baltimore convention. With a merry twinkle in his eye, and a smile that had no taint of malice in it, he looked down on me and said:

"I reckon we are strong enough to stand it."

Chase, even out of the cabinet, was still formidable as a presidential candidate. And, added to this, Montgomery Blair, Lincoln's postmaster-general, became an avowed candidate for the succession. The sea hath bounds, but the deep desire of the Blair family for office had none. Henry Winter Davis' animosity against Montgomery Blair had much to do with the inspiration and antagonism of his opposition to Abraham Lincoln's ideas of reconstruction. Winter Davis could have been named in place of Hannibal Hamlin for vice president at Chicago, but he declined. The same place was again offered him at Baltimore, where Seward and Thurlow Weed defeated by two votes Greeley's candidate for the vice presidency, the brilliant and versatile lawyer, Lyman Tremaine of New York.

Henry Winter Davis of Maryland died a thoroughly disappointed politician, of great and commanding powers.

Later on in the same year I stood near Lincoln at a public reception. Vicksburg and Gettysburg had come and gone. Montgomery Blair, with a presidential "bee in his bonnet," big as a bumble-bee, had gone with the twining woodbine, when he woke up in the morning and found a laconic note, in pencil, from Lincoln, saying:

"The time has come."

Blair's decapitation pleased Winter Davis, for the Maryland factions walked over ashes thinly covering fires, and he began to call at the White House receptions. Lincoln saw him standing in the crowd in the reception room, but evidently averse to coming near him.

"Well," said this gentle, tranquil spirit, "I am glad to see Winter Davis here. He has not darkened these doors for two years."

Seward always hoped to be president, even while staying the rash hand of that "Passionate Pilgrim," Andrew Johnson of Tennessee; and you may trace the annals of chivalry back to Charlemagne without finding a devotion more tender or more loyal than that of William H. Seward for that great, meek, gentle, tranquil spirit, Abraham Lincoln—the product of the composite and irregular civilization of the western country half a century ago.

Hannibal Hamlin, vice president, did not think the victorious march of our army elected Lincoln. He wrote to me:

Bangor, July 11, 1889.

Dear Sir: —

Your letter reached me yesterday. I remember you quite well. In my judgment, the renomination of President Lincoln was not solely due to the victories of our armies in the field. Our people had absolute faith in his unquestioned honesty and in his great ability. The purity of his life, and in his administration,—they were the great primary qualities that produced the result, stimulated undoubtedly by our victories in the field. Such is my decided opinion, and I have no doubt about it as I express it to you.

Yours very truly,

H. HAMLIN.

The following letter from the great commoner of Pennsylvania, Thaddeus Stevens, when congress was in session the entire summer, throws some light on an important and interesting period of our national history:

Washington, July 6, 1866.

Dear Sir: —

I have to-day received both your letter and your telegram asking me to make a speech in New York City against Andrew Johnson's "policy." First, as to the letter; you ask me about Abraham Lincoln's renomination. It came about in the most natural manner. There will be no more men like Abraham Lincoln in this century. There was no reason why he should be "swapped" in crossing the stream. I approved General Cameron's memorial of the Pennsylvania Legislature to the people, urging a second term for Abraham Lincoln, and I well remember that you followed suit with the legislature of your own state.

Second, as to my making a speech at the Cooper Institute, New York City, I would gladly go there; especially, too, as your request is backed by my old friend, Horace Greeley. Say to the editor of the Tribune that I feel it is my duty to stay and fight the beasts at Ephesus, here; Andrew Johnson is a dangerous man. What is his "policy," nobody known to me on the earth or under it, can exactly discover. There are not more than five men of absolute courage in either house of congress. But we are not going to lose this great battle for the liberty of all. Tell Mr. Greeley that, in my view, it is too early to publicly agitate the question as to the nomination for the presidency in 1868. But there are already many cabals

in that direction in this city of sinful politicians.

My sympathies, down to a very recent date, have been entirely with Mr. Chase. But you will be surprised to know that General Grant came to my house on Capitol Hill a few nights ago, aad after locking the door, said: — "Mr. Stevens, I know that you have been in doubt as to my position, but I came here to tell you where I stand. In the not improbable event of a conflict between Andrew Johnson and the Congress of the United States, I will be found standing with this Congress."

This statement lifted a load from my mind. Johnson is an aggressive man, with little intellect and less real courage, obstinate and ignorant, believing thoroughly in himself, but he possesses a rough fidelity to his friends.

And now that we can put our finger on Grant, I am clear that he will be nominated for president, and elected. I no longer feel at liberty to fight Grant.

You can tell Mr. Greeley this, for I know he is devoted to the chief justice. God does reign, and I have now no fear of losing what has cost us so much. But I do fear the reign of organized lawlessness in the South. Johnson calls himself the noblest of the colored race, but he is a Moses who will never get out of the bulrushes.

THADDEUS STEVENS.

James M. Scovel, Esq.

That the president was alarmed at the threatened revolt in the republican party there can be no doubt. But he never swerved in his course, and was in the habit of saying, with engaging frankness: "The way to get an office is to deserve it; and if I don't deserve any election, I will not mourn at the prospect of laying down these burdens."

When cabinet differences became dangerous enough to threaten a dissolution of the cabinet, he ceased to call his constitutional advisers together, and for over a year they had no formal cabinet session; and when twenty United States senators called upon him in a body, intent on complaining to the president of Stanton's conduct of the war, the president's sense of humor did not desert him, and he told the story about Blondin crossing Niagara. "Would you," said Mr. Lincoln, "when certain death waited on a single false step on the part of the celebrated rope-walker, would you cry out: 'Blondin, stoop a little more! Go a little faster! Slow up! Lean more to the North! Lean a little more to the South?' No. You would keep your mouth shut. Now, we are doing the best we can. We are pegging away at the rebels. We have as big a job on hand as was ever entrusted to mortal hands to manage. The government is carrying an immense weight. Don't badger it. Keep silent, and we'll get you safe across."

In the midst of these plots and counterplots in regard to the presidential succession, Simon Cameron returned from Europe. He had been minister to Russia. Though Mr. Lincoln had asked for his resignation, in response to the clamor against this common-sense statesman, who possessed undoubted courage and who was distinguished for unyielding fidelity to his friends, I have it from General Cameron's own lips that there was never any change in the pleasant relations between the president and the Pennsylvania senator, whom he had chosen as his war minister. On the contrary, Edwin M. Stanton was made secretary of war chiefly on the recommendation of General Cameron and John W. Forney, the latter having won President Lincoln's undying friendship and confidence by his gallant fight against his former friends in the anti-Lecompton struggle. General Cameron said in an interview three months before he died:

"I believe the time has come to make public expression of the public confidence in Mr. Lincoln, and the general popular desire for his renomination. The Wade-Davis manifesto had made a profound impression on the powerful coterie of leading politicians in the East, who thought they had not been consulted sufficiently in the management of the war. Henry Winter Davis was an 'off ox' in politics, but he was a brilliant, strong and courtly man; his name stood for southern republicans, and his colleague in the political revolt, bold Ben Wade, was a power in the state of Ohio, —and as a radical leader he was strong in the nation. I went to Washington and

had a talk with Zachariah Chandler of Michigan—a man with the courage of a Numidian lion; as strong a man as there was in the senate—a man of affairs who always said what he meant. Chandler was devoted to Mr. Lincoln's fortunes. I went to Harrisburg forthwith, and prepared a memorial or address on behalf of the senate and house at Harrisburg, setting forth, that in their opinion the best interests of the country required the renomination and reelection of Abraham Lincoln for a second term. The legislature, to a man in favor of the dominant party, signed the address. I carried it to Mr. Lincoln, who was too open and honest a statesman to conceal his gratification at this endorsement, by the legislature of Pennsylvania, of himself and his administration. The document was given to the world by the Associated Press, and the tide began to turn against malcontents who for six months had plotted to make Lincoln's renomination dangerous, if not impractical, before the Baltimore convention, which was to meet in the coming June."

The writer of this article was a member of the legislature of New Jersey at this critical period in the history of the country and of the president. Mr. Lincoln received four electoral votes from New Jersey in 1860, and explained the reason he did not get seven electoral votes from the same state in 1864 by stating the fact that the New Jersey soldiers were not permitted to vote in the field. I had no difficulty in following General Cameron's lead, and in successfully urging the members favorable to Mr. Lincoln's cause to sign a memorial in favor of his reelection. It was done and it was in these words:

Jan. 15, 1863.

To Abraham Lincoln,

President of the United States: — The members of the Legislature of New Jersey desire to express to the president of the United States our admiration and our gratitude for the vigor and the statesmanship displayed in conducting this administration through the dangers which menace us abroad and the treason which threatens us at home. We believe that the hand of Divine Providence was manifested in your election four years ago, and we are firmly convinced that your patience and courage, as well as your fidelity to liberty endangered by lawlessness in arms, demand your election as president in 1864, as the expression of a grateful people, of their affectionate respect for you as a man and as a president, who has so long ruled over us with wisdom and with moderation. You have made power gentle and obedience liberal, and we believe that in four years more, under your guidance, this nation will become what it ought to be.

One of Mr. Lincoln's characteristics was his ineffable tenderness toward others. He wrote injuries in the sand, benefits on marble. The broad mantle of his enduring charity covered a multitude of sins in a soldier. He loved justice with undying and solicitous affection but he hated every deserter from the great army of humanity. He was dowered with the love of love. He stopped the conveyance which carried Orville H. Browning and himself to court in Illinois, to save a wounded hare, hiding in a fence corner. And when his command in the Black Hawk war insisted on killing an old and friendless Indian prisoner, Lincoln saved the Indian's life at the peril of his own; when his men complained that Lincoln was bigger and stronger than they were, he expressed his readiness to fight a duel with pistols with the leader of the malcontents, and thus ended the cruel controversy.

He was always equal to the occasion, whether saving a sleeping sentinel by one stroke of the pen from a dishonored grave, or writing that old and steady signature to the proclamation of emancipation, which made the black race give him a crown of immortelles. As the negro preacher in Vicksburg said of him, "Massa Linkum, he eberywhar; he know eberyt'ing; he walk de earf like de Lord!"

Abraham Lincoln could say true things when just resentment required censure. He released some prisoners on the other side of the "divide" in 1863. The wife of one of these insisted

"that her husband was a religious man, even if he was a rebel." Mr. Lincoln wrote the release slowly, as if in doubt, and, without smiling, handed it to the now happy wife, but said, with keen irony:

"You say your husband is a religious man; tell him when you meet him that I say I am not much of a judge of religion, but that, in my opinion, the religion that sets men to rebel and fight against their government because, as they think, that government does not sufficiently help some men to eat their bread in the sweat of other men's faces, is not the sort of religion upon which people can get to heaven."

Mr. Lincoln once told Horace Deming, a Connecticut congressman, when he had been importuned to join a church, that "when any church will inscribe over its altar as its sole qualification the Savior's condensed statement of the substance of law and gospel, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and thy neighbor as thyself,'—that church will I join with all my heart."

His great good sense was shown in his making Dick Gower a lieutenant in the regular army. Dick had shown his bravery and his capacity among the western Indians, but was rejected by the board of military martinets at Washington, because he "did not know what an abattis, or echelon, or hollow square was."

"Well," sharply said the dilettante officer with a single eye-glass, "What would you do with your command if the cavalry should charge on you?"

Dick was there. "I'd give them hell, that's what I'd do; and I'd make a hollow square in every mother's son of them." Lincoln signed his commission and Dick made a famous soldier.

That excellent Bourbon democrat, Congressman Vaux of Philadelphia, in his later years changed his views about President Lincoln. He told an interesting story about the proclamation of emancipation. The classic and scholarly Vaux had been making speeches in Connecticut, and came home with Frank P. Blair of Missouri, who was very close to the many-sided patriot president while the war lasted. General Blair told Richard Vaux this story:

"Mr. Lincoln had become impatient at General McClellan's delay on the Peninsula, and asked Frank Blair to go with him to see the commanding general. The distinguished visitors arrived on a hot day and went straight to McClellan's headquarters. They were received with scant courtesy, and the commanding general did not ask the president to eat or drink. Lincoln sat in his white linen duster, uncomfortably silent, with his long and sinewy limbs doubled up like a jack-knife, till finally General McClellan broke the dense silence by saying:

"Mr. President, have you received the letter I mailed you yesterday?"

"No," courteously replied Lincoln; "I must have passed it on the way."

McClellan then requested his chief of staff to find a copy of the letter. It was speedily produced, and General McClellan proceeded to crush Mr. Lincoln by reading his vituperative attack on Stanton, with reflections on Lincoln's conduct of the war. Lincoln's peaceful smile vanished. When the letter ended, he rose quickly, looking neither to the right nor left—not waiting for any farewell to General McClellan. He seemed oppressed with the consciousness of the dangers of the military as well as the political situation of things. He drove slowly with General Blair over to the boat which was to convey them from Harrison's Landing back to Washington. When the vessel had started, Mr. Lincoln, for the first time since leaving McClellan's tent, broke the silence and said to General Blair:

"Frank, I now understand this man. That letter is General McClellan's bid for the presidency. I will stop that game. Now is the time to issue the proclamation emancipating the slaves."

He forthwith issued the proclamation of emancipation. Within a week after the world was startled by a new charter of freedom for the slaves, Mr. Lincoln said to me in the White House:

"I told you a year ago that Henry Ward Beecher and Horace Greeley gave me no rest because I would not free the negroes. The time had not come. I read what you said in the senate, and you struck the right chord when you said: 'The president argued the case like a western lawyer. He did not intend that his immortal document should be regarded as the 'Pope's bull against the comet,' as the doubting Thomases said it would be. . . He waited the fullness of time and when the life of the nation hung trembling in the balance, 'invoking the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God,' he launched that immortal proclamation, which made Mr. Lincoln the foremost soldier in the world in the great battle for the liberation of humanity.'"

"You are right," said the president with a smile of exaltation and exultation, "I was tired that day. But you will see no trace of doubt or hesitation in my signature to my greatest and most enduring contribution to the history of the war."

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is som dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

WALT WHITMAN.

The One Thousand Dozen

By JACK LONDON

DAVID RASMUNSEN was a hustler, and like many a greater man, a man of the one idea. Wherefore, when the clarion call of the North rang on his ear, he conceived an adventure in eggs and bent all his energy to its achievement. He figured briefly and to the point, and the adventure became irridescent-hued, splendid. That eggs would sell at Dawson for five dollars a dozen was a safe working premise. Whence it was incontrovertible that one thousand dozen would bring, in the Golden Metropolis, five thousand dollars.

On the other hand, expense was to be considered, and he considered it well, for he was a careful man, keenly practical, with a hard head and a heart that imagination never warmed. At fifteen cents a dozen, the initial cost of his thousand dozen would be one hundred and fifty dollars, a mere bagatelle in face of the enormous profit. And suppose, just suppose, to be wildly extravagant for once, that transportation for himself and eggs should run up eight hundred and fifty more; he would still have four thousand clear cash and clean when the last egg was disposed of and the last dust had rippled into his sack.

"You see, Alma," he figured it over with his wife, the cosy dining room submerged in a sea of maps, government surveys, guide-books, and Alaskan itineraries; "you see, expenses don't really begin till you make Dyea — fifty dollars'll cover it with a first class passage thrown in. Now from Dyea to Lake Linderman, Indian packers take your goods over for twelve cents a pound, twelve dollars a hundred, or one hundred and twenty a thousand. Say I have fifteen hundred pounds, it'll cost one hundred and eighty dollars — call it two hundred and be safe. I am creditably informed by a Klondiker just come out, that I can buy a boat for three hundred. But the same man says I'm sure to get a couple of passengers for one hundred and fifty each, which will give me the boat for nothing, and further, they can help me manage it. And . . . . that's all; I put my eggs ashore from the boat at Dawson. Now let me see how much is that?"

"Fifty dollars from San Francisco to Dyea, two hundred from Dyea to Linderman, passengers pay for the boat — two hundred and fifty all told," she summed up swiftly.

"And a hunded for my clothes and personal outfit," he went on happily; "that leaves a margin of five hundred for emergencies. And what possible emergencies can arise?"

Alma shrugged her shoulders and elevated her brows. If that vast Northland were capable of swallowing up a man and a thousand dozen eggs, surely there was room and to spare for whatever else he might happen to possess. So she thought, but she said nothing. She knew David Rasmunsen too well to say anything.

"Doubling the time because of chance delays, I should make the trip in two months. Think of it, Alma! Four thousand in two months! Beats the paltry hundred a month I'm getting now. Why, we'll build further out where we'll

have more room, gas in every room, and a view, and the rent of the cottage'll pay taxes, insurance and water, and leave something over. And then there's always the chance of my striking it and coming out a millionaire. Now tell me, Alma, don't you think I'm very moderate?"

And Alma could hardly think otherwise. Besides, had not her own cousin, though a remote and distant one to be sure, the black sheep, the harum scarum, the ne'er-do-well—had not he come down out of that weird North country with a hundred thousand in yellow dust, to say nothing of a half ownership in the hole from which it came?

David Rasmunsen's grocer was surprised when he found him weighing eggs in the scales at the end of the counter, and Rasmunsen himself was more surprised when he found that a dozen eggs weighed a pound and a half—fifteen hundred pounds for his thousand dozen! There would be no weight left for his clothes, blankets, and cooking utensils, to say nothing of the grub he must necessarily consume by the way. His calculations were all thrown out, and he was just proceeding to recast them when he hit upon the idea of weighing small eggs—"For whether they be large or small, a dozen eggs is a dozen eggs," he observed sagely to himself; and a dozen small ones he found to weigh but a pound and a quarter. Thereat the city of San Francisco was over-run by anxious-eyed emissaries, and commission houses and dairy associations were startled by a sudden and overwhelming demand for eggs running not more than twenty ounces to the dozen.

Rasmunsen mortaged the little cottage for a thousand dollars, arranged for his wife to make a prolonged stay among her own people, threw up his job and started north. To keep within his schedule he compromised on a second class passage, which, because of the rush, was worse than steerage; and in the late summer, a pale and wobbly man, he disembarked with his eggs on the Dyea beach. But it did not take him long to recover his land legs and appetite. His first interview with the Chilcoot packers straightened him up and stiffened his backbone. Forty cents a pound they demanded for the twenty-eight-mile portage, and while he caught his breath and swallowed, the price went up to forty-three. Fifteen husky Indians put the straps on his packs at forty-five, but took them off at an offer of forty-seven from a Skaguay Croesus in dirty shirt and ragged overalls who had lost his horses on the White Pass Trail and was now making a last desperate drive at the country by way of Chilcoot.

But Rasmunsen was clean grit, and at fifty cents found takers, who, two days later, set his eggs down intact at Linderman. But fifty cents a pound is a thousand dollars a ton, and his fifteen hundred pounds had exhausted his emergency fund and left him stranded at the Tantalus-point where each day he saw the fresh whipsawed boats departing for Dawson. Further, a great anxiety brooded over the camp where the boats were built. Men worked frantically, early and late, at the height of their endurance, caulking, nailing, and pitching in a frenzy of haste for which adequate explanation was not far to seek. Each day the snow-line crept farther down the bleak rock-shouldered peaks, and gale followed gale, with sleet and slush and snow, and in the eddies and quiet places young ice formed and thickened through the fleeting hours. And each morn, toil-stiffened men turned wan faces across the lake to see if the freeze-up had come. For the freeze-up heralded the death of their hope—the hope that they would be floating down the swift river ere navigation closed on the chain of lakes.

To further harrow Rasmunsen's soul,

he discovered three other competitors in the egg business. It was true that one, a little German, had gone broke and was himself forlornly back-tripping the last pack of the portage; but the other two had boats nearly completed and were daily supplicating the god of merchants and traders to stay the iron hand of winter for just another day. But the iron hand closed down over the land undeterred. Men were being frozen in the blizzards which swept Chilcoot, and Rasmunsen frosted his toes ere he was aware. He found a chance to go passenger with his freight in a boat just shoving off through the rubble, but two hundred, hard cash, was required, and he had no money.

"I tank you yust wait one leedle w'ile," said the Swedish boat-builder, who had struck his Klondike right there and was wise enough to know it—"one leedle w'ile, und I make you a tam fine skiff-boat, sure Pete."

With this unpledged word to go on, Rasmunsen hit the back trail to Crater Lake, where he fell in with two press correspondents whose tangled baggage was strewn from Stone House, over across the Pass, and as far as Happy Camp.

"Yes," he said with consequence. "I've a thousand dozen eggs at Linderman, and my boat's just about got the last seam caulked. Consider myself in luck to get it. Boats are at a premium, you know, and none to be had."

Whereupon and almost with bodily violence, the correspondents clamored to go with him, fluttered greenbacks before his eyes, and spilled yellow twenties on the snow at his feet. He could not hear of it, but they over-persuaded him and he reluctantly consented to take them at three hundred apiece. Also they pressed upon him the passage money in advance. And while they wrote to their respective journals concerning the good Samaritan with the thousand dozen eggs, the good Samaritan was hurrying back to the Swede at Linderman.

"Here, you! Gimme that boat!" was his salutation, his hand jingling the correspondents' gold pieces and his eyes hungrily bent upon the finished craft.

The Swede regarded him stolidly and shook his head.

"How much is the other fellow paying? Three hundred? Well here's four. Take it."

He tried to press it upon him, but the man backed away.

"I tank not. I say him get der skiff-boat. You yust wait—"

"Here's six hundred. Last call. Take it or leave it. Tell 'm it's a mistake."

The Swede wavered. "I tank yes." he finally said, and the last Rasmunsen saw of him his vocabulary was going to wreck in a vain effort to explain the mistake to the other fellows.

The German slipped and broke his ankle on the steep hog-back above Deep Lake, sold out his stock for a dollar a dozen, and with the proceeds hired Indian packers to carry him back to Dyea. But on the morning Rasmunsen shoved off with his correspondents, his two rivals followed suit.

"How many you got?" one of them, a lean little New Englander, called out.

"One thousand dozen," Rasmunsen answered proudly.

"Huh?! I'll go you even stakes I beat you in with my eight hundred."

The correspondents offered to lend him the money, but Rasmunsen declined and the Yankee closed with the remaining rival, a brawny son of the sea and sailor of ships and things, who promised to show them all a wrinkle or two when it came to cracking on. And crack on he did, with a large tarpaulin square-sail which pressed the bow half under at every jump. He was the first to run out of Linderman, but, disdaining the por-

tage, piled his loaded boat on the rocks in the boiling rapids. Rasmunsen and the Yankee, who likewise had two passengers, portaged across on their backs and then lined their empty boats down through the bad water to Bennett.

Bennett was a twenty-five mile lake, narrow and deep, a funnel between the mountains through which storms ever romped. Rasmunsen camped on the sandpit at its head, where were many men and boats bound north in the teeth of the Arctic winter. He awoke in the morning to find a piping gale from the south, which caught the chill from the whited peaks and glacial valleys and blew as cold as north wind ever blew. But it was fair, and he also found the Yankee staggering past the first bold headland with all sail set. Boat after boat was getting under way, and the correspondents fell to with enthusiasm.

"We'll catch him before Cariboo Crossing," they assured Rasmunsen, as they ran up the sail and the Alma took the first icy spray over her bow.

Now Rasmunsen had been all his life prone to cowardice on the water, but he clung to the kicking steering oar with set face and determined jaw. His thousand dozen were there in the boat before his eyes, safely secured beneath the correspondents' baggage, and somehow, before his eyes, were the little cottage and the mortgage for a thousand dollars.

It was bitter cold. Now and again he hauled in the steering-sweep and put out a fresh one while his passengers chopped the ice from the blade. Wherever the spray struck, it turned instantly to frost, and the dipping boom of the sprit-sail was quickly fringed with pendent icicles. The Alma strained and hammered through the big seas till the seams and butts began to spread, but in lieu of bailing the correspondents chopped ice and flung it overboard. There was no let up. The mad race with winter was on, and the boats tore along in a desperate string.

"W-w-we can't stop to save our souls!" one of the correspondents chattered, from cold, not fright.

"That's right! Keep her down the middle, old man!" the other encouraged.

Rasmunsen replied with an idiotic grin. The iron-bound shores were in a lather of foam, and even down the middle the only hope was to keep running away from the big seas. To lower sail was to be overtaken and swamped. Time and again they passed boats pounding among the rocks, and once they saw one on the edge of the breakers about to strike. A little craft behind them, with two men, jibed over and turned bottom up.

"W-w-watch out, old man!" cried he of the chattering teeth.

Rasmunsen grinned and tightened his aching grip on the sweep. Scores of times had the send of the sea caught the big square stern of the Alma and thrown her off from dead before it till the afterleech of the sprit-sail fluttered hollowly, and each time, and only with all his strength, had he forced her back. His grin by then had become fixed, and it disturbed the correspondents to look at him.

They roared down past an isolated rock, a hundred yards from shore. From its wave-drenched top a man shrieked wildly, for the instant cutting the storm with his voice. But the next instant the Alma was by and the rock growing a black speck in the troubled froth.

"That settles the Yankee! Where's the sailor?" shouted one of his passengers.

Rasmunsen shot a glance over his shoulder at a black square-sail. He had seen it leap up out of the gray to windward, and for an hour, off and on, had been watching it grow. The sailor had evidently repaired damages and was making up for lost time.

"Look at him come!"

Both passengers stopped chopping ice to watch. Twenty miles of Bennett were behind them—room and to spare for the sea to toss up its mountains toward the sky. Sinking, soaring, rising, flying, like a storm god, the sailor drove by them. The huge sail seemed to grip the boat from the crests of the waves, to tear it bodily out of the water and fling it crashing and smothering down into the yawning troughs.

"The sea'll never catch him!"

"But he'll r-r-run her nose under!"

Even as they spoke, the black tarpaulin swooped from sight behind a big comber. The next wave rolled over the spot, and the next, but the boat did not reappear. The Alma rushed by the place. A little riffraff of oars and boxes was seen. An arm thrust up and a shaggy head broke surface a score of yards away.

For a time there was silence. As the end of the lake came in sight, the waves began to leap aboard with such steady recurrence that the correspondents no longer chopped ice but flung the water out with buckets. Even this would not do, and after a shouted conference with Rasmunsen, they attacked the baggage. Flour, bacon, beans, blankets, cooking stove, ropes, odds and ends, everything they could get hands on, flew overboard. The boat acknowledged it at once, taking less water and rising more buoyantly.

"That'll do!" Rasmunsen called sternly, as they applied themselves to the top layer of eggs.

"The h-hell it will!" answered the shivering one savagely. With the exception of their notes, films and cameras, they had sacrificed their outfit. He bent over, laid hold of an egg-box, and began to worry it out from under the lashing.

"Drop it! Drop it, I say!"

Rasmunsen had managed to draw his revolver, and with the crook of his arm over the sweep-head was taking aim. The correspondent stood up on the thwart, balancing back and forth, his face twisted with menace and speechless anger.

"My God!"

So cried his brother correspondent, hurling himself, face downward, into the bottom of the boat. The Alma, under the divided attention of Rasmunsen, had been caught by a great mass of water and whirled around. The afterleech hollowed, the sail emptied and jibed, and the boom, sweeping with terrific force across the boat, carried the angry correspondent overboard with a broken back. A drenching sea followed, as the boat lost headway, and Rasmunsen sprang to the bailing bucket.

Several boats hurtled past them in the next half hour— small boats, boats of their own size, boats afraid, unable to do aught but run madly on. Then a ten-ton barge, at imminent risk of destruction, lowered sail to windward and lumbered down upon them.

"Keep off! Keep off!" Rasmunsen howled.

But his low gunwale ground against the heavy craft, and the remaining correspondent clambered aboard. Rasmunsen was over the eggs like a cat and in the bow of the Alma, striving with numb fingers to bend the hauling-lines together.

"Come on!" a red-whiskered man yelled at him.

"I've a thousand dozen eggs here," he shouted back. "Gimme a tow! I'll pay you!"

"Come on!" they howled in chorus.

A big whitecap broke just beyond, washing over the barge and leaving the Alma half swamped. The men cast off, cursing him as they ran up their sail. Rasmunsen cursed back and fell to bailing. The mast and sail, like a sea anchor, still fast by the halyards, held the boat head on to wind and sea and gave him a chance to fight the water out.

Three hours later, numbed, exhausted, blathering like a lunatic, but still bailing, he went ashore on an ice-strewn beach near Cariboo Crossing. Two men, a government courier and a half-breed voyageur, dragged him out of the surf, saved his cargo, and beached the Alma. They were paddling out of the country in a Peterborough, and gave him shelter for the night in their storm-bound camp. Next morning they departed, but he elected to stay by his eggs. And thereafter the name and fame of the man with the thousand dozen eggs began to spread through the land. Gold-seekers, who made in before the freeze-up, carried the news of his coming. Grizzled old-timers of Forty Mile and Circle City, sour-doughs with leathern jaws and bean-calloused stomachs, called up dream memories of chickens and green things at mention of his name. Dyea and Skaguay took an interest in his being, and questioned his progress from every man who came over the passes. While Dawson—golden, omeletless Dawson—fretted and worried, and waylaid every chance arrival for word of him.

But of this, Rasmunsen knew nothing. The day after the wreck he patched up the Alma and pulled out. A cruel east wind blew in his teeth from Tagish, but he got the oars over the side and bucked manfully into it, though half the time he was drifting backward and chopping ice from the blades. According to the custom of the country, he was driven ashore at Windy Arm; three times on Tagish saw him swamped and beached; and Lake Marsh held him at the freeze-up. The Alma was crushed in the jamming of the floes, but the eggs were intact. These he back-tripped two miles across the ice to the shore, where he built a cache which stood for years after and was pointed out by men who knew.

Half a thousand frozen miles stretched between him and Dawson, and the water way was closed. But Rasmunsen, with a peculiar tense look in his face, struck back up the lakes on foot. What he suffered on that lone trip, with naught but a single blanket, an ax, and a handful of beans, is not given to ordinary mortals to know. Only the arctic adventurer may understand. Suffice that he was caught in a blizzard on Chilcoot and left two of his toes with the surgeon at Sheep Camp. Yet he stood on his feet and washed dishes in the scullery of the *Pawona* to the Puget Sound, and from there passed coal on a P. S. boat to San Francisco.

It was a haggard, unkempt man who limped across the shining office floor to raise a second mortgage from the bank people. His hollow cheeks betrayed themselves through the scraggly beard, and his eyes seemed to have retired into deep caverns where they burned with cold fires. His hands were grained from exposure and hard work, and the nails were rimmed with tight-packed dirt and coal dust. He spoke vaguely of eggs and ice-packs, winds and tides; but when they declined to let him have more than a second thousand, his talk became incoherent, concerning itself chiefly with the price of dogs and dog-food, and such things as snowshoes and moccasins and winter trails. They let him have fifteen hundred, which was more than the cottage warranted, and breathed easier when he scrawled his signature and passed out the door.

Two weeks later he went over Chilcoot with three dog-sleds of five dogs each. One team he drove, the two Indians with him driving the others. At Lake Marsh they broke out the cache and loaded up. But there was no trail. He was the first in over the ice, and to him fell the task of packing the snow and hammering away through the rough river-jams. Behind him he often observed a campfire smoke trickling thinly up through the quiet air, and he wondered why the people did not overtake

him. For he was a stranger to the land and did not understand. Nor could he understand his Indians when they tried to explain. This they conceived to be a hardship, but when they balked and refused to break camp of mornings, he drove them to their work at pistol point.

When he slipped through an ice-bridge near the White Horse and froze his foot, tender yet and over-sensitive from the previous freezing, the Indians looked for him to lay up. But he sacrificed a blanket, and with his foot encased in an enormous moccasin, big as a water bucket, continued to take his regular turn with the front sled. Here was the cruelest work, and they respected him, though on the side they rapped their foreheads with their knuckles and significantly shook their heads. One night they tried to run away, but the zip-zip of his bullets in the snow brought them back, snarling but convinced. Whereupon, being only savage Chilcat men, they put their heads together to kill him; but he slept like a cat, and waking or sleeping, the chance never came. Often they tried to tell him the import of the smoke-wreath in the rear, but he could not comprehend and grew suspicious of them. And when they sulked or shirked he was quick to let drive at them between the eyes, and quick to cool their heated souls with sight of his ready revolver.

And so it went—with mutinous men, wild dogs, and a trail that broke the heart. He fought the men to stay with him, fought the dogs to keep them away from the eggs, fought the ice, the cold, and the pain of his foot which would not heal. As fast as the young tissue renewed, it was bitten and seared by the frost, so that a running sore developed into which he could almost shove his fist. In the mornings, when he first put his weight upon it, his head went dizzy and he was near to fainting from the pain; but later on in the day it usually grew numb, to recommence when he crawled into his blankets and tried to sleep. Yet he, who had been a clerk and sat at a desk all his days, toiled till the Indians were exhausted, and even outworked the dogs. How hard he worked, how much he suffered, he did not know. Being a man of the one idea, now that the idea had come, it mastered him. In the foreground of his consciousness was Dawson, in the background his thousand dozen eggs, and midway between the two his ego fluttered, striving alway to draw them together to a glittering golden point. This golden point was the five thousand dollars, the consummation of the idea and the point of departure for whatever new idea might present itself. For the rest, he was a mere automaton. He was unaware of other things, seeing them as through a glass darkly and giving them no thought. The work of his hands he did with machine-like wisdom; likewise the work of his head. So the look on his face grew very tense, till even the Indians were afraid of it, and marveled at the strange white man who had made them slaves and forced them to toil with such foolishness.

Then came a snap on Lake Le Barge, when the cold of outer space smote the tip of the planet and the frost ranged sixty and odd below zero. Here, laboring with open mouth that he might breathe more freely, he chilled his lungs, and for the rest of the trip he was troubled with a dry, hacking cough, especially irritable in smoke of camp or under stress of undue exertion. On the Thirty Mile river he found much open water, spanned by precarious ice bridges and fringed with narrow rim ice, tricky and uncertain. The rim ice was impossible to reckon on, and he dared it without reckoning, falling back on his revolver when his drivers demurred. But on the ice bridges, covered with snow though they were, precautions could be taken. These they crossed on their

snowshoes, with long poles, held crosswise in their hands, to which to cling in case of accident. Once over, the dogs were called to follow. And on such a bridge, where the absence of the center-ice was masked by the snow, one of the Indians met his end. He went through as quickly and neatly as a knife through thin cream, and the current swept him from view down under the stream-ice.

That night his mate fled away through the pale moonlight, Rasmunsen futilely puncturing the silence with his revolver—a thing that he handled with more celerity than cleverness. Thirty-six hours after, the Indian made the police camp on the Big Salmon.

"Um—um—um funny mans—what you call?—top um head all loose," the interpreter explained to the puzzled captain. "Eh? Yep, clazy, much clazy mans. Eggs, eggs, all a time eggs—savve? Come bime by."

It was several days before Rasmunsen arrived, the three sleds lashed together and all the dogs in a single team. It was awkward, and where the going was bad he was compelled to back-trip it sled by sled, though he managed most of the time, through herculean efforts, to bring all along on the one haul. He did not seem moved when the captain of police told him his man was hitting the high places for Dawson and was by that time probably half way between Selkirk and Stewart. Nor did he appear interested when informed that the police had broken the trail as far as Pelly; for he had attained to a fatalistic acceptance of all natural dispensations, good or ill. But when they told him that Dawson was in the bitter clutch of famine, he smiled, threw the harness on his dogs and pulled out.

But it was at his next halt that the mystery of the smoke was explained. With the word at Big Salmon that the trail was broken to Pelly, there was no longer any need for the smoke-wreath to linger in his wake; and Rasmunsen, crouching over his lonely fire, saw a motley string of sleds go by. First came the courier and the half breed who had hauled him out from Bennett; then mail carriers for Circle City, two sleds of them a mixed following of in-going Klondikers. Dogs and men were fresh and fat, while Rasmunsen and his brutes were jaded and worn down to the skin and bone. They had traveled one day in three, resting and reserving their strength for the dash to come when broken trail was met with; while each day he had plunged and floundered forward, breaking the spirit of his dogs and robbing them of their mettle.

As for himself, he was unbreakable. They thanked him kindly for his efforts in their behalf, these fat, fresh men, thanked him kindly, with broad grins and ribald laughter; and now, when he understood, he made no answer. Nor did he cherish silent bitterness. It was immaterial. The idea—the fact behind the idea—was not changed. Here he was and his thousand dozen, there was Dawson; the problem was unaltered.

At the Little Salmon, being short of dog food, the dogs got into his grub, and from there to Selkirk he lived on beans—coarse, brown beans, big beans, grossly nutritive, which griped his stomach and doubled him up at two-hour intervals. But the Factor at Selkirk had a notice on the door of the Post to the effect that no steamer had been up the Yukon for two years and in consequence grub was beyond price. He offered to swap flour, however, at the rate of a cupful for each egg, but Rasmunsen shook his head and hit the trail. Below the Post he managed to buy frozen horse hide for the dogs, the horses having been slain by the Chilcat cattle men, and the scraps and offal preserved by the Indians. He tackled the hide himself, but the hair worked into the bean sores of his mouth and was beyond endurance.

Here at Selkirk, he met the forerunners of the hungry exodus out of Dawson, and from there on they crept over the trail, a dismal throng. "No grub!" was the song they sang. "No grub, and had to go." "Everybody holding candles for a rise in the spring." "Flour dollar 'n a half a pound, and no sellers."

"Eggs?" one of them answered. "Dollar apiece, but they ain't none."

Rasmunsen made a rapid calculation. "Twelve thousand dollars," he said aloud.

"Hey?" the man asked.

"Nothing," he answered and *mushed* the dogs along.

When he arrived at Stewart river, seventy miles from Dawson, five of his dogs were gone and the remainder falling in the traces. He, also, was in the traces, hauling with what little strength was left in him. Even then he was barely crawling along ten miles a day. His cheekbones and nose, frostbitten again and again, were turned bloody-black and hideous. The thumb which was separated from the fingers by the gee-pole had likewise been nipped and gave him great pain. The monstrous moccasin still encased his foot, and strange pains were beginning to rack the leg. At Sixty Mile, the last beans, which he had been rationing for some time, were finished; yet he steadfastly refused to touch the eggs. He could not reconcile his mind to the legitimacy of it and staggered and fell along the way to Indian river. Here a fresh-killed moose and an open-handed old-timer gave him and his dogs new strength and at Ainslie's he felt repaid for it all when a stampede, ripe from Dawson in five hours, was sure he could get a dollar and a quarter for every egg he possessed.

He came up the steep bank by the Dawson barracks with fluttering heart and shaking knees. The dogs were so weak that he was forced to rest them, and waiting, he leaned limply against the gee-pole. A man, an eminently decorous-looking man, came sauntering by in a great bearskin coat. He glanced at Rasmunsen curiously, then stopped and ran a speculative eye over the dogs and the three lashed sleds.

"What you got?" he asked.

"Eggs," Rasmunsen answered huskily, hardly able to pitch his voice above a whisper.

"Eggs! Whoopee! Whoopee!" He sprang up into the air, gyrated madly, and finished with half a dozen war steps. "You don't say—all of 'em?"

"All of 'em."

"Say, you must be the Egg Man." He walked around and viewed Rasmunsen from the other side. "Come, now, ain't you the Egg Man?"

Rasmunsen didn't know, but supposed he was, and the man sobered down a bit.

"What d'ye expect to get for 'em?' he asked cautiously.

Rasmunsen became audacious. "Dollar 'n a half," he said.

"Done!" the man came back promptly. "Gimme a dozen."

"I—I mean a dollar 'n a half apiece," Rasmunsen hesitatingly explained.

"Sure. I heard you. Make it two dozen. Here's the dust."

The man pulled out a healthy gold sack the size of a small sausage and knocked it negligently against the gee-pole. Rasmunsen felt a strange trembling in the pit of his stomach, a tickling of the nostrils, and an almost overwhelming desire to sit down and cry. But a curious, wide-eyed crowd was beginning to collect, and man after man was calling out for eggs. He was without scales, but the man with the bearskin coat fetched a pair and obligingly weighed in the dust while Rasmunsen passed out the goods. Soon there was a pushing and shoving and shouldering, and a great clamor. Everybody wanted to buy and to be served first. And as the excitement grew, Rasmunsen cooled

down. This would never do. There must be something behind the fact of their buying so eagerly. It would be wiser if he rested first and sized up the market. Perhaps eggs were worth two dollars apiece. Anyway, whenever he wished to sell, he was sure of a dollar and a half. "Stop!" he cried, when a couple of hundred had been sold. "No more now. I'm played out. I got to get a cabin, and then you can come and see me."

A groan went up at this, but the man with the bearskin coat approved. Twenty-four of the frozen eggs went rattling in his capacious pockets and he didn't care whether the rest of the town ate or not. Besides, he could see Rasmunsen was on his last legs.

"There's a cabin right around the second corner from the Monte Carlo," he told him—"the one with the sody-bottle window. It ain't mine, but I've got charge of it. Rents for ten a day and cheap for the money. You move right in, and I'll see you later. Don't forget the sody-bottle window."

"Tra-la-loo!" he called back a moment later. "I'm goin' up the hill to eat eggs and dream of home."

On his way to the cabin, Rasmunsen recollected he was hungry and bought a small supply of provisions at the N. A. T. & T. store—also a beefsteak at the butcher shop and dried salmon for the dogs. He found the cabin without difficulty and left the dogs in the harness while he started the fire and got the coffee under way.

"A dollar 'n a half apiece—one thousand dozen—eighteen thousand dollars!" He kept muttering it to himself, over and over, as he went about his work.

As he flopped the steak into the frying pan the door opened. He turned. It was the man with the bearskin coat. He seemed to come in with determination, as though bound on some explicit errand, but as he looked at Rasmunsen an expression of perplexity came into his face.

"I say . . . now I say . . . " he began, then halted.

Rasmunsen wondered if he wanted the rent.

"I say, damn it, you know, them eggs is bad."

Rasmunsen staggered. He felt as though some one had struck him an astounding blow between the eyes. The walls of the cabin reeled and tilted up. He put out his hand to steady himself and rested it on the stove. The sharp pain and the smell of the burning flesh brought him back to himself.

"I see," he said slowly, fumbling in his pocket for the sack. "You want your money back."

"It ain't the money," the man said pathetically, "but hain't you got any eggs . . . good?"

Rasmunsen shook his head. "You'd better take the money."

But the man refused and backed away. "I'll come back," he said, "when you've taken stock, and get what's comin'."

Rasmunsen rolled the chopping-block into the cabin and carried in the eggs. He went about it quite calmly. He took up the hand-axe, and, one by one, chopped the eggs in half. These halves he examined carefully and let fall to the floor. At first he sampled from the different cases, then deliberately emptied one case at a time. The heap on the floor grew larger. The coffee boiled over and the smoke of the burning beefsteak filled the cabin. He chopped steadfastly and monotonously on till the last case was finished.

Somebody knocked at the door, knocked again, and let himself in.

"What a mess," he remarked as he paused and surveyed the scene.

The severed eggs were beginning to thaw in the heat of the stove, and a miserable odor was growing stronger.

"Must a-happened on the steamer," he suggested.

Rasmunsen looked at him long and blankly.

"I'm Murray, Big Jim Murray, everybody knows me," the man volunteered. "I'm just hearin' your eggs is rotten, and I'm offerin' you two hundred for the batch. They ain't good as salmon, but still they're fair scoffin's for dogs."

Rasmunsen seemed turned to stone. He did not move. "You go to hell," he said passionlessly.

"Now just consider. I pride myself it's a decent price for a mess like that, and it's better 'n nothin'. Two hundred. What you say?"

"You go to hell," Rasmunsen repeated softly, "and get out of here."

Murray gaped with a great awe, then went out carefully, backward, with his eyes fixed on the other's face.

Rasmunsen followed him out and turned the dogs loose. He threw them all the salmon he had bought, and coiled a sled-lashing up in his hand. Then he reentered the cabin and drew the lath in after him. The air was thick and murk. The smoke from the cindered steak made his eyes smart. He stood on the bunk, passed the lashing over the ridge pole, and measured the swing-off with his eye. It did not seem to satisfy, for he put the stool on the bunk and climbed upon the stool. He drove a noose in the end of the lashing and slipped his head through. The other end he made fast. Then he kicked the stool out.

* * * *

"Who gets the eggs?—that's what I want to know," Murray demanded at the inquiry next day. "Who gets the eggs?"

"Clean 'em up and you can have 'em," answered the man with the bear-skin coat. "I want to rent that cabin."

"Gosh! Just like money from home," Murray told his comrades up-creek later on. "And my dogs was gettin' desprit hungry."

MESSENGERS OF SPRING

By Louise Lewin Matthews

The skies grow soft and tender,
The sun at noon is high,

The willows' silver mittens
Are peeping at the sky,
The grasses show their bladelets,
The brooks go dancing by,
And all the world is smiling,
For Springtime days are nigh.

The robins in the orchard
Are flying here and there,
The birches' yellow tassels
A greener dress now wear;
The earth seems all awaking
With beauty sweet and rare:
It is to welcome Springtime,
That comes so pure and fair.

The Mishaps of Ol' Andy Perdue

By JAMES BALL NAYLOR

EVIDENTLY I had dropped asleep—lulled by the genial warmth of my office fire, and the low, moaning voice of the winter wind outside. For, when I suddenly shook myself, yawned, and sat erect in my chair, I became aware of the presence of Jim Whiss—seated in his accustomed place, and calmly and contentedly pulling at one of my cigars; and I had not heard him enter. He was leaning forward, his elbows upon his knees, his eyes fixed upon the gas blaze, as though he were striving to stare it out of countenance.

Hearing me stir he swept me a piercing glance from under his jutting brows, and remarked:

"Been snoozin', ain't you?"

I nodded—and again yawned.

"Didn't hear me come in, did you?"

I shook my head—once more yawning.

"Say, look here!" he growled testily. "Seems to me I'm goin' to find you mighty poor company, to-night. You're gapin' like a mudcat out o' water; must be sleepier'n ol' Andy Perdue was the time he rolled off'n his kitchen roof."

"How was that, Jim?" I asked—clapping my hand over my mouth to stifle another yawn.

"Never told you, didn't I?"

"No."

"Never told you *nothin'* 'bout ol' Andy?" —with a shy glance—half incredulous.

"Never—not that I recall."

"Well, I *will*—if you'll promise not to go to sleep on my hands, like you're in the habit o' doin'."

"I promise."

"All right, then—an' here goes."

He proceeded with his rambling reminiscences of old Andy Perdue, punctuating his tiresome drivel with measured puffs at his shortening cigar—and an occasional sigh of regret, as he noted the rapidly accumulating ash on the lighted end. I listened with what interest I could summon, studying his profile upon the wall—as usual—and offering a nod or grunt, at intervals, to keep him going. For I have learned that Jim Whiss is like a perverse and erratic clock that insists on striking out of all order and precedent; there is no stopping him until he has run down.

"Ol' Andy Perdue," he began, "was a Quaker by birth, an' lived out at Foxtown, some thirty 'r forty years ago. Was a kin' o' carpenter an' cabinet maker—an' the slowest, sleepiest, laziest, dilatoriest mortal that ever drawed the breath of life. W'y, he was so *darned* lazy he didn't want to die—'feared he might have to kick an' struggle a little, right at the end. His wife an' boy went off on a visit one time, an' was gone a week. Andy was too lazy to cook his own meals; an' jest turned in an' slept the whole seven days an' nights. The time he fell off'm his own kitchen he was patchin' the shingle roof; an' he went to sleep in the bilin' sun, an' rolled off. Jest waked up long enough, as he flopped over the eave trough, to holler —'I say *dead!;* an' then hit the ground kerslap—an' went to sleep ag'in.

"An' *slow*—he was slower 'n the seven-year itch! Feller took a baby

cradle to him, one time, to have a new rocker put on it. Well, sir, that p'rtic'-lar piece o' furniture was kicked 'round the shop fer over twenty years. Then one day Andy gits in a splutter an' drawls:

"'By the way, I've neglected to fix Solomon Rafter's baby crib, thee knows; an' I must do it right away.'

"The blamed lazy ol' scamp pitched in an' put on a new rocker, shouldered the cradle, an' toted it home. An' what do you s'pose?"

"I can't form a supposition, Jim," I smiled.

"Well, sir," he resumed with an air of convincing earnestness, "maybe you won't believe it, but ol' Sol met him at the door, a-bowin' an' a-smilin', an' says:

"'I'm mighty glad you've got that cradle done an' brung it home, Andy; we're needin' it—an' I was jest startin' to come over after it. The gal we wanted to rock in it has got a baby of 'er own, now, an' we was wantin' this cradle pow'rful bad. Thank you ever so much fer bein' so prompt an' accommodatin'.

"W'y, the ol' poke was so slow people used to leave standin' orders fer coffins, years ahead. I worked fer ol' Andy one winter; an' I know all about it. Feller from Stonebury come into the shop one day, an' says:

"'Where's Andy?'

"'Out,'" says I.

"'Be back soon?' says he.

"'Can't say. Nobody knows but him; an' the chances is that *he* don't. Want to see him on business?'"

"'Yes', he answers. 'Wanted to trade him some cherry lumber fer furniture.'

"'S'pect we can trade,'" says I. "'How much lumber you got?"

"'Don't know how much, yit.'

"'Seasoned?'" I asks.

"'W-e-e-l, no,' he answers, kin o' slow like. 'Fact is I jest set out the cherry sprouts this spring; but I 'lowed they'd be growed into trees big enough fer lumber by the time Andy had the furniture ready.'"

Whiss threw away the stump of the cigar, chuckling asthmatically. Then he ran his chubby fingers through his shock of hair and remarked reflectively:

"Seems most men have a certain gait an' speed—an' ain't capable of no other. Ol' Andy never got in a hurry but twice in his life; an' both times it got him into trouble. The first time was when he was askin' a silent blessin' at the breakfast table one mornin'. Jest as he was in the middle of his squirmin' agony he happened to hear the ol' cow smashin' down the gate that led from the barnyard into the garden patch, an' he jumps up, tippin' over his chair, an' purty near upsettin' the table, an' he hollers loud enough to keel the bark off'm a tree:

"'There's that durned ol' heifer gittin' into the sweet corn ag'in, thee knows! Call the dog, David! Dad rot her pesky ol' hide—I'll stove her ribs in!'

"An' out the door he went—like a skeered rubbit out of its squat. The whole neighborhood heerd his violent language, an' was scandalized, of course; an' ol' Andy come mighty nigh gittin' churched fer his hasty words an' temper.

"The other time him an' his son David was ridin' 'long the road one Sunday mornin' on the'r way to Quaker meetin'. Jest beyond Jim Furniss's place, on the ol' Roosterville road, they come upon a squir'l gatherin' nuts under a hick'ry tree. The squir'l saw them 'bout the time they saw it; an' it give a flirt to its tail, jumped onto the rail fence an' lit out fer tall timber like a streak o' moonshine. Ol' Andy got excited to once, an' hollered:

"'After him, David! We'll run the little rascal down, thee knows!'

"Then both of 'em dug the'r heels into th'r poky ol' plow-nags, an' went

gallopin' down the road—leavin' a cloud 'o dust behind 'em, so thick you couldn't cut it with a knife.

"Well, sir, the squir'l kept the fence, fer 'bout a quarter of a mile; then it jumped off onto a tobacker house close to the road, an' skinned 'round the corner of it.

"'Jump off an' tie thee horse, David—an' git thee a club!' ol' Andy shouted. 'We've got the little varmint cornered, thee knows!'

"An' off they both tumbled. Andy went 'round the tobacker house, one way, an' David went 'round t'other. Andy come upon the squir'l jest 'round the first corner, an' cracked a lick at it with a tobacker stick, that would 'ave jolted a meetin' house. Away went the squir'l 'round the next corner, whiskin' its tail an' a-chatterin' like all-possessed; an' after it went ol' Andy—jest a-whoopin' an' yellin':

"'Here he comes, David—head him off! Crack it to him as he turns the next corner, thee understands!'

"Well, David done jest as ol' Andy advised. He struck a ton at that squir'l; but missed it slick an' clean—an' fetched his daddy a clite that purty near laid the ol' sinner out. Andy dropped his club, clapped both hands to his head an' hopped 'round on one leg, bawlin' like a yearlin' bull:

"'Gee-bush-theeself, David! Thee's killed thee father—thee's killed thee only father!'

Other people was goin' to Quaker meetin', an' a big crowd of 'em had c'lected in the road in front of the tobacker house, an' was watchin' the whole p'rformance. They was so shocked an' mortified by the pr'ceedin' that they rode away in silence, leavin' the ol' scamp a-howlin' bloody murder. An' the upshot of the matter was that ol' Andy an' his boy both got turned out o' meetin."

"What did he do then?" I asked, feeling intuitively that there was more to come.

Jim stiffly got upon his feet, and, while buttoning his shaggy coat and winding endless folds of a red comforter around his neck, concluded:

"J'ined the Methodists down to Mount Hebron; but didn't stay with 'em long, 'n finally died a common backslider. Might 'ave stayed with the Methodists if it hadn't been fer his pesky laziness an' consumin' dilatoriness. He was so dodrotted lazy he wouldn't go to the exertion an' trouble of wearin' specs—too much work, you know, to be c'ntinually puttin' 'em on an' takin' 'em off; an' one time at Sunday school that verse come to him to read, where the angel troubled the water—mixed it up some way so it'd cure sick folks. If you know anything 'bout the bible, which y'r actions n' conduct don't show that you do, you'll remember that the verse reads somethin' like this—don't know that I can quote it exactly myself:

"'At certain seasons o' the year an angel went down to the pool an' troubled the water.'"

"Well, as I said, that verse come to ol' Andy, an' squintin' his eyes an' puckerin' his ol' saddle-flap face, he drawls out:

"'At certain seasons of the year an angel went down to the pool—'

"Right there he stuck fer a minute. Then he took a deep breath an' a final squint an' finished with a jerk:

"'An'—an' *tumbled into the water!*'

"You ort to 'ave been there—to hear them people yell an' laugh. An' ol' Andy got mad, an' was never back in that church agin, an—"

Jim broke off suddenly and shuffled toward the door, grumbling surlily to himself, as he went. He had heard a caller's step ascending the stairs.

GROUP OF INDIAN SCHOOL GIRLS

Practical Help for Reservation Indians

Their Marked Success in Logging their Timber on the Bad River Reservation in Northern Wisconsin.—They Learn Habits of Industry, Earn Good Wages, Clear their Land for Farming, and Quickly Acquire the White Man's Desire for Comfortable Homes.

By WILL H. CHAPPLE

THE BAD RIVER Indian reservation, located in Northern Wisconsin, is at present one of the most thrifty examples of the government's attempts to make the Indians self-supporting. This reservation is situated about eight miles south of Ashland, Wisconsin. The latter city is a great center for the manufacture of lumber. A fine growth of norway and white pine and a generous growth of all kinds of hardwood covered the reservation,—a great hindrance to the strenuous efforts of the pioneer government farmers, who attempted to get the Indians generally interested in agriculture,—but a great blessing in these more modern days, as the cutting of this valuable timber yields a large revenue while teaching the Indian the secrets of the white man's industry.

Not many years ago the Indians of the Bad River reservation were almost en-

tirely dependent on appropriations from the government for their very existence. The hunting could not be depended upon entirely and their meager efforts at farming did not yield sufficient to keep them, owing to their natural indolence. The pioneers of any community who have had to cut their way through forests, then down into the soil through myriads of stumps and a tangled mass of roots and all subsoil growth, have a conception of the difficulties and discouragements incident to such a beginning—difficulties which the Indians were entirely incapable of surmounting,—at least under the conditions which originally prevailed. They had the kind and intelligent direction of government farmers, one at a time, however,—but how pathetically inadequate! The Indian brave, traditionally a huntsman, in his endeavor to conquer the forest wild a mere babe,—could not be persuaded to take up any consecutive action.

But all this is changed now. The forests are gradually disappearing and beautiful garden spots are blossoming here and there over the reservation.

The fact that forest fires were doing incalculable damage each year to the timber of the reservation, damage augmented to some extent by a small percentage of dead and down timber, and spurred by the knowledge that the Indians were living a hand-to-mouth existence only by virtue of occasional appropriations from Washington, led government officials to acquiesce in a happy plan to permit the cutting of the timber, thus establishing a revenue for the Indians and at the same time starting the work of clearing preparatory to the inevitable final pursuit of the inhabitants,—agriculture.

In 1894 the J. S. Stearns Lumber Company, of which J. S. Stearns of Michigan is president, secured the contract to cut this timber on the reservation, and Mr. L. V. Baker, the secretary and treasurer of the company, was placed in charge of the work of supervising the building of the plant and making the improvements necessary. A model sawmill plant was soon in operation, with planing mill, lumber sheds, railroad sidings and everything that pertains to the manufacture and shipping of lumber.

The company has just completed a standard gauge railroad about twelve miles long, and which will eventually be twenty-five to thirty miles long. This will open the reservation and be of great benefit in settling it up as it follows one of the small streams that flow through some of the reservation's best farming land, and its branches reach several portions of the reservation. When it is vacated as a logging road, it can be used as a wagon road, thus saving the government or the Indians a large amount of money that would need to be spent in opening highways.

BEFORE THE LUMBERING BEGAN

The installation of this plant served a double purpose.

It has given employment to the Indians, such of them as could be induced to work like white men, and thus actually some position in the mill where the logs are sawed into boards. But from a small nucleus of a few energetic Indians who

LOGGING CAMP ON BAD RIVER INDIAN RESERVATION

to earn their living; and it has given them individual bank accounts, which are held by the government, as an adminstrator of an estate would hold property and funds for a minor heir. Only such sums are given to the Indians as they actually need in further clearing the land from which the timber has been cut, or in building little cottages, barns and sheds on the embryo farms.

The establishment of the saw-mill and the subsequent lumbering operations have done more towards developing the Indians than a half century of teaching. It was rather difficult in the beginning to get the Indians to do a good hard day's work, such as is demanded of men who go into the woods to cut down trees and prepare the logs for the saw-mill, drive the logs down stream to the mill boom where they are stored, or serve at led the way into the new regime of strenuous living, the movement has grown in a surprisingly satisfactory manner, until now the Bad River Indian reservation is one of the shining examples in the whole country, as to what can be done towards making the Indians self-supporting and independent.

It was some years ago that the Indians of the reservation were given lands in severalty in the form of allotments. This was a difficult matter for the government to adjudicate, there being so many "squaw" men and a strange mixture of Indians who belonged on neighboring reservations, but it was finally accomplished with just as much general satisfaction as the division of any estate. As a rule the Indians were each given eighty acres of land.

A large fund is being created by the

payments that are made by the Stearns Lumber Company for the timber on these lands. Payment is made in each case just as soon as the timber is cut. The government has a scaler on the reservation to determine the number of feet yielded by the timber on each allotment. It will no doubt surprise many hard-working farmers throughout the United States to know that at the present time some of these Indians each have $5,000 to their credit, held for them by Uncle Sam, the best banker in the world; and in addition to this they still have their farms, valuable now and destined to become much more so as the process of development continues; all this in addition to the fact that they are earning their wages in the saw-mill, on the river drives or in the woods. It is difficult to imagine that less than ten years ago these same workers were "blanket" Indians, content to sit by their wigwams, calmly smoking their pipes and waiting for the next government appropriation to arrive. Their chief occupation then was to watch and wait, the interim between appropriations some times being so extended as to start within them the pangs of hunger and incidentally stir them to mutterings against the Great White Father who left them penned in on a small reservation and yet fed them so tardily.

Argue the matter as much as we will the fact still remains that there is no race of people that seems so content with indolence as the Indians. The trend of the government's policy for years has been to increase this natural propensity. Whenever its officials make a distribution of cash among them it simply puts off the day when it will have to undo this policy and teach the Indians that there is no recompense without work.

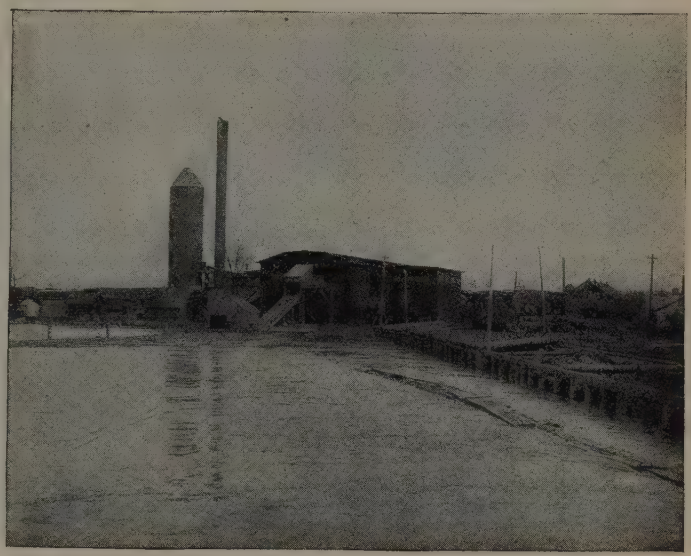
The influence of the single saw-mill on the Bad River Indian reservation has done more than a hundred years of isolation and itinerant teaching to make the

A LOG JAM AT ODANAH, THE INDIAN VILLAGE

Indians independent and give them "grown-up" ideas of existence. When it began operations there, the Indians were not actually earning a cent towards their own support, excepting in isolated instances: now about half of them are employed at something in connection with the lumbering operations. And they are paid good wages, too, the same as white men engaged in the same work. Last year the Stearns Lumber Company paid $32,325.37 in wages to the Indians it employs, a monthly distribution of about $3,000 among them. The influence of their wages is already being evidenced by the cozy little cottages erected in the little village of Odanah, where the saw-mill is located. The Indians are building real homes. They are painting these little homes like white people; they embellish them with pretty little dormer and bay windows. Not only in the homes but in the manner of dress, the Indians are showing the unconscious influence which daily contact in occupation with white people has on them. They do not expend their last penny on gaudy colors as did the aboriginal. With the advance of civilization comes the desire for more modest colors.

One Indian boy who went into the mill at the commonest kind of work, is now engaged in one of the most responsible positions in the manufacture of lumber, that of sawyer, and he earns over five dollars per day. Another Indian has mastered the intricate details of lumber inspecting and is regularly employed by the Stearns Lumber Company as one of its inspectors. One of the crews on the river is composed entirely of Indians and has an Indian foreman. The crew does as good work as a crew of white men. The foreman makes his regular reports to the officials of the company, in a highly satisfactory manner. This is one of the most gratifying signs of their growth, showing that in this particular line of work which seems to appeal to the Indians more than any other, they progress without the constant vigilance of the white man's supervision. They seem to enjoy outdoor work along the rivers and are very fond of the large teams of horses which are used in logging operations.

VIEW OF J. S. STEARNS LUMBER COMPANY'S SAW MILL PLANT



Large contracts for logging have been let by the Stearns Lumber Company in two or three instances to Indians who have shown remarkable ability in grasping the work of logging. These jobbers have earned profits like any white men contractors. They have hired Indians and white men to labor for them, all on

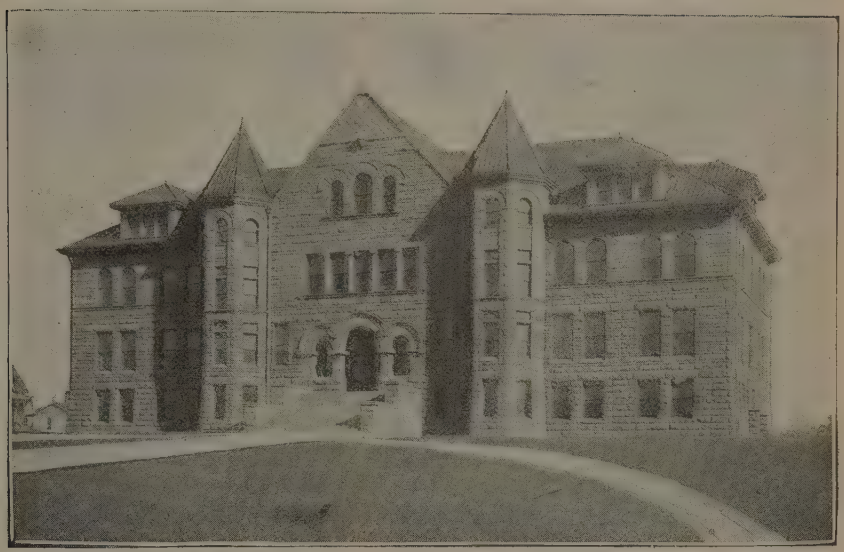
the same footing. One Indian contractor who goes by the English name of Edward Haskins is employing 105 men in the woods on the reservation this winter and will cut from 7,000,000 to 8,000,000 feet of logs and prepare them for the saw mill.

The Bad River reservation is one of about half a dozen mill reservations, which are under the care of Major Campbell, who was an officer in the Civil War. He is known as Indian agent, and all of these small reservations taken together are known as the La Pointe agency, with headquarters in the government building at Ashland. The agency takes its name from the historical old settlement on Madeline Island in Chequamegon Bay, Lake Superior, where Father Marquette did some of his early missionary work and where the first John Jacob Astor established one of his original trading posts.

A careful estimate places the duration of these logging operations at ten years more. At present half of the Indians are working and the mill has been running only seven years. The Indian village of Odanah now looks like a prosperous settlement of white people and is gathering the air of thrift and enterprise each year. The surrounding land is being cleared rapidly and fields of grain are taking the places of forest fastnesses for wigwams. Instead of the gutteral grunt of the blanket Indian, salutations are now of the white man's coinage,—"Hello!" the favorite greeting, and "So long," at parting. This among the men; but among the women: "Good morning" and "How d' do;" and at parting, "Good-bye" or "Good evening."

VIEW OF A SECTION OF ODANAH, THE INDIAN VILLAGE

Strange that we should herald a sawmill as the advance agent of civilization instead of the Indian schools and other of the government's expensive experiments for theoretical education. But, after all, not so strange when we stop to consider that it is an occupation that directly interests the Indians. We actually bring them into contact with the whites, where gradually they assume the same responsibilities and gain the same hopes and aspirations.



New Mexico

Third of a Millenium — Half a Century — A Decade

By Dr. A. E. WINSHIP,

Editor of the Journal of Education

IT is possible that talk of statehood may, for the first time in a quarter of a millenium, interest English-American in Mexican-American citizens.

The statehood proposition is certain to give a few citizens of the East and middle West paroxysms closely akin to those enjoyed by anti-Imperialists over the Filipinos.

Whether statehood for New Mexico comes now, or after the next presidential election, or ten years hence, is of slight concern except to office-holders and office-seekers, but it will come before the people of the United States have an intelligent appreciation of their new sister, even if the campaign of enlightenment should begin today.

I am writing on this lovely "Chrees mus" day of 1902 on the broad veranda of the Castaneda in the mellow rays o the sun that has scarcely found a cloud the size of a man's hand in his last 36 visits to Las Vegas. "Castaneda,"—th name, carries us back 460 years, almos four-score years before the wee littl boulder at Plymouth dreamed of fame back to Castaneda, the strangely fascin ating man whose letters of 1542, nov resting in the inner sanctuary of th

Lenox library of New York City, have made Coronado a traditional hero and a historical enigma for almost half a millenium.

With the Castaneda letters in one's thought, it is something more than a dream to be enjoying the hospitality of a twentieth century hotel whose architecture, equipment and cuisine are of the metropolitan standard.

For nearly a third of a thousand years New Mexico was under Mexican rule; for fifty years it has been under the political rule of the United States; for ten years it has been under intelligent territorial rule, and while the most ardent local champion of statehood will not assent that the territory from end to end has been trained to statehood, the most bitter local opponent of statehood will not deny that it will require but a short time at the pace of the past decade to prepare the territory to join the sisterhood.

By inheritance, tradition and language, the large majority of the residents are affiliated with Mexico rather than with the United States. The reason for this is not to their discredit nor to the credit of Mexico, but to the discredit of the United States.

With all our boasted devotion to free schools, there was no faintest trace of an American school in the territory twelve years ago, except for the Indians, who have fared infinitely better at the hands of the goverment, educationally, than the other children of the territory.

About a quarter of a century ago, the Protestant churches did a little for the education of American children in Albuquerque, East Las Vegas and Sante Fe, and an apology for a little in Las Cruces and a few Mexican communities; but, for all that the government did, New Mexico might have been in Egyptian darkness educationally in 1890.

From time immemorial there have been several Catholic church schools and the entire Mexican population has been at least nominally Christian. Admit if you please any criticism of the Catholic church in New Mexico prior to its passing into an American diocese, and even then what was done for the American Mexican was infinitely more creditable than what the United States and other churches left undone.

Twenty years ago I came to know the territory fairly well, notably in the Americanized cities, and I became acquainted with the educational mission work and appreciated the great joy and proud boast over the slight advance made in years of heroic effort of American Church societies to scatter a few educational seeds.

Aside from the Catholics, there are in all private and church schools eighty-one teachers and 2,272 pupils enrolled. It is easy, therefore, for me to appreciate what the public schools have accomplished in eleven years. To-day there are more than 4,000 pupils enrolled, mostly in good schools; there are 1,046 teachers, drawing $412,340 in salaries, and there is public school property valued at far more than a million.

In remembrance of the ten years that enrolled only a few children, the astonishment is inexpressible to think of an eleven years enrollment of 261,886 pupils and the employment of 5,599 teachers to whom a total of $1,155,645 has been paid in salaries.

Greater yet, in remembrance of the names given to some of the schools in those days, is the amazement at the buildings, equipment and professional standards of the university at Albuquerque, the agricultural college at Mesilla Park, the school of mines at Socorro, the normal school at Silver City and the normal university at Las Vegas, enrolling a total of nearly 1,000 earnest students.

Here is a territory in which scarcely any English was spoken over nine-tenths

of its area eleven years ago; in which there had not been a public school in the 350 years of its history; in which there had not been an institution of learning of any prominence, and, suddenly, in a decade, it has been transformed as by magic and the people pay the bills, an average tax for the schools of $5.00 ($4.94) for every man, woman and child in the territory, with the average salary of $54.30 for the teachers. The spirit behind it all is more remarkable than the accomplishment. Hon. J. Francisco Chavez, superintendent of public instruction, voices the spirit of the people in this memorable utterance:

"The indispensableness of education to worldly prosperity has been demonstrated. An ignorant people not only is, but must be, a poor people. They must be destitute of sagacity and, of course, of competence and comfort. The proof of this does not depend upon the lessons of history, but on the constitution of nature. No richness of climate, no spontaneous productiveness of soil, no facilities of commerce, no stores of the precious and useful metals garnered in the treasure-chambers of the earth can confer even worldly prosperity upon an uneducated people. Such a people cannot in this day and generation create wealth of themseles, and whatever riches may be showered upon them will run to waste.

"*Let whoever will sow the seed or gather the fruits, intelligence will consume the banquet.*"

I doubt if in the world's history there has been more done for educational advancement in eleven years by any people than has been done by the residents of New Mexico since 1890.

Who can prophesy, or even make a good Yankee guess, at what New Mexico will be when an educated, English-speaking people shall make the most of its soil, climate, mines and resorts?

Haddad's Light of Asia

By FRANK ABIAL FLOWER

SELIM S. HADDAD, an artist of Mt. Lebanon in Syria, has invented a new alphabet for writing and printing the languages of more than 250,000,000 people, and also has invented, and had manufactured in America, a typewriting machine for writing all languages which employ the complicated Arabic characters—the first successful mechanism of this kind in the world.

The number of characters required to print a newspaper or book in Arabic is 630. A printer's case of Arabic letters is as large as a dining table. There is no Arabic type-writing machine — except the one just produced by Haddad — because a key-board containing over 600 characters, some large and some small, some narrow and some wide, would require mechanism enough to fill a

عن قريب سيحضر سيادة
العلامة المفضال السيد تيخون
مطران الروس والسوريين
الارثوذكس في هذه البلاد ليقوم
بتكريس الكنيستين السورية
والروسية ولما كان ابناء الطائفة
الارثوذكسية قد افتتحوا اكتتابا
يقدمون بمجموعه هدية لسيادة
العلامة المفضال الارشمندريت
رفائيل هواويني

No. 2.

= عن قريب سيحضر سيادة
العلامة المفضال السيد تيخون
مطران الروس والسوريين
الارثوذكس في هذه البلاد ليقوم
بتكريس الكنيستين السورية
والروسية ولما كان ابناء الطائفة
الارثوذكسية قد افتتحوا اكتتاباً
يقدمون بمجموعه هدية لسيادة
العلامة المفضال الارشمندريت
رفائيل هواويني ولما كان وقت

N[illegible]

piano box and cost from $500 to $1,000.

This cumbrousness has made the cost of printing books in Arabic almost prohibitive, and is the reason why those who invented the "golden art of poetry," brought to us alchemy, medicine, astronomy, mathematics and the most picturesque architecture extant, are now in the direst literary poverty.

Their letters have four positions in the printed line — initial, middle, final and isolated — and types for printing or use on a writing machine must be so made that each will join all the others on the three distinct horizontal lines in all positions save isolated. This rather blind statement may be better understood by having attention called to the fact that *a* in "cat" is not like *a* in "pa", or *a* in "at", or an isolated *a*, and so on through the alphabet. These complications of size, width and positions are what have rendered improvements in types and the production of type-writing machines impossible.

Mr. Haddad struck at the root of the evil by reducing the number of characters from 630 to fifty-three, including six "weak" letters used in the Turkish language only.

Knowing that his people would accept nothing differing materially from what they had been using for ages, he so combined the old characters structurally, while reducing their number, that when joined in printing, they lost nothing perceptible of their ancient appearance. He then reduced them to common units of height and width and so rearranged them that those used most are found nearest the hands of the compositor or operator. Having accomplished these changes, he made complete fonts of type according to his invention, which are en route to Egypt and Turkey, ready for making books and newspapers, and also had manufactured, in America, two beautiful type-writers, finished in white

and gold and nickel. One of these machines has been shipped to the Sultan of Turkey, as a mark of respect; the other Mr. Haddad personally presented to the Khedive of Egypt at Christmas.

While showing his wonderful machine to the Turkish minister in Washington, the Persian minister, who was present, cut from the Arabic newspaper *Merrat el Gharb*, a slip, No. 1, which Mr. Haddad copied on his machine as shown in No. 2—the former printed from a

SELIM S. HADDAD, THE INVENTOR

case of 630 or more characters; the latter from a key-board of only fifty-three characters, or twenty less than comprise the keyboard of an English type-writing machine.

Turkey, Arabia, Syria, Persia, British India, Hindustan, Egypt, Abyssinia, Morocco, Tunis, Turkey in Europe, and in fact all Mohammedan countries, so far as they are Mohammedan, use the Arabic characters in writing and printing. Thus, telegraphic messages are not sent in native tongues in those countries, which, of course, are without type-writing machines and in some cases without a newspaper the natives can read.

The Koran unified the Arab nations and sent them conquering over southern Europe and northern Africa—from Lisbon to Samarcand and gave them a brilliant sway of centuries. Haddad's invention will lift them into the light of modern civilization—vitalize their trade and commerce, and open their imaginative, fantastic, gorgeous and irridescent literature to the remainder of mankind.

Once the Arabs held great national festivals at which rich prizes were awarded for the finest poems and compositions, just as Americans now hold expositions and fairs and give rewards for the best pigs, pianos, plows and pumpkins. Thousands of these ancient manuscripts, hidden away in Persia, Arabia and Egypt because the cost of their reproduction could not be met, will be brought to light by Haddad's really remarkable invention.

The inventor is quite as notable as his invention. Born in Mount Lebanon, he became an artist in a country which possessed no artists, artists' materials, art or pictures.

Establishing a studio in Cairo, he attracted attention by the accuracy of his drawing, the fervor of his imagination and the vividness of his Oriental coloring. His first exhibition at the Cairo Annual Salon won the government's first prize. This feat added to his fame and brought him in contact with persons of means who advanced more than the $50,000 required to finish his invention and put types and writing machines on the market. In Egypt, Syria, Turkey and Arabia, Haddad is regarded as greater than Edison, for his invention unlocks the literary treasures of more than a dozen peoples—of one-sixth of all mankind—and will give to their commerce, learning and progress a modern impetus to which no end is imaginable.

Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood, who still practices law in Washington and is a familiar figure in committee rooms in the national capitol, has the unique distinction of being the only woman who ever "made the run" for the presidency of the United States. The nomination, made at a convention of California women, was unsought by Mrs. Lockwood, but, like the greatness of some, was thrust upon her, and she led the way to the polling of several thousand votes and to the astonishing of the country. The campaign made by the advocates of women's rights under the leadership of Mrs. Lockwood forms an interesting and significant chapter in the political history of the country, and is here written for the first time by the woman who essayed to sit in the chair of the chief magistrate of the land. Since that time her cause has gained prodigiously. In several Western states and in Australia women have gained full franchise rights—and they are making progress everywhere.

Belva Ann Bennett Lockwood

How I Ran for the Presidency

By BELVA A. LOCKWOOD

IT was in the regular course of presidential elections in 1884 that I received the nomination to the office. The national conventions had been assembled, and had made their nominations early. James G. Blaine, then in the zenith of his popularity and one of the leading statesmen of the nation, had been nominated by the republican party, and Grover Cleveland, then a new possibility, and comparatively unknown, was nominated by the democratic party; John P. St. John headed the ticket for the prohibitionists, and Benjamin F. Butler was nominated in Michigan by the laboring men's party, and his nomination had been made by a woman.

Progressive and thinking women from all parties had attended in greater or less numbers all of these conventions, and were pressing forward for recognition. About this time Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Mrs. Susan B. Anthony came out in a circular, directed to the leading women of the country, urging them to use their influence for the repub-

lican party; a copy of it was sent to me. I had been present, as had also Miss Phœbe Cousins and others, at the convention in Chicago which had nominated Mr. Blaine, and we had besought the resolutions committee in vain to adopt a plank in their platform giving some recognition to women.

The circular of these distinguished ladies appeared to me to be so out of harmony with real conditions, that I at once made the following reply and sent it to Mrs. Marietta L. B. Stow of San Francisco, who was then editing the Woman's Herald of Industry, and which she published in her paper as follows:

Washington, D. C., Aug. 10, 1884.

EDITOR WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY:

The August number of your valuable paper is before me. It has so much the true ring of justice and right in it, without fear or favor, that I am sure it must do good wherever it goes.

Why not nominate women for important places? Is not Victoria Empress of India? Have we not among our country-women persons of as much talent and ability? Is not history full of precedents of women rulers? The appointment of Phœbe Cousins as assistant marshal of St. Louis is a step in the right direction. It is in keeping with her education and profession, is suitable, legal work, and will have a softening and refining influence on the criminal classes of the city of St. Louis, and the attaches of the court. There should be more appointments of the same sort.

If women in the states are not permitted to vote, there is no law against their being voted for, and if elected, filling the highest office in the gift of the people.

Two of the present political parties who have candidates in the field believe in woman suffrage. It would have been well had some of the candidates been women. There is no use in attempting to avoid the inevitable.

The Republican party, claiming to be the party of progress, has little else but insult for women, when they appear before its "conventions" and ask for recognition. Note, for instance, the resolution on woman suffrage presented to their convention on the 5th of June.

It is quite time that we had our own party; our own platform, and our own nominees.

We shall never have equal rights until we take them, nor respect until we command it. Act up to your convictions of justice and right, and you cannot go far wrong. Yours truly,

BELVA A. LOCKWOOD.

Mrs. Stow made some extensive and liberal comments of her own on this letter in printing it, and then sent it in turn to the leading women of the country, and approving and disgruntled comments appeared in turn. Mrs. Helen M. Gougar of Lafayette, Ind., then publishing Our Herald, favored the nomination.

I had now been ten years in the practice of law before the supreme court of the District of Columbia, and four years before the United States supreme court of claims, all of which courts I had opened to women by hand to hand work and dogged persistence, in the last two instances drafting the bill and lobbying it through congress in 1879.

I had also secured the passage of an act in 1872, giving to the women employes of the government equal pay with men for equal work; had secured the passage of an act appropriating $50,000 for the payments of bounties to sailors and marines; had secured the appointment of a matron in the district jail, and a sitting room and retiring room for women witnesses and women lawyers in the court house. My hands were full of legal work, often two or three cases a day, and my patronage, for a woman, was really marvelous. But I stopped at nothing, took hold of any class of case, from a common assault to a murder; had plenty of civil cases, giving no more thought to the nominations, when suddenly, like a clap of thunder from a clear sky, came a nomination to me for the presidency from the women of California.

Fired by the situation, and believing that I had some grit, the women had called a convention and had nominated me for the presidency, with Marietta L. B. Stow as a running mate. I was taken utterly by surprise, was too busy in my profession to stop, and for three days carried the letter of nomination in my pocket before mentioning it to any one. On the Monday morning following, with the answer in my pocket, I went up to the supreme court of the dis-

trict, where I had two civil cases to file, and three in the court of claims, with a claim to look after in the war department, when Mr. M. A. Clancy, assistant clerk of the District of Columbia court, then as now, who was filing my papers, said:

"Mrs. Lockwood, you ought to vote for Ben Butler."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because he is a woman suffragist, a temperance man, and a labor reformer."

Clancy had formerly been private secretary to Butler in congress. I looked at him half in doubt as to whether I should give the matter away, and then, pulling the letter out of my pocket, and warning him not to mention it, replied:

"Clancy, I've got a nomination myself."

He glanced at the letter, and burst out laughing, saying: "That's the best joke of the season."

I again warned him not to mention it, and especially not to tell the court reporter, and sped away on my wheel to the post-office to mail my answer to the California women, and thence to the court of claims and the war department.

I append below the letter and the response.

San Francisco, Sept. 13-84.
331 Montgomery St.

BELVA A. LOCKWOOD.

MADAM: We, the undersigned, have the honor to congratulate you as the first woman ever nominated for the highest office in the gift of a nation, and we further congratulate you upon the cordial manner in which the nomination has been received by both people and press.

CLARA S. FOLTZ
MARY J. HOLT
ELIZABETH J. CORBETT, M. D.
MARIETTA L. STOW

Washington, D. C., Sept. 25-84.
619 F St., N. W.

CLARA S. FOLTZ,
MARY J. HOLT,
ELIZABETH J. CORBETT, M. D.,
MARIETTA L. STOW.

MESDAMES: Your letter of congratulation reached me in due time and I am proud to have such a coterie of able women at my beck.

Now, without stopping to look back, let us see what a few earnest, capable women can do.

Do not fail to have a state convention called in California, an electoral ticket in the field and some talented woman or man nominated on the "Equal-Rights" ticket in each congressional district. Then work bravely for the election. If we can get one elector elected on our ticket so that that person will form one of the electoral college that meets here in December, this campaign of our Equal Rights party will pass into the history of 1884, and become the entering wedge—the first practical movement in the history of Woman Suffrage, and will be the beginning of the end. It will open a door to be shut no more forever, and four years from now will sweep the country.

Already every newspaper in the land has caught up the refrain and all over the country earnest men and women are saying, Why not? With my best wishes to you ladies I remain,

Yours truly,
BELVA A. LOCKWOOD.

In the meantime I had formulated a platform, thinking that we must take up every one of the current issues of the day, and at the same time make it so brief that the newspapers would publish it and the people read it.

I had hardly returned to my office when the Evening Critic had sent up a reporter, who said:

"Mrs. Lockwood, I hear you have a nomination for the presidency. The Critic wants a copy of it and the reply."

A young woman typewriter in my office, Miss Lillie Sadler, thereupon typed him a copy from the rough notes on my desk, and he had hardly closed the door behind him, when another reporter appeared, and said:

"Mrs. Lockwood, we hear you have a nomination for the presidency and have accepted it. The Evening Star must have a copy, of course."

Again the typewriter's fingers flew over the keys, and he was supplied with a copy, and I had turned again to my work when the office door again opened and in came an Associated Press reporter, with his face all aglow, and repeated:

"Mrs. Lockwood, we hear you have a nomination. The public must have it, of course."

The evening had now come on, and I had gone to a concert, when in came a

reporter for the National Republican, the only morning paper then in Washington. Again the typewriter supplied the want, giving this time a copy of the platform which I had instructed her to copy, and which I append below:

BELVA A LOCKWOOD

PLATFORM
OF THE
NATIONAL EQUAL RIGHTS PARTY.

1. We pledge ourselves, if elected to power, so far as in us lies, to do equal and exact justice to every class of our citizens, without distinction of color, sex, or nationality.

2. We shall recommend that the laws of the several states be so amended that women will be recognized as voters, and their property rights made equal with that of the male population, to the end that they may become self-supporting, rather than a dependent class.

3. It will be our earnest endeavor to revive the now lagging industries of the country by encouraging and strengthening our commercial relations with other countries, especially with the Central and South American States, whose wealth of productions are now largely diverted to England and other European countries for lack of well established steamship lines, and railroad communications between these countries and our own, encourage exports by an effort to create a demand for our home productions: and to this end, we deem that a moderate tariff—suficient to protect the laboring classes, but not so high as to keep our goods out of the market, as most likely to conserve the best interests of our whole people. That is to say, we shall avoid as much as possible a high protective tariff on the one hand and free trade on the other. We shall also endeavor by all laudable means to increase the wages of laboring men and women. Our protective system will be most earnestly exerted to protect the commonwealth of the country from venality and corruption in high places.

4. It will be our earnest effort to see that the solemn contract made with the soldiers of the country on enlistment into the United States service, viz: that if disabled therein they should be pensioned, strictly carried out, and that without unnecessary expense and delay to them; and a re-enactment of the "Arrears Act."

5. We shall discountenance by every legal means the liquor traffic, because its tendency is to demoralize the youth of the land; to lower the standard of morality among the people; and we do not believe that the revenue derived from it would feed and clothe the paupers that it makes, and the money expended on its account in courts, workhouses and prisons.

6. We believe that the only solution of the Indian question is, to break up all of their small principalities and chieftainships, that have ever presented the anomaly of small kingdoms scattered through a republic and ever liable to break out in some unexpected locality; and which have been hitherto maintained at such great expense to the government; and treat the Indian like a rational human being, as we have the negro—make him a citizen, amenable to the laws, and let him manage his own private affairs.

7. That it is but just that every protection granted to citizens of the United States by birth should also be secured to the citizens of the United States by adoption.

8. We shall continue gradually to pay the public debt and to refund the balance, but not in such manner as to curtail the circulating medium of the country so as to embarrass trade, but pledge ourselves that every dollar shall be paid in good time.

9. We oppose monopoly, the tendency of which is to make the rich, richer, and the poor, poorer, as opposed to the genius and welfare of republican institutions.

10. We shall endeavor to aid in every laudable way the work of educating the masses of the people, not only in book knowledge, but in physical, moral and social culture, in such a manner as will tend to elevate the standard of American manhood and womanhood—that the individual may receive the highest possible development.

11. We recommend a uniform system of laws for the several States as desirable, as far as practicable; and especially the laws relating to the descent of property, marriage and divorce, and the limitation of contracts.

12. We will endeavor to maintain the peacable relations which now exist between the various sections of our vast country, and strive to enter into a compact of peace with the other American as well as European nations, in order that the peace which we now enjoy may become perpetual. We believe that war is a relic of barbarism belonging to the past, and should only be resorted to in the direst extremity.

13. That the dangers of a solid South or a solid North shall be averted by a strict regard to the interests of every section of the country, a fair distribution of public offices, and such a distribution of the public funds for the increase of the facilities of inter-commercial relations as will restore the South to her former industrial

prestige, develop the exhaustless resources of the West, foster the iron, coal and woolen interests of the Middle States, and revive the manufactures of the East.

14. We shall foster civil service, believing that a true civil service reform, honestly and candidly administered will lift us out of the imputation of having become a nation of office-seekers, and have a tendency to develop in candidates for office an earnest desire to make themselves worthy and capable of performing the duties of the office that they desire to fill, and in order to make the reform a permanent one, recommend that it be ingrafted into the constitution of the United States.

15 It will be the policy of the Equal Rights Party to see that the residue of the public domain is parceled out to actual settlers only, that the honest yeomanry of the land, and especially those who have fought to preserve it, shall enjoy its benefits.

The secret was out and next morning I was famous. The letter of acceptance and the platform was not only copied in all the large dailies but in every country newspaper of any standing in the United States. The campaign having been uncorked, it seemed disposed to run itself. It was in vain that Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony and Lillie Devereaux Blake rose up and published in the newspapers that they had not made the nomination and, therefore, that it was not regular. Mrs. Abigail Scott Dunniway published in her paper, the New Northwest, something akin to vituperation, and Mrs. Stow replied in her paper. My daughter, Mrs. Ormes, replied to Mrs. Blake in the New York World, and matters looked a little squally, but there was no chance for any back step.

Then the women of Washington became aroused, and determined on a ratification meeting, but no one in Washington has a vote. An electoral ticket was therefore gotten up for Maryland, and Mrs. Amanda Best, who at that time had a country home within the confines of Prince George county, and near to the railroad station, offered to act as hostess.

Notices of the meeting and how to get there were published in the Washington papers and billed in the streets. On arriving we found a rambling old farmhouse, which was used as a dressing-room for the occasion. Huge, spreading old apple trees in the background were used for reception rooms and to shade the long tables of lemonade, sandwiches, pies and cake that had been spread under them. In the foreground on a pole was a large white streamer containing the names and portraits of the candidates, joined with the stars and stripes, a rough board platform and board seats in front; while the bright women of Washington and the sturdy old farmers of Maryland, who were almost amazed at the audacity of women holding a political convention, made the welkin ring.

There was a lively speech from the presidential candidate, in which she counselled the women to rise up, and by their votes take possession of the affairs of the goverment. There was a response from Maryland and from the District of Columbia, with a marked appreciation of the repast spread under the apple trees a little later, and as the sun went down the merry ratifiers hied themselves to the railroad station to take the train back to Washington. There, sitting on the railroad ties, with note books in hand, were nine reporters from Baltimore and Washington striving in the twilight to make an abstract of the candidate's speech for their respective papers before the cars came rushing down. What they did not remember they unconcernedly made up, never losing chance of an opportunity to add a little color. The scene was both laughable and serious. Of course, both Baltimore and Washington had the report of the meeting next morning, with embellishments.

Electoral tickets were then nominated in all of the states where there was any known organization that favored the movement. Mrs. Stow's paper was converted into a lively campaign sheet and sent out broadcast. Messrs. Vose & Co. of New York City published portraits of the candidates in all sizes at their own

expense, and circulated them widely. Cleveland (Ohio) got up a Lockwood button. Mrs. Marilla M. Ricker of Dover, New Hampshire, headed the electoral ticket in that state, Clara Foltz in California, Amanda M. Best in Maryland, Cynthia Leonard in New York, Lelia B. Robinson in Oregon, and two very bright women in Michigan and in Indiana.

A lively and amusing feature of the campaign was the Mother Hubbard clubs, composed mostly of young men dressed in women's clothes, who made speeches and sang songs, one of them always representing the candidate, and which the newspapers published as an actual verity. The most noted of these was the club at Rahway, New Jersey, which was pictured at large in Frank Leslie's, the Broom Brigade of New York City, illustrated in the World, and the Mother Hubbard Club at Terra Haute, Indiana, which actually did some creditable work.

The results of the campaign were summarized in this following petition:

To the Honorable, the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States:

Your petitoner, a resident of the District of Columbia, claiming the inalienable rights and prerogatives of an American citizen, conspicuous among which is the time honored right of petition, most respectfully states:

That at and during the recent election for President, held in the United States, your petitioner was one of the nominees for that responsible and honorable trust. That in the States of New Hampshire, New York, Michigan, Illinois, Maryland and California, the party whose nominee your petitioner was, fully and in all respects complied with the laws, in placing their electoral tickets in the field. Your petitioner begs leave to set forth, that, in all of the afore mentioned states, the electoral tickets, having at their head "For President, Belva A. Lockwood; For Vice President, Marietta L. Stow," *did* receive the suffrage and support of good citizens, as follows:

New Hampshire	379	votes
New York	1336	"
Michigan	374	"
Illinois	1008	"
Maryland	318	"
California	734	"

and the entire electoral vote of Indiana.

Your petitioner further states that during the recent session of the Electoral College of the State of Indiana, at the capitol thereof, that after it had cast its vote for Cleveland it changed its mind, as it had an undisputed legal right to do, and cast its united vote for your petitioner. Your petitioner therefore demands that the vote of Indiana be counted for her in compliance with the expressed wish of the electors of said State. And thus your petitioner will ever pray.

Mrs. Stow received this notification of the presentation of the petition:

Wash. D. C, Jan. 12, 1884.

Dear Mrs. Stow—The above is a facsimile of a petition introduced into the senate to-day by Sen. Hoar and referred to the committee on privileges and elections. BELVA A. LOCKWOOD.

Besides the votes named in the above petition, we received one-half of the electoral vote of Oregon, and a large vote in Pennsylvania, but the votes in the latter state were not counted, simply dumped into the waste basket as false votes.

Thus ended a presidential campaign that has gone down in history, but which awakened the women of the country as nothing else has done since that time.

THE MOTHER'S DREAM

I'd a dream tonight
As I fell asleep,
O! The touching sight
Makes me still to weep:
Of my little lad
Gone to leave me sad,
Aye, the child I had,
But was not to keep.

As in heaven high,
I my child did seek,
There, in train, came by
Children fair and meek
Each in lily white,
With a lamp alight;
Each was clear to sight,
But they did not speak,

Then, a little sad,
Came my child in turn,
But the lamp he had,
O! it did not burn;
He, to clear my doubt,
Said, half turn'd about,
"Your tears put it out;
Mother, never mourn."

William Barnes.

MEN AND AFFAIRS OF MODERN MEXICO

By S. GLEN ANDRUS

With Engravings from Photographs by Waite, City of Mexico

VI.

THE WORLD'S RICHEST MINERAL STORE-HOUSE

American capital invested in Mexican mining .	$100,000,000	
Mexico's silver output during 1902		35,000,000
Mexico's gold output during 1902		10,000,000
Mexico's copper output during 1902		10,000,000
Mexico's lead output during 1902		2,500,000
Mexico's output of antimony, zinc, iron and other minerals during 1902		3,000,000
Mexico's total mineral output during 1902		$60,500,000

AMERICAN brains and American pluck, backed by unlimited American capital, are working an amazing revolution in the mining industry of Mexico. Like human ants thousands upon thousands of prospectors from the states are swarming through the barrancas of Mexico from the border to the gulf and from ocean to ocean, scaling mountain tops and delving in canyons in search of the wealth hidden in the greatest mineral store-house of the world.

This industrial and financial army from the north has given an impetus to Mexican mining which bids fair to place that country in the fore rank in production of gold and copper, a position which it now occupies with respect to silver. Within five years American investigation, followed by liberal investments, has proved that the mining future of Mexico is fraught with almost limitless possibilities.

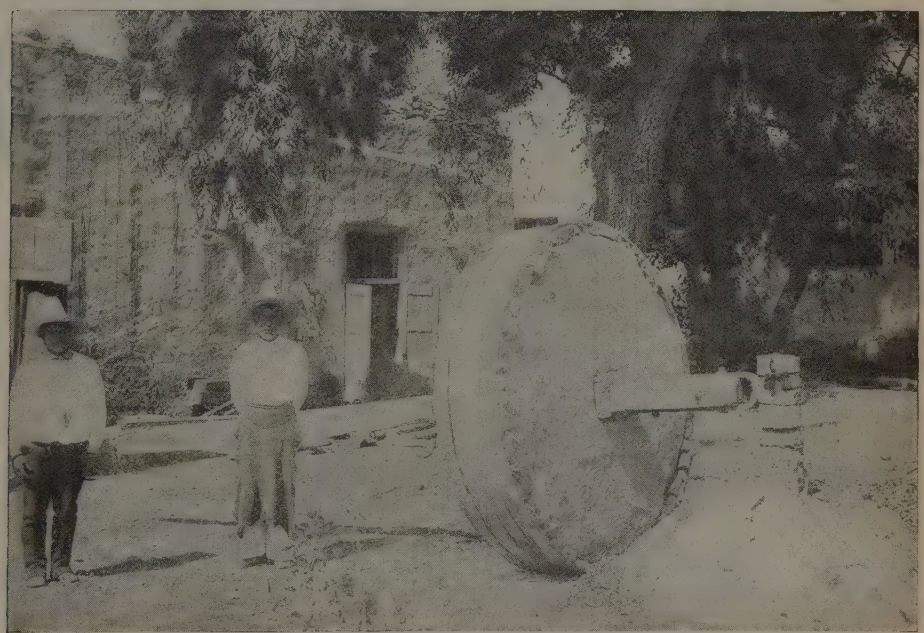
The everlasting inquisitiveness and restless energy of the Yankee have proved the falsity of the general impression that the Spanish conquistadores wrested from the mountains of Mexico the best of the priceless treasures which nature deposited there.

After making a trip through several of Mexico's mining states, it became a matter of amazement to me that men and capital should seek the frozen north, there to wage a killing battle with climate and all the antagonistic forces that

nature can bring to bear in resisting human encroachment. Amazing, because at our very doors is a country whose mineral wealth is fabulous, whose climate is the most delightful in North America, whose government is welcoming with outstretched arms the American financial invasion, whose laws are framed to promote and not hinder the development of mining industries and whose transportation facilities are fast becoming the equal of those in the United States. There is everything to contend against in frozen Alaska. There is little to contend against in Mexico if you know what you are after, know when you have found it and having found it, know how to make it your own and use it to your profit.

There are to-day many hundreds of mining claims in the possession of reliable American companies which offer genuinely good opportunities to the large and small investor. There are, on the other hand, many companies which are presenting spurious investments to the public. It would be strange were it otherwise in such an era of mining activity. It is easy for the investor to ascertain the truth regarding conditions and companies in Mexico so that he may not err to his sorrow. An erroneous impression exists that a large portion of the ore-bearing regions of Mexico have been prospected so thoroughly that they no longer present opportunities for rich discoveries. As a matter of fact there are large territories which were never prospected until recently and which promise great things. True it is that for two centuries native and Spanish prospectors eagerly sought for mineral deposits in nearly every portion of the republic. It was, however, the richest finds only that held the attention of the Spaniard. After the miner had paid his twenty per cent. to the crown and his tithes to the church it had need to be rich ore that would leave him a handsome profit.

PRIMITIVE AZTEC ORE CRUSHER—THE SORT OF THING THAT AMERICANS ARE REPLACING WITH MODERN MACHINERY



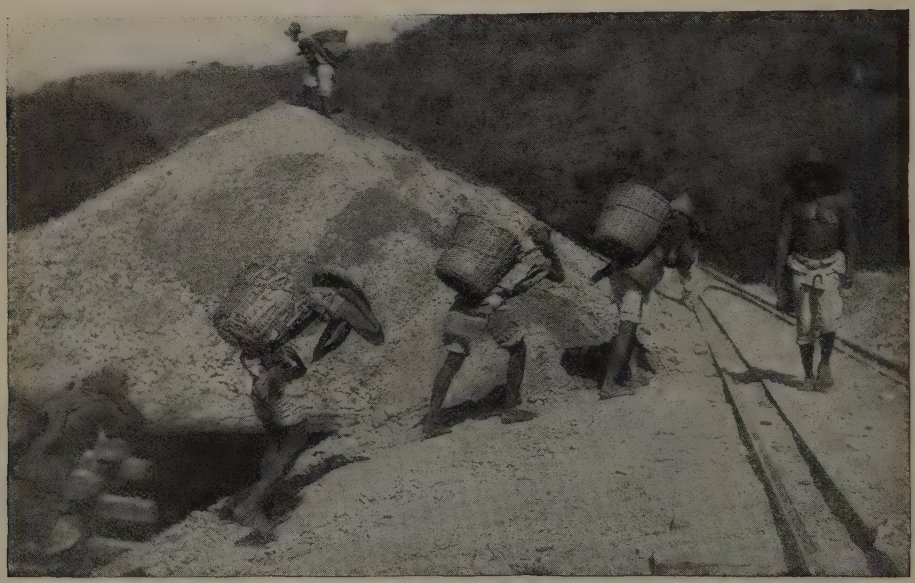
During the period from 1550 to 1700 a large majority of the mines which were famous in Mexico up to five years ago were discovered. It must be remembered, however, that many of them have never been extensively exploited through lack of transportation facilities, scarcity of labor, paucity of capital or cost of supplies.

During the period mentioned were discovered the Real del Monte, Taxo, Guanjuato, Zacatecas, Fresnillo, Sombrerete, Catorce, Parral, Batopilas, San Dimas, Santa Eulalia and hundreds of other mines of less reputation. It was during the colonial period that the "bonanzas" of Guanjuato, which have yielded a total production of $1,200,000,000 gold and silver; those of Zacatecas, with their total yield of $900,000,000, and the Real del Monte, with its total of $600,000,000, first became of world-wide fame. Many of them are now being operated by modern machinery and modern methods installed by American capital and promise to duplicate, or even to surpass, their past output.

The fact that there are undoubtedly as great "bonanzas" in Mexico to-day as those discovered by the Spaniards is the magnet which is attracting the American dollar. Second to the railroads, capital from the United States has done most for the mining of the republic. The great increase in the mineral output of recent years is due almost solely to capital from the States, for it has built and is building the railroads which tap the ore regions. American capital which has substituted the stamp mill, the concentrating plant and the smelter for the *patio* process of old; which has placed modern machinery at the mines, turning hitherto useless, low grade ores into available fortunes, and has harnessed the power of the plunging mountain torrents and made them do the bidding of man.

Accordingly, the $100,000,000 of American capital which is invested in Mexican mining, although but one-eighth of the total amount invested, bears a much more important ratio than that repre-

BEFORE THE ADVENT OF AMERICAN MACHINERY—PEONS CARRYING ORE OUT OF A MINE BY THE "CHICKEN LADDER" ROUTE



sented by the figures one and eight. An idea of the potency of the American factor is gathered from the statement that at the present rate of increase, the mineral output of the republic will in fifty years amount to $6,000,000,000, which is the total estimated output of Mexican mines since their history began.

That this wonderful advance is due almost solely to American capital is shown by the amounts which are invested in a few of the principle mining states. In the state of Sonora, probably the richest mineral region in the republic, there is a total of $27,800,000 of American capital invested in mining. In the state of Chihuahua, whose capital city of Chihuahua is the greatest mining center of Mexico, $21,000,000 of American money is invested. The state of Durango has $6,500,000 and the state of Coahuila $6,000,000. In these states as in others old mines which were abandoned years ago when the water level was reached have been bought by Americans, reopened and nnder modern methods are proving to be "bonanzas." New mines almost without number have also been located.

Mexico's mineral reputation has mainly been that of the largest silver producing country. It is therefore somewhat astonishing to learn that more than 300 species of minerals are classified in the republic. The more important minerals and the places where they are found are:

ZACATECAS, THE CENTER OF MINES THAT HAVE YIELDED AN OUTPUT VALUED AT $900,000,000

GOLD AND SILVER—Native and in composition with lead, copper, etc., in the states of Guanajuato, Zacatecas, Hidalgo, San Luis Potosi, Chihuahua, Senora, Lower California, Guerrero, Oaxaca and Sinaloa.

PLATINA—In Vera Cruz and Guerrero in small quantities.

COPPER—In Guerrero, Michoacan, Guanajuato, Jalisco, Sonora, Lower California and Chihuahua.

IRON—In Hidalgo, Guanajuato, Jalisco, Morelos, Vera Cruz, Sonora, Oaxaca and Durango. In the latter state is the famous Cerro del Mercado, a mountain containing the most enormous mass of magnetic iron in the world.

LEAD—In Zacatecas, Sonora, Oaxaca and Mexico.

TIN—In Zacatecas, Sonora and Oaxaca.

ZINC—In Guerrero.

CINNIBAR—In San Luis Potosi, Tabasco, Guanajuato, Zacatecas and Guerrero.

QUICKSILVER—In San Luis Potosi, Guerrero and Tabasco.
ALUM—In Pueblo and Michoacan.
BISMUTH—In Zacatecas.
ROCK CRYSTAL—In Nueva Leon.
MARBLE AND ONYX—In Oaxaca, Vera Cruz, Puebla, San Luis Potosi, and Sonora.
OPALS—In Queretaro and Guerrero.
SALT—At the coast of the Gulf of Mexico in the state of San Luis Potosi, Mexico, etc.
COAL—In Vera Cruz, Puebla, Oaxaca, Tamaulipas, Coahuila, Sonora and Tabasco.
SULPHUR—Especially in the craters of the highest mountains such as Orizaba, Popocatepetl and also in the states of Michoacan and Durango.
COAL OIL—In the Federal District, Vera Cruz, Oaxaca and Tabasco.
ASPHALT—In Tamaulipas and Vera Cruz.
GRANITE—In Oaxaca, Jalisco, Mexico and Guerrero.
PORPHYRY—In Chihuahua, Hidalgo, Jalisco, Puebla, Queretaro and Zacatecas.
POTTER'S CLAY—Especially fine in Jalisco and Pueblo. Also in the different states are to be found antimony, cobalt, arsenic, gypsum, agate, garnet, emerald, topaz, etc.

It is not generally realized that the importance of Mexico as a gold and copper producing country is fast increasing and at the present rate the time should soon come when Mexico can go on a gold financial basis without having to go into the markets of Europe as a borrower of gold. The relative production of gold, silver and copper in Mexico to the total world's output is shown by the following figures:

Total world's production of gold	$263,000,000
Mexico's gold production	10,000,000
Total world's production of silver	105,000,000
Mexico's production of silver	35,000,000
Total world's protection of copper	140,000,000
Mexico's production of copper	10,000,000

It can therefore be seen that the republic produces one-third of the world's silver, about three and three-fourths per cent of the world's gold and about seven per cent of the world's copper. A pretty tidy showing for a country of 14,000,000 people. It is interesting to note that the United States is second in the production of silver with an annual output of $33,000,000. It is also an interesting fact that in three years Mexico has risen from fifth to third position among the copper producing nations. In 1900 the copper output was 22,050 long tons and Mexico was outranked by the United States with 269,111, by Spain and Portugal with 52,872, by Japan with 27,840 and by Chili with 25,700. Nineteen hundred and one saw Mexico still in fifth place with an increased production of 24,000 long tons; but in 1902 Mexico passed both Chili and Japan by a production of 40,000 long tons and during 1903 seems destined to outstrip Spain and Portugal with their 54,000 tons and stand second to the United States, which in 1902 produced 293,504 tons of copper.

Already the Greene Consolidated copper mine of recent discovery has assumed seventh place in the list of the great copper producing mines of the world with an output in 1902 of 40,000,000 pounds, worth $4,500,000. The Anaconda, of the United States, the greatest copper mine in the world, produced 85,000,000 pounds in 1902. The Cananea copper mine of Mexico is now turning out the product at an average of 5,000,000 pounds a month, at which rate it will assume fourth place among the great copper mines in 1903, with a production of 60,000,000 pounds, worth $6,750,000. Besides these there is the great Pilares de Nacozari mine, with its $35,000,000 in sight.

Abundant evidence exists that Mexico has but reached the threshold of her gold discoveries. Tradition, history and recorded facts tell of vast quantities of gold which were obtained by the Aztecs and Toltecs from innumerable localities where silver remained untouched. It will be remembered that in 1520 Cortez compelled the Emperor Montezuma to disclose his sources of gold supply and subsequently the Spanish conqueror made a detailed report to the crown regarding the gold deposits of Mexico. Golden disks of the size of cart wheels and a golden culverin of unique design and of fabulous value were among the presents Cortez show-

ered upon the Spanish monarch. Scientists know that from the Rio Grande to Guatemala a glittering band of gold extends the entire length of the Sierre Madre range, but it is only at infrequent intervals that it has been made to yield its vast treasure. During the period from 1892-1893 to 1901-1902 Mexico's gold production increased from $1,269,000 in round numbers to about $10,284,800 or about 75 per cent. The same ratio of increase if maintained will place Mexico close to the $80,000,000 mark in a decade. The gold production of the United States in 1900 was only $79,000,000. Such facts as these cause the belief in mining quarters that Mexico is to rival California and Alaska in the near future.

GUANAJUATO, CENTER OF MINING INDUSTRIES THAT HAVE PRODUCED A TOTAL OF $1,200,000,000

The story of Mexico's mining, nowever, is not all prosaic, not all made up of sums in addition and multiplicaton. About the mining industry of that country there clings the romance of a prehistoric past; the aroma of stirring times in the world's history-making; the fascination that goes with the battle against the forces of nature; the mysticism which hangs over the barren barrancas and the magic charm that hovers around the pursuit of wealth that may come and go in a single day. The romance of mining in Mexico is richer than that of any other country, for there are hundreds of abandoned and lost mines which await rediscovery. Tales of lost mines in Mexico are not idle dreams, as they are apt to be in the States. In that strangely interesting country the explorer often comes upon the ruins of an ancient church large enough to have accomodated a congregation of 3,000 or 4,000. Close by will be found the remains of old reduction works and large piles of tailings which unite in telling of a once prosperous mining community. Whence came the ore? Search as you may and there will not be found a trace of tunnel shaft or beaten track.

The explanation is simple enough,—the enormous rainfall of the rainy season.

During those four months, especially in the tropical regions, the deluge which daily rolls and tumbles and thunders down the steep sides of the mountains is beyond the imagination of a northerner. The erosion is therefore very great; the topography of the country undergoes a complete change in a few years. In this way many of the old Spanish mines have been obliterated by erosion, which has also served to uncover new ledges and rich deposits. Prospecting in Mexico, therefore, has an element of chance not found elsewhere.

Some searchers after lost mines are lucky, as this story will attest. Among the forgotten manuscripts in an abandoned church one prospector found a letter written by a miner to a priest. The pious writer stated that as he emerged from the mouth of the tunnel at the close of his day's work he could see the light of the candles upon the altar of the church and therefore never failed to cross himself and utter a prayer. The prospector logically concluded that the tunnel must be on a straight line drawn through the altar of the church and the church door. Proceeding upon this theory he discovered one of the richest properties in the republic.

Here is the story of a lost mine in the state of Durango. A century or more ago this mine was the greatest bullion producer in Mexico and the one-fifth that went to the Spanish king was so great that he sent a commission of three experts to "New Spain" to ascertain how long the supply would last. The report was that $150,000,000 was in sight, say nothing about what was hidden. Soon after this report was made the mine was closed on account of a revolution and when, years later, it was sought to reopen it, no trace of it could be found. The records of the city of Durango chronicle bullion shipments made from this mine and tell of the payment of royalties and patent rights. The names of the ancient owners and even the names of the superintendents are matters of record, but no mine has been found.

Mexico has the greatest gold and silver mines in the entire world. Miners of California frequently point with pride to mining properties which have produced $5,000,000 or $6,000,000. In Mexico such a mine would be called a fair pocket; a gold mine is one which has produced from $30,000,000 to $50,000,000, while a really big mine is one that has a record of $100,000,000 or more. And there are a generous number of the latter. Think of a mine that has paid royalties on a production of $1,000,000,000! Such is the Valenciana, the greatest mine in Mexico and in the world. How Californians would rave over a Guadalupe de los Reyes, which has been worked for 150 years and is still pouring out its wealth at the rate of $100,000 a month. What pride would be felt in Candelaria, opened in 67,17 paid to the city of Durango royalty on bullion to the value of $55,000,000 the first ten years, made many fortunes off and on since that time, was finally abandoned, was reopened by American capital only to again yield millions upon millions besides disclosing new bodies of ore of fabulous extent and richness.

There are now 9,000 mining titles in Mexic, covering an area of 210,000 acres. These titles are distributed over the entire republic, although the majority of them are located in the Sierra Madre and on either slope. The great mineral belt of Mexico extends from the southeast to the northwest, from Oaxaca to the border. A great deal of it lies parallel to the Mexican Central railroad, which connects with the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific system at El Paso,

thereby making the shortest route for ores and bullion from the republic to the smelters in the states.

The mining laws of Mexico are very liberal, giving foreigners the same rights as Mexicans. The industry is open to all, no special license being required, and all unclaimed mineral bodies are open to "denouncement" whether on government or private properties. In the latter case, damages, in case there are such, must be paid to the owners of the property on which mineral is found, these damages being the actual injury received by the owner of the land. A mining claim, called a *pertinencia*, consists of a square one hundred metres on a side or about two and a half acres. A fee of $10 must be paid on taking up each claim and an annual tax of $10 for ever after, so that the first year a claim costs $20 and $10 a year thereafter. There is no limit to the number of claims that can be held by one person or corporation. If the tax is not paid the claim is declared open to denouncement.

It should not be overlooked that coal is being discovered in such quantities in the states of Tamaulipas and Coahuila as to solve the fuel problem for a large portion of the republic. In these same states iron also has been found in such quantities and of such quality as to induce the Guggenheims to expend $10,000,000 in erecting a steel plant and smelter in Monterey. The Guggenheims, by the way, are said to be identified with the Standard Oil interests and are the Mexican branch of the American Smelting & Refining Company. Within the last four months they have invested more than $18,000,000 in Mexican mining properties and have deals pending which contemplate a total investment of $50,000,000. Very recently they purchased the Valardena mines for $5,000,000.

Another enterprising American company is the International Copper & Gold Company of Chicago, which has opened eight mining properties in Sonora and Sinaloa, comprising 138 claims. This company found itself hampered by lack of transportation facilities and accordingly organized the Southern Sonora & Alamos railroad company which is now constructing a line of railroad from Port Yarbaros northeast to Alamos and San Bernadino, a distance of 155 miles, thereby providing a splendid outlet for the production of the company's mining properties.

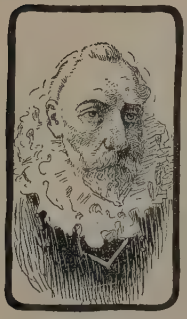
The conclusion of the whole matter is that American investors have great faith in the future of mining in the republic and are carrying on operations there which, when they become generally known, will astound the unbelievers.

GUYMAS, WHERE CHICAGO CAPITALISTS ARE PUTTING IN A 1,000-TON SMELTER

FROM THE SONG OF THE BUILDERS

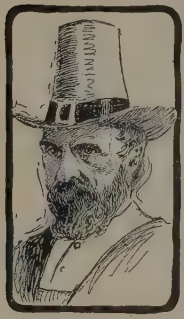
By Helen Hicks.

COLUMBUS

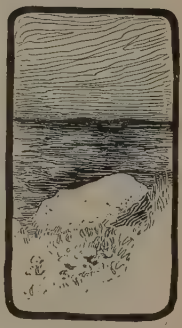


STRANGE terrors of the sea where boats are weak—
Berg, tempest, hunger, thirst, the final groan
And dues of death — I dared them all to seek
Some good to men unknown.

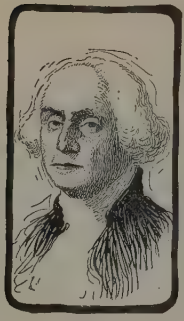
A PILGRIM



PUSH, push your prows out over the wild surge,
And call your strong thanksgiving to the sea!
We find beyond the water's utmost verge
A home where faith is free.

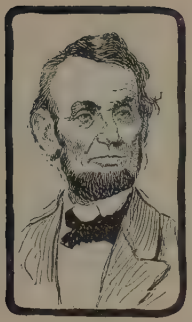


WASHINGTON



SEE now, there shall no tyrant write his name,
Alien, uncomprehending, on our page!
Secure we hold her, strong and fair of fame,
Blood-bought, our heritage!

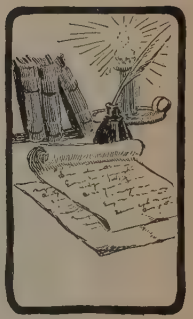
LINCOLN



I WILL be true to Truth; I swear it by
The flag, the Union, and the lifted ban;
Tho' all men were against me, I should cry
The brotherhood of man.

EMERSON

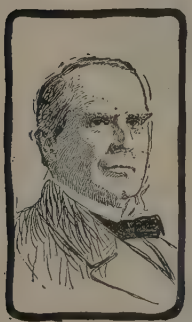
LEST overlove of gold and strivings rude
Should lure the nation from ideals high,
From simple duty and fair rectitude,
A warning voice am I.



EDISON

LO, I have laid my hand on mystery,
And ruled the forces with a forged rod!
They serve, mysterious still, that men may see
How near and far is God.

McKINLEY



CAPTAIN of steadfast thews and courage tried,
My times new hopes and larger bounties saw.
Reach hands to me, O brothers who have died
For Order, Peace and Law!

ART MOVEMENTS OF TODAY

II.—THE NEW COMPOSITION

By FREDERICK W. COBURN

AN artist-wizard, who lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and who teaches certain classes in "composition" at Harvard University, has lately given much time and thought to reducing to simple mathematical formulae the principles that most good painters, sculptors and decorators have always followed in their practice of construction. This distinguished artist, Dr. Denman Waldo Ross, does surprising things. He can, for instance, take the notation of a popular song and translate it right over into a decorative design, while you wait as it were, so well has he apprehended the analogies between music and the arts of design. Nor is this in any sort chicanery. It simply signifies that after years of patient study Dr. Ross has succeeded in expressing mathematically a few of the laws of balance, rhythm and harmony which underlie the so-called space arts: those, that is, which are concerned with the problems of agreeably filling spaces with modes of design. He has in fact created quite a new set of technical ideas and technical expressions, so that one uninitiated hears with amazement young artists who have been under the Ross influence speak of "projectors of thought," of "oppositions" "mediations," "subordinations;" of "fifth intervals" and "dominant harmonies." Which technicalities I may not, of course, discuss or explain in this kind of article, except to note as a matter of possibly interesting art news that they exist and that they are this winter excit-

No. 6 Part of a sketch from book of the Tanyu school

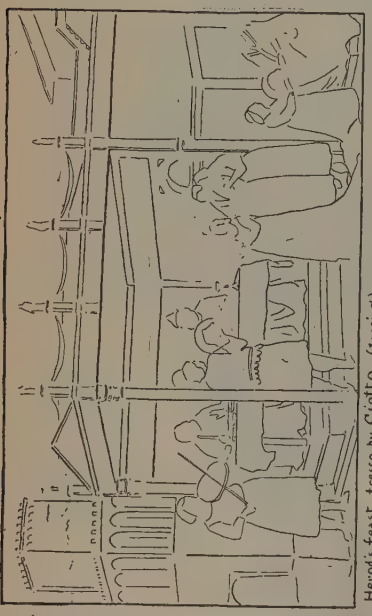
ing huge interest among contemporary artists. Many of the younger painters here in Boston have been set about the ears by these doctrines of the "new composition." Among others Herman Dudley Murphy, Augustus Vincent Tack, Charles Hopkinson, John Briggs Potter, lately chosen curator of paintings at the museum, and Charles Hovey Pepper, from whose very entertaining exhibition of water colors now in progress at Doll & Richards I am privileged to show examples. Some of the older men of international fame, such men as Abbott Thayer and George DeForest Brush, are giving respectful attention to Ross' doctrines. And not only the artists, but the scientists, have been aroused. At the meeting in Washington January 1, of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Dr. Ross read a paper setting forth his theories and thereby started an interest that has since demanded republication of his address. It seems to be not at all doubtful that all the arts of design rest upon an absolute mathematical structure. Music is based upon rigid mathematical law, as everybody knows. Harmony, counterpoint, fugue — all those tough subjects that young people at our conservatories of music have to wrestle with — these are full of mathematics as tough as any that used to bother us when we were in the high school. And art is at bottom much the same way, though most artists who paint and compose only by feeling have never realized it. But the Japs know it—or they did know in the days of their greatest art. Dr. Ross is only one of many strong artists who have acquired quite a new conception of art from study of the masterpieces of the Japanese. The new composition is universal in ap-

№10 Okumura Masanobu (Japanese) 18th cent.

plication, but it owes its inspiration to a special source.

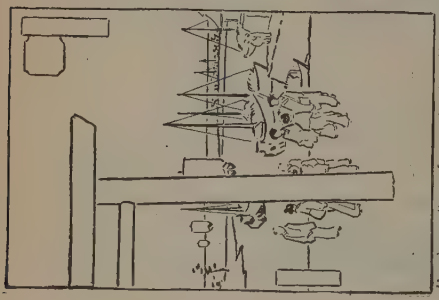
This is an age of Japanese influences. Orient and Occident are nearer each other than once. The twain have met—

Sketch from a picture by Whistler No 26



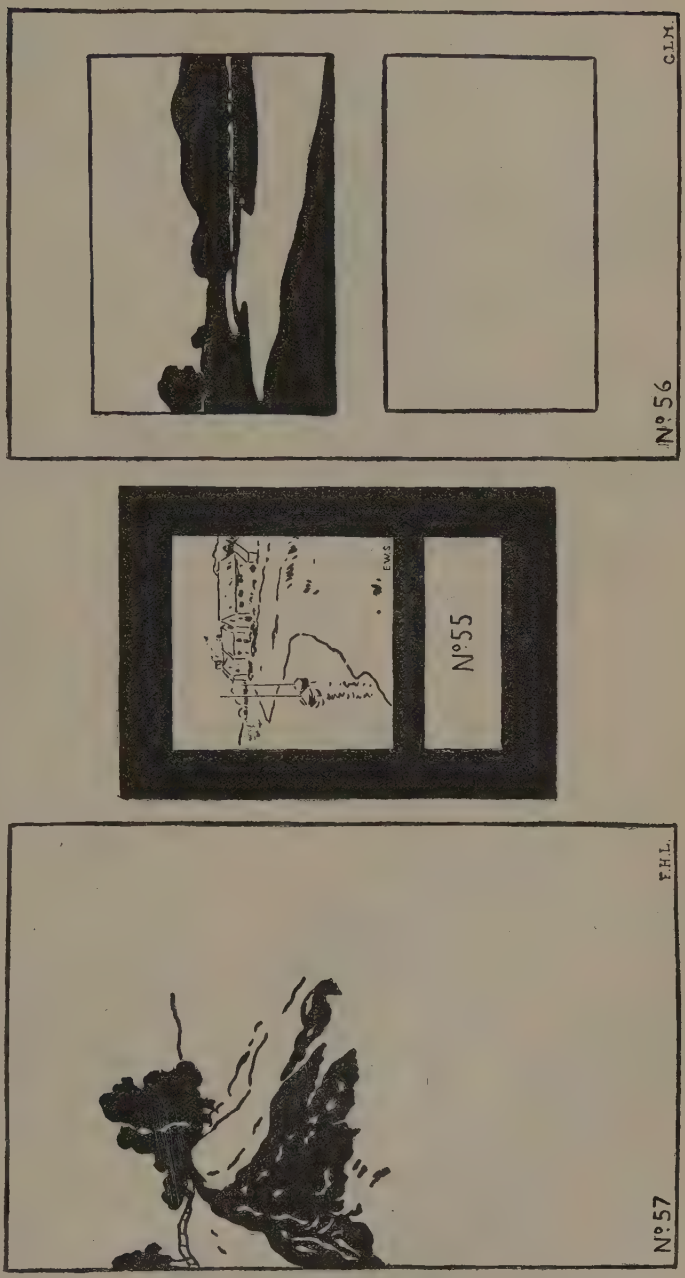
Herod's feast fresco by Giotto (tracing)

Five examples of rectangular composition (See V. Page 27)



Hiroshige (traced from a colored print) No 29

Mr. Kipling to the contrary; they have joined hands in a transfer of art heritage. The Orient has given up and is bereft; the Occident has taken over and is enriched. The art of Japan has been spread amongst us until there is positively no escape from it. Walk with me down Boylston street and I shall take you into half a dozen shops stuffed with more or less exquisite lacquer work, pottery, textiles, wood carvings, paper napkins, and atrocious water colors imitated from the Europeans. The Boston Museum of the Fine Arts has an exceedingly rich collection of Japanese art objects, many of them presented or loaned by Dr. Ross, and special exhibitions of loot from distant pagodas are part of the winter's festivity. New York fairly bristles with Japs and their productions, and Chicago may by this time have fourteen temples of Shintoism. Throughout the whole country a Japanese craze has spread, and throughout the occidental world. It yet lacks a few months of being fifty years since Commodore M. C. Perry with an American fleet opened the ports of the empire of the Mikado, but in that time we have met the Japanese and we are theirs. Back in the fifties and sixties two artists here and three there had looked into Japanese art and found it good; though when Rousseau in France first proclaimed the astounding loveliness of the art of the far East his fellow craftsmen thought him gone mad. To-day we have a cult of kimonos, cloissonne and jinrickshas. All the world that plumes itself upon being artistic is fallen victim to the Vantine habit. Both they who have good taste haunt the Japanese shops, and they who wish to seem to have it. We have come to stand in very close relationship with the nice little people of the island kingdom. It is unfortunately true that we have sold them a gold brick; we have set them at imitating our arts and sciences, a task which



EXAMPLES OF THE NEW COMPOSITION, THE WORK OF STUDENTS OF MR. ARTHUR W. DOW AT PRATT INSTITUTE

they, being physically and intellectually weaker than we, are executing with only mediocre success, popular impression to the contrary. But in return for a little meretricious skill in weaving flimsy cottons they have imparted to us a great art idea, one that the western world had well nigh lost sight of since the early middle ages.

They have taught us that good art in no wise depends upon imitation of nature. It does not. The laws of the natural world are one thing; those of the art world quite another. Things about us happen in a time series with ever changing aspect. But things wrought artistically may not change their relationships; and the beauty and effectiveness of them depends upon their obeying certain laws of balance, rythm and harmony that have no counterpart in outside nature. When we studied painting with a lady teacher (pupil of the Art Students' League of New York) who had us make careful studies of bunches of carrots and bowls full of violets, you and I certainly got away with the notion that the first business of art is to make a likeness of something, somebody; in

short, to represent a bit of nature. That idea has been the prevalent one in occidental art ever since the days of the Italian Renaissance; and, so say many of the wise, the degradation into which art has so often fallen in the past three centuries has usually been the result of strict application of the theory of imitation. Certain it is that the deepest debasement art has ever known since first the cave man scratched rude signs upon bone occurred about the middle of the last century at a time when England, Germany and Italy were all plunged into a slough of unproductive imitativeness and even France, the country that has ever been truest to the tradition of great art, had begun to encourage deviations from the upright path of applied design. In those days painting and sculpture were esteemed the aristocracy of art; the making and adornment of beautiful objects of usefulness (the picture and statue not being regarded as in any way useful) constituted an inferior category called "the minor arts." One heard a good deal of "mere" design, people not seeming to realize that the presumption is always strongly in favor of the innate superiority of anything they ticket with a "mere."

Largely through the influence of the Japanese we are coming around to a view that design in art is—if I may be allowed the colloquialism—the whole show. For the knowledge that makes up the equipment of the modern artist abundant excuse can be urged; certainly he must needs have his understanding of anatomy, perspective, values and textures; but without good design all

these things are as bad as hammered brass. A picture or statue, a coal scuttle or bootjack, to be beautiful must present good design; and one may be as essentially lovely as the other; though if any one of these show bad design then no amount of skill expended in constructing it, in polishing or "tickling it up," will avail. A picture is primarily a design for adornment of a room, a statue a design for beautification of a building or other public place. If it succeeds in creating beauty, it is a great work of art whatever its correctness in certain naturalistic requirements. Japanese art is good in spite of much bad drawing.

Simple and obvious as all this seems, failure to recognize it has kept modern art, with all its technical achievements, from ever reaching the heights attained by the great craftsmen of Japan and by Gothic and Italian artizans in the middle ages. Into the comparative failure of nineteenth century art to "make good," all sorts of other contributory causes entered; the times have been generally out of joint for art. But the greatest technical hindrance, ever since Paola Uccello discovered the delights of perspective, has been the constant drift of art away from the point of view of the primitive designer.

The Japanese fad and the analytical study of the principles of design by exponents of the new composition are conjointly bringing us back. How far a balance will be effected between the claims of decoration and representation; whether such reconciliation is possible—this remains to be discovered in the twentieth century. Assuredly we are being educated in that direction. Extending outward in all directions one meets the influence of men like Dr. Ross and of Mr. Arthur W. Dow. Mr. Dow teaches at Pratt Institute, the Art Students' League of New York and at the Art Institute of Chicago. He also shows at all the important exhibitions delightful landscapes composed with exquisite feeling for those qualities of design that make the Japanese work so attractive to the initiated. Mr. Dow was some years ago associated with Mr. Ernest Fenellosa in charge of the Japanese department of the Boston Museum of the Fine Arts. He was called from Boston to take classes at Pratt Institute and he has there gained a reputation as a forceful and zealous advocate of the new composition. The illustrations accompanying this article are from his book on composition (published by the Baker-Taylor Company, New York). They will serve to give some idea of the character of the application of design to picture making that Mr. Dow is urging.

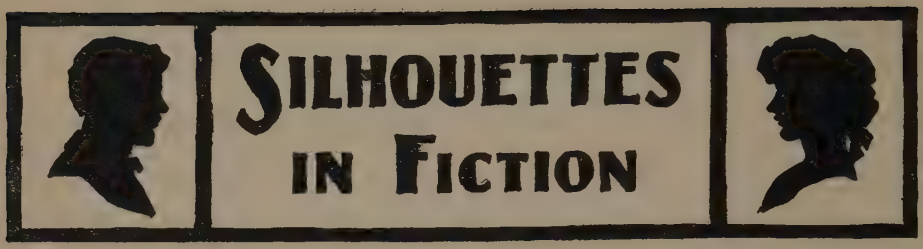
One importance of Mr. Dow's work to the public schools of this couuntry can scarcely be over-estimated. The new composition gives teachers of drawing definite fixed principles and standards of action and criticism. Both Mr. Ross' class at the Harvard summer school and Mr. Dow's private summer class at Annisquam, Mass., are thronged with teachers from every part of the Union.

ABSENCE

When I think on the happy days
I spent wi' you, my dearie,
And now what lands betwen us lie,
How can I be but eerie!

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
As ye were wae and weary!
It was na sae ye glinted by
When I was wi' my dearie.

ANONYMOUS.



UN SONGE

By F. H. LANCASTER

"PING-PANG," said the lunch bucket that sat under the leak in the corner. "Ping-pang," reiterated the tin wash basin on the floor beside the teacher's chair. "Took-chook," gurgled the water pitcher that caught the window drip. The teacher sighed contentedly and lit her lamp. The blinds that shut out the rain also shut out the daylight, but she paid for her own oil and could burn her lamp all day if she wished to.

A rainy Saturday. No officious trustees to come between her and her Greek text; no irate or enthusiastic patron; nothing but the "ping-pang" of bucket and basin and the cheery "took-chook" of the water pitcher. Small wonder that she settled contentedly to her task, copying and construing the language she loved. Even the smell of burnt beans that came in on a whiff of damp air could not phase that deep content.

"They will be good if she does not burn them too bad," she murmured. "Hot beans make a very good dinner for a rainy day," and lost herself in the land of long ago.

It was a small room. One seated in the middle of it could have touched each of the four walls in turning with a walking stick. Beside the hide-bottom chair in which the teacher sat, the furnishings included a bed of moss and shuck mattresses upon a wooden trestle and a barrel that served double duty as wash stand and dressing table. This barrel had been the subject of no little boasting on the teacher's part when she was swapping experiences with some fellow teachers at an institute.

"Why, it sets me up as fine as a fiddle! You know, when I was teaching on the other side of the bayou, I had to perform my ablutions like a Moslem,—set my basin on the floor and kneel down to it."

A peal of merry laughter had greeted this confidence.

"But doesn't it make you homesick?" querried the youngest in the group. She had visited the teacher in her home and had visions of daintily appointed dressing rooms.

It was the teacher's turn to laugh.

"Homesick when I have my Greek? Besides," she added earnestly, "they are the pleasantest people in the world to live among and—unless they are talking to you, you cannot understand a word they say."

"And that is a big thing," commented an old stager.

"Sure," assented another who knew.

"When you cannot understand it, their incessant chatter bothers no more than a bird's song. But imagine what it would be if you could understand—in those houses where you have to hear everything that is said. Not good for the Greek, eh?"

The youngest began to understand. Teaching is not all there is to a teacher's life. The hours out of school and the way she spends them have almost as much to do with its success or failure.

To her barrel and bedstead the teacher had added a tiny table and small dust-and-moisture-proof case of a dozen books,—her favorites in three languages. Among them a Carlyle with the mark kept significantly at the "Everlasting No."

En bien, there is a leaf in nearly every life turned down at a No. Mark the place lest we forget.

The teacher had no desire to forget.

It was because of the patter on the roof and cheerful chatter of bucket and basin that the Greek characters began to assume a misty look as the morning wore away. The pencil faltered, stumbled and snapped its point. The teacher stared at it until it dropped from her fingers and her right hand went to clasp her left hand behind her head, then she began at the ceiling. But she did not see the ceiling. A long green slope all struck across with the straight, black shadows of tall, branchless tree stems. They fell like bars across her path, but the sunlight slipped in between, glowing and glad to fall upon a handsome head, brown and bare; to light up wonderful eyes, dark and deep and wistful. A low collar rolling away from a slender young throat that sprung proudly from straight, strong shoulders. A handclasp warm and eager; a smile winning and sweet. Six feet of glad young manhood, frank and free and pure as the pines. A heart of laughter beginning to quiver to the stronger beat of love. Visions within a vision came,—the little nut-brown house upon the hill; fruit trees leaned over it; flowers bloomed round it, and within was work and laughter and song. What cared these happy ones for advanced thought or thesis. For who wrote the Bible, or when? "God's in his heaven, all's well with the world." Or what cared they for the trivial ambitions and vanities, the small conceits and braggings of a hot-house civilization. To live and let live and to love. Could one win more than this from life? Life? Was not this life as God made it and gave it to man? Clean, serene and wholesome as the breath of the woods. bird-song at morn and evening; magical beauty of sunset and mysterious beauty of moonrise. And always the stars stooping over the hills through the long night watches, and by day the pines striding down to the valley and up the further slope, on and ever on to lose themselves in the heart of the mighty forest. A bird-song and child-babble mingling with the domestic murmurs of a home, dominated by a voice deep, tender and masterful. The voice of a lover and a lord.

Was not this the life perfect? And all that din and dust outside there. That life with its big names and little aims. With its culture that covered a multitude of sins.

"Mees Floy, *vien dien*," said a small voice outside her door.

"*Bien merci*," replied the teacher mechanically. Her hands unclasped and she arose. "I have dreamed a dream," she said wistfully. How pitifully dank and dreary her little room was, how desolate after that sweet dream picture on the sunny hill. The Greek characters and all they stood for seemed far away. Near at hand was dreary drudgery and —and unutterable loneliness. Her eyes went slowly around the rough, weather-stained walls and rested upon the mark stuck so stubbornly into the "Everlasting No," but her hand shunned the Carlyle and seized the Ruskin that stood next. No need for a marker here, the book fell open easily, her eye found the place:

"Your individuality was given you by God, and in your race.. If you have any to speak of you will want no liberty.

You will want a den to work in and peace and light, no more." Silently she slipped the volume back into its place and knelt to bathe her face and hands without removing the basin from beneath the leak. The dinner of beans was waiting; so was Madam and the little people who must wait until *la maitresse d'ecole* had made her dinner. The teacher turned to the door. Not drearily but with resolution of race she repeated, "*J'ai en un songe*," and found herself face to face with six feet of handsome young manhood.

"*Bon jour*, Sieur Aloysius."

"*Bon jour*, Mees Floy."

Their hands met but their eyes did not. The tender glance that shied from the teacher's lower lids ran on and found a resting place in a pair of warm bright eyes beyond. Aye, down with dreams, they are sweet things but futile. And there was Madeline.

The teacher made the short dash through the wet and drew up before the kitchen table and the beans that were not badly burned. "*Un songe*," she insisted to her heart as she ate her lonely meal. The voice of Aloysius talking French to the dark-eyed Madeline came in to her tender and masterful, and Ambition leaped up echoing with triumphant laughter, "*Un songe.*"

MAGGIE OF THE "DUMP"

An Incident of the Coal Famine

By M. OAKMAN PATTON

"HERE, Frenchy, yer jest git away fr'm that bag. If yer don't I'll—"

"He don' tech he's ol' bag. He's got one he's own. You t'ink he steal?"

"Ye'd steal fr'm yer mother, Frenchy. Didn't I seen ye tryin' t' swipe it? Yer jes touch it, 'f ye dare, an' I'll fix ye, see!"

The scene was an unusual one even for our city. It was an exceedingly cold morning in December, the mercury reaching below the zero mark. The place was one of the city "dumps," where waste matter of every description was deposited from the city teams twice each week. The actors in the foregoing touch of real life were two persons out of fifteen or twenty men, women and children, from the poorest and most improvident class among the city's poor, who were swarming upon the "dump."

The dreadful fuel famine had stricken our city, and there seemed to be no way that it could be relieved. With the cold wave gripping the city in its icy grasp there was great suffering. And this suffering among the poor had driven them out into the streets, into back yards, onto the city "dumps"—here, there, anywhere and everywhere in an agonized search for stray bits of wood, coal, even paper and pieces of cloth, for fuel. Their desperate condition had aroused the animal within them, and these children of the slums were fighting each other like wild beasts for the possession of these bits of coal, wood and cinders which they found upon the dump," which had been flung into the waste cans by those in better circumstances.

One of the noisiest and most active among the group on the "dump" this morning was a tall, slender, black-eyed and black-haired girl, apparently about fourteen years of age. She was poorly and scantily clad, but the face was clean and remarkably. intelligent. She had gathered nearly a half bushel of small pieces of coal and cinders by her activity, and had put it all in an old bag, which she deposited within easy distance, while she now searched for bits of wood. Of the latter she gathered quite an armful—not being so fortunate as to have an apron into which to gather it; but she was obliged to watch both her bag and her armful of wood, lest

both should be snatched away from her by others not so successful as herself.

It was this girl that had called out to the young fellow whom she had detected in an attempt to steal her bag of coal and whom she addressed as "Frenchy." She was noisy and rude, but, in spite of her noisiness, in spite of her use of the slang of the street, and of words much stronger than slang, I became deeply interested in this young Irish hoiden, whose name, I learned later, was—well, let us call it Maggie. I resolved to get into conversation with her, if possible, as I was confident that a study of her personality would be an interesting experience. I had some misgivings as to the result of an experiment of that kind. That she had a sharp tongue was evident. Also, that she was no respecter of persons. Likewise, that she was absolutely fearless. Moreover, that she was an exceedingly independent Miss.

Nevertheless, I waited until she had started away from the "dump" with a bunch of wood upon one arm and her bag of coal slung over her shoulder, and then I followed her as she took her way, about as fast as I could walk, up through the back lot to W—— street, and then into a dark, crooked alley that led off the street just mentioned. A few paces into this alley and she stopped to rest. Here was my opportunity.

"You have made a good haul this time," I said, stepping up to where she was standing.

"What d'you care?" she answered, rather surlily, without raising her eyes to my face.

"Oh, but I do care," I replied. "I am glad that you have done so well."

"Oh, come off!"

"Truly, my dear young lady, I *am* interested in your success in getting so much fuel. I—"

"Oh, bubbles!" she exclaimed, looking into my face with a bold and impudent stare. "But you *are* a silly old bloke. Me a 'dear young lady,'" mimicking my tone and accent; "well, you're easy." And with this she swung her bag over her shoulder again and started off.

I was not disposed to give up the fight, however, so started after her, down through the dark and crooked alley. "Say, Maggie," I called, venturing a guess as to her name and, strangely enough, hitting it, "let me carry your coal for you. Come, let me show you that I am interested in your success by helping you carry away the spoils." To my surprise she stopped and faced me.

"Won't you pinch it?" she asked, looking me in the eye. I knew enough slang to know what she meant, and replied:

"No, Maggie, I won't 'pinch' it."

"Who told yer my name?"

"Your mother," I answered, trying to keep my face straight.

"My mother?"

"Yes."

"You're jollyin' me."

"No."

"Where do I live?"

"Oh, I know where you live, I am very sure. It is where I have seen you carrying your bundles of wood and coal these several mornings past. I—"

"Oh what a lie you're tellin!" I don't never take no coal an' wood home. You—"

"Well, where do you take it? I am sure I have seen you go into some house, near here, with your load."

"Now that *shows* 't your jollyin' me. I carry it mor'n a mile fr'm here."

"A mile! Then, of course, you will let me help you with your load. Come, now, I really would like to help you."

"Yer'll git yer nice clo's dirty," she said with a grin.

"Never mind the clothes."

"'Course yer don't want t' pinch my bag?"

"Oh, no."

"Hones'?"

"Honest."

"Well, come on, then," and leaving the bag for me to take she started off down the alley. I grasped the bag which was, indeed, quite heavy, too much of a load for her young shoulders, and followed her, soon catching up with her.

During our walk together for perhaps a mile I learned the following particulars about my new-found friend and her fuel excursions. Her father, she told me, was a day laborer who was more or less constantly employed, and her mother took in washing. The family, which consisted of father, mother, and four children, including herself, got along fairly well. The father had been able to get a little coal and wood, enough, I gathered, to cook with and to keep them from freezing in the coldest weather. She was not gathering coal and wood for them.

'Yer bet I don't swipe no coal fer our house, I guess not," she said to me. "But I swipe it fer Bridget, an' I 'ud steal it fer her 'f I could. Cause she can't get no coal; she hain't got nobody t' look out fer her."

"Then I learned that Bridget was an old, poor and crippled Irish woman, who could barely keep body and soul together on the scanty allowance which came from some of her neighbors and the charitable society.

"And you have been supplying her with fuel to keep her warm," I said. "It is very kind of you. But how does she get anything to eat? Of course, she cannot cook, if she is a cripple."

"Oh, she c'n get 'round the house an' do a little," she answered. "But some o' th' folks round here give her somethin', an' I take her things t' eat 'casionally."

"Where do you get the things, the food, which you take to her? I asked.

"Aint ye smart!" she replied. "Think ye c'n make me tell ye everything, don't ye? Well, I don't think."

"Does your mother send food to Bridget by you?"

"Bubbles!" she exploded, for answer, then, stopping short in the street, she said: "Now you c'n jest give me that bag. You needn't go no further." And in spite of my protestations she carried her point, and I gave up the bag and watched her as she went down the street and turned a corner out of my sight.

I did not feel like following, to spy on her; somehow I dreaded more to incur the contempt of this young street girl or girl of the street than I would the contempt of many of those from my own set whose good opinion I highly valued. But several days later I went to that neighborhood and made inquiry for one Bridget somebody whose name, beyond that Bridget, I had not been able to learn. However I was soon directed to the right house and was admitted, after some loud knocking, by an old woman, bent, ill apparently, and who hobbled around by the aid of a stout cane. It was an abode of poverty and squalor into which I entered. I was soon seated with her before a tiny stove in which burned a fire of coals. It was a cold day, but within this little room it was warm, and, from her point of view, comfortable.

"Do I know Maggie Sullivan?" she said, in reply to a question. "Don't I, thin! May th' Virgin kape her!' She be's an' angil out av hivin! The like of her don't live be th' city, sur. Oh, my God, sur, I'm sure she'll go straight t' hivin whin she dies!

"Bring me coal, is it? Don't she thin! Twict an' four times a week she com's wid coal an' wood. Coal fer me little sthove, here, an' wood fer me kindlin's. An' wid butter, an' p'taties, an' cabbage. Th' howly Virgin kape her! An' she com's tro th' woorst starms,

an' whin it be's so cold 't one u'd be glad t' die. May th' Virgin bless her!

"Do she bring somet'ing iv'ry time she come? Fer th' love av God, sur, she brings herself, her own blessed self, wid her; an' she says t' me, that kind, she says it: 'Mother,' she says, mind that; she don't be callin' me 'Bridget'—'Mother Martin,' she says, an' she pats me cheek; 'Mother Martin, how warrm ye are. An' where did ye git th' coal, an' th' wood? Did th' coal man bring it ye? How kind av him, Mother Martin,' she says.

"An' thin I takes her in me arrms an' I says, says I: 'It's niver th' coal man at all,' says I. 'It's th' *sweet*,' says I, puttin' emfesis an th' 'sweet,' 'it's th' sweet Maggie Sullivan,' says I, 'that brings me coal an' me wood,' says I. 'May th' howly Virgin bless her,' says I. 'An' hivin receive her,' says I.

"An' thin she'll look pleasant, like, an' she smiles at me, an' pats me cheek more, an' she says, says she: '*Sweet* Maggie Sullivan,' she says. 'Nobody says that but you, Mother Martin,' she says. 'Me own mother', she says, 'fires me out,' she says; 'an' th' whole gang an th' dump,' she says, 'they hates me, an' calls me names, an' pinches me coal, an' fights wid me,' she says.

"An' thin I takes her in me arrms agin, an' I says: 'Sweet Maggie Sullivan,' I says, an' I kisses her, an' I pats her hair an' I says t' her, I says, 'Mother Martin loves ye, Maggie,' I says. An' thin she cries, soft like an' says: 'I wish 't I had somebody 'sides you, Mother Martin, t' say: "Sweet Maggie Sullivan," she says.

"An' thin I pats her cheek, an' says, consolin' like: 'I loves ye, Maggie, an' th' howly Virgin loves ye, an', says I, 'ye'd better cheer up,' says I. An' thin she goes aff an' she sings an' whistles, an' thin she comes agin."

And when I left that humble home that day it was with a kindlier feeling in my heart for all the world, and I thought that it was indeed true that the milk of human kindness still flowed in human hearts; that all was not greed and indifference to other's needs; that there were not only "sermons in stones," but also in the children of the slums, and that there is "good in everything."

The Slaying of the Plesiosaurus

By EDWIN J. WEBSTER

CAPTAIN CHARLES JACKSON stood before his tent and looked anxiously to the north, where far in the distance loomed up the forbidding slopes of the great Central African mountain range. It was now four days since Lasca, his head scout, had left camp for an exploring tour of the mountains and the region at their base. Captain Jackson was in charge of one of the surveying parties sent north from the Transvaal to take an inspection of the possible routes for the great Cape-to-Cairo railway, which would bring together the northern and southern portions of England's African empire. Lasca was faithful, intelligent, and had hunted over southern and central Africa for years. There were no hostile tribes in that region and the captain was at a loss to explain the absence of his trusted scout.

A man, weary, footsore, his clothes torn to rags, broke through the under-

brush at the foot of the little hill on which the camp was located. Slowly, like a person who had run until exhausted, he climbed towards the camp. It was Lasca. His rifle was gone, so was his revolver and cartridge belt, and even as he drew near the camp, he looked around like a man who has escaped some peril, the memory of which still haunts him. His face was drawn and haggard, and in the eyes of the bronzed old Arab was a timid, frightened look no one had ever seen there. "Dead, all dead," replied Lasca, not sullenly, but in the tone of a man who has passed beyond caring, when Captain Jackson asked him what had become of the rest of this party. "A devil arose from the waters and seized them. It was kismet that I should not die then, so I live. Though after what I have seen I do not greatly care for life."

"Were they seized by some animal?" inquired the English captain in perplexed tones. He had known Lasca for years and did not doubt his faithfulness. And he had seen the grim old Arab fighter face death unmoved many times and could not understand what had so fearfully shaken his iron nerves.

"It was no animal, my captain," replied Lasca earnestly. "I, who have fought and hunted over Africa for years, know all the animals and there is none that can stand before the bullets of a Lee-Metford. It was in very truth a devil that seized them. I am not a man to be frightened at old wives' tales. And I saw him with my own eyes and felt his burning breath. But I will tell you the tale from the beginning, that you may not think Lasca, who has faced danger with you many times, was terrified by a vision in the night.

"With the four men you gave me I traveled north until we came to the foot of the mountains. We were well armed, the natives were friendly, and we had no thought of peril. As we went up the mountains I noticed we met few natives, but I gave the matter little thought. The peak to the north is said to have once been a volcano, though that was so long ago that scarcely the tradition of it is left. Where once it poured out fire, there is now a lake.

"Now the thought in my mind was that we should explore this lake, for perhaps the water might be of use when the steel road is laid. But when I tried to get a guide every native was unwilling to go with me. They all said the lake had no bottom, but connected with hell, and that the devil came up through the water and seized all, man or beast, who ventured near it. At last, by offering a high price, I persuaded a native to lead me in sight of the lake. When I saw it I laughed at his fears, for the lake is like a jewel, set in the top of the mountain. All around it are high cliffs with palm trees, and it is beautiful to look upon. At one point there is an opening through the cliffs and a steep roadway down to the lake itself. The native, though in fear, brought us to the top of the roadway. Then he refused to go any farther, even when I offered him more pay. I was angry, and drawing my revolver told him that if he did not guide us down to the lake I would shoot him. But even then, though clearly in terror of my revolver, he refused to lead us down the roadway.

"'Better to die by the little gun,' he answered me, 'than to be seized by the devil, and living dragged down through the waters to hell.'

"When I saw that neither threats nor bribes would persuade, I let him stay, and, accompanied by the men you sent out with me, I started down the roadway toward the lake. For I thought the natives had been frightened by a hippopotamus, or very big crocodile, or some other animal living in the lake; and having our rifles I felt little fear. The pathway was smooth, as if it had often

been traveled over by some big snake. This I wondered at, but being a fool I thought myself wise, and that I knew of all the animals in Africa and feared none. The water of the lake is not blue, but green like the ocean. After I had explored the sides, I thought it might be useful to know the depth. So we built a raft and paddled out on the water. The captain remembers that he gave me three sounding lines before I started. I tied a heavy stone to one of the lines and let it down, but it did not touch the bottom. I tied the second line to the first, but that did not touch. Then I fastened on the third line, but still the stone sank down the length of the three lines, nearly two miles. So I gave the order to haul up the line. My men were busy drawing it up and I was idly watching the lake, when I saw something dark coming up through the deep water.

"'It is the big crocodile the natives think is the devil,' I said to my men. 'I will show him what a rifle can do.'

"But as I prepared my gun the thing drew nearer, and through the clear water of the lake I could see that it was no crocodile. I called to my men to drop the line and get their rifles ready. Even then I thought it was only a water serpent that had grown to an unusual size. But before I could get a clear view of the creature, so swiftly was it swimming toward the top, there was a little uprising of the water at the side of the raft and the thing broke through to the surface. And then I knew that the natives had not lied, and that there was a devil in the lake.

"First came up a head, larger by far than that of any elephant, with grinning jaws and big teeth. Then came the neck, like that of a snake, but rising fully forty feet from the body. The body resembled a huge turtle, but larger than six hippopotami together. It had fins and a long, heavy tail that lashed the water to foam. From the grinning jaws to the tail must have been nearly a hundred feet, though it seemed much farther.

"The Lake Devil lifted his head far in the air above us and opened his jaws. A tall man could have stood upright in them and his head would scarcely have reached the upper jaw. As we saw the head above us all thought we were dead. My men fired wildly and leaped into the lake. But I thought, devil or not, I would hit him with at least one bullet. Taking aim at the waving neck, I fired. The bullet was from a Lee-Metford and struck him fairly in the neck, but made no more impression than a pebble thrown by a child. The Lake Devil struck downward with his head and the heavy logs of the raft were splintered as if they had been rotten twigs. Each man swam towards the shore as quickly as possible. I had dived deep and swam under water when I left the raft. When I rose to the surface I heard a scream and saw one of my men snatched up in the Lake Devil's jaws and hurled into the air. Then I swam faster, not looking back. And three times more I heard a scream, and I knew that all my men were dead. But I did not look around until my feet touched the bottom. Then I saw that the Lake Devil was swimming after me. His swimming was as the rush of one of the steamers that travel over the Great Water.

"I ran through the shallow water and up the steep bank. But the Lake Devil swam faster, and reached the shore and chased after me. I heard the hissing of his breath and felt the wind of it on my cheek. And as I ran I drew my revolver and fired backwards as swiftly as I could pull the trigger, but without looking around or ceasing to run. Perhaps one of my shots hit him in the eye, or he may have wished to return to the lake and devour the bodies of my comrades. Whatever the reason, he stopped his

pursuit. But I ran on and on, without stopping, up the steep bank and through the forest and down the side of the mountain. For I had seen the Lake Devil and I, Lasca, who have faced death many times, was afraid so that I trembled like a scared child and my bones seemed to melt within me. And I ran on until darkness came and then I fell to the ground and slept. For I had no fear of wild animals, since I had seen the Devil and still lived." Lasca drew a long breath and seated himself wearily on the ground. Captain Jackson was greatly puzzled over the matter. Had it been any other of the men in the camp he would have been inclined to laugh at the tale. But Lasca, the fierce old Arab, who all his life had seen battle and sudden death in all the various forms they are to be met with in Central Africa,—it must have been some real and terrible danger so utterly to unman him. Captain Jackson's sporting blood was aroused and he determined to follow up the adventure.

"Well, Lasca," he replied, "there's only one thing to do, and that is to find out more about this creature you call a lake devil. Though what kind of an animal he may be I can't imagine from your description."

"I know every kind of animal in Africa," said Lasca decidedly. "He is no animal, but a devil that came up from the center of the earth. Bullets will not pierce his skin, and it is death to go on the lake. Even a devil cannot fight against fate, and it was not kismet that I should die. But to go on the lake a second time would be to laugh at fate, which none can do and live."

"Devil or not," answered Captain Jackson, "we'll organize a hunting party and find out about your monster. His skin may be too thick for bullets, but if he's flesh and blood dynamite will get him."

The next day the hunting party started out, despite the protest of Lasca, who had no wish for a second interview with the "devil." Through the tangled jungle they made their way until they reached the foot of the mountains. Night overtook them before they had gone more than half way up the side. The tents were pitched and the following day the start was made a dawn. It was nearly noon when they reached the top. High cliffs fringed the little lake, which lay spread out before them deep, placid, and without a suggestion of danger. The party halted to view the lake and decided which was the best way to make the descent to its level.

"There is the path which we descended," said Lasca, pointing to the east where a smooth roadway seemed to run down to the lake. "But there is still time to turn back and not tempt fate by hunting Lake Devils."

The forest for miles around was deserted, for the natives shunned the top of the mountain as an accursed place. Even wild animals seemed less common than in other parts of that region. The only living thing in sight was a big bull elephant that could be seen making his way down the road towards the lake.

"That elephant must be a rogue who has wandered here from some far-away place," observed Lasca. "The natives told me that none of the animals living near here would water at the devil's lake."

The big elephant marched down to the lake, waded out until the water was up to his body, and began drinking. When he had drunk his fill he commenced to wash, spraying himself all over with big streams from his trunk.

"That old fellow seems to be enjoying himself without any thought of danger from lake devils," said Captain Jackson.

Out in the middle of the lake appeared a little eddy. Lasca saw it first and silently pointed it out to the English captain. Nearer and nearer to the

shore came the eddy, but still the big bull elephant stood spraying himself, unconscious of all danger. Then dimly through the clear lake Captain Jackson could make out some huge creature rushing toward the shore. A flurry of waves, and with a splash and road a gigantic head broke through the water. It was followed by a snaky, twisting neck, nearly forty feet long. Then came the body, like that of a turtle, but far larger than that of any turtle since the ages when geological monsters, beside whom the largest animals of to-day are small, ruled land and sea. Too late the big elephant saw his terrible peril and turned to rush toward the shore. The snaky head shot out, the big jaws opened and then closed with a snap, grasping the elephant about his body as a cat snatches a mouse.

Over and over in the water, kicking with his feet, striking with his trunk, and trying in vain to thrust with his tusks, the elephant rolled. No creature in the African jungle could have matched him in strength, but against the survival of a past age even the elephant was helpless. Nearer and nearer in shore came the Lake Devil, clutching the big elephant in his unbreakable grip. The water was churned to foam by the desperate efforts of the elephant to free himself. But still the Lake Devil pushed forward until all his body was resting on the bottom. The elephant had also succeeded in getting all four feet firmly planted on solid ground and threw all his strength into one supreme effort to get away. Failing in this, he twisted his body around and began striking fierce, lashing blows with his trunk at the head of the monster. Then the Lake Devil exerted all his tremendous strength. The snaky neck and huge head swung around, the elephant being lifted clear off his feet. For a second the air vibrated with the shrill, agonized trumpetings of the elephant. Then the Lake Devil gave a little push with his fins and his body moved toward the deeper water. The big head sank under, carrying the shrieking elephant with it. Another instant and, with a rush like the launching of a battleship, the Lake Devil shot out toward the middle of the lake and sank down into its unfathomable depths.

"It is death to go out on the lake," said Lasca sullenly. "Our bullets will not hurt him. Why throw our lives away? When even the big rogue elephant was helpless, what can men do against the Lake Devil?"

"It would be suicide to go on the lake," answered Captain Jackson decidedly. "That fellow could sink anything smaller than an ocean liner. Our only hope will be to get him to attack us on land. Then we can try our bullets on him. If they don't work, we can use the dynamite. But we won't try that unless it is a case of life or death, for it would blow him to pieces and destroy the skeleton."

The little party moved slowly around the side of the lake to the pathway between the cliffs. Even Captain Jackson felt nervous as they approached the lake, the lair of the great plesiosaurus, the prehistoric monster before whose might the strongest and fiercest of modern animals would be helpless. Lasca glanced apprehensively at the smooth sides of the roadway.

"They have been worn smooth by the journeyings of the Lake Devil," he murmured. "The guide said that although he is clumsy on land, he can outstrip the swiftest runner."

Captain Jackson halted his men about a hundred yards from the shore of the lake.

"There is no use in going any nearer. I wish he was hungry, so that we could decoy him to the shore."

"The Lake Devil is always hungry and always angry," said Lasca decidedly.

"We have only to disturb the water in some manner and he will show himself.

"Then may Allah protect us!"

The captain ordered his men to get their rifles in readiness for instant use. Then he unstrapped a little bag, and drew out three dynamite cartridges. One of them he handed to Lasca, another he slipped into his own pocket.

"These two will explode if we throw them," he said. "But we don't want to do that until it is absolutely necessary. I'll fix a fuse on the third one and throw it out into the lake. The explosion will probably disturb his majesty and he will come to the surface to see what is the matter. Then we can use our rifles. If he makes a rush at us on land we will have a good target, and finally, if the bullets don't seem to have any effect, we can try the dynamite. That probably will be too much even for a plesiosaurus."

He adjusted a fuse to the dynamite cartridge, and walking to the shore, lighted it and threw the cartridge far out into the lake. The explosion came just as the cartridge reached the surface and sent up a big column of water. Then he ran back to where his men were standing. All seized their rifles and stood anxiously watching the lake for indications of the appearance of the plesiosaurus.

For a moment there was nothing but the waves tossed up by the dynamite to show that anything unusual had taken place. Suddenly a big head and huge, snaky neck broke through the water. The plesiosaurus had risen to see who had dared disturb his domain. The head waved back and forth uncertainly. Then he saw the intruders and began to swim at terrific speed toward the shore.

"Here he comes," said Captain Jackson grimly. "Cool is the word now. Try and hit him in the eyes."

The Lee-Metfords began to talk and the bullets splashed the water all around the swiftly advancing head. Some of them may have struck, but the monster only came at greater speed. In a seemingly incalculably short time he had reached the shallow water. The long, snaky neck appeared in plain sight, then the huge, turtle-like body, black, slimy and threatening. Over the shallows the monster scrambled, his fins carrying him forward swifter than a man could run. Inured to danger as all the party were, they could feel their hearts throbbing at the sight of the antediluvian monster, ninety feet long, and with jaws that could crush a dozen men. The plesiosaurus was plainly enraged by the bullets which kept pattering harmlessly against his thick hide. His red, bloodshot eyes glared, the slime was dropping from his lips, and he seemed rather some monster that had come up from the depths of hell, than any creature of flesh and blood.

Now he had gained the land and was still hurrying on.

"Steady, steady," said Captain Jackson. "Aim at his eyes."

A bullet smashed into one of the glaring eyes, making a splash as if it had struck a pool of blood. The plesiosaurus only seemed to increase his speed. He was now near enough so they could see the dark blood oozing from bullet wounds in neck and body. They appeared mere pin pricks and only angered him the more. Now he was eighty, now sixty yards from the little group. Lasca stooped and picked up his dynamite cartridge.

"Wait a second longer," gasped Captain Jackson. "I don't want to destroy the body."

As the plesiosaurus still rushed forward Lasca could not restrain himself.

"Throw now!" he exclaimed. "Throw now or we are dead!"

Captain Jackson drew out his cartridge. It was time, for the waving, sanky head, forty feet from the ground,

would in an instant more be lowered for a deadly sweeping clutch.

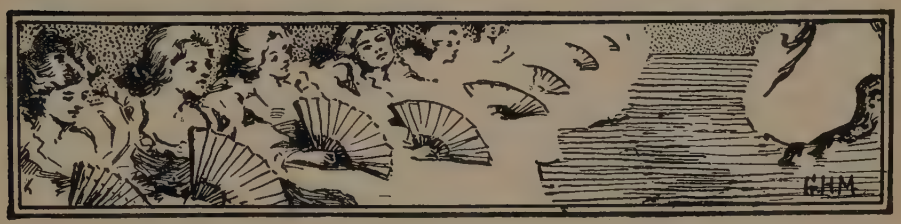
"Drop on your faces when I throw!" shouted the English captain. And he hurled the dynamite cartridge straight towards the plesiosaurus. Lasca had already thrown his, and both Captain Jackson and Lasca dropped on the ground.

Two terrible explosions, so near together that they seemed one, and the air was full of pieces of flesh and bone and blood. Lasca's cartridge had fallen a little short, but even as it touched the ground the plesiosaurus had dropped his head, as if to grasp the deadly missile. Captain Jackson's cartridge had struck directly in front of the big, turtle-like body. Except for the blood-bespattered ground and the fragments of flesh and bones, it was hard to believe that the strongest and most terrible monster on earth had a second before been advancing in deadly charge. Against dynamite even the champion of antediluvian ages had been helpless.

"It was dynamite or death," said Captain Jackson, mournfully. "But it was too bad we had to use it. His body would have been worth a fortune."

Lasca shook his head decidedly.

"Twice have I looked the Lake Devil in the face, and Allah has preserved me," said the old Arab. "And I am glad it is no longer possible to see him. For the sight is not a nice one, nor the memory of it pleasant to a man who has lived long, and committed many sins, and knows that the time is not far distant when Azrael, the Angel of Death, will call him to account."



SIR BLUEBIRD

Breasting a tide of billowy blossoming,
A bit of noon from April skies remote,
Sir Bluebird swings and from his throbbing throat
Outflings such lures of lyric rioting
As stir the orchard boughs to murmuring
With rythmic rapture at each tinkling note
And sward and coppice-aisle to overfloat
With all the silver symphonies of Spring.

Spirit of Song! Incarnate Melody,
Sped winging earthward, singing, from the spheres!
Thine were such shee· excess of ecstasy,
Too keen for rapture and so tense with tears,
That eyes grow blurred with misty memory
Of bloomy Aprils in the yester years!

Pittsburg, Texas

Hilton R. Greer

PHASES OF AMERICAN AFFAIRS

By FRANK PUTNAM

A BILL TO PROVIDE CORPORATIONS WITH SOULS

AS a listener, a reader and an observer, I reach the conclusion that a majority of my countrymen and women desire neither free trade nor free trusts. Senator Hoar, broadly patriotic and far-sighted, offers a bill which transfers all corporations from state to national control, and which makes officers and directors of corporations personally responsible for the acts of the corporate bodies they control. Senator's Hoar's bill might aptly be termed, "A bill to provide corporations with souls," since it proposes for the first time to bring into their operations the element of personal responsibility.

Charles Emory Smith, writing in the Saturday Evening Post, thus epitomizes the Hoar bill:

"The transfer of the control of all corporations from the States to the Federal Government is a new departure in our American system. The assumption not merely of regulating interstate commerce in its general commercial relations, but of laying the hand of the Federal Government on all business which is done under a corporate organization, and exercising a rigorous supervisory authority, is something which on the surface is quite foreign to our American conception of liberty of action.

"This is what Senator Hoar's bill does in substance. Under our modern conditions most large business is done under corporate form. All corporations whose business passes State lines are engaged in interstate commerce. Under Senator Hoar's bill they cannot carry on their affairs without agreeing to conditions which give the Attorney-General power to enter their offices, open their books, examine their papers and exact any report he chooses. They cannot undersell or give discounts from market rates or offer preferences or enter into any combination which may be alleged to be for the purpose of driving out of business any other person engaged therein. Any violation of the provisions of the act renders any officer or director of the corporation liable for all its debts and obligations, and any infraction of its prohibitions is punishable by fine and imprisonment."

The change from present conditions proposed in this measure is one of tremendous importance. It will probably seem to corporations at first glance to be oppressive and burdensome; but would not the corporations as well as the general public be benefited in the long run by the larger confidence, based on the increased stability in corporate affairs which must certainly ensue? At best, I suppose, the federal control of such corporations, at least, as those which have practical monopolies of universal necessities, as, say, coal and oil and transportation, is but a prelude to federal ownership. By yielding gracefully to federal control, the private citizens who now enjoy the fruits of these monopolies may reasonably hope to extend the period of their toll-taking. Persistence in their present methods, and opposition to any modification thereof, can hardly have any other result than to hasten the third stage of our social evolution, when all citizens shall be equal partners in industry, as we now are in government.

THE TRUE CONSERVATIVES IN AMERICA

It seems to be a well established custom of the American press to term the rich our "conservative class." Are they really so? I should rather say the farmers were the conservative class—"slow to wrath but mighty in anger." The radicals are of the cities—the rich who live by speculation, and the toilers who take wages. They are less thrifty than the farmers—for obvious reasons. The farmer is almost the only man left among us who is master of a whole trade. Our iron-smiths, our shoe-makers, our clothing-makers, our furniture-makers,—all our friends employed in gainful labor, have become—most of them—half-tradesmen—mere cogs in wheels. Their work demands a constantly diminishing quantity of creative ability—of individuality. Working with machines, and like machines, they inevitably lose much of the independence that sustained their fathers who were the all-around masters of useful trades. Their money is earned with less thought than the farmer's; naturally they give less thought to spending it. Their environment induces more and more a blind dependence on their more or less remote and impersonal employers. The city toiler begins work at an hour set by his employer; he does the thing his employer orders, in the way his employer orders it; he quits work at an hour fixed by his employer. He is a part of the machinery of his employer's establishment. His employer takes all the risks of marketing their joint product—interposes between the workman and the outer world—does his thinking and planning for him, in all that concerns the source of his livelihood. The employe not unnaturally comes to regard the employer—man or company or corporation—as a sort of special providence; and when this providence fails, he is likely to be surprised—unprepared. (There are exceptions, to be sure; I am considering the rank and file.)

The farmer is still a full-tradesman—an individual. He must still pit his knowledge, his energy and his thrift against the elements. He is perhaps less open than his city brothers to the influence of new thought; but when it does awaken his interest, he gives it a saner and serener consideration—and he casts the deciding vote upon whatever question vitally concerns the nation. He reads less than the city man, but he thinks more.

On the other hand, it should be noted that all, or nearly all, social movements of a progressive nature originate in the cities. Keenly studious and thoughtful members of this division of society, reacting from the iron pressure to which their surroundings subject them, sooner feel the need of remedies for social ills. But all their proposals must gain the slow and often reluctant approval of the farmers and the village folk before they can be made of any effect. The city proposes and the country disposes. It is well to give the conservative the deciding word. He makes haste slowly, but he has fewer blunders to correct, fewer steps to retrace.

MAN ADDING ANOTHER REALM TO HIS ESTATE

I suppose that when the first ape-man undertook to walk upright, on his hind legs only, there were no end of conservative chaps who said it was absurd and couldn't be done. Nowadays, barring club nights, none of us thinks it much of a trick to do what that first man found so difficult. In the same way, doubtless, the first man that tried to navigate water had his prophets of evil. We are doing pretty well in this field, too, nowadays. So with the air. Our

pioneer aerialists are no longer regarded as impious challengers in celestial realms, but they are generally thought to be visionaries, impractical fellows, wasting time that might better be spent in cultivating the two realms already conquered. But the trouble with men of imagination is, that they are not content with doing what anybody can do. They covet new sensations. The result of it will be that in 1950, say, your grand-son will go to the wireless telephone and ring up the office of the Consolidated Aerial Transportation Company when he wants a cab. You don't believe it? Well, just wait and see it for yourself.

Most men now engaged in experimenting with aerial machines agree that the successful flying machine of the future will not embody the balloon, or lighter-than-air principle. They believe it will consist of a structure of inclined planes, driven by powerful motors, and rising by resistance of the air in which it moves. Santos-Dumont and the other ballonists cling to the gas-bag, but it seems to be pretty thoroughly demonstrated that the gas-bag will collapse under pressure when driven against anything like a stiff wind. One misadventure of this kind all but cost Santos-Dumont his life. And speaking of Santos-Dumont, it is interesting to read (in *The Conquest of the Air*, John Alexander's excellent treatise, published by the A. Wessels Company of New York) that, as early as 1709, another Brazilian, a monk named Bartholomeo Lourenco de Gusmao, invented a flying machine, and got himself put to death as a sorcerer because of it. This was nearly three-quarters of a century before the day of the French brothers Montgolfier, from whose experiments, in 1773, the beginning of modern sky-riding is usually dated.

I said that Santos-Dumont clings to the gas-bag: but even he regards it as a temporary expedient. He says: "I expect that a way will be found of dispensing with the balloon and of relying upon the motors altogether before very long, but until we get that we must make the best use of what we have."

Graham Bell and Sir Hiram Maxim are the most famous exponents of the heavier-than-air mechanical air-ships. Sir Hiram says: "A kite held up against the wind has very great lifting power with a wind of forty miles an hour, so an aero-plane having a velocity through the air of forty miles an hour has very great lifting effect. With a balloon high speed (except with the wind) is impossible. With an aeroplane speed is a necessity, otherwise insufficient lifting effect will be produced. I am therefore strongly of the opinion that we must look to machines heavier than the air, which, in reality, fly after the manner of birds. Nature has innumerable flying machines, which are all heavier than air, but nature has no balloons. Therefore, if we wish to succeed, we shall have to follow in the footsteps of nature, as we have already done in many branches of science."

The belief upon which the balloonists base their hopes is that they shall discover regular and dependable 'round-the-world currents in the upper air, of which they can take advantage at will, merely by raising and lowering their balloons.

The managers of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, the world's fair to be held in St. Louis next year, have made air-ships the principal feature of their program of entertainment. It is not impossible that the flying machine contests there to be held may develop at least the first rough draft of the practicable air-ship of the future.

Meantime, with Mr. Marconi making the viewless ether carry messages across the Atlantic, and Mr. Edison completing his cheap, compact and powerful motor

that is to put the horse on the half-pay list and make automobiles as cheap as bicycles, we continue to develop dividend-paying prospects in the first realm.

IF CITIES SELL LIGHT AND WATER, WHY NOT HEAT?

The supreme court of Massachusetts has decided that under the constitution of that state cities have no power to establish municipal fuel yards, except in emergencies, as when private dealers are unable to supply the public needs. This was the court's answer to a legislative inquiry. The decision is essentially capitalistic. It is undemocratic, unscientific and is opposed to the general good. It is based upon the eighteenth-century assumption that the whole people have no right to engage in any enterprise in which they might become competitors with private capital. This is an assumption that has been thrown down and trampled on so often in the history of our own and all other countries, that one is chiefly surprised at its persistence to this late day, and especially at its utterance by the supreme court of intellectual Massachusetts. Cities should not only have power to establish fuel yards, but should do so as a matter of course, just as they establish water supplies. Further, municipalities should establish heating plants, and sell heat, just as most of them now sell water, and many of them sell light. It should be possible in any American city for a house-holder to obtain a supply of heat exactly as he now obtains a supply of water—by turning a faucet or pressing a button. Nobody, having given the matter a moment's thought, will doubt that electric heat for all the homes, factories and offices of a city could be supplied at much smaller cost, and with a great saving of fuel, if the work were all done in central municipal stations. The individual heating stove, cook stove and furnace are just as certain to give way before the central municipal heating plant, with its electric stoves, as the well-sweep was to yield to the faucet opening the city water main.

The first steps in this direction will hardly be made by city governments, for the reason that city governments are seldom or never made up of the best business talent of the community. Private enterprise will clear the way, prove the proposition and make large profits out of it long before the municipalities get sense enough to take hold of the plan. One step at a time—the end is sure.

WILL THE NEGRO ASSIMILATE, OR WILL HE PERISH?

The negro is again a leading topic of debate. President Roosevelt having asked Booker T. Washington in to dine with the White House family, is declared by the New Orleans Times-Democrat, (one of the South's most powerful and representative journals) to have "made himself socially impossible in the South." Another New Orleans editor, enraged by the Indianola, Mississippi, postoffice incident, calls the president a "greased-pole monkey." With these amenities of polite discussion I am not greatly concerned: the president has been all his life a giver and taker of blows, and doubtless he will come through this scrap with his scalp on. What one might suggest is, that since passion settles little and calm reason settles much, the eager and angry disputants on both sides might profitably pause long enough to read a new and very suggestive book dealing with the past and future of the American negro.

Joseph Alexander Tillinghast, a southern white man, son of a former slave-

holder, has written a book, entitled, *The Negro in Africa and America*, and the book appears as Vol. III, No. 2, of the third series of the publications of the American Economic Association. This book is a careful collation and a temperate statement of facts not hitherto unknown, but not before brought into their present relations in any publication of general circulation. Mr. Tillinghast shows us the fathers and mothers of the American negroes dwelling for thousands of years in West Africa, all of that time quite stationary in a condition of savage degradation. He shows us how that portion of the black race stolen and impressed into slavery in America has been a far greater gainer by the process than were the white men who did the stealing, and their descendants. This is, perhaps, to be regarded as a case of poetic justice, for certainly the slave-stealers, whether they sailed from New England or from the Southern ports, were not greatly burdened with philanthropic motives toward their human cargoes.

These nine millions of descendants of the stolen negroes now, in the words of Mr. Tillinghast, "constitute an ethnic group, so distinct from the dominant race, that we are threatened with inability to assimilate them;"—and this fact constitutes one of the impressive problems now confronting American statesmen.

Mr. Tillinghast acknowledges the progress made by the American negro toward the standards of living of the American white man: manifestly he wishes he might make an even more favorable showing in this regard than is warranted by the facts in the case. His disposition is to be fair, even generous. Yet he reaches the conclusion,—and it i s one of the deepest significance,—that as a body, the nine millions of American negroes are reverting to the savagery of their West Africa ancestors. "The negro," he says, "finds it surpassingly difficult to suppress the hereditary instincts that do not harmonize with American social organization. He is finding that two or three centuries are all too brief a period in which to compass almost the entire range of human development.

"There is nothing in this conclusion," he adds, "to surprise the student of evolutionary phenomena. But no right-minded citizen can help deploring it, and hoping that some means may be found of preventing reversion with the inevitable consequence — elimination. Many believe firmly that the magic of education affords the requisite means. Experience has amply demonstrated that mere literary culture will not transform a savage into an efficient member of civilized society. But experience has equally shown that a thorough education of heart and hand, as well as of intellect, will with selected material give valuable results. * * * Meantime, however, only a few thousands are to-day receiving the kind of education critically needed by all the negroes, and almost a half of their number have never received any education at all. In this case a vast educational system is necessary, and under human limitations this cannot be brought into existence and perfected within a brief period. It is not to be forgotten that there are millions of untaught whites to be provided for. Whatever else happens, hereditary forces, for a time suppressed, will steadily continue to reassert themselves. Obviously, heroic means are required to reach the millions of negroes.

"Surveyed broadly, the outlook for the American negro is not bright. From the native of Guinea to the modern Afro-American is certainly a long step, but from the Guinea negro to the Caucasian builders of our republic is a yet longer step. It is the hard fate of the transplanted negro to compete, not with a people of about his own degree of de-

velopment, but with a race that leads the world in efficiency. This efficiency was reached only through the struggle and sacrifice prescribed by evolutionary law. There are many who believe that a shorter path to greatness exists, since the science of education has been developed. But so long as the powerful conservatism of heredity persists, scarcely admitting of change save through selections of variations, it is to be doubted whether education has the efficiency claimed for it. Time, struggle and sacrifice have always hitherto been required to create a great race. If these are to be exacted of the negro, he must traverse a long road, not in safe isolation in a country all his own, but in a land filling fast with able, strenuous and rapidly progressing competitors. Under such circumstances, his position can with difficulty be regarded as other than precarious to the last degree."

If I understand Mr. Tillinghast, he believes the negro had his chance to grow in his native Africa, and lost it, or was not capable of rising equal to it. And that that small portion of the race transplanted forcibly to our alien soil must, in the working out of natural forces, be eliminated as a distinct and recognizable social factor. As a general proposition, two chances are open to all the savage races—war, or bleaching. Those which have chosen the sword have died by the sword. No people could be expected deliberately to choose to be assimilated with another its superior by the second process suggested; yet it has occurred from time to time that fragments of conquered races have so yielded to their conquerors, and, disappearing as distinct factors, have perpetuated their traits in the children of their masters. The marriage of white and black is forbiden by law in most of the states, and frowned upon by the sentiment of the vast majority in all. If, therefore, the inferior race is to perpetuate any of its traits through amalgamation with the superior race, it must be done outside the law. And it is being done that way—to an extent that would surprise the average uniformed commentator upon this general subject.

Enters here another significant element of the situation. It is found that mixed bloods possess less physical vigor, less strength to perpetuate their kind, than either whites or blacks. If this weakness increases with the continued intermingling of bloods, as I understand Mr. Tillinghast and other observers to assert that it does, then this may be the central fact pointing to the way the negro, as a distinct factor, is to leave the stage of affairs in this continent; and later, probably, in his own continent, now rapidly to be seized and developed by white men of Europe and America.

Meantime, Booker T. Washington and others of his type—heroic men if there ever were such—are doing all that in their power lies to arrest the natural tendency toward reversion, and to bring the race along the forward way. They are fighting a forlorn hope, and they are fighting it magnificently. They deserve all the aid and encouragement that can be given them. Insofar as one who has little may presume to advise those who have much, I urge the duty of our millionaires of the North to help the South with open purses in its titanic task of educating our 9,000,000 colored fellow citizens. Hampton Institute and Tuskegee have shown what can be done. There should be scores of such schools in each of the southern states. It is scarcely possible to conceive a nobler field for the exercise of American philanthropy, nor one which more vitally affects the nation's health. I expect to see, as the years pass, a mighty and increasing tide of northern wealth turned into this channel. Let northern critics of southern methods prove their sincerity by helping with money and sympathy.

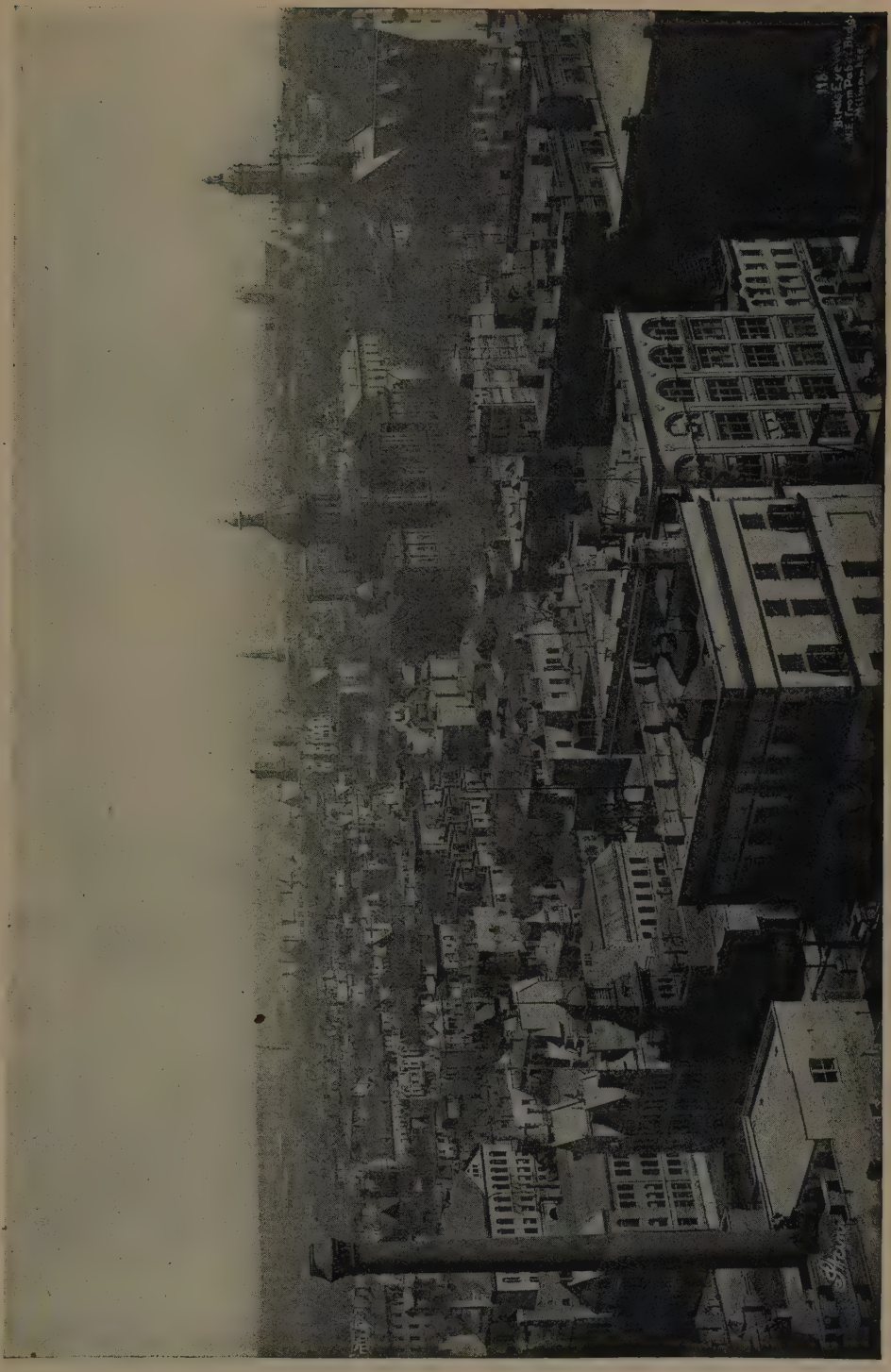
Milwaukee

By WILLIAM F. HOOKER

UPON the very spot where now stands a magnificent sky scraper, Solomon Juneau, the founder of Milwaukee, its first white settler, its first merchant, its first postmaster, and its first mayor, traded beads and blankets with the Red Man of the forest for the pelts of panther, bear and other wild animals that were in those days bought in turn by the Hudson Bay Fur Company or the first of the present house of Astor, whose warehouses were at La Pointe, Green Bay and other far-away places. A block distant from this site of the humble log cabin of Juneau, stands the largest office building in the world constructed wholly of iron and terra cotta. In another direction, only a few blocks away from the old trading store of logs, which was also the tavern and stage station less than seventy years ago, is another palatial pile of stone and iron, brick and mortar — the two-million-dollar City Hall. And from the roof of either of these can be seen the heroic monument of the "first white citizen of Milwaukee" standing in a beautiful spot on the shore of Lake Michigan, scanning the horizon as if in anticipation of the arrival of the children of the forest, who were his friends, to trade with him.

MILWAUKEE'S $2,000,000 CITY HALL.

Another view from the belfry of the City Hall, (which contains a bell weighing twenty tons, and which tells the time of day for everyone within a territory twenty miles square,) is of marvelous grandeur, being composed on the one side of thousands of factories, palaces and business blocks, fringed with the comfortable homes of a great community of skilled toilers in the varied. industries of the city. In one view it is the appearance of a summer resort; in another, of a great mart of trade; and in yet another, of shipping — in fact, every phase of metropolitan life;

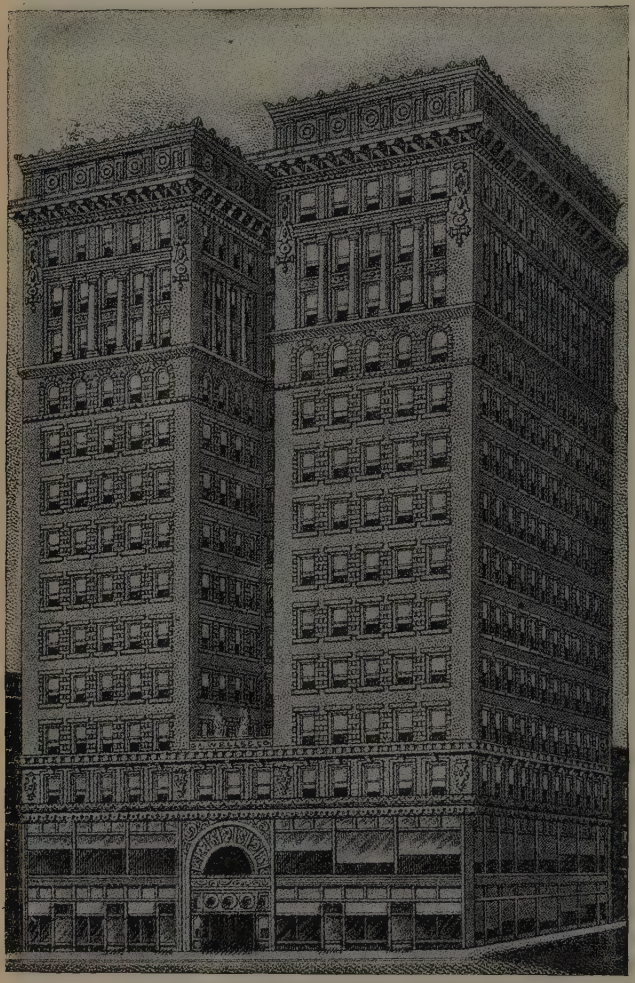


BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF MILWAUKEE, LOOKING NORTHEAST FROM THE PABST BUILDING

Photograph by Stein

for while Milwaukee lays claim to first place in the Northwest, outside of its big brother on the south, as a manufacturing center, it still prides itself as a city of homes and a resting place for the seeker for summer comfort. It is a great, bustling, busy city, yet a resort sought by thousands in the summer months.

THE WELLS BUILDING, A PIONEER'S MONUMENT



These are but brief references to a swift change common in the great West; but the most striking, perhaps, of all, from primeval forest to metropolitan activity, has been wrought in the lifetime of one man, Daniel Wells, Jr. This pioneer multi-millionaire died only a few weeks ago after seeing a sixteen-story office building erected as his monument on ground that he trod with a rifle over his shoulder when past his majority, hunting partridges.

When Daniel Wells came to Milwaukee, it contained 300 souls, mostly Indians; when he passed on it had multiplied to 300,000 and over, and the "original American"—the Indian—had disappeared. To commemorate and illustrate this wonderful step for his and a future generation—this magic stride from hamlet to thirteenth city of the Union—he had erected in heroic marble figures representing two bears sitting upright on the portal of his monumental building. Upon shields held between these creatures are branded in everlasting characters, plainly visible in the street, these dates and figures:

1835 — 1902
300 300,000

telling a story that is more representative of the spirit of western push and progress than pen of poet or brush of artist can describe. It is almost like a fairy tale, marking a spot with a modern skyscraper of the first class that was in the day of its owner part of the virgin forest.

It would be a never-ending task to follow the progress of Milwaukee in

VIEW OF WISCONSIN STREET LOOKING WEST

The first building to the left is the Milwaukee Club, next the Hotel Pfister, Wells Building and Pabst Building; Gimbel Brothers' store at the foot of the street

Photograph reproduced by permission of the Schlitz Brewing Company.

HOTEL PFISTER MILWAUKEE

Photograph by Stein

anything like detail throughout its brief but wonderful history. It has never boomed, but has steadiily marched onward, carving out a place for itself in the ranks of the great cities of the world, building solidly and permanently as it advanced; and adding to its reputation for solidity and enterprise by its modesty and conservatism, rather than by the methods too frequently adopted by growing and ambitious cities. Its citizens have been satisfied with its natural resources, never exaggerating them to the eyes of the world by extravagant claims or statements; therefore they have escaped the hardships that have befallen many communities that were "overdone." No city in the Union, not even in crowded New England, is more compactly settled. Milwaukee has been finished in its up-building as it moved along to its present station. There are no yawning, empty blocks of city lots in any section of the city; no districts within the corporate limits connected by long and tedious rides by train—everything has been "filled in" as if all were of one accord and employed on one set of plans in the great work of city building. This does not mean that Milwaukee is not growing; far from it. The building record produced elsewhere in this article will disprove anything of the kind, and demonstrate that we are growing enormously at this very moment.

Just a figure or two to complete this story of the rapid rise of a great city: In 1835 the population of Milwaukee was 279; in 1840 it was 1,810; in 1850, it had made its first great stride and the newspapers of the town proudly proclaimed the fact that there were 20,061

LAYTON ART GALLERY, MILWAUKEE Photograph by Stein

WASHINGTON MONUMENT, MILWAUKEE Photograph by Stein

souls within the corporate limits. In 1860 it had more than doubled, the census figures then being 45,246. In 1870 the official report was 71,440, and in the dceade between 1870 and 1880, there had been a gain of 61 8 per cent, giving the city a population of 115,578. In the next ten years 1880-1890, it nearly doubled: the United States census officially announced that Milwaukee had 204,468 people. In 1900 it had grown to 288,-923; in 1902, to 315,000, and if the usual average is maintained, at the end of 1903 Milwaukee will have over 330,000. The half million mark is almost certain to be reached before the census is taken in 1910.

Milwaukee has many public spirited citizens, but none more conspicuous at this time than Charles F. Pfister, the multi-millionaire manufacturer, newspaper publisher, banker, hotel owner, philanthropist, and good fellow. Pfister's money has had a great deal to do with "making Milwaukee famous." It paid for a palatial hotel that was run at a loss for a number of years, but which is now paying its owner a handsome profit; it bought the Milwaukee Sentinel, an old-fashioned newspaper of small

circulation, and put it in a class with the best in America, for nothing that money will buy is denied the Sentinel, it being Mr. Pfister's policy to have the best of everything in brains or machinery. Over a year ago he placed the direction of the business in the hands of George H. Clements, a newspaper man of long training in this city, Chicago and New York, and to him is due the principal credit for wisely expending the funds placed in his hands and producing a newspaper that every enterprising Milwaukeean is proud of. The Evening Wisconsin, the Journal and the Daily News—keen and enterprising afternoon papers; the Free Press, a morning paper, and the German dailies, the Herold and the Germania, are all in the first class of metropolitan journalism. An evening edition of the Sentinel will be published early in May.

Mr. Pfister inherited a fortune from his father, and is one of the young men who not only conserved the interests left in his charge, but piled up several millions more. Mr. Pfister is a business man of rare intelligence, and has seldom made a mistake in judgment. Everything he has touched has turned to money. It is a small enterprise in Milwaukee, outside of the iron and beer industries, that he is not interested in.

Frank G. Bigelow, Captain Frederick Pabst and August Uihlein are also conspicuous for their enterprise in Milwaukee's behalf, and Mayor David S. Rose has done much to keep the city on the map in big letters. Mr. Uihlein is at the head of the Schlitz Brewing Company, Captain Pabst the soul and backbone of the concern bearing his name, and Mr. Bigelow is a banker of national repute. The brewing of beer is one of Milwau-

MILWAUKEE LIBRARY AND MUSEUM BUILDING — Photograph by Stein

kee's greatest industries, the second in point of value in every year's production during several decades, and to the fact that these "captains of industry" have spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in placing their product before the reading public is due much of the fame that Milwaukee enjoys.

The record of crime in Milwaukee when compared with that of the other large cities of the Union, is a matter of pride to the people here, for the figures refute the libel uttered by many persons who are opposed to the foaming glass.

In Milwaukee it is a strange sight indeed to see a drunken man on the street; and visitors here frequently remark upon the absence of everything of the sort. Very little whiskey is drunk in Milwaukee, and that is the reason why a force of 300 policemen is sufficient, while twice that number is necessary to keep order in some of the older manufacturing cities of the East and South. Crime is severely punished in Milwaukee, the police department being on a civil service basis that absolutely frees it from the degrading influences of politics. Murders and highway robberies and frightful crimes of other natures are rare; and all of this is due to the temperate disposition of the people and to the fact that the police and courts deal severely with the professional criminal whenever he is caught. During a period of three years and eight months there was but one highway robbery in Milwaukee, due perhaps to the fact that the man who committed the last crime of the kind was caught in a few hours and sent to prison for a term that amounted to a lifetime.

In 1900 the United States Department of Labor made an investigation of the criminal records in the various large cities of the Union. Milwaukee is proud of the result, because she heads the list as the most law-abiding community of all the cities of over 200,000 population in the country. Here is the official report of the Department of Labor:

No. of inhabitants to each arrest made—all causes:

Milwaukee, Wis.	60.3
Minneapolis, Minn.	47.0
Detroit, Mich.	38.4
Newark, N. J.	34.0
Jersey City, N. J.	26.0
New York, N. Y.	25.9
Louisville, Ky.	25.4
Cincinnati, O.	24.5
St. Louis, Mo.	24.2
Chicago, Ill.	23.9
Philadelphia, Pa.	19.7
Cleveland, O.	19.2
Boston, Mass.	16.7
Baltimore, Md.	16.5
New Orleans, La.	16.1
Pittsburg, Pa.	14.6
San Francisco, Cal.	13.0
Buffalo, N. Y.	12.4
Washington, D. C.	10.7

No. of inhabitants per arrest for drunk and disorderly conduct:

Minneapolis, Minn	102.0
Milwaukee, Wis	98.5
Cincinnati, O.	90.1
Detroit, Mich.	73.3
Newark, N. J.	71.0
St. Louis, Mo.	54.3
Chicago, Ill.	48.6
New York, N. Y.	46.5
Jersey City, N. J.	45.7
Louisville, Ky.	39.8
New Orleans, La.	37.5
Cleveland, O.	36.8
Baltimore, Md.	34.2
Philadelphia, Pa.	33.0
Washington, D. C.	29.8
Boston, Mass.	29.2
Pittsburg, Pa.	25.2
San Francisco, Cal.	21.6
Buffalo, N. Y.	20.3

Milwaukee has two associations devoted to the exposition of matters of public spirit—the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association and the Citizens' Business League. The former is the older of the two and is ably managed by Mr. Leroy C. Whitney, its secretary. The League is represented by Mr. Richard B. Watrous. Both organizations have contributed greatly to the advancement of the city's interests. The work of Mr. Whitney is directed mainly to the encouragement of industrial enterprise, in which he has been conspicuously successful. The sphere of the League, through Mr. Watrous, is to promote the

fame of Milwaukee as a "convention city," and he has so far succeeded as to lead for several years all other cities of the country that have been in the same field of effort.

Milwaukee has many claims to distinction as a summer resort, and the following table, taken from the records of the United States Weather Bureau, furnishes a comparison that may be fairly taken to represent the conditions that nearly always prevail:

DAILY MAXIMUM TEMPERATURES JULY 10 TO JULY 25, 1901.

JULY.	10.	11.	12.	13.	14.	15.	16.	17.	18.	19.	20.	21.	22.	23.	24.	25.
Milwaukee	87	78	77	81	81	82	88	89	83	81	100	90	85	79	84	78
Kansas City	101	102	104	99	102	102	101	100	99	100	103	104	106	103	106	100
St. Louis	104	104	102	96	89	97	97	100	98	98	101	106	107	106	107	99
Des Moines	101	100	102	102	99	100	97	98	94	98	103	104	99	100	107	101
Cincinnati	93	100	88	89	90	96	97	95	90	90	94	100	105	95	100	94
Minneapolis	81	86	90	98	98	92	92	92	89	96	102	95	95	101	101	86

The average of monthly temperature and monthly rainfall for twenty-five years follows:

Month	Temperature	Precipitation
January	19.4	2.17
February	22.6	1.85
March	30.5	2.47
April	42.6	2.86
May	52.9	3.56
June	63.3	4.09
July	69.2	3.09
August	68.3	2.70
September	61.3	2.86
October	49.2	2.34
November	35.2	2.05
December	19.2	1.97

But twice in the past thirty-one years has the temperature reached 100 degrees in Milwaukee, therefore the summer visitor is almost certain not to encounter an extremely hot day here.

The summer of 1902 was an exceptionally cold one and not fairly representative of the season, and would present an exaggerated and unusual condition, which is not the purpose of this article; therefore, a year of average temperature is presented. There was not a night during July, August and September, 1902, that a light overcoat was not almost a necessity in Milwaukee.

The city of Milwaukee owns its waterworks and the system is one of the best in the country. Lake Michigan is the source of supply and the water is of the highest purity and excellence. Chemical analyses have repeatedly shown it of higher purity than the best spring water obtainable.

Superior shipping facilities to the south, west, and north are afforded by the Chicago & Northwestern, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, and the Wisconsin Central railways, with a combined mileage of 16,025 miles, forming a great net-work direct to all points on the Missouri river as far south as Kansas City, and from Fargo to the eastern end of Lake Superior on the north, connecting with all western and southern lines extending to the Pacific coast and Gulf of Mexico. Of the great Atlantic seaboard systems the Grand Trunk and the Pere Marquette railways, covering 6,363 miles in Michigan and Canada, operate all the year 'round a fleet of three car ferries with a capacity of thirty cars each, and six large passenger and freight steamers from Milwaukee. The New York Central, Erie, Lehigh Valley, Lackawanna, Pennsylvania, Baltimore and Ohio, and the Canada-Atlantic railways, reaching from the Atlantic coast westward, own and operate immense fleets of steamers between their western terminii and Milwaukee direct.

Of the independent steamship lines, the Goodrich Transportation company, with a fleet of nine, Barry Brothers Transportation company, with a fleet of three, and the Crosby Transportation company, with splendid freight and passenger steamers, operate daily throughout the

year between Milwaukee and all points north to Mackinaw, and south to Chicago on the west shore of Lake Michigan, and east to Grand Haven.

These following figures, tabulated from official reports, fitly summarize the story of the forward march of industrial Milwaukee:

	1902.	1901.
Total value of manufactured products	$230,316,562	$200,438,786
Percentage of increase, 14.91 per cent.		
Capital employed in manufacturing	153,202,051	134,528,867
Percentage of increase, 13.88 per cent.		
Total money paid in wages by manufacturers	41,434,131	36,274,857
Percentage of increase, 14.3 per cent.		
Number of persons employed in all manufacturing industries	78.150	72,998
Percentage of increase, 7 per cent.		

RESULTS IN LEADING SPECIALIZED LINES OF MANUFACTURE

Value of Products:	1902.	1901.
In all metal working industries combined	$ 79,776,837	$ 64,561,933
Percentage of increase, 23.57 per cent.		
Value of total products in all features of wearing apparel	26,763,576	22,678,214
Percentage of increase, 18 per cent.		
Value of products in all leather producing and working industries	24,235,307	22,405,184
Percentage of increase, 8.02 per cent.		
Total value of Milwaukee brewery products	20,730,200	18,664,300
Percentage of increase, 11 per cent.		

ENORMOUS WHOLESALE TRADE OF MILWAUKEE

	1902.	1901.
Total volume of wholesale business	$326,371,153	$300,332,297
Percentage of increase, 8.67 per cent.		
Value of Milwaukee-made goods in the jobbing trade	157,311,253	141,203,897
Percentage of increase, 11.41 per cent.		
Value of country produce sold in Milwaukee	67,001,000	63,185,500
Percentage of increase. 6 per cent.		

GREAT BUILDING RECORD OF THE YEAR

	1902.	1901.
Total new buildings in Milwaukee	$ 8,153,180	$ 5,950,763
Percentage of increase, 37 per cent.		
Total spent in residence buildings	3,287,892	2,505,668
Total spent in factory buildings	2,389,460	1,378,300
Total spent in store buildings	1,031,016	713.914

HEALTHY GROWTH OF COMMERCIAL TRADE

	1902.	1901.
Barley receipts	12,767,700	11,813,150
Postal receipts	$854,477.60	$713,102.91
Steamer arrivals	6,768	4,768
Flour shipments	4,276,569	4,025,518

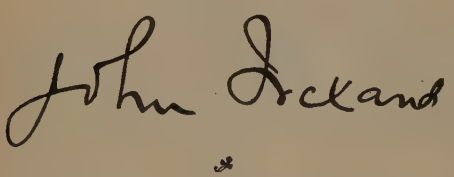
The Great Republic of the Future

An Interesting Proposition Set Forth in a Letter and a Newspaper Clipping

By ARCHBISHOP JOHN IRELAND

DEAR SIR: In reply to your letter I send you a clipping which I believe reports rather correctly what I said in New York. I must add that the address in the course of which these words were spoken, was supposed to be merely for the ears of my hearers. While they do not go beyond what I really believe in my heart, they were spoken in not the most serious vein. My purpose was to demonstrate rather jocosely that Minnesota is the logical center of the great republic of the future.

Sincerely,



(Clipping from the Irish Herald of New York City.)

Archbishop Ireland, at a dinner of the Minnesota Society of New York in the Waldorf-Astoria last Monday evening, declared his belief that Canada eventually would be under the domain of the United States and that the flag of this country will wave over all the country from the Gulf of Mexico to Hudson Bay. The transition, he said, would come without conquest, without war. "The hearts across the border," he said, "are already beating with love for us, and commerce and agriculture are calling for espousals." His remarks were interrupted by cheers.

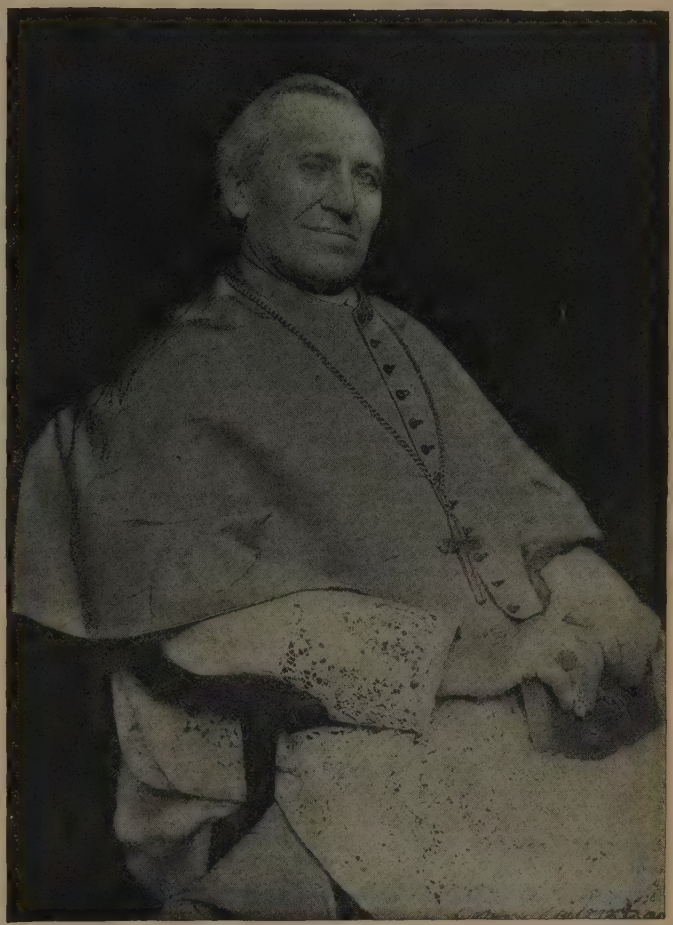
After telling of the growth of America in comparison with other great nations, the Archbishop recalled a question that has been asked since the rejuvenation of the Orient: Is the course of empire not going on across another ocean? "The light that is shining there," he said, "is but a scintillation of our own American constellation."

"Within a few years," he continued, "the commerce of the States on the Pacific coast will equal that of those on the Atlantic. America has been so geographically situated that it will remain, no matter what happens to the rest of the universe. All of the great states of Europe and those of the Far East are sending their tributes. The Western Continent shall dominate the commerce of both great oceans. The development of the East, the West, the North, and the South is going on more rapidly and safely than ever before, and we are reaping and will continue to reap benefits."

Denying that the star of empire will go further westward than the western border of the United States, the Archbishop said that there is a movement within the country. He referred to the domination of the Eastern states in

former years and of the movement of the population and of industries toward the west. The center of population now, he said, will be found very close to the banks of the Mississippi river, and will remain there. From the East the movement will be westward to that section, and from the West eastward to the same destination.

ARCHBISHOP JOHN IRELAND
Photograph copyrighted by Zimmerman, St. Paul



"I do not want to be bellicose," he said, "but I say this for myself: As sure as fate, although you and I may not see it, the starry banner will wave mistress over all the territory from the Gulf to the Bay. There will be no conquest, no war. The hearts across the border are already beating with love for us, and commerce and agriculture are calling for espousals."

Reason for his faith the Archbishop found in the universal liberty enjoyed by the citizens. He said that he had the greatest confidence in the perpetuity of America as the home of human liberty, and that what every American needs to insure this is consciousness of one's own rights, which should be demanded and sustained, and, secondly, a respect for the rights of others.

CONTENT

Content with toil that's half a song,
To no ambition bound,
In jovial mood I tramp along
Toward the common ground.

HEART OF THE BUSINESS SECTION OF TOLEDO — From a drawing by Joseph K. French

Toledo, Third City of the Fourth State

By KEVIN O'DWYER

With Engravings from Photographs by McKecknie & Oswald

ESSENTIALLY a commercial city, its life the busy life of ships and rails and industry; so situated as to be the natural gateway to Michigan, the Lake Superior and the wealthy north Ontario country; rich in natural advantages, most alluring to capital and a future of brilliance and promise; ranking as the third city of the fourth great state of the Union, Toledo, Ohio, is another enduring memorial to the courage, patriotism and sturdiness of that great army of American pioneers who in a century's time transformed the Northwest Territory wilderness into the most populous and prosperous section of the United States.

Peering beyond the present day record written by the iron hand of commerce and industry, there is much in Toledo's early history rich in romance and dramatic interest. The early governmental mutability of this section has few if any equals in this country; its pioneer life was stained by blood of Indian, French-Indian and British-American wars.

No section of the country was made the scene of such valiant struggles, or suffered more severely, from the devastations of the war of 1812 between the United States and Great Britain, than the Maumee Valley. The war was of vast importance to England, as victory meant British control of the Great Lakes country, which to-day produces a large percentage of the wealth of the United

States. Toledo thus became the scene of some of the most important military events in America's advancement.

TOLEDO'S OPEN SHELF PUBLIC LIBRARY AND READING ROOM

Fort Meigs, whose rude earthwork rears its summit just beyond the southern boundary of this city, was made the front line of defense of the American army under General Harrison, and sustained a long siege. Forty-five miles distant from Toledo, nestling close to the south shore of turbulent Lake Erie, are the Put-in-Bay Islands, the rendezvous of the intrepid Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, whose signal victory on September 10, 1813, established American supremacy over most of the Great Lakes region. What a wealth of dramatic interest is found in that momentous period! And in all the annals of that greatest of war machines, the American navy, no more glorious and inspiring page is found than that which relates of the first and only naval battle on the lakes and is tersely told in that memorable message which reaches down the ages—"We have met the enemy and they are ours."

Admirably situated on the Maumee river six miles from bay and lake, Toledo today presents no visible evidence of the tremendous difficulties with which its founders contended. As late as 1835 bears, panthers and wolves abounded in the Black Swamp which submerged most of the site upon which the city stands. Fever and ague claimed victims by the hundreds, and even now rival cities in the race for com-

TOLEDO IS THE LARGEST COAL SHIPPING PORT ON THE GREAT LAKES—THE OHIO CENTRAL RAILWAY DOCKS

mercial prestige facetiously refer to this municipality as Frogtown. But the swamp and the ague have disappeared forever and upon this forbidding site has been erected a city of rare beauty; and, singular though it appear from past history, a health resort. The death rate in 1902 was 11.57 to the 1,000 population, a record, with few exceptions, unsurpassed by any large city.

Its position at the western extremity of Lake Erie and near the junction of three states makes it the recognized gateway to the vast treasure stores of the Lake Superior iron ore region and the comparatively unexplored and immensely rich Clergue country beyond the Soo. Nature and circumstance have thus contributed to Toledo's marvelous advancement in commercial prestige, wealth, and population and to its establishment as almost the largest railroad center in the country. It was no less a well informed business man than President S. R. Callaway of the American Locomotive Company (the trust) and former president of the New York Central railway, who penned over his autograph signature this significant statement:

"*No place has ever so impressed me with its possibilities as has Toledo. Were I going into business to-morrow there is no place I would rather cast my lot than in Toledo. As a railway center it has no rival.*"

Toledo's nineteen railroads bring every section of the country into close touch with her manufacturing interests. There are five separate divisions of the Lake Shore railway, each a distinct line in itself and connecting this city with Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, New York and southern Michigan, including Detroit and Grand Rapids. Two great divisions of the Wabash, the St. Louis-

VIEW OF SHIPPING ON THE MAUMEE RIVER AT TOLEDO

LAUNCHING THE BUCKMAN, A STEEL OCEAN-GOING SHIP BUILT FOR THE UNITED FRUIT COMPANY OF BOSTON AT THE CRAIG YARDS, TOLEDO

Kansas City and the Chicago-Pittsburg line, tap this city. It is the terminus of two divisions of the Ohio Central and is also tapped by the Michigan Central. It is the terminus of the Pennsylvania, the Toledo, St. Louis & Western, the C. H. & D., the Hocking Valley, the Wheeling & Lake Erie, the Pere Marquette, the Detroit, Toledo & Milwaukee, and the Ann Arbor and Grand Trunk railways. The Atlantic seaboard, the great southwest via St. Louis, the northwest, eastern and central Canada and the coal mining country of Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia are made easy of access by these great trunk lines. Better still, each and every one of these roads is intersected and connected by the Toledo Railway and Terminal Company's belt line, which encircles the city and has two outlets, one an immense union freight and passenger station, a clearing house for the trunk ilnes, and the other a lake transfer house.

A splendid land-locked harbor, accessible through a wide, deep channel safely navigable at all times, makes Toledo a natural port and excellently situated for the purposes of marine transportation. Toledo is singularly fortunate in having the greatest system of docks on the lakes and the topography of the Maumee shore permits of railway cars being run direct to the dock line, facilitating the interchange of lake and rail traffic. There are fifteen miles of coal, iron ore and lumber docks in use and many more miles available. Vessels to the number of 2,313, with an aggregate tonnage of 1,854,262, touched at this port during 1902, and among other commodities these ships carried north 1,673,595 tons of coal, Toledo leading every port on the lakes but one, Cleveland, whose record exceeded Toledo's by 90,005 tons.

Toledo shares well in that enormous and constantly increasing lake tonnage which rivals marine operations on the ocean front and renders statistics of the Suez canal and old world ports insig-

nificant by comparison. Six passenger steamship lines connect this port with Detroit, Mackinaw island and other upper lake resorts, Cleveland, Buffalo and Quebec ports, the tourist being enabled to reach Liverpool, England, with change of steamers at Montreal.

Every adjunct of a modern busy water port can be seen at Toledo, her shipyards being especially notable through having built ships that sail over all of the great lakes and oceans. Many people who live on or near the ocean coast have no idea of the tremendous growth of lake ship-building. Ships built by the Craig Company of Toledo now sail out of San Francisco in the Pacific ocean coastwise trade. After being launched at Toledo they steamed through the Welland canal and the St. Lawrence to the Atlantic and thence around Cape Horn to 'Frisco. Vessels built here are now in the Gulf of Mexico trade and several Toledo-built ships sail between New York and the West Indies and between Boston and Porto Rico, the Buchanan being among the number.

Another interesting feature of this city's transportation facilities is presented in the inter-urban electric railways, there being five lines in operation and three more under construction. Thirteen northwestern Ohio counties and three Michigan counties with an aggregate population of 654,246 are directly in touch with Toledo by means of these electric railways, one of which, the Toledo & Monroe, is recognized by engineers to be the best constructed electric line in the country. An aggregate of 268 passenger trains over steam and electric railways arrive and depart from Toledo daily, the five electric lines contributing 117 trains to the movement.

With such superior transportation facilities by land and water—a large portion of the municipal territory being a veritable maze of tracks and docks; and all the markets of the world easier of access than from any other middle West city, it is not surprising that in growth of population and manufacturing Toledo set the pace for the nation during the last decade. The census gives this city 1,050 industries, the value of the products being $37,372,355. Five glass factories, among them the largest cut glass factory in the world, the Libbey, are

SHOWING TOLEDO'S IMMENSE COAL AND IRON DOCKS

among her largest industries. Toledo automobiles are exported to South America, her farm wagons to Australia and South Africa and her safes to China.

TOLEDO'S MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF THE HERO OF CHICKAMAUGA, GENERAL JAMES B. STEEDMAN

By virtue of incomparable location Toledo is destined to be a great iron and steel manufacturing center, in fact, a second Pittsburg. This city is the most economical meeting point on the lakes for the iron ore of the Lake Superior region and the coal from the Ohio and West Virginia mines. The raw material and the finished product can here be assembled and delivered at the minimum cost of transportation. Investigation by manufacturers of Toledo's superior advantages will lead to the conviction that she is destined to become one of the greatest cities of the middle West and a very desirable location for any industry. Cash bonuses are not to be had, but the Terminal Belt railway offers free sites to promising industries. Evidence of faith in Toledo's future has been manifested by the Pickands-Mather Company of Cleveland, which is just completing an $800,000 blast furnace; and by the Cleveland Cliffs Iron Company, which has purchased a site for a million-dollar sheet steel mill and blast furnace. St. Louisans have expended five million dollars here on a belt railway and the trunk lines are spending vast sums in enlarging their terminals. Assuredly sentiment has not influenced this enormous investment of outside capital.

Toledo has 110 miles of electric street railway, carrying 85,000 passengers daily. To the aggressive qualities of Mr. David Robinson, Jr., is due this remarkable electrical development, as he introduced the electric car into this section. What Joe Jefferson declares to be the most perfectly appointed theater in America, the Valentine, was erected in this city by Geo. H. Ketcham, owner of Cresceus, a famous Toledo horse. There are five other theaters here, in addition to three summer theaters, the last named and 848 acres of beautiful public parks and near-by lake resorts being the attraction during the summer season for tens of thousands of excursionists.

The largest clover seed market in the world, Chicago being second, is the position occupied by Toledo in the grain trade. Progressive in numberless ways, this promising city is also prominent in journalism, there being four evening papers here and one morning

publication. Of her six national banks two are on the roll of honor issued by the comptroller of the treasury at Washington and only five other Ohio banks are on this roster. The unimpeachable record in cold type at the census bureau is evidence of this city's increasing greatness. Her population in 1900 was 131,822 against 81,434 in 1890, advancing at the rate of 61.9 per cent—a percentage in excess of that shown by any other city of equal or larger size in the United States. The most conservative estimate of the present population is 143,000.

If there is an innovation to be introduced in municipal life, Toledo, like Boston in the East, is the first among western cities to adopt new and practical ideas. Children's play-grounds, public golf links in the parks, and a monument to her soldiers and sailors in the shape of a great public hall and auditorium, erected by the city at a cost of $100,000 and believed to be the only edifice of the kind in the United States, illustrate civic progressiveness in the home of Jones, the Golden Rule mayor. This city was the pioneer in the manual training school movement and seventy-six public and private schools and 115 churches assuredly make Toledo attractive to the man of family. A conspicuous outing feature is a yachting course, the scene of the Vencedor-Canada international races and pronounced by eastern writers to be the equal of the Sandy Hook course. All these boundless business opportunities and a city of homes with natural gas for fuel and other things, mention of which curtailed space eliminates, combine to make Toledo an ideal American municipality.

WEST MADISON STREET, ONE OF TOLEDO'S SHADY RESIDENCE THOROUGHFARES

Give the Boy a Fair Chance

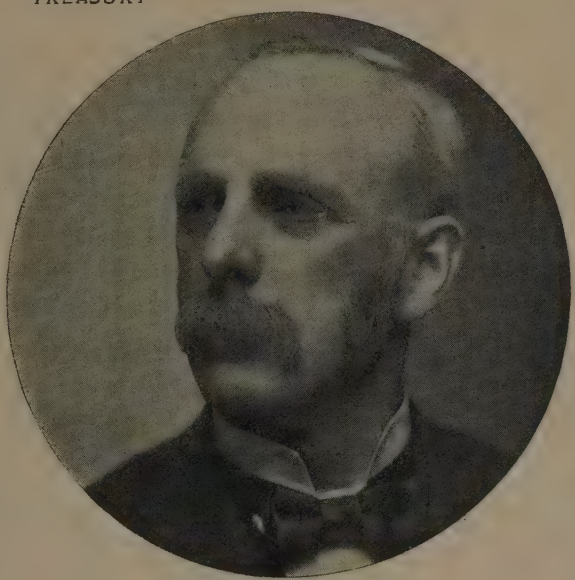
An Address Delivered Before the Washington Young Men's Christian Association

By HON. LESLIE M. SHAW,

Secretary of the Treasury

ONE of the secretaries has referred to the work being done by the Young Men's Christian Association for the younger young men. I notice there are young men here of nearly all ages, but I am particularly interested in what is being done for the youngest young men.

I remember some years ago hearing Dr. Payne, then secretary of the Educational Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, say that the nineteenth century had been the most wonderful century of all the ages; that it had been an age of discoveries—discoveries of physical, mechanical, moral and intellectual forces, and that the greatest discovery of the century had been woman. That statement will bear analysis. Relatively speaking, she was an unknown quantity at the beginning of the century. He then expressed the hope that the twentieth century would discover the boy.



HON. LESLIE M. SHAW, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

It may always have been so, but it is especially true to-day, that the world is producing a higher type of womanhood than of manhood. In the towns and cities where you gentlemen live, you know more young women whom you would welcome to your homes as daughters-in-law than young men whom you would welcome as sons-in-law. There are reasons why this is so, but there is no excuse that it is so.

You will bear with me that there is nothing in the world so well worth looking after as the boy, and I think you will agree with me that there is no being in the world so much neglected as the boy. There is little place, scant room for him. He is welcome in the home as a baby, and he is welcome as a man, but there is scant welcome for him as a boy. The attitude of the world toward him is too nearly expressed by the mother, who said to the nurse:

"Where is Johnny?"

"He is out in the yard."

"What is he doing?"

"I don't know."

"Well, go and see, and tell him to stop it."

So long as he wears curls there are birthday parties for him, but not afterward. There are parties and teas and seats at the table, when guests are at the home, for girls, and I am glad of it. I wish there were more for boys. We chaperone our girls, and not too carefully; but we leave the boy to choose his associates and his environments without much advice and with very little guidance. Girls are naturally winsome, gentle, companionable, and they win their way, too, and are welcome in all homes, but I do not know of many homes where boys are invited. About the only door that swings with sure welcome to the boy, about the only chair that is shoved near the fire especially for the boy, about the only place where he is sure of a welcome, is where you do not desire him to go.

It is about the hardest thing in the world to get hold of a boy—to get a sure grip on him. I remember a father whom I once knew who had spent most o f his life in being a companion for his son. He went skating with him. He went everywhere with him. They were always together. They were companions. The old man never amounted to much himself, but his boy did. The product justified the expense. Most of you gentlemen are fathers, and I think you will agree with me that it is pretty hard to win the companionship of your boy. You think you know something about him. Perhaps you do, and perhaps that is very little. Very likely he knows more about you than you do about him. Yet that boy is hungry for companionship, and he will have it. He wants the companonship of boys. Nothing will take its place. There is no substitute. As a rule, I think you will agree with me that boys—I am not speaking now of young men—prefer boys' schools. If permitted to, they will quit the public school if given nothing but young girls as teachers. They may remain under the tuition of matronly women, but not under the tuition of girls. It isn't a question who is the best teacher. It is a question of companionship.

I have done more or less Sunday school work, and have learned by experience that mixed classes are a failure. The only way to keep boys in the Sunday school is to put them in classes by themselves. They want the companionship of boys. The object of the Young Men's Christian Association is to furnish an open door, a warm hearth and companionship for young men; and I am glad that it is extending an equally cordial hand to the boys.

I think that the loneliest place in the world is a large city. The ranks of business are being filled with young men and boys from the country, and these find this loneliness especially oppressive. About the only companionship on the market within the means of the new recruit is in a sense cheap; yet in exchange for it the boy barters his opportunities, his prospects in the life that now is, and sometimes his hope of the life beyond. The Young Men's Christian Association is supposed to put much better companionship on the market, and at infinitely less cost.

If the twentieth century shall succeed n finding the boy it will be because the boy succeeds in finding himself. The greatest discovery in the world is self-discovery. A great many people go through the world and never discover themselves, never come to the consciousness that they are an element, a factor, in the world. They feel no personal responsibility. The load does not touch their shoulders. We are apt to criticise

self-assertion, and yet a boy or a young man who thinks he is the whole thing is worth a thousand times more than the one who thinks he is nothing. The one will probably discover his mistake, and he will get lots of assistance to that end; but the other will never discover his mistake, and few will care whether he does or not.

I was talking not long ago with a man who does the employing for the largest retail store in the world, and he told me that he had men looking through the departments trying to find young men who are worth promoting. The average employe goes along discharging his duties in the average way—a part of a great army—without ever waking up to the consciousness of his individual worth or the possibility of his being of actual worth to the establishment. The work of the Young Men's Christian Association is well calculated to reveal to those who are under its influence the latent possibilities with which they are endowed.

It has been said a thousand times,—and anything that has been found worth repeating a thousand times should be repeated ten thousand times more,—that money invested in this class of work pays the best dividends in the world. Different ages have had different ambitions. Men have wept for more worlds to conquer, and men are now well nigh weeping for more business to do, for better tools with which to do business, for better and more efficient men and instrumentalities to put in charge of business, and for more money to put behind business.

The great fortunes have not been accumulated for fortune's sake, but they have been the incident of business done for business' sake. The farmer raises all the corn he can, so as to feed all the hogs he can, so that he may buy more land and raise more corn, so as to feed more hogs, that he may buy more land and raise more corn and feed more hogs. What for? That he may buy more land. He does not do this because he likes more hogs, or money, or land particularly. He likes the combination. He is interested in his business. This illustrates every other industry. But the time is coming, and coming rapidly, I think, and some of the speeches we have heard to-night from the men engaged in conducting the great industrial enterprises of this country encourage the thought that the ambition that is to permeate some generation, perhaps not far off, will be the desire to plant righteousness in the world.

ALL'S WELL

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The Lark's on the wing;
The Snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world.

Robert Browning

PALM AVENUE, LONGSTREET HOMESTEAD, LOS ANGELES

Los Angeles

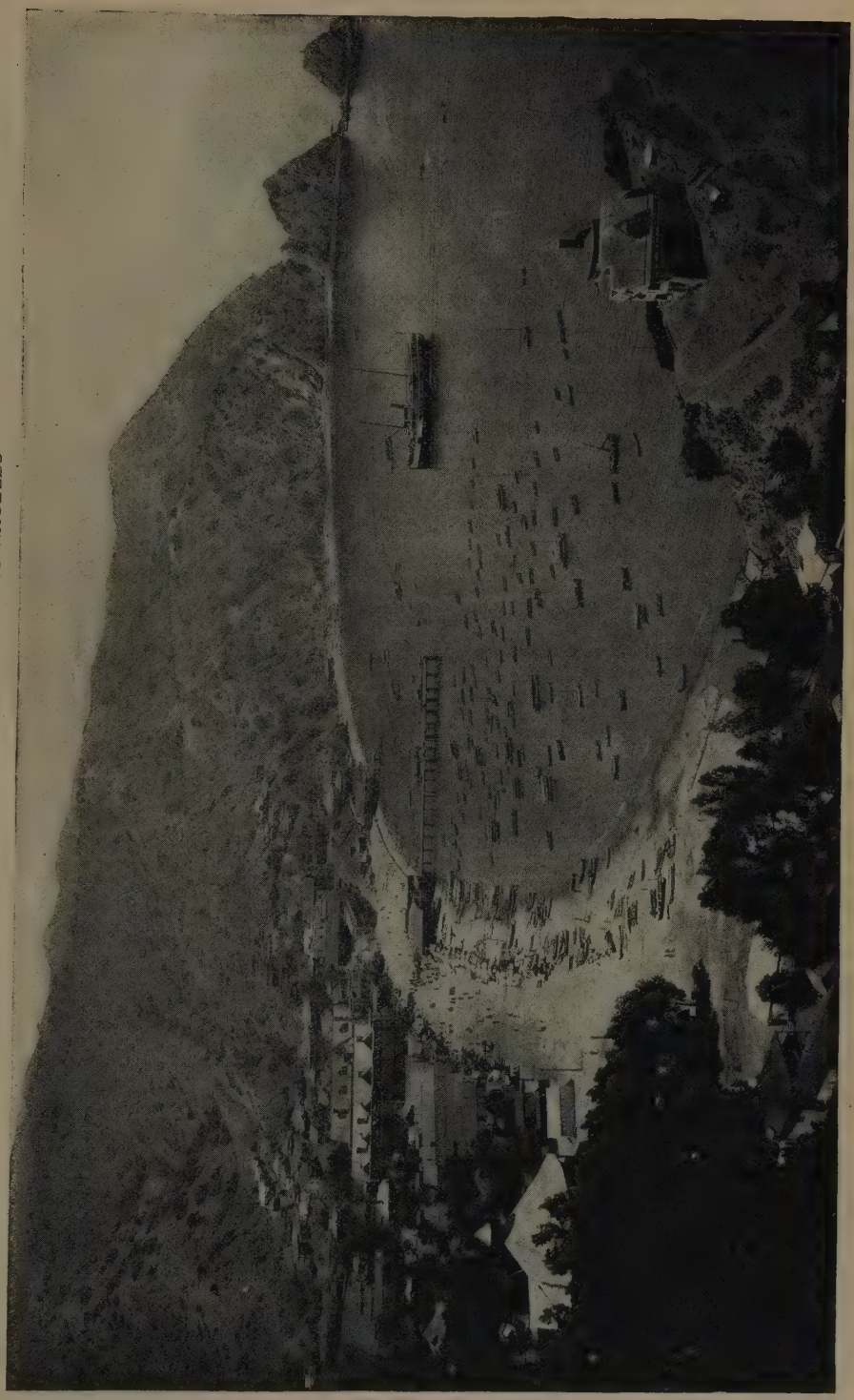
The Metropolis of the Great Spanish Southwest

By HAMILTON WRIGHT

With Engravings from Photographs by C. C. Pierce & Co.

THE first man who came to Los Angeles came by accident. His name was Vasquez Francisco Coronado, and history records him as being immensely pleased with the country. Since 1540, however, hundreds and thousands, and no doubt millions of persons have visited Los Angeles by intent. On a winter's day you will know the City of the Angels by its tourists; tourists from Vermont in visor caps and fur-lined overcoats; tourists from Mississippi in Panama hats and linen dusters; tourists from Peoria in mackintoshes and with umbrellas, and plain Mr. Smith from everywhere-in-particular, wearing a derby hat and a light overcoat. Los Angeles is a Mecca for tourists. It is safe to say that no city of its population has so many visitors or gives them the "glad hand" more frequently. Concretely, it may be said that during the last five months of 1902, 42,000 people from afar visited the city, and this with a resident population of 130,000. Under these conditions one would expect to find a community of bonifaces. Yet, outside of the accommodations afforded by any enterprising city, one finds no special evidences of inn-keepers, hotel keepers or the often ubiquitous "room to let."

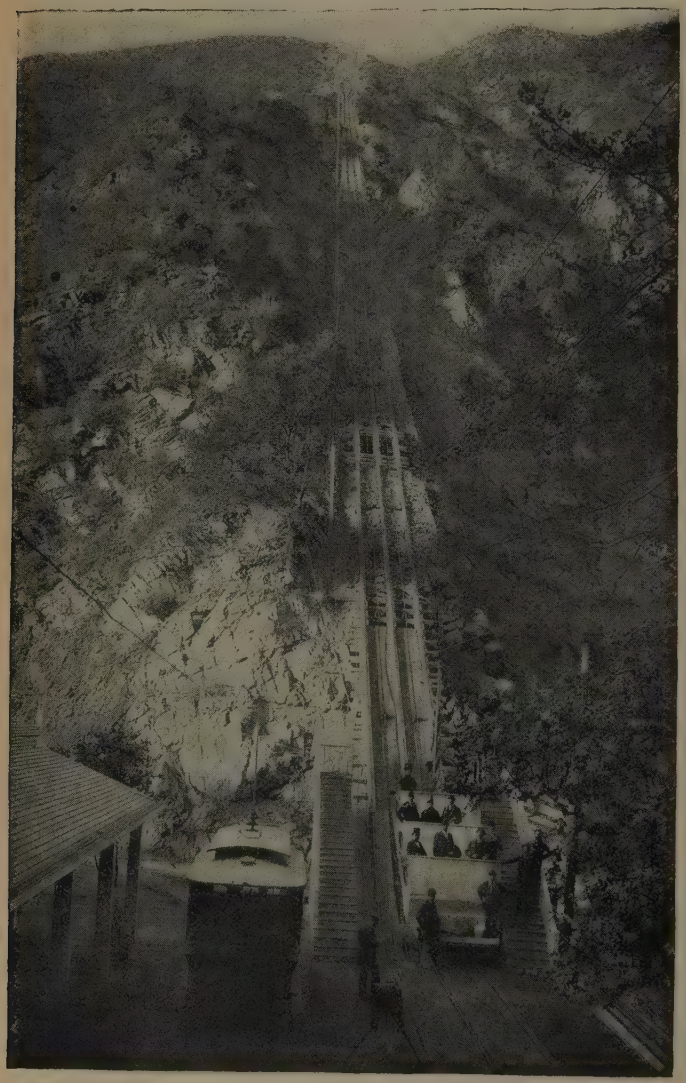
"Where did you come from?" is an



AVALON HARBOR, CATALINA ISLAND, THREE AND ONE-HALF HOURS FROM LOS ANGELES

introductory salutation between old residents of Los Angeles, and in its reply one finds a key to the cosmopolite character of the Angalen. He has come from everywhere in the eastern, southern and central portions of the United States,—and he has come to stay. He is an enterprising fellow or he would not have come. He has been mellowed a bit by the sunshine and the blue sky, but otherwise he has lost none of his strenuousness. If he comes from Chicago the sky-scrapers lend a home-like feeling to his new environment. If he comes from New York, he thrives under the aristocratic tone of Adams street and Figueroa avenue. If he be an expatriate of Pittsburg, the oil wells satisfy his bump of locality, while if he be of the seat of culture he finds himself in the very land of unbaked Boston beans, the greatest bean-producing section in the world; while Chautauqua circles the year 'round minister to the ethical side of his being.

THE ELECTRIC RAILWAY UP MOUNT LOWE, THE STEEPEST ELECTRIC LINE IN THE UNITED STATES



In the fact that Mr. Smith is pleased with the city and in view of its cosmopolitan personality, as well as the superb resources of its tributary country, one finds a reason for the remarkable growth of Los Angeles during the past ten and especially in the last two years. Its prosperity has been cumulative; 1902 was a record breaker. During the year past Los Angeles led the cities of the United States in the building of electric lines, in the proportionate number of building permits issued, in the proportionate increase in population and in the proportionate increase of its bank clearances. Los

A TYPICAL ROSE-COVERED HOME IN LOS ANGELES

Angeles has been the leader in the prosperity procession that has filed through the United States. The city building permits during the past year were $9,613,231, an increase of $5,236,314 over 1901. The clearing house gave $245,516,094.85, a gain over the year previous of $84,904,423.31. The population of Los Angeles according to the federal census of 1900 was, in

THE "BIVOUAC," HOME OF GENERAL HARRISON GRAY OTIS

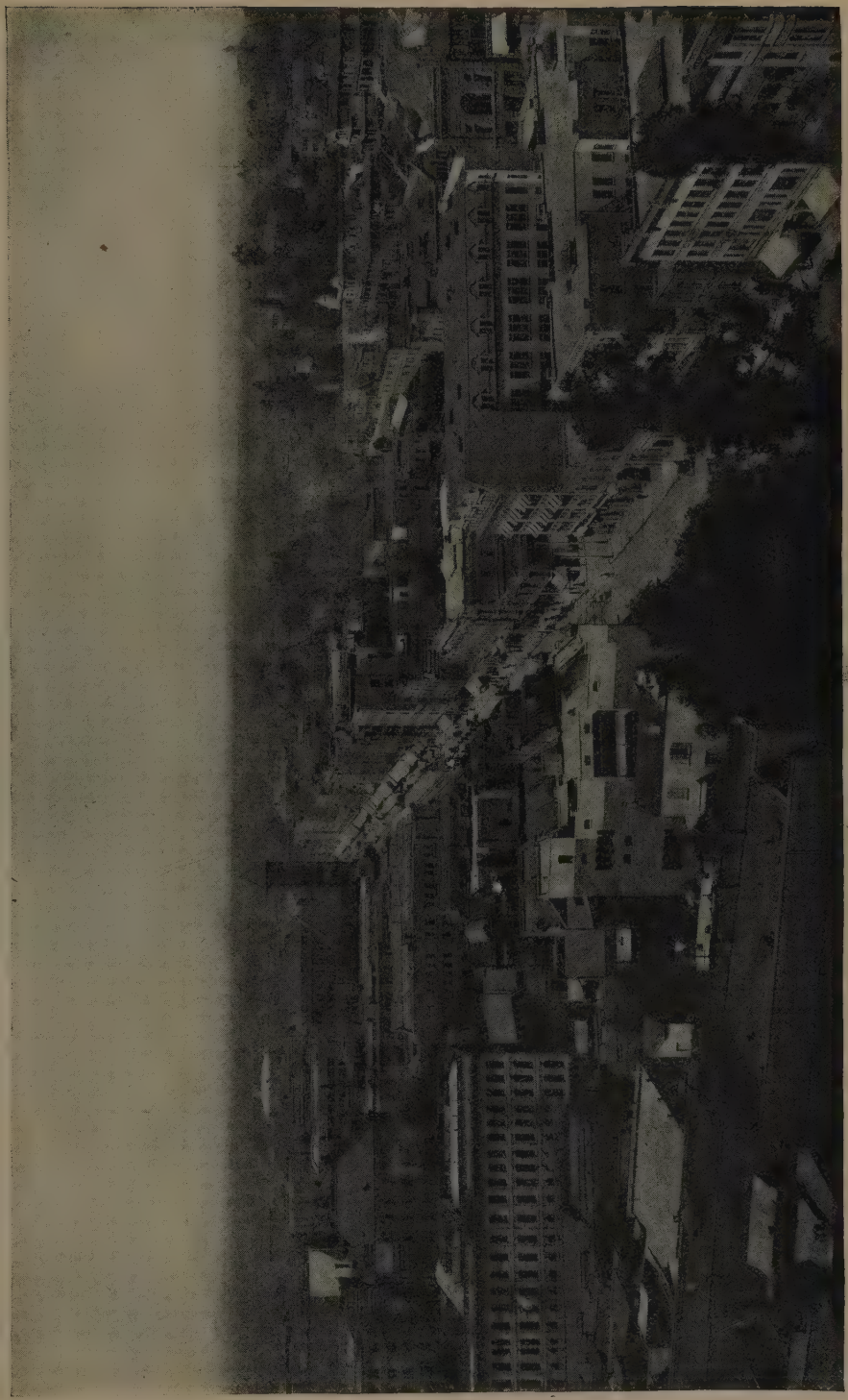
President McKinley was a guest in this home during his visit to the Pacific coast.

round numbers, 103,000 and according to the estimates most generally accepted it has since increased to 130,000. The assessed value of city realty is $86,000,000. The total bank deposits reach $41,930,000, which if it were distributed equally among the city's population would give every man, woman and child $322.55. Sales in real estate for 1902 amounted to $59,195,000. The business

A BIT OF CHARACTERISTIC BEAUTY IN A RESIDNTIAL SECTION OF LOS ANGELES

of the Los Angeles postoffice has expanded more rapidly than that of any other city in the country.

The growth of Los Angeles has been extraordinarily rapid. In 1880, the city had a population of but 11,000. Business was dull and there was no sign that the city was on the eve of a marvelous growth. On November 9, 1885, the last spike was driven in the Atlantic & Pacific railway at Cajon Pass, thus completing a new overland route; and through the stimulus of railway competition the city was infused with new life. The old romantic Spanish blood had rendered the city picturesque; it had determined its architecture and the manner of its people, but it had not made them progressive; it needed the restless, colonizing Anglo-Saxon to do that; and when once the stream of visitors was really started, it poured into the great Southwest metropolis increasingly. Yet, traces of the old Spanish regime remain. Even to-day one will see in Los Angeles daughters of the old Spanish-American families, black of hair and dark of eyes, with high-turned ankles and rich in dress. Like the Creole beauties of New Orleans, they recall the rich and velvet past, but the glow of velvet fades before the luster of the bright American dollar, and Los Angeles has caught the prevailing contagion of the times.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF LOS ANGELES, LOOKING DOWN BROADWAY TOWARD THE CITY HALL

Although Coronado passed over the site of Los Angeles and noted its flocks and herds and fair prospect, yet it was more than 200 years before it attained even the dignity of a mere Mexican pueblo, founded September 4, 1781, by soldiers from the mission of San Gabriel, under the protection of the Spanish governor. In these old days it was a common thing to have an earthquake or two which would play havoc with the unsteady adobe dwellings. Now, however, the big sky-scrapers rising to twelve or thirteen stories, "keep the earth firm and also serve to hold the clouds up." The first census of the little city, taken August, 1790, gave a total population of 140 persons, one European, seventy-two Spanish-Americans, seven Indians, twenty-two mulattoes and thirty-nine Mestizos. In 1831 the population was only 790. In Janary, 1847, the population was 1,500. Thus real, American-Los Angeles is not over twenty-five years old at the most, while Spanish Los Angeles is a centenarian, founded a hundred and twenty years ago, the first settlement in all the great Spanish Southwest.

Three things have given to Los Angeles the opportunity of becoming great; its climate, the fertility of its tributary country and its location. A fourth element most powerful of all, that of the personality of its people, is making it great. The climate is semi-tropical, the fertility of its country, now that irrigation is at hand, is proven to every traveler on the Overland, and in location it is the strategic point of interchange of transcontinental traffic and oceanic commerce for Australasia and South American points. Time was when Los Angeles was all southern California, just as San Francisco practically included all the population of the northern Pacific coast. Now Los Angeles is the metropolis of a territory self-supporting. All those who came to the Pacific coast by the old Salt Lake trail drove their

A TYPE OF LOS ANGELES' ARTISTIC HOMES

prairie schooners through to Los Angeles. The old road was one of easy grades; it avoided the steep sierras and if any were bound to 'Frisco they followed the coast north. Those who colonized the city gave it western blood and it is to-day a western city, western in the modern meaning—progressive, not crude. The woolly west is obsolete. To-day the city enjoys three transcontinental lines and a fourth is now building. This latter will be over the Salt Lake trail by way of southern Nevada and Utah. It will open up a coal and iron country that is considered one of the richest and vastest in the world and whose development has, until now, been retarded by lack of transportation. Senator Clark is building the new line.

The residences of Los Angeles, even some of the least pretentious, are notable for their architecture. Mission and Moresque styles, with all blendings of the two, take one back to the old Spanish days. The imposing and yet delicate character of the beautiful habit of its dwellings is a vivid characteristic of the city. In the newly-built residential portions you will see, not a dozen examples of the purest Mission architecture, but hundreds and hundreds of them. No one with artistic taste can ever forget this strongly defined trait of the Angel City.

Los Angeles is bland, open, airy. Its women wear shirt waists on Christmas day and smile at you under straw hats. Every one in Los Angeles is glad to see you; they have half expected you. If you stood on a down-town street corner long enough you would meet half your boyhood friends from the East. This warm, firm handshake of the Los Angelan has its effect. The visitor becomes impressed and decides to remain.

No municipality is absolved from suspicion until it can prove it is civically righteous. To omit such proof is to court investigation. However, no one can exploit grievous municipal misgovernment in Los Angeles, for the reason that it has never existed. The city is changing too rapidly to admit of such a condition. Formalism has not destoyed the spirit of the law to leave the letter. Mayor M. P. Snyder, who is now serving his third term as the city's chief executive, is not only an efficient officer but he possesses the felicitious adaptability of always welcoming strangers to the city in a happy manner. Owing to the auburn color of his sideburns his rivals refer to him as "Pink Whiskers," an epithet now locally famous; and "Pink Whiskers" has been the victorious slogan of many a heated political battle ground. Mr. Snyder's bourbonistic whiskers are an index of his character insofar as his energy and initiative are concerned. But then Los Angeles is energetic. It is not a southern city. It is at the very end of the West.

ONE OF THE SOURCES OF POWER

(From the Washington Post)

It is strongly intimated in anti-Statehood circles that Mr. Quay's strength in a fight is largely due to the fact that he keeps his promises and is true to his friends. It is an indictment upon which the gentleman from Pennsylvania could be easily convicted.

STUDIES OF BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

THE POETRY OF EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

By FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES

WHEN a slender book of verse appeared in 1897 under the title of *The Children of the Night* and bearing the name of Edwin Arlington Robinson, a good many poetry lovers sat up. Here was a new voice. It was learned that the author was a man still in his twenties. Had another American poet come at last? Some thought so.

It was plain even then that the new voice was not that of a natural lyrist. But what of that! In the house of the Muses there are many mansions. Alexander Pope never penned more than one or two good lyrics (if indeed any), yet he wrote literature. There is the music of the brook, and there is also the music of the steady waves on the shore. There is the poetry of Edgar Allen Poe, and the poetry of Crabbe.

We have waited five years for another word from this young poet. And here he enters as a contestant in the battle of the bays again; this time with *Captain Craig: A Book of Poems.*

And the verdict? It differs, of course. Some find wonderful pearls in this little volume. They speak of its unusually keen interpretation of life, its insight, its originality. And something of all this one must discover in these poems, it is true. But what is the effect of this young writer's second book regarded as a whole?

To the mind of the present writer it is disappointing. The current of the earlier book instead of having been clarified has become further darkened with sediment: it has been made to carry heaven knows what of analytical soil and sea-weed, and philosophical drift-wood.

The book is made up of sixteen poems, of which the first, which gives its name to the collection, occupies half the volume. The poetry errs on the side of over-subtility, rather than on that of commonplace or obviousness and it is plainly the work of a highly cultivated man who makes up in great refinement of thought and phrase what he lacks in lyrical spontaneity. His blank verse is extremely uneven, and frequently shows very strongly the influence of Browning's *The Bishop Orders His Tomb*, and similar poems, and in spots also reveals traces of his *Eclogues* and *English Idyls. Captain Craig* has some strong passages, but also some passages like this: (Comment is unnecessary.)

"I have had half a mind to blow my brains out
Sometimes; and I have gone from door to door,
Ragged myself, trying to do something—
Crazy, I hope.—But what has this to do
With Spring?"

The main character fails to carry con-

viction; he is hardly more than a philosophical abstraction; nor is the poem that follows, *Isaac and Archibald*, much better. It essays the unadorned style seen in complete success in Wordsworth's *Michael*, and in a triumph of artful artlessness in Tennyson's *Dora*, but it fails of the compelling sincerity of the one or the consummate skill of the other, and impresses one with a sense of mere nakedness and fatuity. *The Book of Annandale*, another poem in blank verse, is a blend of Henry James and George Meredith at their worst. The other poems are better. *Aunt Imogen* is every way admirable, and such a ballad as *The Return of Morgan and Fingal* is quite enough to make the reputation of a minor poet. What a swing to the verses where the men are rowing the corpse to shore:

"*So down we steered, and along we tore;*
Through the flash of the midnight foam;
Silent enough to be ghosts on guard,
We ferried the dead girl home."

Some lines in *Sainte-Nitouche* also reveal a touch of uncommon power:

"*The fight goes on when fields are still,*
The triumph clings when arms are down;
The jewels of all coronets
Are pebbles of the unseen crown;
The specious weight of loud reproof
Sinks where a still conviction floats;
And on God's ocean after storm
Time's wreckage is half pilot boats."

The Wife of Palissy and *Twilight Song*, also, are strong, true pieces of work.

One is sorry that Mr. Robinson has not given us more sonnets, a form of verse peculiarly adapted to the excellences and limitations of his art. In *The Growth of "Lorraine"* there is a homely directness and force all too rare in modern poetry.

The trouble with most young poets of the day is that they do not take themselves and their art seriously enough. The danger in Mr. Robinson's case is quite the reverse: in his least pretentious poems he is at his best.

It is a highly unpleasant task to speak ungraciously of Mr. Robinson's poetry. One has the excellent excuse, however, of believing very heartily in the poet's talents, and in wishing to help prevent him from perverting them by the following of false models, when he might without difficulty rank as one of the foremost of living American poets.

A THIRD POET'S VIEW OF THE SAME WORK

Here from the bones of death,
Here from the chilling grave
Riseth the poet's breath,
Cometh the cry to save.

Damps of the misty gloom
Hiding the world away
Shroud all my little room
Reading his word today.

Chill though the message be,
Stark through the singer's soul,
From the deeps mournfully
Rises a heartening toll.

Death and the doom to be
Guard with their awful wrath
Him who thus fearlessly
Treadeth the poet's path.

Joseph Lewis French.

A GENERAL VIEW OF BANGOR, MAINE, FROM THE PENOBSCOT RIVER

Bangor, Maine

By EDWARD M. BLANDING,

Secretary of the Bangor Board of Trade

SITUATED near the geographical center of Maine and at the head of navigation on the largest river of the state, Bangor occupies a highly favored position and one destined to be even more commanding with the growth and development of the expansive territory north and east, and tributary to her.

The history of Bangor begins with the coming of Jacob Buswell and his family from Salsbury, Mass., in 1769, to the junction of the Penobscot river and Kenduskeag stream, where they reared a rude log house. The site of this pioneer home was near the spot where now stands the St. John's Roman Catholic Church. The fact that this neighborhood had long been the camping ground of the Tarrantines, a famous Indian tribe, shows that the first white settler on the site of Bangor chose his dwelling place with excellent judgment.

Kadesquit was the first name by which Jacob Buswell knew the place of his settlement. Later it became Condeskeag, and then Kenduskeag. Later, at the instigation of Rev. Seth Noble, Bangor's first minister, the settlement was called Sunbury. In 1791 the population of Sunbury numbered 150 people and the plantation organization seemed to be primitive and outgrown. Accordingly it was decided to ask the general court of Massachusetts for an act of town incorporation, and Parson Noble was delegated to visit Boston and secure the same. Supposedly the town was to be incorporated as Sunbury, but at Boston, Mr. Noble, who was a great lover of music, asked that the town be incorporated Bangor, the name of a favorite hymn, and the general court so incorporated it Feb. 25, 1791.

The Bangor of to-day is a flourishing city of about 25,000 people, and the towns immediately environing, including the city of Brewer across the river, swell the population to 40,000. As the shire town of a county embracing some 75,000 inhabitants, as the trade center

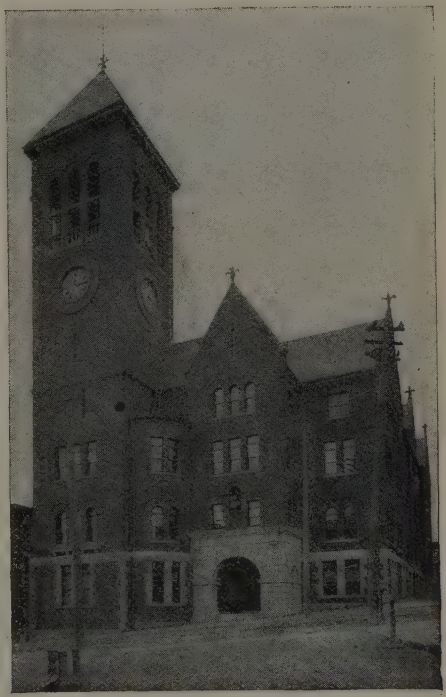
and shipping point of a large and rich agricultural section and for many thriving industrial communities; as a point of convergence for numerous important railway and steamship lines, and a consequent tarrying place for great numbers of tourists, sportsmen and commercial travelers; these together with the busy commerce of its port, the metropolitan character of its hotels and the compactness of its business section, give to the city a much more populous appearance than the above figures would indicate.

Located as the city is, on the west bank of the imperial Penobscot at its junction with the less pretentious Kenduskeag, the business is largely in the valley, while the surrounding heights afford picturesque sites for residences. The diversified aspect is heightened by the wealth of trees along the residential streets, and few localities are to be found with greater scenic attractions. From the high lands overlooking the city the view is particularly fine, the mountains which fill the eastern horizon making a fitting background to the picture. The Kenduskeag has, through much of its course, very precipitous banks, a notable illustration being the historic Lover's Leap a mile above the city; and along this picturesque stream are innumerable gems of scenic beauty.

Bangor has a fine harbor, easily accessible for vessels of large size; and the scene in the open season along the docks, where crafts of varying rig are loaded with lumber, ice and the diversified products of this region, is an animated one. Although thirty miles from the bay and sixty miles from the ocean, the tide rises about seventeen feet, and there is a sufficient depth of water to float the largest of ocean steamships. The Penobscot river, whose waters unite with those of the bay of the same name, is a noble water highway, rising three hundred miles away amid the mountains and forests of northwestern Maine. In the 8,200 square miles drained by the Penobscot there are 1,604 tributary streams indicated on the state map, and 467 lakes and ponds.

Bangor's city hall—the Hersey memorial building—is an imposing edifice which reflects credit upon the city. The Bangor public library is one of the foremost institutions of its kind and contains on its shelves upwards of 50,000 volumes. The Bangor Opera House is unsurpassed for its beauty and appointments by any outside the largest cities. The Bangor Auditorium association has erected the largest building of its kind in the state and here each fall are held

BANGOR'S CITY HALL



the Eastern Maine Musical Festivals. The Eastern Maine Fair association has at Maplewood Park one of the finest and best appointed fair grounds and driving parks in New England. The Eastern Maine General Hospital is one of the important institutions here and Bangor

is also the home of the Eastern Maine Insane Hospital. The Bangor Theological Seminary is a time-honored institution of learning, and only nine miles away, in the town of Orono, is the flourishing University of Maine. Penobscot county's new court house, now well along toward completion, is to be a handsome and commodious edifice, a credit to the great county of Penobscot, of which Bangor is the shire town.

Bangor is especially famous for its drives, and in the towns immediately contiguous to the city the scenic attractions include mountain, lake, pond and stream, conspicuous among them being Pushaw lake, Phillips lake, Green lake, Eddington pond, Holbrook's pond, Orrington pond, Hermon pond, Black Cap mountain, Swett mountain and Saunders' mountain, while the city itself has its Lover's Leap and its Highlands. The Niben Club has a commodious club house at Pushaw lake, while the electric railway people have established Riverside Park on the Penobscot.

Bangor enjoys the unique distinction of being the only place of size on the globe where salmon fly-fishing can be successfully practiced within the city's limits, and in one season a Bangor lumber manufacturer brought to the gaff and successfully landed twenty-seven salmon, aggregating 500 pounds in weight. The Bangor salmon pool, whence are taken all the salmon caught with a fly on the Penobscot, is situated about a mile above the city and just below the falls that span the river at the Bangor waterworks dam.

Bangor is the home of many sportsmen and is the headquarters in this section for sportsmen's supplies of all descriptions. Nearly all the parties of sportsmen who in the season visit the great wilderness of northern and eastern Maine make this their rendezvous and procure their outfits here. Moose and deer are multiplying rapidly as the re-

BANGOR WATERWORKS DAM AND SALMON POOL, PENOBSCOT RIVER

ONE OF BANGOR'S LEADING INDUSTRIES ON THE PENOBSCOT RIVER

sult of wise game laws, and Maine is truly the sportsmen's paradise. The hunting season of 1902 will pass into history as the greatest since Maine became a resort of sportsmen. The record kept by the wardens in Bangor shows that during the fall of 1902 there were shipped to and through this city 5,295 deer, 191 moose and thirty-seven bears. In comparison with previous years the shipments in 1901 were 4,072 deer and 179 moose and in 1900, 3,414 deer and 139 moose. The record for 1902 is, therefore, 1,223 deer and twelve moose ahead of 1901 and 1,881 deer and fifty-two moose ahead of 1900.

Bangor early gave attention to the matter of improving her transportation facilities, and she had her railroad when most of the proud cities of to-day knew nothing of such things. As early as 1836 her enterprising citizens built a railroad to Old Town, a dozen miles up the river, with a view to aiding the development of her natural resources; and this, one of the earliest railroads in America, prospered for nearly a third of a century. Not only did the city have one of the first railroads in the country, but the pioneer iron steamship constructed in America was built to run to this port and bore the name "Bangor." She was built in 1845 on the Delaware, her owners being the Bangor Steam Navigation Company of Maine, and she was designed for passenger and freight service between Boston and Bangor. Within recent years, through the enterprise of some of Bangor's public spirited men, Aroostook county has been brought into direct railroad communication with Bangor through the construction of the Bangor & Aroostook railroad, this great system having numerous branches to important points in northern Maine, it having also absorbed the Bangor & Piscataquis Railroad. In recent years there has been no more important rail-

road enterprise inaugurated in New England than that of the Bangor & Aroostook, and under its enterprising and progessive management it has become a potential factor in the development of Bangor and the immense territory stretching to the northward. Bangor business men, ever alert to adopt the newest methods, inaugurated in this city the first electric railroad in Maine and more recently electric roads have been constructed reaching Hampden and South Brewer on the south and Old Town and Charleston on the north. These electric lines bring Bangor and the territory immediately contiguous into close touch, and the benefits accruing therefrom are far-reaching.

Bangor's manufacturing establishments number in the vicinity of three hundred, embracing about one hundred different kinds of industries and employing several thousand hands. These figures are, however, inadequate to correctly portray the city's manufacturing interests, as many of the most important establishments, including all the large saw mills but one, are outside the city's limits. Therefore, while the manufactures of these mills are purely Bangor products, the plants themselves and most of the employes belong properly to other towns.

Among Maine's many industries the lumber trade still holds a foremost place. From 1816, in which year about a million feet were cut, down to the present time there have been cut on the Penobscot waters in the vicinity of 11,000,000,000 feet. The lumber cut on the Penobscot and its tributaries last season aggregated abont 210,000,000 feet and the present winter the log harvest will be about as large. Lumber shipments from the port of Bangor the past season have been 124,767,646 feet, against 120,945,897 feet in 1901 and 142,699,243 feet in 1900. In recent years pulp and paper manufacturing has made great advance and numerous pulp and paper mills are now in operation along the Penobscot, from those of the Eastern Manufacturing Company at South Brewer to the immense plant of the

A SCENE ON THE KENDUSKEAG RIVER, NEAR BANGOR

A VIEW OF THE BUSINESS SECTION OF BANGOR

Great Northern Paper Company at Millinocket.

In recent years diversified manufactures have been muliplying and many and varied are the products of these establishments. Bangor has one of the largest and most prosperous shoe factories in the state. Here is located a trunk manufacturing establishment which shipped in July last a whole trainload of trunks, the largest shipment of trunks ever made by one manufacturer in this country or the world. There are located great wood-working plants from whence go all over the country the finest designs in interior decorations and architectural wood-working.

Bangor cordially welcomes new industries to its midst and the Bangor Board of Trade's Committee on New Industries will most cheerfully answer any inquiries.

THE END OF IT ALL.

Ah, the end of it all—
  Of this life that we live;
Of the blows that we get
  And the blows that we give;
Of the joys and the griefs
  That to each of us fall—
Blind humanity dreams
  Of the end of it all.

The lover who yearns
  For affection denied;
The prince in his hall
  And the pauper outside;
The parent whose darling
  Lies under the pall—
Each mournfully dreams
  Of the end of it all.

Since God in his love
  For his children denies
This glimpse of the end
  To humanity's eyes,
Let each bravely answer
  Life's manifest call,
And rely on the Lord
  For the end of it all.

SELDOM have I witnessed a more impressive opening of a service of the senate than when General William Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army, ascended to the rostrum at high noon and delivered the invocation. Somehow it suggested an old Israelitish patriarch, communing with his God; the bright light struggled in through the glass ceiling, illuminating his stern face and lent a halo to the white hair and beard of the old veteran. Senator Frye, the presiding officer, stood on the floor at the left of the rostrum with bowed head; and in the semi-circle in front were a large number of senators who had been guests at the dinner given the night previous in honor of General Booth by Senator Hanna.

The moments preceding the opening of the senate session suggested the aimless waiting prelude at the theater. The galleries were sprinkled with spectators as early as 11.30. There was a soft light in the room as the first senators strolled in. The bright red glare from the cloak-room in the rear reflected the ruddy hues of the fiery red carpet, making the white rattan chairs stand out in immaculate evening dress. The little pages flitted about like fairies. The "Record" and other documents were laid upon the desk of each senator in military precision—every leaf lying "just so," and the chairs lined up with a tape. Even the cuspidors sparkled in their neatness. General Alger was one of the first in his seat, busy with papers. Senator Hoar stopped for a word of gossip. Senator Lodge joined him later, pulling a paper from his side pocket. Senator Tillman sat alone with his thoughts. Senator Dolliver brought forth a leather-covered book and read. Senator Stewart entered with a fresh joke or two. Senator Dryden began his day with business-like precision; Senator Spooner, quick and keen, surveyed the field through his *pince nez*. Senator Clay of Georgia with his stiff round collar and black tie looked more clerical than ever. Senator Quay was one of the early arrivals and walked to his desk stiffly and with the "statehood" determination in his eye. Senator Allison, with a well chosen word or two, took up his post as a veteran goes to battle. The electric lights were turned on, the gavel sounded, the senators gravely arose, buttoned their coats and bowed their heads for the invocation. This finished, the buzz started, and the way Senator Frye rushed the routine business kept the pages flying and the senators on the alert. He has a way of despatching business t hat truly reflects the American spirit of "Go."

THE inevitable and immovable Fourth of March will find matters at an interesting stage in Washington. A well defined beginning made on trust legislation, Cuban reciprocity and proper adjustment of foreign affairs marked on

the president's slate was pretty well covered, considering the usual deliberateness of congressional action. When the right perspective is obtained a few years hence it will be found that some very important beginnings have been made toward a safe and sound adjustment of present day problems. The earnest but wild wishes of radicals will not disturb the solid abiding faith in the established order that prevails everywhere despite the onslaught of congested capitalistic interests. The arbitrary declarations of labor leaders and corporation magnates will find a buffer in the new laws.

SINCE the last number of the National was printed, we have received from our friends the editors of the newspapers on our exchange list, the names of a large number of boys in their towns whom they have recommended for appointment as town agents of the National. A good many of these boys have begun work, and are earning pocket money and learning how to do business. A good many grown-up people don't give boys credit for the sense and shrewdness they really possess. Nothing developes these qualities in a boy like actually getting out and doing real business, even if on a small scale. It is what most of us have to come to sooner or later, and the bit of early experience is valuable. It helps to cure the stage-fright that some boys feel on the eve of their first dash into business, and it gives them a chance to make acquaintances and friends. It also affords them opportunity to show the stuff that is in them.

Everyone has to make a beginning some time, and it isn't always easy to find a situation to make it in. The boy who has gone ahead on his own hook, and proven that he has it in him to do business, will not have to wait long for larger opportunities when he is ready for them. He may be sure that some of the older folks, not only those of his own family but others, have been watching him, and will say a word for him at the right moment. We have a good illustration of this in the fact that several hundred busy editors took time, at our request, to write and send us the names of boys in their towns eligible to work up lists for the National. Probably most of these boys had no idea that the editors of their home papers were watching them, and thinking well of them. But you may be sure of it, that whoever you are, and whatever you are doing, if you do it well, with earnestness and intelligence, some one is watching you, and thinking well of you, and waiting for a chance to help you forward. There are not too many people of this kind in the world—boys or men— and there is a place waiting for every one of them the minute he is ready to take it.

AND this suggests the thought, What other resident of the average small city or town is so well and thoroughly acquainted with all the people of the place as the editor of the weekly paper? No one, certainly. He makes a note of it, with appropriate congratulations to your parents, when you come into the world. He prints your name possibly two or three times during your school days; perhaps when you come near drowning, or win a Fourth of July footrace, or go over to the next town to visit Uncle Ed., or something of that sort. Then he tells how impressive you were in delivering your graduating address. Meantime he has been taking notice, with a sly but kindly eye, of the way in which you are "shining up" to your pretty little schoolmate. Something prophetic in his soul leads him to make a guess on about how long it will be before he has your name in print again, this time linked with the name of the little school girl. He prints

it that way, and tells what a fine fellow you are, and how good it is to see boys and girls growing up to take their places in the life of the town, as citizens and home-makers. Presently he chronicles the fact that "a bouncing nine-pound boy was born" at your home on Wednesday noon—and he makes a friend and subscriber for life by telling how the nurse says the baby "favors its father." There are other occasions, somber ones, into which his friendly and sincere sympathy, expressing the feeling of the community, comes as a balm to bereaved hearts. You cut out these pieces and put them away in the family Bible and years afterward you read them over again, and think very kindly of the man that wrote them. He knew you, possibly he knew you better than you knew yourself. He had been watching you since you were a boy. You may not have given him much thought between times, and you may possibly have told him you didn't wish to take his paper because the city daily gave you more news; but there came times when his paper gave you something you couldn't find in the city daily, and you concluded that after all you could afford to take them both. My own idea is that, if you can't afford to take both, you ought by all means to have the home paper. You are in debt to its good influences in a hundred ways, many of which, likely enough, you never knew anything about.

MR. ANDRUS' series of articles on Mexico, running through recent numbers of the National, and to be concluded with the seventh paper in the April number, have attracted very wide attention. We have had many inquiries from our readers, suggested by what Mr. Andrus has written, and it appears as if there was a large and growing movement of men and money from the States into the Mexican republic. Mr. W J McGee, one of the celebrated scentists at Washington, recently returned from a visit to Mexico, and he says English is practically the only language he heard spoken on the Mexican railways. Tradesmen and professional men speak both Spanish and English as a matter of necessity, there are so many Americans and Englishmen now in the republic, and more constantly coming. I suspect that President Diaz, when he made the study of English compulsory in Mexican schools, foresaw a day when Mexico should become an English-speaking nation. This, I take it, is ultimately to be the case with all the American republics. Speaking of Diaz, I take pleasure in printing here a letter just received from a member of the National family in Mexico:

San Juan Bautista, Mexico.
The National Magazine,
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

DEAR SIR: "El Popular," a daily newspaper of the City of Mexico, of the 8th. ult., reproduced an article you published in your magazine of November about "Hombres y Asuntos del Mexico Moderno — Men and Affairs of Modern Mexico—part of which refers to the answer given by Secretary Mr. Limantour about the bad exit of some American concerns, obtained exclusively through the bad management of the directors intrusted with the direction of affairs at this end.

Mr. Limantour is right; we *Mexicans*, but mind that I stress the word, Mexicans, not to confound us with the Spaniards who live in this country, receive all foreign enterprises with good will; we see enemies in the person of no one individual coming to develop his energy and ability in the progress of our country, and as far as reaches our might we grant protection and extend our hospitality to tender all a hearty reception. It is a well known fact, for which we receive not the thanks but the criticisms of the very parties and countrymen of those to whom we tender such courtesies, that Mexican officials, to please these foreign enterprises, and also to encourage foreigners to settle in Mexico, are lenient in cases of justice, where if Mexicans were concerned, the utmost severity of the law would be observed.

Personal security, thorough and full protection in the property, influence, kind and hearty reception, admission into our very exclusive society,—in one word, we grant foreigners as much as we have good to offer; still, granting in order to assure foreign enterprises all we can reasonably allow them, it is sad to have to criticise the bad conduct and behavior of some men who, intrusted with the guard of others' monies, and coming to Mexico under the cover of good references obtained as consequence of prior stainless character, give themselves up after they are here to liquor, a fast life and

to all sorts of debaucheries, bringing with it not only distrust on the concerns they represent but also discredit and shame upon themselves.

After the commission of such absurdities, the failure of the enterprise occurs at the same time, and to save themselves from the responsibility which corresponds to the behavior observed, all sorts of stories are invented on the fact that after breaking the law many times, but not confessing it so probably once in the course of their debaucheries, such men as I refer to might have been brought before a Mexican magistrate and punished, not according to the strict wording of the law as a native is dealt with, but only applying to him the least possible correction.

Really honest and honorable foreigners doing business in Mexico are the first ones to recommend, when at the head of foreign enterprises and concerns, the employment of Mexicans, who, by virtue of the knowledge of the country, the people, manners, customs and habits, will save their interests from the losses that otherwise the novitiate of the foreigners will bring into such concerns. How different is this proceeding from the one observed by the reckless, irresponsible managers of some concerns! If through bad habits they are reprehended by the proper authority as under the circumstances an American magistrate would act,—there applying the full meaning of the law as towards a Mexican,—suffices this to have a grudge on Mexicans, Mexico and her Government! Stories are invented demonstrating the barbarity and inquisition of our public officers, their intolerance, the inaptitude of Mexicans for the freedom of self-government; and, in one word, the money paid by the share-holder, to invest it in an honorable enterprise, is distractedly manipulated for pnrposes never spoken of prior to the dilapidation of it.

We Mexicans are as apt and idoneous as any civilized people, to be able to guarantee with our morals and character what any one else from other races can also do: even more than many other people are we in position to bring fresh facts to credit us! Twenty-six years ago Mexico was all a chaos; Mexicans showed very little which could at all guarantee the transformation brought about by the strong and powerful hand of General Porfirio Diaz, the greatest of Mexican statists; however, out of a country reduced to poverty and bankruptcy by fifty-five years of almost continuous revolution, and which had to face within that period two foreign wars, he built up a prosperous nation, proud of her Great Man, and today stretching out her hand to offer the palm of peace and her good will to all that with good will wish to settle within her territory.

But General Diaz is to be credited not only with the peace of the country; his tact brought to him men capable to understand him; and, surrounded by such enlightened gentlemen, conspicuous being Secretary Mr. Limantour at the helm of the treasury, restored the lost credit, filled an empty treasury, developed trade and commerce, and today he studies the manner to restore to our "peso" its par value and ancient prestige in the world.

Expecting that the American people might take the warning launched by Secretary Mr. Limantour (in the November National) in the discreet way he did it, and in the plainer manner written here, in order to assure the success of all foreign enterprises under the management of persons which if not thoroughly fit to fill such positions should either be removed or subject to bond—the only means which I see effective to save such concerns from losses and the country from unjust recrimination,— believe me,

Yours sincerely,

A. BULNES TAVARES.

I do not believe that Mr. Tavares' letter applies to many American concerns, though I am not surprised that he wishes to defend the good name of his country against the accusations of even a few disgruntled foreigners. I know that what he writes has no application to any of the larger companies, now addressing themselves to the readers of the National through our advertising pages. A great deal of American money, most of it in comparatively small sums, is just now being invested in Mexican companies. It is therefore the part of good judgment for investors to assure themselves in advance concerning the character and management of the companies in which they invest. Mexico is a land of marvelous undeveloped possibilities; but the profitable exploitation even of these riches requires honest and competent management.

PHOTO-ETCHING is one of the newer, and by far the most charming, of recent developments in photographic art. The portrait of a lady that adorns the National's cover page this month is a fine example of photo-etching. It is the work of Mr. Corydon G. Snyder, an artist of Minneapolis. His, also, were our September and October cover portraits. Mr. Snyder has developed photo-etching, on lines of his own invention, to a point rather beyond any of his contemporaries. He is engaged upon other portraits which will from time to time appear on the cover page of the National.

And speaking of covers, just read two letters elicited by our February cover:

No. I.—"Mr. Editor: You say this cover is dedicated to the boys. Now, if you want to do us a favor in shape of a

cover give us a better picture than this, one that you would like to hang in your room. This one you would be insulted to have hang over your coal bin."

No. 2.—"* * I very much appreciated that cover design of the National. It took me back to days of youngsterhood—life's happiest—when I sat by a crackling wood fire, while the wind shrilled outside and the sleet beat a keen crescendo on the pane, and roamed with old Sir Walter over Scotch hills and heather and followed the varied adventures of Oliver Twist. Those golden yesterdays!" All of which is new proof that one gets out of whatever he views exactly the qualities he brings to it. "A primrose by the river's brim a simple primrose is to him," for one; to another, gifted with imagination, it suggests all the beauty and majesty of universal law. But we'll keep on trying.

The excellent pictures of the city of Lawrence Mass., published in the November National were made by C. E. Lawrence of that city. Mr. Lawrence has the largest and most complete set of views of the city of Lawrence ever taken, and can supply prints on short notice.

March Rain

By SAMUEL EBERLY GROSS

Author of "The Merchant Prince of Corneville."

The toiling clouds across the meadows tost,
Descending from the rain-drenched hills;
The naked woods in vapory dimness lost,
And clamor of the swollen rills,
Swift hurrying to the village mills.

The black eclipse of barren, grainless fields,
Dashed 'neath the heavy laden cloud;
The veil uplifted to the hard wind yields;
The lowing herds the hedgerows crowd,
And shiver in the fields unploughed.

A singing bird upon the garden tree,
An incense floating in a song,
A leafless branch, a waif upon the sea,
A bird's clear voice—the bird holds strong
While all around the March winds throng.

A sweet adventurer in blustering spring,
Redbreast robin with heart so bold,
Too early on thy northward journeying;
No sweeter tale in southland told
Than thine, 'mid rain and piteous cold.

Inside the farm-house, nestling in the vale,
The golden hearth-stone fire glows;
No clamors there the loving heart assail;
There blended love with duty grows,
The wheat-stalk mingling with the rose.

And gazing through the rain-dashed window pane,
Oak tree and rose bush sway away;
The firelight woos with red the dripping rain,
Until, across the meadows gray,
The night-lights pierce the faded day.

The rain-webbed night upon the world shut down,
The curtains of the soul undraw;
A dream-clad air by storming winds unblown;
No frozen cloud nor winter's thaw,
But gentle glow of love's bright law.

The First and Latest Piano-Player

A Feature of the Musical Life of the American Nation — The Apolloette a Recent Production

By D. S. McPHERSON

THE American loves music as the German does. He does not take it in quite the same way, and possibly he is less aesthetic in his taste, but his part in the history of music in the last half century, especially in that *sina quo non* of the art the musical instrument proves that music is an equally essential part of his life. Talk of the materialism of Americans! The pessimist may groan as he will at what he considers the deplorable condition, but so long as there is a strain of music to be heard his arguments will have at least one vulnerable spot and his pictures at least one luminous side.

Where is the secret of the power of music? Why is it that men can march without fatigue under the spell of the fife and drum a distance that ordinarily would produce exhaustion? Why is it that one simple familiar air will sweep a vast audience into one harmonious feeling when ordinarily they represent the antagonisms of all points of the compass? Why is it that a melody from Schubert will dissipate the care and anxiety which fails to yield to all the precepts of the sages? Here is a question for the psychologist and a mystery as fascinating as life. Perhaps music is the echo of that ultimate happiness which our scattered moments of harmony prophecy. The American is concerned far less about the philosophy of the effect of music than he is about the philosophy of its manufacture. He is quite content to feel its power and let the philosophers take care of the psychological effect on his nerves.

Notwithstanding the fact that music has the most universal influence of the fine arts, it has yet been the most slowly developed. Music is the fine art of the future. Painting and sculpture are limited to a static form; literature can go little beyond the boundaries of the language of Shakespeare and the Psalms, but music is the expression of that which evades both visible form and language. "Beethoven begins where Shakespeare leaves off." Literature and art look back two thousand years for the dawn of the history of their great masterpieces. But a century will embrace the great achievements in music.

The delay in the development of music was due to the absence of an adequate mechanical channel for its expression. There has doubtless been musical genius enough for centuries past, but suitable instruments were lacking and it has lain dormant. The advent of the piano and the organ and the violin gave adequate outlet, and modern skill has brought these instruments to such a degree of perfection and at such low cost that the problem of the present is not, as a hundred years ago, where to find the instrument for the genius, but where to find the genius for the instrument. Man has his instrument; he wanted music; there were only a few great musicians. His problem was how to make the first and last serve the second. It would be amusing were the achievements not so awe-inspiring to consider to what lengths the audacity of the inventor will go.

Forty years ago there was an approach at the solution of this problem made in Paris by the well known house of Thibouville-Lamy in the shape of a mechanical device for playing the piano. This was the forerunner of the modern elaborate Piano-Player, which, looked at askance in the beginning, has nevertheless elicited the wonder and applause of

those who at first feared that a mechanical appliance would degrade the art.

This pioneer instrument was called the Pianista. It was the first successful Piano-Player and embodied all the valuable points used in the construction of similar instruments as they are known at present to the American people.

The ingeniousness and practicability of the Pianista were not appreciated by the enterprising American manufacturer until about ten years ago, when the instrument was put on this market and became immediately popular. The manufacture of the Piano-Player itself has become a feature of the musical life of the American nation. They have rapidly outworn the prejudice that gathered like a mist about their advent, for the American is quick to recognize advantage and merit, and, with characteristic energy, once converted, he has thrown his brain and skill into the further perfection of the little instrument, which has introduced a sort of magic into the realm of music.

The most perfect expression of this progressive spirit is the Apollo Piano-Player, manufactured by the Melville Clark Piano Company of Chicago, which is the first real departure from the principle of the French Pianista. The idea of its construction is quite original. A series of pneumatic fingers, instead of levers, to strike the keys, a tempo wheel independent of the bellows, a foot mechanism for rewinding the music roll, and a mouthpiece for transposing the key, have given the Apollo a distinct individuality.

A still more recent production is the Apolloette, manufactured by the same company and constructed on the same principle as the Apollo, but at less expense. It represents that very desirable stride in the history of all new inventions—a step nearer the pocketbooks of the people. The Apolloette is made at a less cost than any other piano-player because all unnecessary expense in detail and construction has been eliminated. The instrument is in skeleton form, and does not cover the lower part of the piano. That makes it lighter and easily portable. It weighs only ninety-eight pounds, and is easily adjusted and attached to a piano of any height by means of the hand-adjusting screws. It may be draped effectively so as to make it an ornamental piece of furniture when not in use. This additional original feature will be highly appreciated by every one owning a piano.

The case is made with rigid legs, which may be hinged for folding when necessary. From four to six Apolloettes can be packed in one case. This feature not only saves weight, but prevents breakage or damage in transit. It is finished very attractively, and beyond question is the easiest to play of all piano-players now on the market.

This last addition to the piano-player family will be the means of greatly increasing the demand for pianos, because its price is so small that it will prove an incentive to those who hitherto would not buy a piano because they could not play it. Now they can enjoy the comfort of having a piano and a piano-player for the price ordinarily paid for a piano.

Heretofore the prices on piano-players were so high as to place them beyond the reach of the classes. To these this last invention will come as a boon and blessing not alone because of its cheapness, but because of its perfect mechanical construction, being in every instance the equal of the high-priced instruments as far as accurate interpretation of piano music is concerned.

Europe has been the mother of the great musicians, but America has been and is one of their vastest audiences. If we are wanting in some of the forms of culture, we are not wanting in anything that constitutes its spirit. The systematic effort that is being put forth to make music an essential part of our educational system is only one of the many signs of the deep-seated instinct for the truly aestheic. We have only to estimate this constantly increasing appetite for music as a feature of the daily life of the people to predict the future of any method or contrivance that represents a store-house of supply.

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MAY 1966
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